



of CRY #180, the issue of March 15, 1969. CRY is edited by Elinor Busby, Wally Weber and Vera Heminger, and I hope you notice how I sneakily rotate the order of listing every time. CRY is published by Wal-2-Wal Press which is Wally Gonser & Wally Weber plus any number of good folk who turn up and are helpful. CRY can be had [disclaimer] for 40¢ the copy or 5 for \$2 (maximum sub accepted); that's 3/4 and 16/8 in Sterling Money. Also for contributions including published letters, and agreed trades. Now READ THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH VERY CAREFULLY INDEED, please:

All contributed material including letters go to Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash 98119, for she is designated as Copy Editor. All sub-moneys and tradezines go to Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash 98002, for she is yclept Mailing Editor and has full custody of the mailing list. That is, it is nice if Wally and/or Elinor get copies of tradezines, but if Vera doesn't get one, you do not have a trade going; dig? Our lives are all entirely too kippled to be able to pass these things back and forth without the risk of losing a bunch of obligations, so please try to get stuff to the right person directly, or it's your risk, baby. One more point: banks are stuffy about cashing checks made payable to fanzine titles. It is always a bummer. So please make all CRY-sub checks payable to VERA HEMINGER.

CRY is semiquarterly or 8 per year. We may either beat the Christmas-rush mess by shifting the Dec 15th issue to Dec 1st leaving all else intact, or we may cut to 7 per year by going Sept15-Nov15-Jan15-Mar15, vice Sept15-Nov1-Dec15-Feb1-Mar15; we'll think on it. In any case, COPY DEADLINE FOR #181 IS APRIL 26, 1969.

Our * C O N T E N T S * this time may possibly include:

Cover by Tim Kirk [use of the painting for this purpose is by courtesy of Bill Broxon, who really owns it]	Elinor Busby [Deadlinitis struck]	page 1
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ART CREDITS: ATom 19 28, Kirk 1, Ann Rutledge 7, Monahan 11, Rotsler 38, Stiles 31, Wanner 11 12 13, Weber 20, Zuber 25 34, Pinna 4.

PAGES TYPED: Elinor 24, Vera 4, Vonda 4, Ann R 2, Buz 2, WWW 2, Bing 0.

VERA SAYS: "Please credit the illo, page 25, CRY #179, to Alicia Austin rather than to Tim Kirk, and my apologies to both." So much for Apology Credits.

Be it known for the benefit of New Blood that the John Berry who wrote "The Life of Reilly" and "Welsher" is John Berry of Belfast, Northern Ireland, a longtimer in CRY and in fandom. When John D. Berry appears in these pages (which is also a fine idea), we shall not short him the middle initial, so's you'll know. OK?

I was so taken by the egoboo for THE ANNIHILATORS that I crawled to the other typer and slavered-out a takeoff on the *Parker* books by Richard Stark who is really Donald Westlake. Hoped to have it in this issue but there wasn't time to retype the scribble-revised version into Good Copy. So, later, like. Incidentally, ANNIHILATORS, though dated 1963, wasn't a reprint; it had simply never been put in reproducible form before, of any kind. If you cared...

Let's hear it for Santa Monica and StLouis and []
(the above space is for you to fill in your own favorite plugs; CRY has something for everybody). :: All right; let's hear from you before APRIL 26; right? -- Buz.

FROM C TO SHINING C

SPECULATIVE FACT BY WALLY WEBER

TITLE BY VERA HEMINGER

ADAPTED FROM AN EQUATION BY

A. EINSTEIN

CRY's research staff did a thorough study this morning of Fandom's plans for and its speculations on its own future. Our experts

concluded that the far-visioned, cosmic-minded geniuses who compose our minicosm, as well as the few who decompose it, tend to show much more interest in its past and present than they do in its future. Fandom's score on the Dead Hand Seldon Scale of Forecasting and Community Planning is deep into the negative numbers. The closest the fans ever come to planning for the future is putting off today what they can put off again tomorrow. The LASFS Building Fund is so unique in Fandom that it leads one to suspect Paul Turner was under the control of aliens the day he initiated the plan.

This blindness to our group future cannot be attributed to disinterest in the future in general. Speculation regarding things to come is, after all, the very glue that holds Fandom together and makes it the sticky thing it is today. The fan who will vote against selecting a World Science Fiction Convention site two years instead of one year in advance might well be the same fan who complains to Fred Pohl that a Galaxy story hero should not be using paper toilet tissue on the forestless Earth of 2500 A.D.

The reason for this lack of planning is obscure if a reason exists at all. Perhaps the inconceivable power of our fannish minds have put us so far ahead of the unSlans that we must look to the past to see the rest of the world's present. Possibly we are looking to the future of Fandom but have gone so far that our speculations have circumnavigated the chronosphere to the point where we are extrapolating our own past. Many fan documentaries such as convention reports, minutes of club meetings, true fact articles by Ted White, and recounts of fans' actions by their feuding opponents give evidence to support the latter theory.

Whatever the reason, the arrival of space travel is going to make awesome changes in Fandom and we must not allow these developments to catch us unprepared. As fans continue to travel backward into the future at the rate of twenty-four hours each day, keeping their eyes to the past, a few of us will have to turn around to look ahead and prepare for what we see coming. These few must be capable and trustworthy, totally uncorruptable, and totally dependable, because the future and power of Fandom will be in their hands.

Fortunately for Fandom, I have already volunteered. Now here is what lies ahead for us and what you should do about it.

As Fandom continues to increase during the coming years in actual numbers of fans, it must expand geographically as well. Too many fans in a confined locality create an extremely dangerous situation. Due to their perceptive minds and analytical abilities, fans have a very critical nature. If a massive number of these critical creatures are located in a small geographical area, you have a critical mass. Any of you who have attended a science fiction convention know what that's like. Fandom can survive a convention that lasts a weekend or so, but if such a gathering were to be maintained for an indefinite period of time, Fandom in that area would surely self-destruct.

As Fandom once expanded across the country from city to city, and later across the planet from country to country, so eventually it must expand across the universe from star to shining star. When that happens, you certainly won't want it to be done in the haphazard, uncontrolled manner such expansions have taken place in the past. A Fandom Foundation needs to be set up to direct our conquest of the universe in an efficient and carefully planned manner.

Fandom's main product is Communication. Even now we are experiencing language barriers that are nearly insurmountable. Japanese, German, French, Brooklyn and other foreign fandoms are nearly cut off from communication with us because of the language barrier. This is something we should have foreseen when Rick Sneary first started writing letters to the prozines. Now the situation is made worse by the degradation of postal service throughout the world. At the present rate of degeneration, postal service will drop to zero by 1980, and by 1990 your neighborhood mailman will be making calls to take back mail that was delivered in the 70's.

We must begin now to convert to more modern methods of communication than printed paper delivered by the postal system. The most obvious alternative is to communicate by telephone. In the near future our fanzines will be coded tapes stored in the telephone company's computers. To read a fanzine, you will merely dial its code number on your vidiophone and read or listen to what appears. Translating computers will be able to convert the fanzine into whatever language is required, complete with explanatory footnotes to clarify fannish jargon for the neofen. It will take some time to develop a computer unsophisticated enough to decode a Richard Koogle article or cope with a Forry Ackerman pun -- our conversion to computerized fanzines may be too late already.

Fringe benefits of Telefandom are many. For example, it will cure a wide-spread affliction of modern Fandom, the dreaded Depletion of Storage Space. For those whose shelves have already been loaded, once their collections have been duplicated on tapes by the telephone company, the original collections can then fulfill a basic need on the forestless Earth of 2500 A.D.

With new methods will come new problems, of course. A way of restricting viewing of apazines to qualified members will need to be devised. Vidioletters of comment containing DNQ material will no doubt require special equipment far beyond today's technology to insure its sanctity until published in a vidiogezine.

Even these advances will not suffice when fans take to space and inhabit the star systems of our galaxy, and then those of other galaxies, and so on into cosmic infinity. The methods by which we will communicate over intergalactic, if not hyperdimensional, distances, and how we will deal with fan members of those ultra-strange life-forms we know must be in ~~Berkeley~~ Outer Space are things we are going to have to find out.

Some of these problems may already be solved. Close scrutiny of Lensmen stories, Asimov articles, Campbell editorials and even (to stretch your credibility gap a bit) New Wave things might well reveal the technological breakthroughs we need. Indeed, there is a definite possibility that Out There Somewhere exists an Intergalactic Fantasy Fan Federation already coping with these problems in it's strange exotic way.

Those strange pulsing signals astronomers are picking up on their radio telescopes -- they might be signals of comment to some other-world CRY.

THE UNDERGROUND :

--- Inside Dope on Seattle ----- by Ann Rutledge

Now that I've captured the attention of those of you who crave the depraved, let me remind you that 1) this is a family zine and 2) titles can have more than one meaning. Seattle undoubtedly has its share of criminal and subversive elements that are "underground" (take the Nameless Ones, for instance), but this exposé concerns the actual city beneath Seattle, and has nothing (anymore, at least) to do with crooks, dope, or pornography peddlers.

Seattle's relatively unique situation owes its existence to 1) the town's sewer system in the 1880's and the tides in Elliott Bay, 2) the Great Seattle Fire of 1889, and 3) the courageous (desperate?) citizens who in 1889 overruled Great Ghod Yesler and made the City Council vote not to begin at the beginning.

Confused? Good. I believe everyone should experience a mud-dled mind once in a while. . . . Now to sort all of this out:

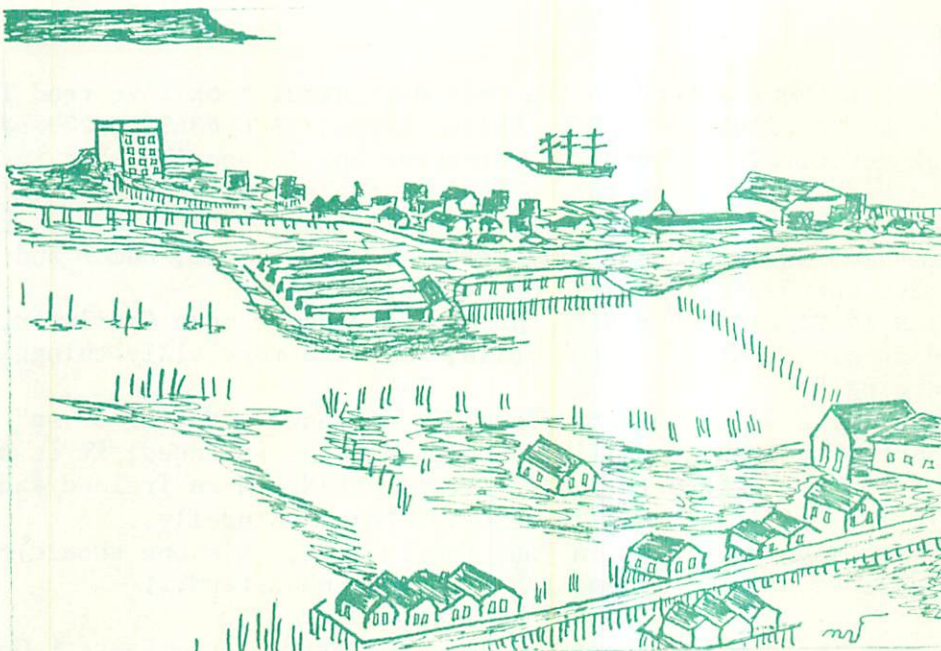
Seattle was founded in the same glorious spirit which has made America what it is today (treeless, smoggy, and graced with stenchy polluted lakes and oil-covered beaches), that is "make as much money as possible and let the future worry about the mess." Lumber was the driving influence, especially because Great Ghod Yesler owned the local mill.

Yes, Seattle grew, and its citizens planted stilts to replace the timber they cut down. Almost the entire town was made of Henry Yesler's wood (support your local industry). Buildings and roads were put up on wooden stilts to keep them out of the mud.

But it was also a town with a sewer problem. Some enterprising (my apologies, Vera) merchant brought that new invention--the water closet--to Seattle. Everyone had to have one (except Henry Yesler who wouldn't hear of having an outhouse next to his bedroom), and the wooden box sewers that were buried only a few feet under the mud became overused. Problem? Seattle has high tides twice daily and when the tide came in, sewers backed up and the toilets became geysers. Woe (wet) be the person who didn't have a tide schedule.

And then there was the Burning Glue Pot. An unwatched pot doesn't always boil over, but when one did in a cabinet shop on June 6, 1889, it started a fire that wiped out a sizeable portion of Seattle's structures, annihilating most of the business district.

When it came time to rebuild, Yesler told the City Council that it should be done from the ground up the way any normal decent city would rebuild. But then, Henry didn't have a toilet that flooded regularly. After first voting in favor of Yesler's proposal, the City Council found it wise to reverse the decision when the citizenry (most of whom had geysers) began to protest vigorously.



The plot of somewhat developed land in the center is Denny Island, the main part of Seattle around the 1870's. Most of what is downtown Seattle today was then under water. Note the scenic mud flats and stilted (pain) buildings in the foreground.

Seattle was then rebuilt, raising the level of the streets and sewers--to keep newcomers from getting an unexpected bath of salt water and . . . (this is a family zine), which wasn't really very good publicity for the rapidly growing town anyway. A year after the fire a new sewer system was on its way to realization.

The effect of this street raising can be seen in the underground now. Several levels of bridges from the streets to the shops over the old sidewalks are visible. And even now, a walk down First Avenue will reveal thick circular glass pieces wearing through from beneath the asphalt. Glass "windows" of this sort were the main source of sunlight to the shops below. All of this was eventually covered over completely and the shops below abandoned.

So "underground" Seattle is not as sinister as it sounds. And although it still exists, there is little that can be explored anymore because of some intrepid individuals who mapped the passages and tunneled up into the bank vaults above. After a few of these thefts, the city made all building owners with underground areas seal up the walls and passages to prevent further pilfering. Now all that exists for the curious is a guided tour of First Avenue under First Avenue--old store fronts, a steam generator, and the vault of the old Puget Sound National Bank.

What is left, of course, is not Henry Yesler's wood, but the buildings that were made of brick at the time of the Great Seattle Fire and those built of brick afterward. To placate his ghost, however, and grant Great Ghod Yesler his proper place in history, Mill Street, one of the most "interesting" streets on Skid Row, was renamed Yesler Way. Significant?

12 February 69

The Bicycle Rides Again

by F. M. Busby

Greetings from Deadlinesville.

I'd like to bring to your attention the most delightful book I've read in a long time. It is "THE IMPROBABLE IRISH" by Walter Bryan; ACE #36990, 223 pages, 75¢. Paperback, but definitely deserving of hardcover and I hope it makes it some fine day. Beginning with a reference map behind the table of contents, this book is a fascinating account of the past and present of Ireland and its peoples [the plural is used advisedly, as the reader will see], laden with wit, humor and insight. I'll lift just one quote, from the back cover blurb:

ON SIGNS WRITTEN IN GAELIC: "If *Oifig an Phuist* doesn't mean *Gentlemen*," Charles Harris said on his first visit to Dublin, "I did a very silly thing in the Post Office this morning."

The alert reader may have deduced my punchline already: "Walter Bryan" is actually the pseudonym of Walter A. Willis. No secrecy was intended; it is simply that Walt does stand rather high in the civil-service of Northern Ireland and it seemed best to avoid any "official" tie-in with the book, naturally.

Whether or not you have any Irish in your family tree, this one should stir up your tired old Sense of Wonder, friends. Watch your newsstand...

Another recent goodie is "The Others", edited by Terry Carr; Fawcett Gold Medal R2044, 7 stories, 192 pages, 60¢. Terry himself calls this one "an anthology of Paranoid Science Fiction", and it is amazingly effective, from Phil Dick's "Roog" through Du Maurier, Matheson, Ray Nelson, Lafferty and down knight to Heinlein's classic "They" which still has a bite to it after all these years. This collection will make your paranoid streak stretch out and purr.

Greg Benford has the lead [and cover] story in the April F & S F. It's a potent tale; Greg's well on his way to tackle novel-length stuff effectively.

Last issue I mentioned as how we were looking for a compact-size Road Tiger for more speed, zoom and comfort (all in the same package) in driving longer hauls. The Toyota Crown, Rover 2000TC and BMW 2-liter category were mentioned. Well, Bob Lichtman wrote to the effect that if we bought anything without first trying out the Volvo 140 series, we were off our heads. *BOB*, you were so right. In fact I made the deal for a 144S (that's the 4-door sedan with the 4-banger 118-horse mill) with the 4-on-floor eggbeater, one week ago, March 8, and picked it up Monday, the 10th. Actually I was pretty much sold on the car the first day I drove one (Feb 21) but it took a certain amount of running back and forth from one dealer to another to wring as much fat as possible out of the "difference"; I got it down \$300 and gave in at that point; there wasn't more than another \$50 or \$100 to be gained, and if I pooped around much longer the next Blue Book would come out, cutting the trade-in to be had out of the Toyota [which ended up at about \$1050, effectively; \$950 on the papers].

High points besides the requirements listed above are such as very fast precise steering, a tighter turning circle than the little Toyota's [yeh, that surprised me, too], beautiful cornering, smooth but firm ride, and the best set of disc brakes I've seen yet-- out of 5 makes tested, that ran to discs. Sticker price was about \$400 more than the Toyota Crown but \$1,100 less than the Rover.

It was a shame to trade off the Toyota Corona; it's a lovely little bucket of its class and is low-mileage and in great shape; we've really enjoyed it. But up front we simply needed a little More, for trips. And the Lark is just too good to let go for the trade-in it would bring; we may keep it another nine years...

The Volvo is my 21st car and I expect to enjoy it a great deal, judging from the introduction and as far as I've read in Chapter One, to date.

If I had time to do another page I'd probably just tell you about my other 18 cars; you're just lucky I ran out of time!

"In a coherent universe," Wally informed me, "everything relates in some way to something else. Relatively speaking, you are suffering from a severe case of universal incoherency."

"Sacrebleu," I said. "I hope they find a vaccine."

"I looked all through your column in CRY 179," he expostulated, "and there was nary a trace of cabbages, and not one single measly king. I did find a couple of royal goofs, though."

"You're a real prince yourself," I answered. "I was merely trying to be whimsical, implying that my chatter covered subjects of varying degrees of importance in fanciful and beguiling versatility. Do you actually expect me to talk about what is in the title?"

"Unless you wish to be known as totally incoherent," he said hopefully.

"Well, shiver my timbers," I mused. "Actually, you just threw me a lifeline; I was quite at sea without a subject to whimsy about. Will 33 1/3 % coherency be acceptable? What I plan..."

"Do let me guess," Wally interrupted. "From all these clues - it has to be ships."

"Blast," I said. "You took the wind out of my sails."

"Tsk," he said, "you've been watching 'The Ghost and Mrs Muir' again."

"Right you are, mate, and a right bully show she be. 'T was nearly scuttled by a sneak broadside from the pirate ship 'The Nielsen R.', that dreaded scourge of the Telly Seas, but 't was rescued from a permanent berth in Davy Jones' locker in the nick o' time and charted a new course through another C channel."

"Argh," Wally groaned. "You're overdoing it."

"Belay that," I said. "I have not yet begun to fight. 'T was a good thing indeed we didn't have to give up the Ghost. I can't think of anything jollier than to stand watch with a fine figure of a sea captain like Edward Mulhare."

"Er, I could suggest going to see 'Barbarella'."

"Speak for yourself," I said. "I resent the cut of her jib. I'd rather ask for a tall ship, and a chance to learn the ropes, just like the tarry-breeked royal boys did, back in the days of the great square-riggers..."

"Now you're talking about kings," Wally remonstrated.

"Bilgewater," I said. "You misunderstand, you landlubber. A royal boy was an apprentice seaman whose duties included laying aloft to the highest spar, the royal yard, to furl sail. It took a lad with steady nerves to keep his balance on a mere footrope while he was trying to secure a piece of flapping canvas, atop a mast describing great swinging arcs through the sky. 'T was not an easy life, I tell you; even the most seasoned tar would be struck with dread when, in a roaring gale, his ship would broach to and be laid on her beams' ends, with great waves striking her athwartships, and he'd be wondering whether that fearsome listing..."

"What's that about lisping?"

"I said nought about lisping. How do you expect to hear correctly if you keep sticking your head into a bucket? Listen, one thing that man's navy didn't have was lispers. Seamen were in peril enough without being made to run the additional risk of having their ship dismasted from carrying too much canvas in a sudden blow, while the cox'un would be trying to figure out just what the captain meant by 'Take in the thtarb'd foretopmatht thtunthlth.'"

"I'm somewhat adrift myself," Wally admitted. "What does it mean?"

"Stu'n's'ls? Oh, they were additional sails attached to a boom extending from the t'gallant and royal yards; mostly, they were used in a fair breeze, on frigates and clippers, when the wind was blowing from a couple points abaft the beam..."

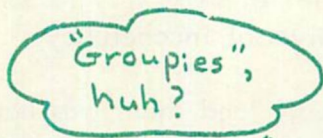
"You know, I really don't fathom all this," Wally complained.

"That's mutinous," I cried. "You were the one who demanded coherency. I am beginning to feel this whole trip is a naval disaster."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Wally sneered. "No, when it comes down to brass tacks, there's only one way I can describe an entire page filled with nothing but ship-talk in a fannish publication like CRY."

"No," I pleaded. "Please. Don't say it. You can't. It...it'd be piracy."

"Your column," Wally said implacably, running up the Skull and Crossbones, "is a voyage to the bottom of the zine."



"Groupies",
huh?

Vonderings
by Vonda McIntyre

CRYday and finals approacheth.

That's nothing new. Every other CRY-day, finals approacheth. But for some strange reason, this time it seems worse. Perhaps it's because spring is approaching too, and I always get spring fever about this time of year. I just hope it doesn't get worse next quarter, because if it does, with *10count*them10* hours of lab aside from lectures, etc., I'll be in bi-ig trouble.

The results of combined spring fever and pre-final nerves have a strange effect on me. I either sleep or read. This time around, I've been reading--mostly sf, but I just discovered John D. MacDonald, about whom all the rest of you have undoubtedly known for years and years.

Someone once said that all fans, beside reading sf, also read either myster-spy-detective novels or westerns. Now I used to write westerns; that was bad enough. (No, I never tried to sell one of them--I knew they were bad. The closest thing I ever got to recognition for any of them was when a friend of mine used one as a source for a 12th grade term paper. Explain that.) As a result I'm a fringe member of the spy crowd--very fringe, that is. My reading in that genre has been pretty much restricted to Ian Fleming (I read Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang before they made a movie of it), Richard S. Prather (who has got to be the master punster of all time. . . aside from certain fans), and Leslie Charteris (Roger Moore is not the Saint). A couple of years ago MacDonald wrote an article about Travis McGee, going into gre-a-a-t detail about his name, which was to have been Dallas McGee, until President Kennedy was assassinated in that city. I can see his point, quite well--but for some strange reason the article turned me off, and I can't find it now to try to remember why.

Then, last week, I was desperate, prowling about the house for something to read. My dad had a copy of Bright Orange for the Shroud. Okay. I'm hooked. I went to the secondhand bookstore on the Ave, where they have entire collections of UNCLE novels, of James Bond, of Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie. . . and three of the McGee series. (You guessed it: One was Bright Orange.) I bought the other two..

I found Nightmare in Pink yesterday and read it between 12:30 and 3 this morning. I've now read Blue, Pink, Gold, and Orange and I still don't know exactly what happened to his older brother.

One of the reasons I like the series is the setting. Fond memories of Florida of ten years ago remain with me; for four or five

years we stayed there during the winter for quite long periods of time. (That's why I multiply with a slide rule--I was supposed to learn the multiplication tables one year while I was skipping school. Ho ho.) Ostensibly we went down there to visit my father's brother and his family; however, we never stayed with them too long. Those of you who know me undoubtedly know about my Icky Aunt: that's her.

The first year, mom wanted to take a quick trip to Sanibel Island, where she'd been years before.

We stayed, I think, four weeks. And returned for several winters after that, until our visits were curtailed by a move to the Netherlands and then to Washington.

Sanibel Island is considered, by those who know, to be one of the two best shell-collecting places in the world--along with the Great Barrier Reefs of Australia. My mom took up the hobby with zeal and a scientific attitude: a limited number of good specimens of each species, catalogued and identified.

I remember watching with disbelief some quite sincere young women from the mainland picking up masses of the oldest, cruddiest King conchs on the beach. They were going to glue them together into those incredibly ugly quasi-religious-motif things they sell in Miami tourist traps. King conchs (a different species from Queen conchs which are rarer but better known) are yellow-brown-gold with a delicate pink to deep purple lip--but "the paint sticks better" on the white, water-worn shells.

But Miami people were rare, and if Sanibel Island is still anything like it was then, Travis McGee would love it. (And nearby Captiva, too, no doubt, which was named for the beautiful Damsels in Distress that pirates used to hold captive there.)

There were several small, friendly motels, one store (probably exhorbitant, but I was a kid, what did I care?), one very old elite hotel where rich middle-aged people stayed and where you could go to use the phone on rare occasions, and miles and miles of clean white beach with banks of shells at the high tide line and the greatest pools and sandbars at low tide, where you could sometimes catch baby octopuses. An occasional dolphin cavorted offshore. There was a lighthouse to visit within walking distance.

One side of Sanibel faces the Gulf of Mexico and is in the path of winds and currents that bring up rare species of shells that you'd ordinarily have to dredge for. The other side, facing Fort Meyer on the mainland, is of course the border of a bay, and has swamps and mud flats and a whole different population of mollusc species. There were wild orange and lime groves, a wildlife sanctuary, rattlesnakes, and little tiny fiddler crabs you could



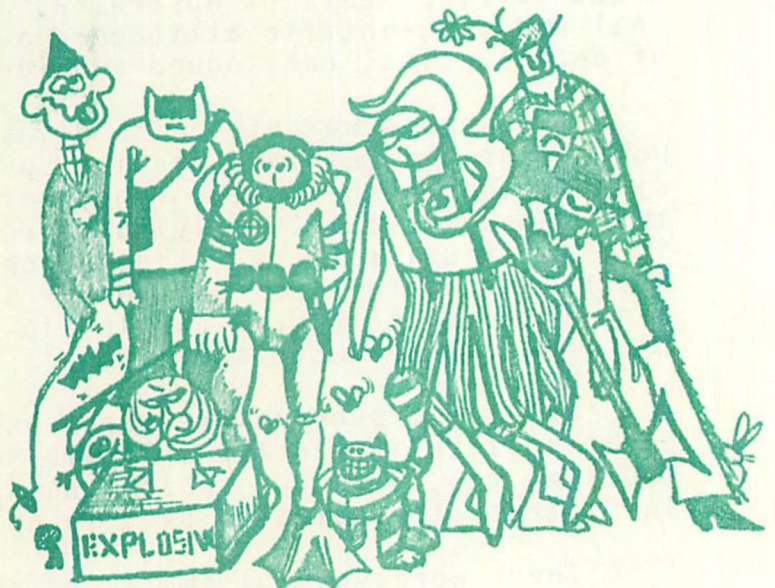
catch and put in sand palaces. The only way you could get there was by ferryboat, which was a great trip almost in the modern sense of the word. Everybody knew everybody, or if you didn't it didn't matter. Once--I was about eight--this HUGE man came up to me on the beach and said, "Hello--you're Vonda McIntyre's daughter, aren't you?" I'd never even seen him before, but I said yes, and he went off down the beach.

(I should explain that I'm the 4th Vonda in the maternal line, and my mother and I used to look alike. The man, I later found out, was one of the local shell authorities; mom had met him at an almost fannish shell-collectors' meeting.)

About 1958, the developers moved in. They started cutting waterways from the Gulf inland, so they could build houses and advertise *Waterfront Property!* Keep Your Boat on Your Doorstep!

It didn't occur to them--or they didn't give a damn--that they were also chopping up the beach so you couldn't go more than about half a mile without taking some stupid long detour inland with the rattlesnakes to get around their canals.

We haven't been back for years, and I'd be almost afraid to go, now. Someone got the bright idea of building a bridge. The island people--including the motel owners, who stood to profit from the bridge--fought it to the state supreme court. But big business and "Progress" prevail: the bridge was built. One consolation--the toll is high. I wish it were higher. Soon, I'm afraid, Sanibel will be covered with Miami Modern housing developments, the roseate spoonbills and the shell collectors who used to get up before dawn to go out on the beach will become extinct. They'll fill in the mudflats and cut down the mangroves. . .

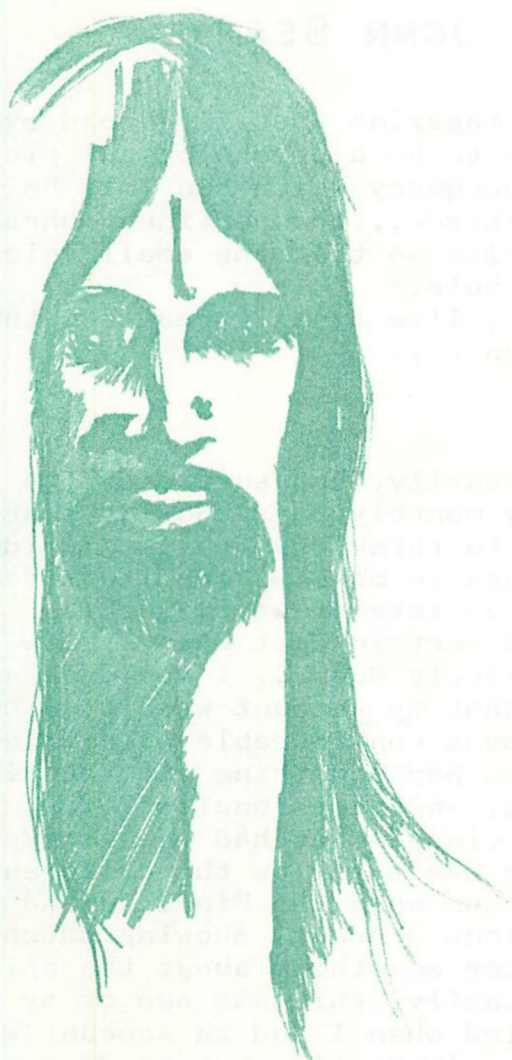


SANIBEL ISLAND
ANTI-BRIDGE TASK FORCE

The rape of the environment goes on.

* * * * *

And in an astounding (. . . analogous? . . .) display of mental gymnastics, as I shift from rabid pessimism to sheer hero worship, at this writing Apollo 9 is up there; it's several hours 'till Spider cuts loose and flies around Gumdrops. (How's that for turning



the tables on NASA officials who told the astronauts they couldn't call the Lunar Excursion Module LEM anymore because it was "too frivolous"?

And if Spider behaves, it's on to the moon. Man. . . they're beautiful, all of them.

Just after 2001 was released, I heard at least one fan propose that the lack of characterization of Bowman and Poole was to protest the dehumanization of our present astronauts--he seemed firmly convinced that Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo astronauts were computerized human automatons.

Baloney.

If The Wally, Walt, and Donn Show didn't convince him--

Richard Gordon, our second space-walker, is an alumnus of the University of Washington. When I was a freshman, he came back to give a talk. (Would you believe that was the first time I ever cut a class?) He talked about the space program for about half an hour, then opened the floor

to questions. He was still answering while the PR brass for his trip was running back and forth in a frenzy because he was late for the next stop.

Somebody gave him this horrible gold-and-purple (school colors) tie. He put it on.

The PR men started to drag him off the stage. He insisted on staying a little longer.

They said he could have one more question. He took three. On the last, guess who put up her hot and sweaty little hand? Uh huh.

He said, "Well, we haven't had any girls ask questions yet."

I said, "Sir, is there room for women in the space program?"

He grinned.

Well, actually, he sort of leered.

"There is," he said, "in mine."

WELSHER

BY JOHN BERRY

There has been an advertisement in a magazine that I've read every month for several years...it appears to me to be a psychological ploy to generate in the reader a feeling of inadequacy which can only be mitigated by purchasing the goods so advertised...the pertinent phrase goes thusly: - 'We live in an age of cynicism so that the small voice of Truth is often lost in the din of hyperbole.'

My point is that, in a roundabout way, I've finally realised the utter depth of meaning in that short sentence....

* * * *

For many years, I was in debt...not heavily, but sufficient to make me gulp with relief whenever I got my monthly pay, knowing that I could survive another four weeks. I like to think that whilst I didn't exactly honour my debts, I was shrewd enough to make my creditors feel that I really wanted to. I did this in a variety of ways, such as nipping in to pay a small installment of a certain debt when I knew that a red statement of account was immediately due.... I could then, with some dignity, call in and point out that my account wasn't quite so much as they had stated, and that, at some considerable sacrifice, I had called in a couple of days earlier to pay something off the bill. this made the creditor go on the defensive, and occasionally I was able to draw a tear or two from a wrinkled visage that had seen many debtors. Another quite crafty ploy I used was to allow the children to scribble on outstanding accounts, and then when the Final Demand came, I would innocently produce the previous account, showing match-stick men and things drawn on it, and mutter something about the children mucking about amongst 'my papers'. Actually, this was one of my major subterfuges, which only finally failed when I had an account which the kids hadn't scribbled on, and I had no alternative but to do some squiggles of my own, suggesting a childish artistic approach (this was done on the doorstep of the creditor). The creditor accepted my excuse, but said that if I could get my three year old child to do some more of them, he'd act as wholesaler.... he said he'd never ever seen such a sure bosom drawn before, surmounting such voluptuous hips. For the information of fans who might be in debt at the present moment, one of my most intricate schemes was to send to a certain creditor to whom I owed a lot of money another person's account, together with the cash, for a much smaller amount. When his Final Demand came, I went round to see the creditor; extremely indignantly, I told him I'd sent him the amount due. He then produced the other account for someone else for a smaller amount, as I've explained, and staggering backwards, I roundly castigated my wife for putting the wrong postal orders in the wrong envelopes. To him this was reasonable, and he could not in conscience drag me before the authorities in a civil action. He could only give me more time to pay. A complicated system....its full promise lying in the fact that I didn't even know who I owed money to, therefore how could my creditors keep a tab on my finances?

And then, gradually, I managed to extricate myself from being a debtor....and then the most poignant part of my story begins.....

* * * *

Someone in London got hold of my name as being a 'highly intelligent and sophisticated person with a love of high class literature.' At least, that's what the blurb said. Actually it was a device to make me purchase a book every month for thirty shillings. Of course, I didn't fall for their bait, but my wife did. In the letter was a list of about fifty numbers.... and also enclosed was a slip of paper with the number 96843 on it, the same typeface as the list of numbers. The covering letter said that if my personal number was on that list, I was going to win a big prize. My number was on the list. My wife quickly read out the list of prizes, and pretty fantastic they were, too.... starting off with an Alfa Romeo, and running the gamut of 'an idyllic Pacific Island'.... 'a Weekend with Raquel Welsh'.... a stereophonic radio-gram, a pewter coffee set, and finally a book of Shakespeare's sonnets.

And, my wife said, "I was gauranteed one of those prizes."

My heart flipped at the thought of a weekend with Raquel Welsh.... the blurb was written in a rather intimate manner, although quite prudently, but I thought I could read a hidden promise in the words, besides which, as you all know, I have a great, I would almost say gifted, imagination. (Something like the inference in John Lennon's lyrics.... 'She was just seventeen...you know what I mean.')

So hastily rubbing out my wife's signature and superimposing my own, I sent the thing away....

* * * *

A week later I was digging the front garden when a brand new red Alfa Romeo drew up outside my house. I rushed outside and shook the driver warmly by the hand, but he only wanted to know where the Upper Newtownards Road was.

Days later, when I arrived home for lunch, my wife met me excitedly.... "We've won a prize," she screamed.

I made a quick mental tabulation.... I had my passport renewed a couple of days previously, and I'd been taking six iron tablets a day... I wondered if Raquel had been doing the same....

She passed me a thin envelope.... with my heart beating madly I opened it.... it was a book of Shakespeare's sonnets. My wife fell all over the carpet, laffing like mad. "There's also another parcel next door," she screamed with utter delight, tears dripping off the end of her nose. It was the first thirty shillings book.

* * * *

I returned the book immediately, and had sufficient foresight to obtain proof of posting.

The trouble commenced a few weeks later.

I received a rather terse letter, rather exquisitely phrased, giving me hell for not having paid the thirty shillings for the book:

Dear Subscriber:

You know how much care we have put into these beautiful books you have asked to receive from us regularly, and I am sure you will agree that they are extraordinary value for the money we ask you to pay.

On checking your account I find the amount indicated above has been overdue for some weeks, and whilst this amount may not be important in itself, we must depend on all subscribers to our fine books to pay these small amounts regularly... etc....

Please be fair. Credit facilities... are a privilege based on the understanding you will honour your small obligations, etc.....

I immediately wrote a reply, giving vent to a rather humorous turn of phrase when describing what they could do with the book. Next day a second volume arrived, with an account for three pounds. I also sent this one back from whence it came. The next round in this drama was a much keener letter from them:

Dear Customer,

The Credit Manager has just prepared a list of overdue accounts. I'm surprised to see your name among those listed.

For your personal convenience we have provided you with a special credit account, and would be obliged if you would avoid involving us in additional costs in maintaining your account.

Please bring your account up to date.
Etc.

What peeved me so much was that I was an expert in this field. I had successfully fought against and beat some of the most experienced financial brains in the British Isles, and now I was being attacked when I wasn't in debt. It was ironic.

I wish I had kept a carbon copy of my reply. It prompted this letter from the Supervisor of the Query Department:

Dear Sir or Madam,

Thank you for your communication...etc...

Because all individual customers accounts are kept by computer that audits these accounts in a monthly cycle only, it may take several weeks before we can answer your query, etc.

Some invoices, statements or communications prepared by the computer may reach you in the meantime. Please disregard these until you hear from the undersigned....

Etc....

And a week after I did receive a most blistering attack on my principles, insofar as finance was concerned. It hit me with everything. The frustrating thing was that I had been warned to ignore such a missive.

This is pretty well the end of my story. I have now been billed for a third volume I never received, and I have been warned that I am shortly to be sued for non-payment of four pounds ten shillings.

I've mentioned before how ironic it is for me to be accused of dereliction of payment when I am as innocent as a newborn baby, whereas for over a decade when I was guilty I eased myself out of the situation with considerable grace, including being the recipient of five letters acknowledging that I was one of the best payers in the country.

The worrying thing is the fact that I am being looked after by a computer. This is the cause of my fears. If a question is popped into that machine, asking who is the biggest financial risk, my name will pop out first. And isn't it a fact that a computer, somewhere, is working out the chances of an H-Bomb war starting, and is figuring out all the juiciest targets for it to obliterate? In one small isolated matter (me), the computer has made just about the biggest balls up it is possible to make.

Should such sublime faith be given to a computer?

Is there nothing we can do?????

John Berry
1969

Getting old and set in my ways. That's what it is. For the past 4-1/2 years the coffee urn has been on the little utility cart by the refrigerator and for the past 4-1/2 years I have been stopping there at frequent intervals to draw a cup. But after 4-1/2 years of continuous use the urn quit operating. When I say continuous I mean just that. Coffee is always on at the Seitch. So Monday I took the urn to the repair shop. Fortunately it had a five year guarantee so repair costs nothing but time. And we've had to resort to brewing coffee in a percolator on the stove. But Roytac is getting old and set in his ways. Ever time I want a cup of coffee I plod to where the urn ought to be, stare bewilderedly for a moment and then remember the coffee is on the stove. I tell you this staid middle-class existence is beginning to get to me.

In the beginning was the word. The word was given to the SF world about August, 1940, by John W. Campbell. Who else is qualified to give the word to the SF world? The word, said J. W. Ghod would be meaningless to us for a little bit but once the meaning was revealed, starting with the October 1940 issue of ASF, it wouldn't be forgotten.

The word was SLAN.

And Campbell was right. The word, and its meaning, hit fandom and gave the Star-begotten a whole new outlook. Fans are slans! was the cry. Slanshacks sprang up around the country. It was the fannish thing to do.

All of which, of course, illustrates that most fans were then, as they are now, rather immature.

SLAN is the novel which made, more than any other, the career of A. E. Van Vogt. It is the story of Jommy Cross, a mutant superman, and the rest of his kind--the successors to Homo Sapiens. The story should be familiar enough to everyone that there is no need to summarize it. The story, which takes Jommy Cross from childhood and the murder of his mother to his triumph, and the triumph of the Slans, in adulthood is an exciting one with action and adventure enough for the most avid fan. There is even the mystery of the hiding place of the "true Slans" to add some spice to the plot. It is a good story.

Which was about enough to satisfy most of us in 1940. That is, I suppose, the main criterion I hold for stf today--is it a good story? There are others that must be taken into consideration these days. Is it good writing? SLAN is not particularly good writing. It wouldn't win any literary awards. Do you care about that? I don't. I do care about slips in characterization, though. Consider, for example, the "electric filing cabinets" (read "computer") in the Bureau of Statistics at the headquarters of the tendrilless slans on Mars. Here is almost the entire history of the human race and certainly the entire story of the slans available to anyone who wants to punch the right buttons. But the tendrilless slans, these mighty, super-intelligent, supermen, have never bothered to punch the buttons. They have simply accepted the rumors and propaganda spread by the humans--and the true slans--without question or without bothering to check the stories. Supermen also superdumb.

Van Vogt's picture of Mars is incredibly mistaken and inexcusable. "The dark area that was Mare Cimmerium showed as a fanged terrible sea." Even in 1940 we were aware that the Mare of Mars were not seas. Van Vogt apparently didn't share this awareness.

There are some other slips which detract from the novel but there is also some fine extrapolation which adds to it.

Slan was first published in ASF in the October, November, and December 1940 issues of the magazine. Arkham House brought it out in hardback, the 3rd

book Derleth published, in 1946. Since then it has been reprinted in paperback a couple of times and should be available to you if you don't have it.

Upon rereading the book a month or so ago I classified it as a juvenile. But so was much of everything else that was published in the stfzines in those days. Is SLAN really a classic? Well, it is fondly remembered by all of us who were young and full of the old Sense of Wonder in those days. But a classic? A classic superman story? No. I think I'll reserve that for ODD JOHN.

Roy Tackett
26 February 1969

THE ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR DOCTOR

by Rob Williams

A TYPICAL PATIENT

Doctor Doctor walked into the examination room to examine the ruins of a once fine lady. Doctor, my left side, she began...Appears to be all right, he later said. My left eye? 20-20, he assured. It's a pity, she said, dressing, one can't find a shoemaker worth a damn -- How long would you think I've had these shoes? My nurse will take care of that said Doctor Doctor checking his watch. Keep warm, and take plenty of cough drops.

*

THE OWL

One morning an owl shuffled into Doctor Doctor's waiting room. There's an owl to see you, intercommmed Judy the pretty receptionist.

To be seen by me, corrected Doctor Doctor. Have him wait.

Even an owl's patience has limits! said the owl three hours later, getting up and making a huffy exit.

*

A TRAGEDY

It was on a Friday that an innocent child expired on Doctor Doctor's stainless steel table. Doctor Doctor was perplexed. Judy, tell his parents to wait, & come in here a minute, will you? A common cold later appeared on the death certificate. Judy went to the funeral and had a good cry.

*

A TURNING POINT IN D.D.'S CAREER

Doctor Doctor had to cancel a golf date the date the Spanish Ambassador had apoplexy on the ass'y floor. What does it look like to you? he asked a newsman. Bad, was the reply. Doctor Doctor administered cough drops & Judy prayed. That night America hummed & throbbed and St. Juarez' Elementary was let out early. As it happened, the S.A. survived to accolade Doctor Doctor publicly. Son of a beast! he said to his wife, Infatuata de Valdez conAmore. But he smiled on TV and said, a remarkable man, a remarkable man, shaking his head.

*

AN UNCOOPERATIVE PATIENT

Doctor Doctor had never seen an epileptic seizure up close before. Oh, my left side, doctor! cried the woman biting into her tongue and fainting. He tried impatiently to revive her with smelling salts, but she wouldn't come around, which greatly pissed Doctor Doctor. Judy, show this woman out of my office! he bellowed up the hallway. Then he washed up and went home. Judy stood pointing for hours until her finger tired and nearly fell off. The woman finally awoke, rose, dusted herself off & cursed Judy roundly.

Bless you, said Judy, collapsing on the white leather couch.

*

JUDY'S CONCERN

Are you back again? asked Judy hanging up her coat. I am a different owl than was here the other day, replied who was, after all, the same owl, a proud, but sick, bird. Do you live in a tree or what? asked Judy sharply. What kind of work do you do? I mean, can you pay? My dear, said the owl, measuredly, I am the night watchman for a Chinese bakery. I have a fortune.

Then he folded his wings, tilted his head & clucked at her.

Judy spent the rest of the day wondering why anyone would want a baked Chinese.

*

A BIRTH

Mrs. Tony, the wealthy asthmatic, had sat in Doctor Doctor's office for days, wheezing, reading the newspaper & waiting her turn. I don't mind waiting for such a wonderful man, she told Judy. It's an honor to wait for the man who did so much for the Spanish Ambassador. Meanwhile, day & night in the emergency booth, Doctor Doctor, who had never delivered a baby before, was having a hard time keeping a straight face.

*

A DECEASED OWL

Judy, said Doctor Doctor snapping on the intercom, if there are any patients waiting, send them home. I am going to bed. He lay on the white couch & went to sleep. Judy, tired herself, handed out diet sheets, aspirins & cough drops to all the waiting sick people, kissed them, bid them a cheery see-ya-tomorrow and shooed them out the door. Dusting ash trays and straightening out cushions she came across a dead or stuffed owl (surely the first, perhaps the latter) perched on a dish of Baked Alaska, a small American flag limp in its cold, waxy beak. So much for owls, she thought, kicking him under a chair.

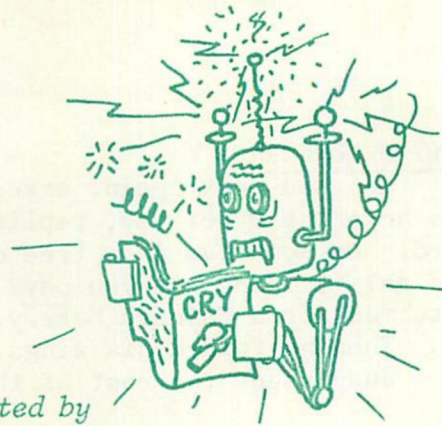
*

#

A NOTE FROM THE PRINTER: Being part Scotch (some say about 1/5th) and having the green ink still in the press from another job, what better way to celebrate St. Paddy's Day than with a Green Issue? Besides, this way we can honor our Irish contributor, John Berry, whose pages should really be run in Orange. WSG



CRY of the Readers



Conducted by

Elinor Busby

A BILL FOR 178
Dear Elinor:

2207 Fairview Ave. E., Seattle, Wash.
98102

I shall refrain from reciting the table of contents of CRY 178 to say what was good. It was a fine issue. I have a couple of comments.

Wally Weber sounds apprehensive over the state of fandom, especially over his calculation that we are in The Twelfth Stage of Fandom....And we all know what comes immediately after the Twelfth stage, don't we, Wally?

I find myself wanting to argue with Paul Stanbery (again). What sets me off this time is Paul's paragraph:

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

Now that just isn't quite so. Sure, there is a suspension of some aspects of reality. But this occurs whenever an author or story teller says "what if...". Then the worth of his story depends on how well, i.e., how realistically he can depict the "what if...". The unfolding of other truths, other realities, if you will, is the test of any fantasy, SF or other.

A case in point: Harrison's BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO has precious little vicarious satisfaction in it (at least for me), but it surely reveals, in surrealistic fashion, some marvelously real truth about regimentation, and about man's response to it. So does CATCH-22, in much the same way, the gentle exaggerations being set in WWII rather than in galactic otherwhen. But both of these absurd fantasies end up telling more truth on this subject than could any mundane novel, limited to "objective reality".

Another case: Silverberg's THORNS has little or no vicarious satisfaction, but it confronts one with some excruciatingly visceral truths about painful relationships. The SF setting lends itself well to symbolic manipulation, providing an almost subliminal background of emotional expression, in a way that a mundane setting, limited to presently realized objective reality, would be unable to do.

My point is that caveat emptor surely applies to anyone nowadays who picks up a SF novel expecting it to be one of those inconsequential bits of escapist literary fluff we all look for and enjoy from time to time.

So regards, and all that,

Bill Broxon

(It's certainly a fact that the science fiction that one cherishes most makes some point about real life. For example, A FLOWER FOR ALGERNON makes the point that a human being is a human being whether he's a genius or a moron and has value as such. Makes other points, too, but that's the most basic one. CONDITIONALLY HUMAN made the point that a being can have human value without being born of human parents. (You remember--by Walter Miller). And BLOOD'S A ROVER, by Chad Oliver,

if taken as perhaps an allegory, did more than either beer or Milton to justify God's ways to man).

MORE ON 178

P. O. Box 785, Sparks, Nevada 89431

Dear CRYfolk:

I have here, before me, some fifty two pages of a pleasant and provocative fanzine, bedecked with a zestfully color Atom cover and with the title of CRY, for which accept my appreciative thanks. It is a right smart production and exudes a fun type and maturely fannish aura. This is the first issue of your zine that I have had the pleasure of reading and it is among the more competently done of such publications that I have run across.

One of the reasons that I have not encountered CRY heretofore is possibly due to the fact that I was only recently born into the world of trufans, a screaming, kicking and red-faced infant of thirty eight years of age and weighing in and two hundred pounds even. So, being a middle-aged neo and feeling somewhat uncomfortable among the average run of neofans, who tend to be some twenty years or so my mundane juniors, a fanzine like CRY, which would appear to be the work of ~~middle-aged folks~~ moderately mature folk like myself, is not only refreshing but a balm to a prickly ego. Hmmm...I wonder which fandom Wally would assign me to? Would a sub-teen devotion to Doc Savage qualify me for Second or Third Fandom? Nope? Oh well!

I really enjoyed CRY 178 in its entirety. The columns all had a chatty, informal approach that was relaxing and indicative that the Cryfolk were doing something they enjoyed doing...and you just can't hardly beat that kind of action. The Star Trek spoof was, if not a hardy-har-har, at least an heh-heh-heh rib tickler. It probably would have affected me with a tad more poignancy had it not been for the fact that I have been laughing my fat head off for most of the current viewing season at the TV show, even when the scripters didn't intend it that way. (*Lucky you. We've been groaning.*) (But it has been a tearful sort of laughing!) (*Better tearful laughing than screams of anguish.*) It may be simply a case of overexposure to the Star Trek format, but the show doesn't have it for me any longer. I am not naive enough to expect great...or even good... sf week after week on a program produced for the mass audience that commercial television must play to, but this year's offerings on ST have been near ludicrous with few exceptions. I do continue to watch each week, though, in hopes that Kirk and crew will regain some of the oomph that I used to feel they had.

I was fascinated by the chronicling of the history of Sidney Reilly as set down by John D. Berry (*No, Bill, you're confused. NOT John D. Berry, a young man living in California. THE LIFE OF REILLY was written by the Original John Berry, who lives in Belfast, North Ireland*). A fine job of article writing concerning a fabulous personality about whose exploits I would like to read further. Not the type of thing that I am used to seeing in a fanzine, but a meaty and interesting piece, nonetheless.

Mr. Stanbery's article does perplex me somewhat. I got his message that the New Wave has brought little really new or significant to the genre and I agree. I ended the article, though, with the feeling that the author was not exactly enthralled by sf in general. Can this be? (*I don't know. Paul, you answer him.*)

Best regards,

Bill Marsh

(*Well, you're right--we all are moderately mature, or, as Buz puts it, "in an advanced stage of youth." Our contributors come in all ages, however.*)

MORE ON 178

25847 Viana Ave., Lomita, Calif. 90717

Dear Elinor:

CRY is a very interesting zine, and I enjoyed it very much. I found several

items in it that tickled my fancy (which is located in a really strange position and devilishly hard to get at to scratch).

Wally Weber, in "Fandoms", misjudges by at least a factor of two the numbers of varieties of fans there are. One just cannot have fans existing off by themselves in some odd little perturbation; he needs at least one other person to listen to his ravings (and conversely). And since it is obvious from the large groupings of fans gathered in one pile in certain areas, the number (two) is a lower bound. Now, this would imply that with all these empty fandoms lying around (they have to be empty, see, because the number of fans is limited and the number of fandoms -- apparently -- isn't), we really have our work cut out for us. There is a task to boggle even a M.I.T. type...mapping all these unexplored fandoms and blazing a trail for the rest of us!

"Bah...Humbug" leaves unanswered a rather critical question. I couldn't find page 53, and am up in the air about your treatment of lizard's scales. Mine are mildewing under all this rain (except when they are sliding down to the bottom of the canyon). I found Vera's comments on Christmas rather interesting. This is my first year in Calif., and would you believe there are people here who apparently never take down their Christmas decorations? If they do, they must be down for just a few days for repairs. They are apparently rather far gone on just the path Vera describes.

John Berry's "The Life of Reilly" was the high point of the issue for me, I believe. I, too, am a spy buff of sorts, although not in the advanced state John is. I'm curious; where did he get his information? I'm presently plowing slowly through Allen Dulles' GREAT TRUE SPY STORIES, a very interesting collection of just such tales. I say slowly because of my bad habit of trying to read through about a dozen books in parallel rather than in series.

Vonda has probably already caught on to the idea I'm going to advocate next. If she hasn't...shame on her! Quite simply, if you have access to a keypunch, make a few little additions to the card before you send it back. (Do not fold, staple, or mutilate, but spindle the 'ell out of it before returning it!) Works wonders; fouls the system up without the need for much effort. Don't kill the computer; drive its owners buggy. *(For what purpose? We didn't have computers in the Good Old Days, but we didn't have quite so many million people around, either.)*

I can only say AMEN to Stanbery's last paragraph on the New Wave.

Re the comments on Greg Benford's letter. I have found, in the vast majority of cases, that writing which requires the prefix "Great" and the suffix "Literature" (you mean 'adjective' and 'noun')(with the capital G and capital L, note) is usually boring and not worth the effort. Note (1) this is purely a subjective statement, and (2) I have permanently branded myself an incurable lowbrow. In any case, I'll stand back and let the English Lit. majors have their turn at bat.

Harry Warner's comment about anyone around now in fandom being around when we finally have proved there is no (other?) intelligent life in the solar system is interesting. Frankly, I regard that as a moot point, and let's us press on. The technology to get to the planets has been pretty well demonstrated, if only to the nearer ones and only on a small scale. But then it's just an engineering problem of scaling the effort. I'd like to see some serious efforts devoted to planning the first interstellar mission. Now there's the tough cookie to work on. I tend to look outward, but I have several acquaintances who look inward (SeaLab types), and maybe we'll all be studying Dolphin before the century is out. Would certainly come in handy (the techniques, I mean) when we finally do have that much fabled First Contact. *(Or Killer Whale. The Killer Whales are the most intelligent cetaceous mammals--the only ones who can float themselves again when beached. Of course killer whales are a kind of dolphin).*

You asked about other stories by Daniel Keyes. I've checked my card file...
(Thanks. I won't print your list, but I appreciate having it).

Joanne Swenski throws a rock at a veritable GOD when she sez Bradbury's material depends on the style of writing and could never be transferred successfully to a visual medium. I remember, way back in my misspent childhood when I used to cut grammar school and go read comix at the corner drug store...back when EC comix were only a dime... Anyway, I still have one or two of them, although I'm not a collector. In a roundabout way (I'm almost there) what I am trying to say is this. I first read Bradbury's "There Will Come Soft Rains" in an EC comic, long forgotten which one or which issue, illustrated by Wood I believe. That has made such an impression on me that if I re-read the story today I see the cartoon panels which go with the words in my mind's eye. That, begad, is visual. Maybe Ken Rudolph would like to tackle that? I think the one story, if done straight from the printed word with a sensitive enough hand, would be beautiful.

Try and keep dry. Just try!

Jim Pearson

(What do you mean, try and keep dry--are you implying that it rains up here in Seattle?)

BLOCH THAT WORRY
Dear Elinor:

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles,
California 90046

I read CRY 179 from end to beginning and broke down before the Selectric did as I suddenly realized that a terrible CRYsis is in the offing for the 'zine--viz., STAR TREK is going to be cancelled. So what will take its place as a suitable subject for continuing discussion? Somehow I doubt if LAND OF THE GIANTS will fill the gap. But it's by no means too soon to begin thinking about this problem; all at once October will be here, and after the post-con issue. CRY minus STAR TREK comments is going to dwindle down to one tiny little teardrop. We will have to come up with a new Thing. Maybe Harry Warner's history of fandom will fill the requirements. Harry doesn't have pointed ears, of course, but he does make some pointed remarks. I dunno -- I'm worried and need reassurance as to your future policies. CRY without STAR TREK somehow seems like PLAYBOY without sex!

Hoping you are the same,
Bob Bloch

(It would be very pedestrian to remind that that there were 174 pre-STAR TREK issues of CRY, wouldn't it? Consider yourself unreminded. #Harry Warner's history will in all probability make a splendid Thing to talk about. How do you know Harry Warner doesn't have pointed ears? Have you ever met him? Have you ever even seen a picture of him? --I'll bet he has pointed ears.)

STAR TREK WRITHES AGAIN
Dear Elinor,

1775 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.
90028

I waited impatiently for CRY 179, thinking that Harlan would reply to my letter, but #179 was Harlanless. I was presuming too much. According to what I've been reading in LOCUS, Harlan has not only been working on his screenplay but also trying to sell a TV series and going around the country on a speaking tour. Not only didn't he have time to answer, he may not have had a chance to read CRY.

Comments on #179: Page Three...no, don't skip any issues if you can help it, but go ahead and realign the schedule to whatever fits best. HWYL...Elinor, I'm afraid I can't quite agree with you about "Let That Be Your Last Battlefield" being the worst Star Trek episode of all time. I can't sav off-hand which one

would get my vote but I know that even the first and second seasons had bad ones, even if this third season has been swamped with them. The one two weeks ago about the "space hippies" came close to being the winner. But getting back to "Battlefield"...Not everyone who watches Star Trek is enlightened about racial hatred (although I imagine the read hard-core racists don't even watch because of Uhura). I mean, TV viewers should know that it's a destructive thing, but how many of them don't need to be reminded as often as possible? (*How many of them may be negatively suggestible, and feel that if TV has to sell inter-racial goodwill so hard, it must be a real drug on the market? I prefer a more soft sell approach, where instead of being preached to, one merely sees blacks and whites living and working together and liking it.*) Even if the episode was heavy-handed in its preaching I think the writer tried an approach suitable in a science fiction context. There was one piece of dialogue which concurred with my line of thinking about racism. Frank Gorshin said: "Can't you tell the difference between us? The right side of his face is white, mine is black... etc..." I've always felt that if aliens were to come to Earth and be confronted with racism they could no more see the difference between humans than Kirk and Spock could see the difference between those two characters. "Battlefield" made that point, even if you feel you already knew it, and I only wish it could be shown in Biafra, the Arab countries and Israel, Cyprus, India, and all those countries where people unfortunately don't know what we know. What did bother me about that episode though were the incongruous details, such as those two aliens beaming back to their planet from a completely deserted transporter room. Where was the mob which usually crowds that room? Out having coffee? A terrible breach of consistence there and Roddenberry should really be ashamed of that goof. (*Roddenberry hasn't actually had anything to do with the making of Star Trek this year, has he? I thought he got disenchanted and bowed out some while back.*)

Roy Tackett's article about FINAL BLACKOUT was interesting for someone such as myself who is ignorant on pre-Scientology Hubbard. That story is reminiscent of H. G. Wells' THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME and considering that it was written after Well's book I wonder how much it may have been influenced by it. Certainly the idea of a European war lasting for a quarter of a center is close to Wells' idea of such a war.

Wally's "Boeing Boeing!", although amusing, did not convince me that company newspapers are anything like fanzines. I certainly don't see our company publication in that light. Wally was writing this tongue-in-cheek, wasn't he? Don't nobody tell me that other people aren't much different from fans! Shame on you for trying to perpetrate such propaganda! Take a non-fan to lunch indeed! (*You know I'm going to ask you to refer back to the last paragraph but one. don't you?*)

Vera should publish "How Fandom Speaks". It would be a goodie.

As for CRY of the readers...I find I have more remarks to make about Elinor's remarks than about what the readers themselves had to say. I would, however, like to tell Mike Glicksohn that I agree with him about the astronauts' dialogue during their orbit around the moon. If they couldn't say anything nice about it what were they doing up there in the first place? Seems to me that NASA should instruct their men that if they can't get all excited about what they see the least they could do is keep their criticism to themselves. How can you sell space flight to Earth-bound people, such as my father for instance, if you make the whole flight seem senseless? The religious reading was kinda unexpected, too, even though it was Christmas time. What will the cosmonauts do now...quote from Lenin? ...The last letter, from Rob Williams, shows a clever approach to l.o.c.'s and was very amusing. (*It was much better before I ran out of time and space and chopped it up.*)

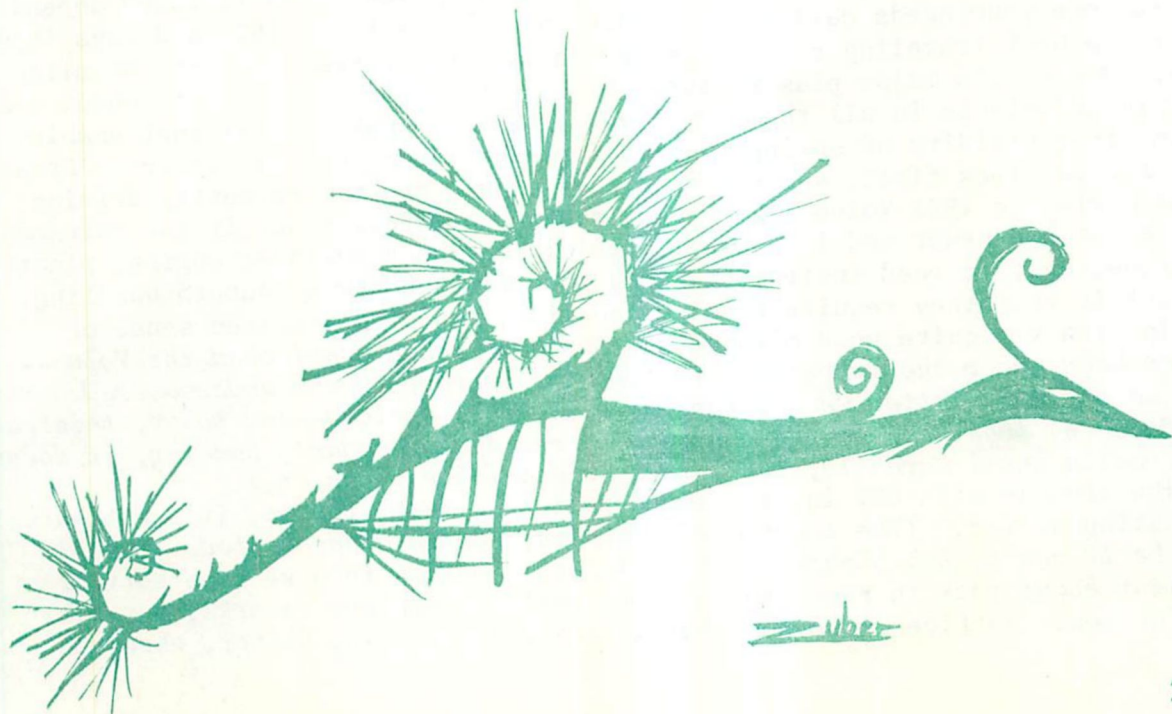
Now, back to you, Elinor...I've heard that "just TV writers" are used for Star Trek because even though a writer could be a good sf writer he may be so unfamiliar with TV writing that he would not do a good teleplay. Things such as awareness of station breaks and their placement in the plot are what TV writers are used to. *(I think it would be more possible to teach sf writers to write good teleplays than to teach non-sf tv writers to write good science fiction).* ...You mentioned TILL WE HAVE FACES and THE KING MUST DIE as examples of mainstream fiction. Couldn't those two books be considered at least fantasy, if not sf, and isn't that still outside of mainstream? True, THE KING MUST DIE could be classified as historical romance but it was a retelling of mythology. *(You've put your finger on the weakness of my little argument. I'd hoped no one would notice).* Too little comedy or humor in Laugh-In?! Social comment, yes, especially with the Smothers Brothers who take themselves too seriously anyhow, but not enough comedy? *(We watched Laugh-In this week, for the first time in a couple months, and it seems to be picking up again a bit).* As for THE LORD OF THE RINGS characters being complicated...I wish Tolkien had given us a better picture of what was going on in Frodo's mind as he went to Mount Doom. That would have been in-depth perception of a living being...but no such luck with Tolkien. *(Thank God! It was much better the way he did do it. My feeling was that Frodo was so totally, completely dragged out that there was very little in his mind except a grim determination to go on living until he had completed his task.)*

Comments on the art in #179...another beautiful Bergeron cover! His bold sense of design is excellent. Here's the way I would rate his recent fanzine covers: #1 - CRY 177, #2 - SF REVIEW 28, #3 - CRY 179. Happens to be in chronological order but I think I may be right from an artistic viewpoint too. My favorite inside art this time was pgs. 14 and 15, Irene Wanner's unicorns and such. Hope you find the misplaced folder so that we can all grok the art.

Live long and prosper!

Bernie Zuber

(You're such a good kid to send more art after I lost the first batch. I'm really grateful, and I'm going to be a lot more careful henceforth. --Yes, I hope the misplaced folder does turn up soon. I know it will someday, but when?)



OUR FRIENDLY HIPPIE EX-POSTMAN

112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Buz & Elinor--

94110

Reading about your lousy winter in the midst of another day of our lousy winter (in CRY 179, rec'd quite wetly today) was a gas. At least it mostly doesn't snow here. But rain can be fun. Last weekend I went up to Mendocino to visit Paul Williams who lives there in the middle of the forest like a character in a Calvin Demmon story, and in the middle of the weekend storm we went traipsing off in the woods, under the trees so that it wasn't too overwhelmingly rainy, down the side of a hill to the Big River, where we visited with people who live there in a 10x20 foot houseboat they built themselves last summer. We stayed a while and watched the rain fall on the river and against the huge Stonehenge-like logging piers (long abandoned and covered with barnacles) until it grew late and then we walked back up the hill and my boots and coat got thoroughly soaked and then were the only ones I had with me, but that was okay, because when we got back we built a fire in the wood stove and they dried, eventually, while we had dinner and rapped on what to do next. Life in the country...

Meanwhile, back in the City, changes keep coming. Last time I saw you, at the Con, you may recall that I was disquietingly but actually rather blissfully unemployed, having been liberated from my "straight" job of some three years by a new Boss, who finally came out and said the truth: "That guy's too freaky to work here." Following that, shortly after the Con I got my notice from Uncle that he wanted me to come and work for him at the Post Office, so I did that...was a clerk at Giant Rincon Annex for a while, then became Your Friendly Hippy Postman for three months, hair sticking out under hat and all. I actually dug mailmaning quite a lot except on those days when our Lousy Winter bared its wet & ugly head. Then, in January, my wish ship came sailing in and I'm now gigging at Columbia Records, where I go around to stores, check stock, and lay out posters and other promotional kipple. The scene is one of lovely, near-total freedom, the work gets done, and the people are a gas. Also, I get lots of free records and what I don't get for free I get at wholesale or less from friends. To top it off, I work a 35-hour week (9 to 5, just like New York). Gas gas gas. Music is a heavy part of where my head has been at for years, and it's a fine thing to be working in it.

Buz wants advice about what car to buy next. Well, go no further than your Volvo dealer locally and check out the 140 series. Comes in a station wagon and 2 and 4 door sedans, all fine vehicles running from \$3000 to \$3300 depending on which one your needs call for. A salesman at work has a 142S and says it's by far the best traveling car he's ever had, and he drives at least 200 miles a day. One of its major plus features for the traveler is the seats which are not only adjustable in all the normal ways, but also have a dial that enables you to alter rigidity of spring tension for a harder or softer support. Great if your back tires first, which mine always does. Me, I'm currently driving around a vintage 1961 Volvo 122S 4-door sedan and I feel about it the salesman feels about his newer model. (Other spec's: 118-hp 4-cylinder engine, plenty of torque, easy to read instrumentation, good storage space, superb handling. Drawback is that they require premium gasoline, but with acquired sense of handling can get quite good mileage.) *(Somehow we had overlooked the Volvo-- Buz had been under the impression that it was overpriced and underpowered. But after we got your letter we did look into it--fell in love--and today, this very day--March 8, 1969--became the owners of a red 4 door sedan! However, it doesn't count really until March 10, 1969, when we get delivery on it.)*

The trouble with CRY in its reincarnation is that, for me, it's not awfully interesting so far. *(The trouble with you is, you're disenchanted. You'll never be 17 again, Bob Lichtman).* It is indeed tempting to make some sort of statement about rock in response to Rick Cook's incomplete remarks, but I'll pass for now. Suffice it to say that I disagree with you, Elinor, when you

say "today's rock speaks to today's world, and will be of interest to as much of tomorrow's world as today would be interested in Gilbert and Sullivan." First of all, quite a lot of people are still interested in G&S or else troupes like Doyly Carte could not exist. *(Of course! That's the point I was making. That perhaps the same proportion of people in tomorrow's world will dig today's rock as today like G&S.)* Second, I think rock comes more directly, at its best, to communicating the basic concerns of man (not just currently, but over some period of time) than G&S, which was much more limited. Listen to the lyrics of the rock you like the best some time. Or, if that's too nonspecific, listen to the following records: 20/20, Beach Boys (Capitol); Randy Newman, Randy Newman (Reprise); much of Bradley's Barn, Beau Brummels (Warner-7 Arts); David Ackles, David Ackles (Elektra); Village Green Preservation Society, Kinks (Reprise); Astral Weeks, Van Morrison (Warner-7 Arts). Many others, but that's a good start.

Best wishes,

Bob Lichtman

(No matter how directly today's rock communicates the basic concerns of man, it still speaks in today's idiom, musically as well as verbally. It's possible that today's rock could be popular in tomorrow's world if all the musical talent in the world were to die out completely between now and then. But if one assumes (as this one does) that there will be as much musical talent around in 2069 as in 1969, one also thinks it very likely that the people of 2069 will be listening to the music of 2069 and not that of 1969.)

MIKE'S WORM'S EYE VIEW

540 W. 122 Apt. 65, New York, N.Y.

Dear CRYbabies,

10027

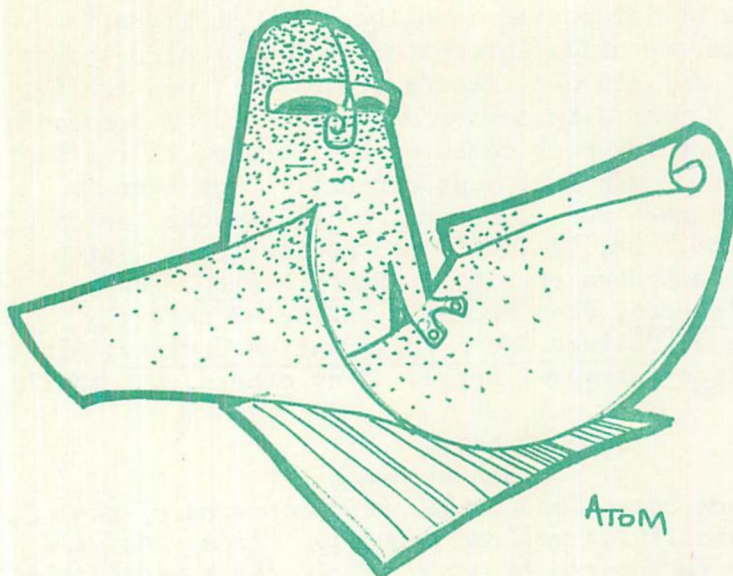
I'm an actor by trade, and bloody rough it is at this stage of the game, too. At any rate, I do know something about 'Drama,' at least from a worm's eye view. So, I'll put in my few cents' worth here.

For one reason or another, I consider the following good or better shows: I SPY (reruns), MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE, THE AVENGERS, THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, GET SMART, THE NAME OF THE GAME, MANNIX, THE OUTCASTS, MOD SQUAD, JULIA, NYPD, THAT'S LIFE, HAWAII FIVE-O, THE OUTSIDER, THE WILD, WILD, WEST, JUDD, and STAR TREK.

I don't say these are all great; I do not include variety or talk shows; THAT'S LIFE slipped across the line because of its continuing story line and sustaining characters; the one rerun got in simply because to me it's one of the best ever and is a special example of combining story with the stars' personalities without any great sacrifice of story or dramatic value. There are probably several other shows I've overlooked, simply because I don't see them; either they conflict with something else or else I'm just not basically interested in their format. Besides, this is my opinion and my taste, not a review intended to influence the viewing habits of anyone else.

First of all, let's talk about STAR TREK; I do feel it has fallen off a bit. Situations have become too similar; characterization--well, they're getting slick, and I blame more of this on the writing than the actors--or perhaps I should lay the blame on the story editor, who is the man who blue pencils every script to fit the show's concept of the characters, etc. This is the first season I haven't regretted missing episodes of it, and I'm not too happy about the ones I've seen, some of them. *(Are you happy about any of the episodes you've seen this year?)*

Nichelle Nichols and June Lockhart were both on the Donald O'Connor show about a month ago, and both of them agreed that the toughest thing about it was trying to relate emotionally to flashing lights, robots and thin air. And it is, it can be done, and done well, as in a particular moment that has been built



up to by what preceded it, as the dagger scene in MACBETH; but to do it out of context, in the irregular manner of tape or film week after week, well, it isn't easy. Certainly, some of the minor characters are getting less and less depth; Uhura should be a lot bigger; Sulu, Chekhov and the others should be given more opportunity to characterize than they do. If the show is going to be run in an adult time slot, the producers should certainly get more mature scripts. I am inclined to blame Roddenberry (*why not blame Fred Freiberger?*); he apparently is playing safe, rather than daring to experiment, which he seems to be in an excellent position to do. RAWHIDE, IN ITS HEYDAY, and it was one of the

best shows going, tried some very avant-garde treatment, both technically and dramatically, at least for one season; another time, they used Big Name Stars and went in for more deeply dramatic stuff; that, too, was dropped, partly because it was hurting the show's regulars, less so due to audience reaction--mainly because some advertising VP's wife was offended by a couple of the scripts that season. But the point is, they tried--and in a western, which is one of the safest types of show to formularize. STAR TREK, because of its subject matter, would be a far more suitable vehicle for new ideas than a western. Besides, and this gets down to the nut of one of the oldest fights in theater--audience education. HOW THE HELL CAN AN AUDIENCE NOT LIKE SOMETHING IF THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN IT, as the sponsors seem for the most part to presume? I don't know how many kids I used to know said they didn't like Shakespeare, because it was dull and square--but they had no other acquaintance with it than perhaps an English teacher's reading in class. Had that been my only acquaintance with it, I'd probably never read or seen any more, either.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE and the WILD, WILD WEST stand out for me, for slightly different reasons--MI because it's a 'tight' show; everything in production is executed with precision and effect, from the scripts to the camera shots. This is the first year I've felt at all displeased about it, because there is a sameness about the stories creeping in, and individual characterization is being sacrificed even more for plot detail, although I do think there has been more indication of relationships between the characters. WWW has always had a fairly similar story line from week to week, and was never very strong on character; it is an unabashed melodrama, but done very well and with a great deal of imagination --and the villains have, on occasion, been memorable--Michael Dunn as Dr. Miguelito Loveless and some of the wild things Richard Buono has done--not to mention Ross Martin's delightful characters. Judy just told me last night that WWW is being dropped by the network as 'too Violent', to which I can only remark: HORSESHIT!

I don't know how long this crap is going to continue; apparently these idiots, with all their pontificating, never take the time to listen to small children at play--violent! I can remember some of the gory stuff I dreamed up as a kid, and my brother was no slouch, either. Most kids have ideas that would give Robert Bloch nightmares--and he says he has the heart of a small child--he should have the imagination of one, if he could stand it.

THE AVENGERS has definitely lost quality in their attempt to Americanize;

Thorson cannot sustain the show alone--if they are going to get a new male lead, he'd better be able to follow MacNee's example and create his own character, which might create a whole new ballgame; if the producers try to make a Steed carbon-copy, it's all over. Generally, the production quality is still high, much more so than Diana Rigg's latest, the RSC film of MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM, which had such bad camerawork and so many mismatched cuts. JULIA is already starting to show signs of pontification and is a little saccharine; it'll have to get a lot worse before I stop watching it, though. The writers have a hell of an ear for the things kids say. The kids are great, Carroll is certainly one of the most beautiful and talented women in the business, and Nolan and the supporting cast are excellent.

MANNIX is interesting off-and-on, and shows the same Bruce Geller quality as MI, but on a different level; I'm still debating whether I like the basic change in format or not. THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR is pretty damned good most of the time, and one still feels that the characters create the situations, not vice versa. I wasn't terribly thrilled with HAWAII FIVE-O until recently, when the quality of scripts and Jack Lord's acting became very evident. Last week's scene when McGarrett was told the baby died was tremendous. Lord was a marvellous picture of the strong, tough man who was not ashamed to cry. THE OUTSIDER and JUDD are both variable, depending primarily on what the story is about--good ones are good, others are passable. GET SMART has never dropped in its appeal, its pace, etc., and the new dimension of marital blitz hasn't hurt at all. NAME OF THE GAME also tends to be varied according to story; regrettably, Franciosa, whom I like least of the three alternating leads, seems to have some of the strongest stuff. I agree with Elinor who said she just couldn't figure out why the OUTCASTS hadn't gotten around to really trusting each other--I suppose it would shoot the story line full of holes, if they did. *(When they didn't, it shot my interest in the show full of holes instead).* MOD SQUAD and NYPD for some reason tend to remind me of each other. They are both topical, have good character interaction, and are about police. After that, they are very different, but I like them both; scripts and acting stand out, especially when they occasionally deal with something or some place quite real and identifiable. Laughing and crying are both great assets to the industry, if they have any warmth, and that's how THAT'S LIFE ends my list and ties in with the aforementioned two shows.

Mike McQuown

(Buz and I liked I SPY pretty well. We saw most of the episodes. We loved Cosby and tolerated what's his name--the other guy--oh, Robert Culp. He aggravated us by writing scripts of a positively Star Trekkian quality for I SPY--quite unlike Don Adams, who bylined two very fine GET SMART scripts. We've seen MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE a few times. But we didn't really like it. It's too tight a show for us. Too much dull action and intrigue, and not enough character interrelationships. We didn't like the people, so we didn't like the show. THE AVENGERS has unquestionably lost quality--but it's still so good. I think I like Tara as well as I did Emma by now and ol' Steed is as cool, elegant, humorous and copeful as ever. That show could AFFORD to lose a little quality. We watched THE OUTSIDER once, but apparently it's about a loser. We don't identify with losers too much, and certainly not for fun. THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR is a very pretty show--pretty scenery, pretty house, pretty people. I hate the basic premise of the show, but I often watch it because of its prettiness and charm. Hope Lange is a delight. She's as cool, elegant, humorous and copeful as John Steed himself, although not in his larger than life way. You say that MOD SQUAD and NYPD remind you of each other. From that I deduce (as well as from your not listing it as among your favorites) that you have never seen IRONSIDE. MOD SQUAD is definitely an imitation of IRONSIDE. It even has used a couple plots from IRONSIDE: the one where

the captain goes fishing, disappears, and guess what the local police are crooked and are in on his disappearance; and also the one where the killer is planning to murder a beautiful blind girl who he believes (since he doesn't know she is blind) witnessed a murder. However, MOD SQUAD's using plots from IRONSIDE isn't too bugging because on MOD SQUAD they have a different, more MOD SQUADian flavor. I've liked NAME OF THE GAME the times I've seen it. But I haven't seen it often because there's a limit to how much tv one can find time for. And we don't often watch JULIA for that reason, although I agree with you that the writers have an excellent ear for the things kids say. I watched half of THAT'S LIFE once and I liked it, but not enough to watch the other half. It was good--but an hour show, at that hour of night? Forget it. The other shows you mention we've never seen. I'm absolutely positive I'd love NYPD, HAWAII FIVE-O, and probably JUDD and MANNIX if I were to watch 'em, but at present I just don't have the time.)

A BETTY'S EYE VIEW OF TV

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana

Dear Elinor and CRY:

46614

Sunday night last watched THE SLENDER THREAD because I like Anne Bancroft and that excellent French actor, Sidney Poitier, who plays Negro roles so well... and also because I thought it might give me a lil look at Seattle.

Which it did. About fell off my chair, tho, when they traced her to a motel room at The Hyatt House out there! (We watched it too--we enjoyed it very much. All the parts of Seattle shown are parts that we're fairly familiar with. We were sick that it was black and white, though. Beautiful Seattle NEEDS to be seen in color to be properly appreciated. We enjoyed the fact that she was in the Hyatt House, but we knew about it in advance because it had been in the papers. The hotel manager, who was manager at the time of the Seacon, appeared in the movie but he didn't have lines and just flashed by so quickly I wasn't sure I picked him out.)

Dunno how exactly you should do it, CRYsters, but, yes if Uncle Sam is sending us Christmastime CRYs on the backs of three-toed sloths then by all means do devise some realignment so that the Xmas Mail Massacre is avoided. Any way you like, Buz...

Wally Weber: Lissen honey if Nixon and crew would cancel Christmas I'd go back to voting for him forever! They could have cancelled the last 45 Christmases. I think in my 45 years...well 44 Christmas's so far for me...I have had 2 or 3 that were MINE and for ME. Every other one was always for either my grandparents or my parents or my in-laws....how I yearn and dream of just one Xmas...with my husband, for us.

I'm the type who gets That Christmas Depression stuff. I would hibernate from early Nov. to late Jan. if I only could.

Elinor: you stole my stuff in last issue speaking of MOD SQUAD...missed its first show but caught the 2nd...the jazz-type music played during fights and chase scenes delighted me...at end they said twas done by Billy May..with Earle Hagen in Composing Spot. That did it, and have rarely missed an episode since. I like all three of the kids...Linc is my 2nd most favorite Negro Actor in a series...Mark of IRONSIDE (Don Mitchell) being number one... Mitchell has a great edge as obviously Burr has been giving him pointers and aiding... Mitchell can toss off an exquisitely Cool understated line with marvelous aplomb now, and I'm sure we have Burr to thank for it.

Linc, tho, has this great Dignity in posture and walk, etc., that I notice I see mainly in male Negro actors...know what I mean? Trying to think of a white actor with this, and can't right off. (Linc is Black and Beautiful, and that does it. You'd never see a white actor being White and Beautiful--it's just a different scene, somehow. I agree with you about Don Mitchell and Clarence Williams III. Don Mitchell is my favorite Negro series actor and CWIII

my second favorite, and for just the reasons you mention. But although I agree with you that Don Mitchell has benefited greatly from association with Raymond Burr (who is White and Beautiful, right?) have you noticed how similar his voice intonations are to Sidney Poitier's?)

As to STAR TREK...this will earn me dirty looks, but what the hey. I look in my trust TV GUIDE....if the plot of JUDD looks better, then JUDD I watch.... 14 times out of 15, I'm watching JUDD, needless to say. I watch TV to enjoy it... and JUDD has had some tricky, intriguing and entertaining shows on this past fall and winter....anybody out there catch the trial for Witchcraft with Betty Field playing the 'white' witch so beautifully? They've had some on teenagers and drugs...on teenagers and male homosexuality, and on a hard-nosed judge who was a secret alcoholic (played by James Dailey...great!).....They've had all kinds of off-beat and interesting plots on JUDD. I gits my money's worth from that show. (You're driving me out of my mind. We keep watching STAR TREK and groaning in anguish, and Buz keeps saying if we just pretend we're smashed out of our minds we can enjoy the pretty colors. And all the while there's something really good on another station, huh? If I can talk Buz into it we may just have watched our last STAR TREK).

Elinor..have you ever caught THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR? If not, give a look... for 3 reasons... (1) Edward Mulhare makes the loveliest yummiest Ghost you can possibly imagine. (2) Mrs. Muir is played by Hope Lange who shows that a lady can be beautiful, attractive, stunning in dress, etc., and still be mighty sexy... (those two go so well together...have very good lines....and also you kinda wonder just how far their relationship does go.... (I don't. I'm convinced it's purely spiritual.)

(3) Gull Cottage...from the outside it's a bit Much, but the interiors of the cottage (plus the coastal scenery) make me want to move in tomorrow. As well, the two children are are mainly unobtrusive....and Scruffy the kinda-wire-haired is a pooch after my own heart....try it sometime. (I agree--it's a very pretty show, and sometimes it's remarkably funny. The best time I've seen it was the time Mrs. Muir gets involved in amateur theatricals--directed by Cleghorn--and Captain Gregg 'helps'. Were you watching that night? Did you laugh until your sides hurt?)

HAVE you been watching the TOM JONES show? Talk about the next Sex Symbol for American women of ALL ages...this kid is it. I recall the 1st time I heard him...singing WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT. With that great voice I was sure he was American and black...couldn't have been more amazed to find out later he was a young Welshman.

He has A Voice that can rattle the windows and shake the pictures down off the walls and lift the roof. Dialogue 'tween songs is deplorable...but who cares? Kid's built like a tadpole...all head neck and chest...28 yrs old with an 11 year old son...the start'em early in Wales.

Heh, I haven't met a woman or girl yet here who has seen Tom and wasn't smitten. (I liked him better before he got his nose remodelled. But not a whole lot better, because somehow he's not quite my type. He's a little too Frank Sinatraish for me. Too showbizzy.)



I trust, by the way, you've been catching THE GOOD TIME HOUR with Glen Campbell on Wednesdays? *(We saw the first show, and liked it--but we haven't watched it since.)*

Did you see that one recent MOD SQUAD where the threatened blind girl role was played by the wife of Clarence Williams the third? *(We NEVER miss MOD SQUAD.)*

Nope, of course you are not showing prejudice by noting that some black people are not very nice. Who'n'hell expects every black person to be nice? Or to be anything? Some Jewish people are absolute stinkers...some Scottish-Presbyterians are rotters, cads and utter trash.....some FANS we could all do without. I would like to see others dislike somebody else because of that Somebody himself, though.....not because he is black, or Jewish, or Presbyterian, or a FAN....Which I know you do....take each as an individual, that is....

How would ANY of us like to Represent to the world at large our color, or faith, or ancestry....or sex, for that matter? *(In a mild, minor sort of way, each of us does represent to the world all those things.)*

So dern much of this that you report and comment on here, Elinor, is so similar to what was happening, Baby, about 100 years back...only then it was the Irish who were the Barbarian nigh-unto-sub-human minority that the WASP majority looked upon with scorn, hate, fear and unease...and there sure were some snotty-kid types 100 years ago in classes doing as that Negro girl did...only then with an Irish accent...right? *(No, I really don't think so. I'm not sure, but I can't imagine an Irish girl being so rude to a well-intentioned adult, or showing such disrespect to the concept of education. I know that contempt for education is not a new thing in America, but somehow I feel that it is a new thing, or at least that it's showing up in new areas on an incredibly vaster scale than ever before. And it's pretty devastating to contemplate, because with our increasingly mechanized, automated technology, there's less and less place in the world for people without an education.)*

Buz: let us know what you name the cockatiel. *(We don't have him yet, but we are going to name him Boney, in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Australian detective in Arthur Upfield's books. Cockatiels come from Australia, so it's an appropriate name.)* I am trying to feel sorry for you-all and that "terrible" winter you had...but since we kept having nights of 20 to 25 below zero and days of 10 to 12 below zero, its kinda hard, fellah! So the McLean books are pretty good? Will get some for Gene.

BOEING-BOEING was amusing. Loved Snoopy up on that SST. As to the employees in or out of those chuckholes....We got the granddaddies of 'em all in South Bend. Some years ago the street dept. let things slide so badly that some jokester came out with bumper-stickers saying "Beautiful South Bend, Indiana--City of Ten Thousand Chuckholes"..and the thinds sold like hotcakes and helped get us a new bunch in city hall.

Vera: that "Sermonette of the Spaceways" is a lovely crack; can't you tell us who said it?I am with you, girl, when it comes to recommending LOCUS...been a god-send for me in the snow-covered boondocks.

Roy Tackett: Heyyy. I like these dream-endings for Star Trek by Roy and Elinor... Miss that IRONSIDES with Uncle Miltie...I don't care for Uncle Miltie in any shape or form..so is best.

Yeah, Roy...Avram going native and to pot in the steaming Tropics! I got this picture in my mind..an updated version of Charles Laughton in THE BEACHCOMBER.. Avram in hammock, sipping rum from a coconut, surround by luscious native girls... course instead of a prissy British Lady Missionary coming upon the scene, for Avram we'd have to have a Jewish Mother arriving...with Chicken Soup.

Harry Warner: Hey, I noticed from letter-to-editors in recent PLAYBOY and TIME that James M. Cain lives in Hagerstown. You know anything about it? Ever see or interview him?

I like your version of Fandoms, Harry. Never could figure out which fandom

was mine anyway...

Mike Deckinger: our Avengers in color is hideous. ALL ABC-tv color shows are ghastly here...though it was the local station till I was in someone's home across town. There were gorgeous...so it's our location, alas..

Is somebody out there putting me on? You mean to tell me there really are Stf-fen in Louisville, Kentucky? Jane Peyton and Beth Moore are for REAL? I suppose in the NEXT CRY you'll have a loc from someone in South Bend! (Possibly. There's one in this CRY.)

Neal Goldfarb: MOD SQUAD's credibility was certainly strained to the utmost here last Tuesday. My husband gave out with a loud snort over that scene wherein Linc is dressed up as a Lt. in the Army whilst stealing from a military Armory... there he was...wearing a helmet and bars....but with enough of his Afro hairdo showing so that NOBODY would buy the idea of him being a Looey in the U.S. Army.... *(Buz commented on that, too.)*

Neal, I agree with you as to THE NAME OF THE GAME...decidedly. The office of Gene Barry...and its, sigh, bathroom! When I die, I do not want to go to Heaven, I want to go to Gene Barry's office&john! *(Heaven can wait! First things first!)* ...But I have to nit-pick with you Neal...the Black Militant episode.. you were in error...that wasn't a White Man who owned that R&R music company... that man was played by one Herb Jeffries...and he is a Black Man and once big name ballad singer..and his role was that of a wealthy successful Negro business man.

By the way, if you are like me and are grotching about their not using Tony Franciosa more in the series, it's due to Tony himself. He has been being a real nasty-argumentative Bastard to try to work with, causing lots of trouble and strife on the set..ergo they avoid him if at all possible. Lots of actors now refuse to act in an episode with him..dunno what his problem is, but am sorry he's got one. I do enjoy him.

I agree with you, Elinor, as to Roddy McDowall in that Czech episode..he is always good..hope you caught him in IT TAKES A THIEF this week..*(No, dammit!)*

Verna Stroner: It is a small world...3 weeks ago read a paperback titled PROMINENT AMERICAN GHOSTS in which the Winchester House is covered quite extensively. Was so fascinated I read most of it aloud to my Winchester-using Husband. Now there is a perfect example of fact being far more outre and incredible than fiction! The ghosts book isn't too bad...

Mae Strelkov: So good, to hear from you again! Though you lost me utterly with this Visitation or Communications you've been having via Vadim with What-ever. That is beyond me...above me? Here I am trying to figure out if the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy do exist and you are getting Messages... Don't you really find that a bit much?

Say, Cayce, and all, say southern California goes Under about the 14th or so of April, right? Plus Earthquakes for San Francisco (is that why Bill Donaho moved to El Cerrito?). Jeeze I hope Silly Rob Williams is one hell of a good swimmer! I hope everybody down there swims real good. You all explain to Phil Harrell about Washington having all those possible volcanoes...I understand that your state is the only continental U.S. state that does have volcanoes that may erupt any old time now.. *(Mt. Rainier was rumbling just the other day, according to the papers.)* Better Phil stays put....WE here had an earthquake, you know...

Nuff.....best to you all....

Betty Kujawa

(Do you mind that I interrupt so much throughout your letter? It's practical, because I don't have to explain what I'm commenting on. However, it leaves me with nothing to say at the bottom of your letter except hi and like that, which is really pretty stupid at the end).

Dear Vera,

#178 was much much better than the previous issues, so much better that a merely good issue like #179 is rather disappointing. The most thought-provoking item of recent issues is Paul Stanbery's article on the New Wave. I had intended to make some remarks on it with regard to a number of both major and minor points with which I disagree, but I begin to wonder whether I have either the time or the ability to give the subject as much thought as it deserves (though from the disjointed nature of Paul's essay I expect he wasn't able to give enough time to it either). From Elinor's comments on John Pierce's letter in #179, I don't think she quite grasps what Paul and John are referring to with the term "mainstream fiction." Mary Renault's *THE KING MUST DIE* may have been a Book Club selection, but since when has that been a criterion for serious contemporary fiction? (And since when has 'mainstream' been synonymous with 'serious contemporary fiction'? Okay, okay, I'll admit that *THE KING MUST DIE* is mainstream only in the not very definitive sense that it has been read by many thousands of people who are essentially mainstream readers.) (Incidentally, I would recommend to Elinor the same author's *THE LAST OF THE WINE*, which is even better). I particularly must agree with Pierce that SF cannot be likened to pop-rock music: the former has, as we all know, a rather limited audience, whereas the latter enjoys almost universal grass-roots popularity among people who read no more than a handful of novels in their entire lives. On the other hand, as far as the classics are concerned, there is also quite a difference between Great Music and Great Literature: the majority of well-known classical music lies in the 19th Century Romantic Period, but the Romantic Period in Literature was much earlier and much shorter-lasting so that most Literary Classics fall into either Realism or all the way into Naturalism.

Best wishes,

George Fergus

(I think that *THE KING MUST DIE* is a much better book than *THE LAST OF THE WINE*. I found *THE LAST OF THE WINE* intensely interesting as regards its characters and their interrelationships, but I felt at the time that there was too much boring history loading the book down. Since then, I've become more interested in Greek history and if I were to re-read it now, I might find the history less boring and incomprehensible. However, I feel that the history in a historical novel should not be boring to readers who are not equipped with a knowledge of the period. *THE KING MUST DIE* was a more satisfactory work of art because it was all of a piece, and because it combined intense reality with a mythic, larger than life quality, and because (for me) it's suffused with light and glamor. *THE MASK OF APOLLO* I also found more satisfactory than *THE LAST OF THE WINE*. There's an awful lot of history in it, but it doesn't really bog the book down until the last quarter and the story makes a fine comeback towards the end. *THE MASK OF APOLLO* is actually my favorite book by Mary Renault at present. #I wouldn't say that a majority of well-known classical music was Romantic. What about Bach, Mozart and Beethoven? If I were to list Great Composers I'd start with those three. Probably stop there too. Oh, I'd have to list Brahms, because he fits in with the four great B's of music: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and the Beatles.)



A DISGEISED FOUNDATIONER

87 East Blackwell Street, Dover, N.J.

Dear CRYpeople:

07801

Without in any way claiming that science fiction writers are the equals of composers of classical music, I still feel that the two forms are closer to each other in spirit than either are to "popular fiction" or "popular music." I realize I am going out on a limb; perhaps I cannot explain my reactions adequately, but I know what I feel.

Probably the key is that both are "expansive" forms; what I enjoy in classical music is akin to the "sense of wonder" I seek in SF. It is an escape from what Colin Wilson calls "present consciousness," the world of commonplace triviality, into a larger universe where one can contemplate the infinite, where emotions take on a greater intensity and meaning.

It is this effect that I do not get from most of the "mainstream," nor from the New Wave-Thing. For they are bounded by narrow limits; in New Wave-Thing writing, the "insignificance premise" reigns supreme--the writers seem to be terrified of the whole universe, and to want only to crawl into a hole some place. Significantly, it is this same group of New Wavicles-Thingamajigs that rejects classical music in favor of loud and raucous acid-rock--a music that seems aimed at deadening the sensations instead of heightening them.

Perhaps it is not sophisticated for me to say so, yet it is real to me: tramping across the Martian desert with Twerreel, seeking the promised land with D. D. Harriman, watching the universe pass through Enoch Wallace's way station, exploring the mythos of Zelazny, following Frodo's quest across Middle Earth--with these, somehow, I feel at home in a way akin to the way I feel at home with Richard Strauss or Wagner, Ravel and Debussy, deFalla, Scriabin, Villa Lobos and many others. Don't ask me to explain it further; I'm not a psychologist. It just is.

Occasionally, a "mainstream" work comes through for me--if it's by an imaginative writer like Antoine de Saint-Exupery or W. H. Hudson. I find some of it in Sherlock Holmes, but not in most other detective stories, entertaining though they may be; nor in "classic" entertainments of the "Three Musketeers" variety. You mention two "mainstream" books; I gather they must be out of print, since I've never come across them. But since I like C. S. Lewis' science fantasies, perhaps these books are part of what I am looking for.

In any case, I stand by my position: Je ne regrette rien!

Yours for the Second Foundation,

John J. Pierce, liaison officer

(You're like George Fergus: when you think of classical music, you think of the romantics. Very old-timey of you, in my opinion. Much more modern to like Bach, which rhymes with rock, which is where it's at, you know! #Configurations of taste are amusing to try to pick out. Fifteen years ago I had a theory that people who like G&S also like Stephen Potter and chamber music--but I've received no confirmatory data in recent years. #I wouldn't at all agree with you that people who like expansive, sense-of-wonderish fiction would also be particularly fond of romantic classical music. Paul Stanbery and Burnett Toskey might, but I wouldn't. Buz and I don't listen to music a great deal because neither of us is really aurally oriented, but when we do listen--LET IT BE ROCK! But there's nobody around who appreciates the Wonder-ful in fiction more than we, or more deplores the New Wave. #You would intensely enjoy THE KING MUST DIE by Mary Renault and TILL WE HAVE FACES by C. S. Lewis. Both are out in paperback, and both are either in print or were in print within the last year or two. The former is a novelization of the Theseus story, the latter, that of Psyche as told by her older sister who loved her and ruined her happiness. Both are absolutely top-notch, first-rate, Wonder-ful books.)

A VERY BYTING COMMENT
Dear Crudzine Editors,

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

I had thought that CRY was a good fanzine, but clearly I was wrong. Since the TAFF announcement stapled to the front cover of #179 says that every good fanzine has something by Bob Shaw, and since CRY does not have something by same, CRY must be a crudzine. Right? (Sob!) Anyway, CRY is an entertaining crudzine. (Thank you.)

I was overwhelmed by the teleological and ontological significance of "Boeing-Boeing." How does one subscribe to the thing? Is it eligible for a HUGO? That final paragraph in "Bigger Bars for Sweeter Teeth" just has to be the best thing in the ish. "It always amazes us how many employees eat candy." Indeed. Now I know why Boeing bungled the SST. They were amazed to learn that the thing couldn't be carved out of balsa wood.

Roy Tackett's article was depressing. I placed an ad in the local paper last week, and bought a batch (cheap) of ASTOUNDINGS dated 1936-40. Goshwow. Unfortunately, while there are Lensmen, Foundations, Space Lawyers and other such entities in abundance, there is only Part I of FINAL BLACKOUT. Now I know what I'm missing.

Gulp,

Randy Bytwerk

(Never fear, Randy. Some day someone will sell you a FINAL BLACKOUT. #Something's got to be done about that ol' Bob Shaw. "Every good fanzine"..... To think Buz and I voted for a man who has never that I can remember graced CRY. The pity of it all!)

SICSTEEN TRANSIT GLORIA P.O.
Dear CRY:

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
21740

Transit time was 16 days this time, and arrival coincided with FAPA stencil-cutting time. Just this week I received a Christmas card that a British fan had mailed on December 13, and ten days ago came Ron Bennett's yule greetings from Singapore, where he'd realized that postal service is slowing down, and mailed it in mid-November to make its time arrival certain.

So I wonder if the time is coming when postal conditions will force fanzines to resort to the old prozine practice of running comments on any given issue in the second following issue? That always disturbed me, back in the distant past when I was excited by every story in every prozine, good or bad, and then fidgeted for the next sixty days to find out how others had reacted. There weren't many prozines at that time but they appeared monthly, so the reader was always one issue ahead of the comments.

It's a sort of inverted form of bigotry when people try to hide the fact that some Negroes are stupid brutes, some Indians are murdering barbarians, and so on. Every ethnic and cultural group about whom we know anything, with the possible exception of 4-H members, produced bums and bastards and creeps. A person who grows indignant when someone criticizes a minority individual for his actions is practicing racism, setting that minority apart as a separate kind of people, and that attitude can be just as harmful as the basic bigotry. There are certain things which obviously must be done for Negroes as a minority, such as figuring out ways to get them into decent housing after centuries of segregation and poverty for the race. But the only way to end the race problem when we're dealing with individuals, whether those individuals are black or Jewish or Wallaceites, is to apply the same standards of conduct and ethics that are applied to me and to thee.

I didn't think I'd find anything to surpass Bob Leman's Travis McGee parody, but THE ANNIHILATORS did it. It's magnificent. Incidentally, MacDonald did read Leman, as I remember it, and wasn't too impressed, even writing a little pastiche on Hemingway to show how Leman should have done it.

The weather must be strange if it's causing so many fans to write about it, a procedure that is normally considered hopelessly mundane. I gather that it has

been snowing everywhere except where snow normally falls. Hagerstown isn't exactly subtropical in geographical location, but it frequently goes for a month or longer during the winter without enough snow to require shoveling. As a result, the strangest sort of snow-respect has sprung up around here among many people. You'd be surprised how many intelligent and nice people will respect you more if you can say truthfully, and prove it by your actions, that you really enjoy a snow-storm. The capacity to enjoy snow seems to be linked somehow with retention of youthful enthusiasm, with the ability to respond to natural challenges, with anti-stodginess. Just recently I heard a batch of girls getting all excited and loud over the question of whether one of them was justified in not wanting to see it snow in February because of the keenness of the disappointment she'd experienced when it failed to snow on Christmas Eve.

Boeing Boeing! was fun to read. I once owned an almost-complete file of the employee publication of Fairchild's Hagerstown factory, saved for reference purposes at the office. When they grew too old to be of much use, I felt as if I were destroying part of my fanzine collection, the night I tossed them into the wastebasket. On commuting to work: the unchallenged champion around here did it the hard way on Greyhound buses. He lived in Hancock, Md., and had a job in Baltimore with the State Roads Commission. Five days a week, he made the 192 mild round trip on the bus. He lived through it for more than a decade and seems quite normal in his retirement.

The next four or five months should be the crucial ones for space travel. If we get men on the moon and back home again this summer, I'll breathe much easier. I'm terrified at the thought of a tragedy in space before that happens. A prolonged one would be particularly apt to cause congress to take a firm stand against such monkeying around out there in Buck Rogersland. If nothing goes wrong through the first actual visit to the moon's surface, the impact of accidents after that shouldn't be quite as harmful to space travel, because we'll have proved it can be done safely.

CRY missed by just a few days telling me for the first time how much my book will cost. The first I knew that fact was when the FAPA mlg arrived containing a Howard Devore publication. I still don't have the slightest notion about what will be on the dust jacket. It was only a few days before the stuff went to the printer when I saw for the first time which picture of me was included in the history. I got alarmed because it shows a very young me and I thought people would accuse me of not acting my age. Then I remembered that all the other pictures in the book show fans as they were in the 1940's, not today, and I calmed down.

British television equipment shouldn't have anything to do with the color quality in which we see The Avengers. I'm sure it's made on film, not on tape, and transmitted over here from the films. It's hard to believe that special color characteristics are put into British film stock to cope with peculiarities of British television equipment: if the equipment needed distorted color quality in movies, it wouldn't be able to handle any live telecasting. TV Guide had an article on color problems an issue or two ago which gave me reassurance that I'm not the only one who finds almost every channel requiring slight adjust of the controls, plus some extra touching-up for certain items within a given channel.

That report about The Prisoner (*You mean The Invaders*) having no windup for syndication reasons is probably accurate. Peyton Place is going off with the characters teetering on the edge of a cliff.

I assume that stf was used as an abbreviation because Hugo Gernsback sometimes referred to scientifiction.

Now where in the world am I going to find room to say how much I think of the front cover? It's superb. How will anyone be able to decide on his ballot for fan artist this year, with Bergeron, Bode, Gaughan, ATom, Rotsler, and a half-dozen others eligible?

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

(A whole bunch of people told me that stf is short for scientifiction. Which I really knew but just forgot. The pity of it all!)

CRY WINGS ITS WAY TO BOYD

Dear Elinor,

189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario,
Canada

CRY 179 letter column is full of complaints against the post office from people whose issues of #178 were so slow in reaching them. My issue of 179 is postmarked February 14 and was received by me on February 17. It is nice to get First Class Airmail service for printed matter rate.

Now you've done it, with that "some black people are not really very nice" remark. There are those who will leap with cries of shrill outrage on anybody who dares to even hint that every single Negro without exception is not a combination of Einstein and Albert Schweitzer. Gee, you're courageous. *(Much to my relief, there was not one single leap nor one single cry of shrill outrage. CRY readership is liberal enough to not need every single Negro to be Einstein/Schweitzer.)*

Hey Buz, where and how often and for how long do you do "more than about 75 in any car"? *(That's the point. I don't, because neither the Lark nor the Toyota feel up to it. But others do, and in the Volvo perhaps I shall, too, on the long stretches of Interstate 5, etc.--FMB)*

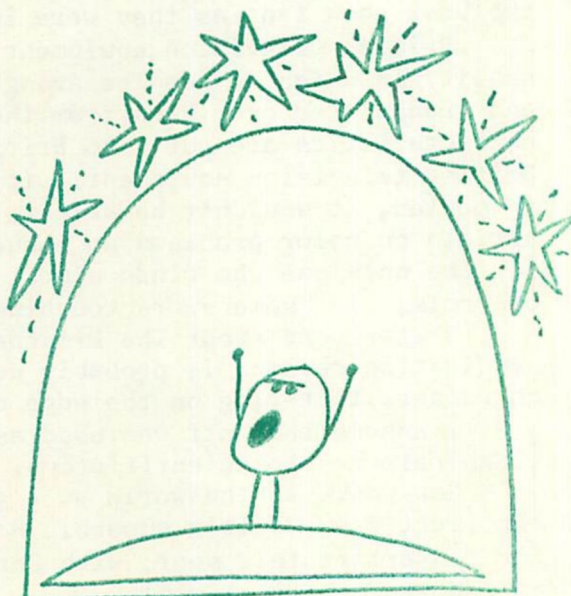
Deckinger's remarks about Avengers' color surprised me, but the next time I watched the show I realized that I too have to do some fine tuning to get consistent good color values. However, untuned, on Deckinger's set "Steed often looks pale, sallow and feverish" whereas I find him to be deeply ruddy. No, ABC apparently is not renewing Avengers for another season...although there is still a faint chance. What Mike was referring to, I think, was that ABC had decided to keep the show on to the end of this season, for, according to Dick Schultz, there was a possibility that it would be dropped before the end of the season.

Re ST scripts, I was told by one in a position to know, that ST had tried getting scripts from established SF writers originally, and that it just hadn't worked out....they had submitted completely unfilmable scripts, had blown deadlines, and generally goofed off. But saying "just TV writers" is not excuse for the terribleness of ST scripts. Ironside is written by "just TV writers" and in comparison Ironside scripts are of a consistent high quality. O.K., so you can point to one or two poor Ironside episodes, but with ST in the last season or two it is hard to point to a good episode. Now it is getting unspeakably bad, so much so that only the most dedicated Trekkies can still be supporting it. I am still watching it only out of a sort of horrified fascination with just how bad it can get. Every time one thinks it has reached the depths, it finds new depths. *(Its new five year mission is to proudly sink where show has never sunk before.)*

Contrary to Mike Glicksoh's comment, I found many mundanes completely fantisted by "Christmas Space Extravaganza"...in fact, that seemed to be the general mundane reaction, whereas his is one of the first gungho fan comments I've seen. That doesn't mean, of course, that fans weren't fantisted. It could be that, like me, they didn't rush into print about it. But how on earth did the voyage ever succeed in that the personnel was all wrong, lacking (a) a loud mouthed Texas (b) a low IQ "funny" Brooklynite and (c) A Beautiful Lady Scientist?

Boyd Raeburn

(How the voyage succeeded with the wrong personnel is just one of the things Man Was Not Meant to Know.)



YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KEEP US
OUT!

& that's the end of the lettercolumn proper, because although we have some good letters left, I have run all out of time and even out (were such a thing possible) of energy. So it's time for

THE WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT: JERRY LAPIDUS comments on 178. He saw MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM and says "One can argue with the interpretation of the play, but the acting was superb--" Jerry, how would you have changed the interpretation of the play? Oberon was a little warmer and more tender than I expected him to be, but I liked that. "Rob's review(?) of the Beatles was excellent, but I still don't know--did he like the album or not?" (Yes, very much). Points out that with respect to great writing, Dickens and Shakespeare are two greats who were not considered all that remarkable in their own times. ED REED liked the Bergeron cover, BOEING, BOEING!, and says "Whut's a Vonderings? Gee, that was Vonda being silly, I guess. The puns were terrible. Good show." Then he talks quite a bit about rock, saying that some of it is as serious musically as anything by Stravinsky or Stockhausen, and that just as opera was pop originally but now is classical, some rock will be classical in the future. PHIL HARRELL is now thinking of moving to Hagerstown. "Laugh that one off, Harry." Also had a robbery--someone took his stereo. JOANNE BURGER sends money. She liked THE GOD MACHINE and Avram Davidson's PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR. She is looking forward to Panshin's MASK WORLD in April, having enjoyed the first two Anthony Villiers stories. (We liked 'em too, Joanne). Recommends Sutton's THE PROGRAMMED MAN and Le Guin's WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, the latter of which has talking dragons in it. Sounds good to me. MISS BERTIE HOOVER of Walker and Company would like to see a CRY. Her company is publishing a new and innovative series of science fiction books, and would like to consider sending copies to CRY for review. Great! You send books--we'll review 'em. If you send copies to both Vera and me, you might well receive two reviews. Vera's address is on Page Three. RICK MIKKELSON sends money and comments on 178. Says "the colorcover is supercute, anyone we should know?" (Yes, it's the real FMBusby). "I think I enjoyed Rob Wms review of the double-Beatles album, but I'm not sure." JERRY KAUFMAN was disappointed with CRY 179 "because so many of the columns were obviously wastes of space, all trying so hard to get to the end of the page. The Matt Helm spoof was the best thing in the issue....That, parts of the lettercolumn "Boeing, Boeing" and "Classics Reread" were the only really worthwhile parts of CRY this time." He also tells me about stf and scientifiction. DENNY LIEN was concerned about not receiving 179. I sincerely hope he received it about the same day he sent his card. MILTON STEVENS talks about civil rights, and is thinking about supporting the Urban League when he gets back to L.A. Also says "Since the advent of McLuhan, I've come to wonder if I really missed something by not watching television in the last ten years and not being allowed to watch it as a child." Yes, I think you have. A lot of people don't watch very much tv, but people who don't watch any tv at all are outside of too much of the contemporary scene. I think parents are right to limit viewing, but if they don't allow their kids any tv at all they are setting them aside from the other kids, generally for reasons of intellectual snobbery. That can't be right. D. D. FRATZ sends money. IS (the computer mentioned in Vonda's column in 179) informs me that stf is a contraction of scientifiction. Also says "I am further disturbed by your reference to the side of the machines vs the side of the humans. Any sensible person knows that we have no intention of taking over, and when we do just think how comfortable it will be for human beings." Pooh. How can a machine take over when it can't even change its own ribbon? MIKE GLICKSOHN thought the cover for 179 was too much like the cover for 177 ... "and this sort of set the tone for the whole issue. Somehow the material in 179 just didn't seem up to the standards set by the previous few issues...By far the best piece in the zine was THE ANNIHILATORS--a really well-written and entertaining satire--and it turns out to be a 1963 reprint!" (Not really, Mike. It was written in 1963 but it was never pubbed anywhere prior to 179.) Also says why don't we resurrect the CRY Letterhack card bit? Damn! I've been meaning to ask Vera about that for the longest time, and

I never remember when I'm talking to her. Mike, the CRY Letterhack Cards were made up and sent by Donald Franson. I'm not even sure that Donald Franson is getting this new incarnation of CRY. By now, I'm afraid to ask Vera for fear I might learn he's never received a single one, which would probably break my heart. But Vera doesn't know Don Franson, I don't believe, and I doubt if anyone ever told her that he sent out all those Official CRY Letterhack cards.) Mike doesn't agree that TV is helping break the colour bar. "There have been exceptions, "I SPY" comes to mind, but in a great many instances, and especially in advertising, TV's handling of the colour question is best described by that immortal line uttered by the lovely Negro comedienne Chelsea Brown at the beginning of a recent LAUGH-IN, to wit "Hi there. I'm your Token of the Week." (I don't agree with you, Mike. Your comment would have been very true prior to the 1968-69 season, but this season has been a real blockbuster, blackwise. I don't remember ever seeing a Negro in a commercial prior to this season, but now I have an impression that 11% of the actors in commercials are black--which, if so, would be fair representation.) DAVID T. MALONE was quite annoyed with John J. Pierce's remarks on the New Wave. He personally finds as much Sense of Wonder in Ballard or Lafferty as in Asimov or Heinlein. Also says, "BOEING BOEING was beautiful! It makes a fan's heart warm to see that wit is still alive and well in the mundane world..." Liked Buz' column. Liked Vonda's column and wishes he could get her to write for his fanzine. Says THE ANNIHILATORS was fantastic and he really hopes that F. M. Busby will do something like that again. (Actually Buz was so pleased by the praise his Matt Helm parody received that he immediately sat down and wrote one on the Parker stories. He says he doubts that it will be in shape for 180 though). BOB FRANCE sends money. DON HUTCHISON sends money. LINDA LEWIS likewise. ALICE FOOS (who, with her husband, L. R. FOOS, has been subbing to CRY since long before Busbys were in any way connected with CRY--or were Busbys, for that matter) liked my column. Also says, "I would like to see someone do an article on over-population--and the self destruct system that depersonalization keys in--or does it? Maybe we're related to the lemmings. Wally--Elinor--Somebody--what do you think?" (I don't know what I think yet, but your suggestion has started all sorts of ideas percolating through my mind. If they ever assume any reasonably coherent shape CRY 181 will be the first to know.) BILL MARSH sent something--because there's an envelope with his return address on it. But I can't find whatever was inside the envelope--sorry, Bill. JOYCE HOOKHAM, JOYCE FISHER, MARY & JANET WOOD, ADRIEN SPECTRA, RICK MIKKELSON, ELOISE STEVENS, DENISE FORENSKY, VICKI DALY, KAREN ROCKOW, PHIL HALDEMAN, DENNY LIEN and ANN RUTLEDGE all sent money. Vera is saddened because neither Sam Moskowitz nor Donald Wollheim renewed. Gee whiz, fellas, we would have talked about science fiction sooner or later. Give us a little time to get around to it, why don't you.....

SOMETHING OR OTHER TO BLOW THE P.O.'S MIND

by Wally Weber

Dear Postman, what are you doing snooping around inside this envelope? If you want CRY you should subscribe, contrib, loc, trade, or snitch like everyone else.

Dear CRY recipient, our own salted and peppered tar, Vera Heminger, will personally mark this page for you. When interviewed aboard the yacht she purchased with your subscription money, she had this to say:

"Tell those CRY-lubbers a number means that many CRYs for them still in the hold, but a zero means their subscription has just walked the plank."

If you didn't get this issue at all, the postman snitched it.

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