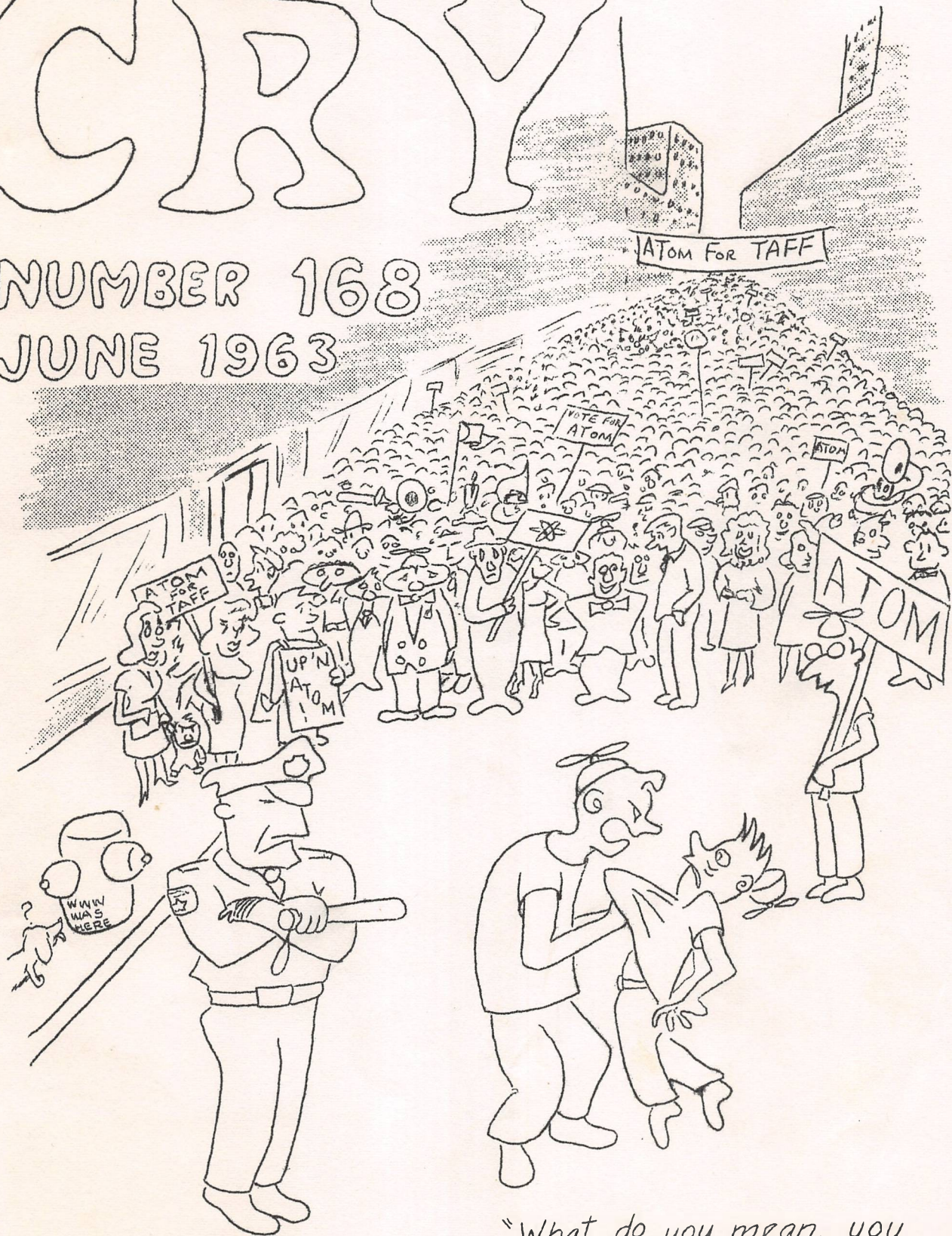


# CRY

NUMBER 168  
JUNE 1963

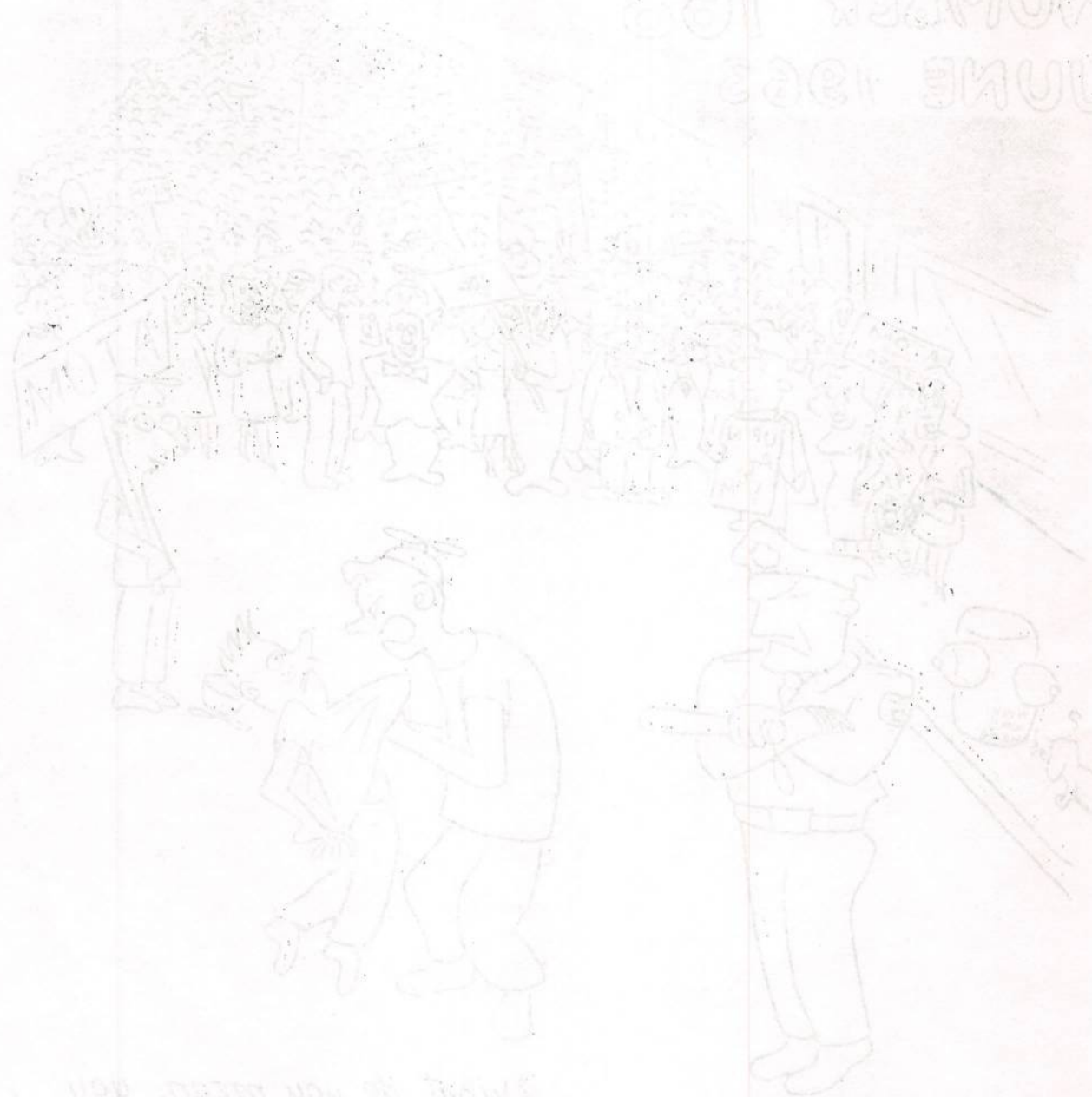


"What do you mean, you  
'forgot to get a parade  
permit'?"



# CRY

NUMBER 100  
JUNE 1963



THINK OF YOU MEAN, DON  
FORGET TO GET A PICTURE  
OF THE DAY

I doubt that you will be startled into a faint to learn that this is CRY-- CRY #168, for June 1963, edited and published by Wally Weber for TAFF, F M and Elinor Busby, and the Cone Company of Seattle, from Box 92, 507 3rd Avenue, in the postal region known as Seattle 4, Washington. You will probably not be surprised to be reminded that CRY retails for 25¢ or 1/9 and is a veritable bargain in subs of five or more (5 for \$1 or 7/-, larger subs in proportion), and that those whose works appear in the issue get a free copy. You wouldn't even WANT to hear about our so-called Trade Policy, but we do have one, really. If you have been away for a while it may jar you to learn that CRY now appears bi-monthly with copy-deadlines the 15th day of odd-numbered months (like next time: July 15th 1963).

After all that, when I tell you this is a hoax by rich brown, you'll just laff.

so laff at the C\*O\*N\*T\*E\*N\*T\*S :

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Art Credits: Weber 1, ATom 15, Module 8

Stencil-cuttin': Wally 17, Elinor 13, Buz 3

FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH

CRY hereby scoops every existing newzine by announcing the forthcoming marriage of longtimeCRYstalwart-editor Burnett R Toskey, Ph.D., ex-O.E., and countless other honors both at home and abroad, to Karen Prevost, Good Kid. At the moment it appears that this happy event is apt to take place over the weekend of the Westercon (bad luck) so that I will not be able to watch Tosk suffer through the formalities. However, there will be years and years to watch Toskey suffer (JOKE, dammit; somebody restrain that boy, hey?). Anyhow, I'm sure that all old CRY-hands will hoist a beer to the end of era of Tosk-the-hardened-bachelor.

So next issue should have Westercon reports n' Toskey-Wedding reports; we are not just sure yet which Wally Weber will be writing-- if not, indeed, both.

Anyhow, congratulations there, ol' Tosk.

CRY is 2 days late this time. It was mid-evening night before last before I got the message as to whether a 2 or 3-page column, plus this page, would bring the back page to the outside OK; by that time I didn't feel like doing 3 pages off the top of my head that evening. And last night was Nameless meeting, or go out to Wally's place and get a little bit smashed. We had club elections; it turned out that Paul Stanbery was the only attendee who had never been president of the club-- so he is now. All very properly in the traditions of the Nameless Ones. Anyway, tonight (Friday, May 17th, 63) is the first chance I had to do up all this junk, so I did. Next time we start a new system: I have 2 days after the regular copy-deadline, so as to get the pagecount-message and free access to the typer. We will see how it goes, and I bet you won't even notice the difference unless I get to griping or gloating about it, depending on how it goes. I will, though...

Need we emphasize that the usual pleas against fannish inertia still hold good? Discon and Westercon can use more memberships; TAFF needs your vote; Hugo ballots are needed by the Discon [and I do like that pactsarcd format]. Not that any of us can keep up with everything, but let's make it a point to hit the items we dig, rather than going paralyzed by the multiplicity of doings. OK?

But don't forget the fund to send Bull Connor to Katanga; hey? One-way...Buz.



## THE CASE OF THE BESMIRCHED NEO.....

by John Berry

The young man was handsome, personable. I liked the infectious grin, although I got the impression he was putting it on for my benefit. I mean, I presume it was natural to him, the grin I mean, but, at this precise moment, his basic thoughts didn't justify it.

He dropped a roll of bills on my desk. My nostrils twitched. The one was a ten-spot. I sneaked a look. The other nine were tens, too. I liked my lips, and wiped the sweat off my forehead. I tried to give the impression it was because of the central heating. Trade was slack, I've told you that before. The few jobs I'd done had entailed more work in getting the fee afterwards. I hadn't felt so elated since Terry Carr had autographed my copy of "Warlord of Kor"....

I folded the bills and stuffed them in the hip pocket of my slacks. He hadn't spoken. I coughed.

"I accept the base," I confirmed, smiling.

"Care of the Fan Federation," he said, somewhat stonily. Again, a brief glimpse of The Grin.

"You mean the FF have paid my fee?"

"Uh huh."

"Fair enough by me," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"I've been kicked out of Fandom....Helena Fandom, anyway."

"Heard whispers. Congrats. She's a good looker."

"Look. I didn't touch her at all."

"No need to explain to me, son. I'm human too. It could easily have been me. Didn't Willis put it rather aptly, 'There but for the Grace of Ghod go I?'"

He sat down.

"So you think I'd guilty." No grin this time.

"I heard whispers. DNQ....y'know?"

He shrugged.

"But if you say you aren't guilty, I believe you."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"I didn't do it, then."

I licked my lips. I'd heard more than I'd told him. I wanted to hear the story from his own lips.

"Tell me what you didn't do," I pressed.

He grinned. I think he liked that subtle sally.

"So help me, I went in to pay my sub for the duper we'd bought. Jean, she suddenly ripped her dress, a coupla buttons flew off, then she screamed. Mark came running in, and took one look and phoned the cops. They didn't press... no corroboration, they said. But I was kicked out....for indecently assaulting the club treasurer.....kicked out of the club, I mean."

I tried to look like a Father Confessor. I'd seen Jean at the Worldcon, I'd only just saved her from being indecently assaulted (I changed my mind). Talk about a good looker--I even had a photograph of her. I didn't blame the boy. I guess he knew more about the law than the average person does. Unless there's direct evidence for the cops to go on, they won't press such a charge. As Ken Halthorpe had put it, there was no corroboration. It was her word against his...and she wasn't the first girl to rip her dress and scream. They do it all the time. The cops knew this...a black eye, or scratches, etc., well, okay, that's different. You know what I mean. If his story was true...Mark had come in the room too quickly. If the story by neo Halthorpe was true, and



it was a frame up, it hadn't been efficiently done, because the cops hadn't pressed. QED....it was planned to be prima facie, as far as the fans were concerned, but not to please the cops. QED, they wanted rid of Halthorpe....and I guessed he wanted to know why. I also guessed that the Fan Federation believed Halthorpe and they wanted to know too. Look. I liked this boy. If he was innocent. I wanted to know why...I was so keen to know that, dammit, for a second I was even about to admit that I'd do it without a fee. Then I regained control of myself.

"I'll look into it, son," I said. "You'll be hearing from me in a couple days."

We shook hands. He'd obviously heard about me....he didn't seem too confident.  
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In the 'private eye' biz, you learn a lot about official police procedure. Y'see, there are things the cops can do that a private citizen can't....and by the same token there are lots of things a civilian can do that the cops cannot.

One aspect was put to me one day by a cop I became friendly with. He hit my car...it was his liability....and I didn't press. "Whenever a crime is committed," he said, "there is always a clue somewhere, if only you know where to look for it. If it is not straightforward, and your luck is out, you've got to ferret. Usually, you haven't time, because more crime has accrued. That's why so many major homicides are cleared: they've got to be. Therefore, if you had the time, money and men, almost all crime could be cleared. It's knowing where to look. Look at it this way. Suppose you find a fragmentary finger print latent at the scene of, say, a car snatch. On the driving mirror. It's not a thumb, as it usually is. You've detail, ridge detail, but you don't know which finger it is, and even if you did, you haven't enough of a pattern to know where to search in records to look for it. Therefore, there's nothing you can do, except file it, and look at it every time anyone came in arrested for car snatch. You see, the culprit's finger prints are presumably on file, therefore, if you had the time, and compared the ridge detail with every fingerprint of every person fingerprinted, the job would eventually be cleared. But that would be impossible....it would take a hundred men years to do it. Get the point? If you knew where to look, it's there."

I often thought about that....and now it occurred to me again. I'd gotten the \$100 fee, but, jeeze, it would almost cost me that to get to Helena, and Halthorpe hadn't mentioned expenses.

The only way for me to solve the mystery was to find out all I could about Helena Fandom without spending any of my fee....besides which (expenses forgotten for the moment) obviously, if I went to Helena, they'd clam up, anyway.

I drummed my fingers on the desk....then I snapped my hands on my knees.

I started to read all my fanzines.

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I started to read my fanzines at exactly 3:47 pm. I finished at 3:04 am. I smoked over fifty cigarettes, and the black coffee was almost coming out of my ears.

Not that I'd gotten anywhere, but all the 'meat,' as it were, came mostly from old FANACs and the many con reports, most especially the Worldcon ones.

Jean McPherson was a good-looker, but a few snippets I'd written down from con reports had proved fruitful, insofar as her affections were concerned....

'Mark snogged with Jean all evening, and possibly later...' Detroit Con, 1959.

'Jeannie McPherson and BNF Crothers ((Mark)) won second prize at the Fancy Dress Ball as Adam and Eve. I liked Jeannie's costume...' Midwestcon 1964.

'an un-DNQ suggests that Mark and Jean are contemplating taking the Great Step. They might even get married, it's rumored.' FANAC 194

No need to go on. You get the point.

A few jottings about Mark: Best Fan Writer, FAPA, 1965. Best Humorist in Fandom--1963, 1964, 1965. World's Number One Fan, 1964.



Mark Crothers had also topped several FANAC and SKYRACK polls between '63 and '65....and his stuff, all very witty, had filled over seventy different fanzines, and although I hadn't gotten all his appearances, I'd counted some 300 in three years.

This was what you'd call a faned's dream....a consistent stream of top class humor for over three years, jeez, he sure made me laff over the '63 "TAFF Affair"... and the subtle shafts of semi-sarcasm he managed to slip innocently into his stories, so that when reviewers pointed out his superb skill with words, he replied that he hadn't meant to be so clever as that, and thus managed to convey his unconscious expertise at fannish humor...and make him seem likeable and modest to boot.

I went to sleep in the office. I guessed on the morrow I'd have to get some hints from Tom Conduit about hitch-hiking.

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"I'm working hard on it, Ken," I lied, "and I think I'm very close to a solution."

He smiled....The Grin wasn't evident today.

"But I shall get in touch with you. You're returning to Helena today?"

He nodded. "Bye," he said, and crossed to the door.

Then he stopped. He came back again. He pulled an envelope out of his breast pocket. Brilliant. Another fee....or maybe expenses?

"Would you...would you consider putting this article of mine in your fanzine, Bendigo? Send it back, please, if you don't like it."

I forced a smile. I couldn't part my teeth. Admittedly my fanzine THE PRIVY only rated 9th place in the 1966 FANAC poll, but I was anxious for top class material, in fact, I saw this as the only way to advance myself up the egoboo scale.... and Ken Halthorpe had never had anything published....not even in MEANDER.

"I'll look at it, Ken," I said. My manner, I hoped, indicated that he'd be getting it back again, soon.

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I retched. The only time I'd felt the same was when I'd broken the fannish record of nine times on the Cyclone at Coney Island.

Slowly, after I bathed my head in ice-cold water, and smoked a cigarette deeply, I began to feel better.

My heart had stopped beating a tattoo against my epiglottis...hell, I thought, I couldn't publish it in THE PRIVY...I'd be certain to be sued....someone would undoubtedly kick the flicking bucket.

I stole a look at Halthorpe's article again--and once more I had an uncontrollable bout of hysterics. It was definitely, beyond all yea or nay, the most humorous item ever written.

IT WAS SUPERB.

Hell, I've got over it, now. I wasn't sued yet, although I'm still getting requests from fans for THE PRIVY #6. Remember it?

I split a gut when I read the title: "'Sodom and Begorrah' by Walter A. Willis".

It was only by accident that I'd opened it....I was even then hoping it was dollars. But with a title like that, I had to read on. And the stains on the blacket still show.

"Sodom and Begorrah" was a work of art. Halthorpe had written it, a play on the Willis style, but with more than The Master ever managed....it was an account of a meeting of Irish Fandom when a nymphette had turned up as a neo... it was, as you know, a farce, a pastiche, with the finest fit and humour ever to see print.

And then I thought I knew.....

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"Hi, Mark."

"Hi, Bendigo. Long time no see."

I agreed. We sat down on a wooden seat in his porch and sipped cold orange



juice Jeannie had brought out to us. The FANAC scoop had proved true...they'd got hitched.

"I'm on my way to Seattle, Mark, so I thought I'd drop in and see you."

"For old times' sake?"

"No, for your statement."

"My statement?"

"Yeah, about Halthorpe." I've told you, remember, that in some respects a civilian, a private eye, can do more than a cop. When a cop questions someone, and knows that person to be guilty, but wants to ask questions, he must give a legal caution...'you're not forced to say anything, but anything you do say will be taken down in writing,' and all that jazz. But if it's one man to another, and you've no witnesses, you can say what you like. I took full advantage of this. I mean, it was obvious, but how to trap him into a confession?

"I don't get what you mean."

"Oh?" I allowed my 'surprised' expression to flit across my face. My face goes all blank. Folks who know me well say I don't have to try very hard. "Oh, well, like, the time Jeannie ripped her dress and said Ken did it. He's written it up in a humorous article. I think it's even better than "Sodom and Begorragh."

"So you've read that," he snarled.

"Finest thing I've ever read. I saw him ten minutes ago...he told me you said it was crap...then I knew why you'd persuaded Jeannie to compromise Halthorpe. You knew he had great talent, but more, you knew that you'd dried up. Not one article or story pubbed this year....you knew...you know that, writing-wise, you're a spent force in fandom. After being a BNF so long, along comes a youngster with more talent than the rest of fandom put together. You're still tops in Helena Fandom, but if Halthorpe got a few items pubbed...."

"Blast Halthorpe." He flung his glass on the floor. He swore. Jeannie came running out, wiping her hands on a dish towel.

"It's okay, Jeannie," he hissed. "Go away." He glared at me, and then seemed to ponder to himself...'suppose Halthorpe wrote a humorous article about my attacking Clegg'...."So what do you want?"

"This is the way I see it, Mark," I said. "If I pub Halthorpe's "Mark in Twain" you'll be the laughing stock of fandom. Hell, you should read about how he describes the expression on your face when you raced in and saw you were too quick, Jeannie hadn't had time to pull off a shoulder strap....let's see if I can quote it...I typed the stencil last week....he said, er...."

Hell, I'd heard the words before. I'd been three years in the Marines.

When he'd stopped swearing, he said: "Cut the detail. What do you want?"

I was glad he'd interrupted. I'd made the whole thing up. If I'd had my bluff called, I would have been ruined. How the hell could I have quoted top class humor that had never been written?

"Well, Mark, when I pub "Mark in Twain" I'd like to give you the chance to give your side of the situation. I've only got 300 circulation, but I'm fair. My item is a supposed write-up of the affair by the investigating cop. Best thing I've ever done. All I've got to do now is find out how to spell corroboration."

"Okay. I get the point. I still want to know what...."

"I always liked you, Mark, and here's my offer. Pub Ken's stuff, let him re-join Helena Fandom....announce it was all a hoax, to launch Halthorpe in a novel way. I'm pubbing "Sodom and Begorragh," but he's written more stuff, better stuff. And I promise to burn the "Mark in Twain" stencils."

"Okay," he snarled. Then in some uncanny way, the snarl gracefully turned into the engaging Crothers chuckle....and he actually shook hands with me...the only thing I didn't like about it was the way the knuckles were hard and white.

"He's outside. I'll send him in," I said over my shoulder.

Outside, I whispered in the neo's ear, "You're in, kid. It was all a hoax. They're waiting for you now. Just one thing, if Crothers ever asks about "Mark in Twain," grin modestly and say you wish you hadn't written it."



He grinned....The Grin.

"Gee thanks, Bendigo," he said, and he strode up the avenue towards Crothers' house. I sighed. Then a convertible approached me, going west.

I smiled seductively, and waved my right thumb up and down.....

John Berry

1963

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H W Y L

Elinor Busby

We saw Sidney Coleman Tuesday, April 2nd. He got off a couple very godd, Sidneyish sort of jokes. The one that was suitable for mixed company I told to the Nameless meeting two nights later, and Jerry Pournelle threw back his head and roared, and said, "I wish I'd said that!" I thought of saying, "You will, Jerry, you will," as Jimmy said to Oscar so many years ago. But I didn't, because I don't know Jerry well enough to know whether he will or not.

Sidney told us that half of his way was being paid by the University of Washington and the other half by the University of California, so that he could give seminars at each institution. He said he considered it more as a vacation, though--that it was the leisure of the theory classes.

Jerry will probably have a good opportunity--he has great hopes of getting some institution of learning to pay his way to Berkeley around Westercon. So if he doesn't use Sidney's joke it will be his own fault, and you can tell him I said so.

Late in the evening-with-Sid we waxed philosophic and thoughtful. We agreed that fans for some while after entering fandom often act much better than one might reasonably expect--less selfish, more filled with true goodwill toward all fankind. That one may be disappointed in a fan's behavior, and then realize that he is not acting worse than one might expect, but simply, that he is no longer acting better. Entering fandom is often a little like falling in love, and similarly warms and illuminates the personality. But the improvement, in the one case as in the other, is -- temporary.

I suppose everyone can think of examples of this phenomenon. The one that occurs to me is this: if Sidney Coleman had been in town a few years ago, it would have been the signal to have a party. We would have said to each other, oh, everybody'll want to see Sid, and Sid'll want to see everybody. But that was then. Now we are no longer the charmingly hospitable neofannish Busbys. Now we are horrid ol' us, and we very selfishly kept the good Sidney all to ourselves. I am ashamed of us; I really am. But I'm still horrid--I'd do it again.

At the <sup>Nameless</sup> meeting referred to above there was considerable talk about Utopias. First Paul Stanbery described a Utopia of his own (which you will read all about in CRY) and then Jerry Pournelle countered with a scheme of his for Utopia. I was interested to note how clearly each man's idea of Utopia related to his own personality.

And my idea of Utopia? I think no such thing is possible. While you have imperfect people you will have an imperfect world. The world we have now is not bad, compared with what's been in the past. And I think it is improving.

Buz said that one thing that impressed him about Paul's and Jerry's Utopias, was that in neither case, was there any way you could get there from here. Yes--a Utopia really needs a bridge to it.

So much for that. Now, gang, I think I'll go on to mailing comments.

Roy Tackett: Roy, When I said that radio was before our time, I was talking about things beginning. Radio began ages before you and I did. Sure, it still existed when we were kids. It still exists today, in a manner of speaking.



I really think there is a certain amount of mental stimulation in TV. & I'm not just talking about the programs that try to stimulate, like "Open End" and "David Brinkley's Journal." Last Washington's Birthday my sister and I called on her daughter-in-law, who was watching soap opera on the teevy. Sharon explained what was going on. This boy had killed a girl whom he had gotten pregnant, and now he was in prison. He blamed his father and his father blamed himself--his father was a wealthy man who had neglected the boy and had himself shown consistent disregard for the law--fixing traffic tickets, add the like. Okay. So this sort of warmed-over "American Tragedy" isn't stimulating to you, and it isn't stimulating to me. It wasn't meant for us. I think it must be stimulating to a person of little education who does not read. It stimulates a tendency to look for the causes of actions, and not just see them in black and white. The thing is, TV doesn't replace reading or anything else, so far as I know. It just fills a void.

Ethel Lindsay: We were taught--I think in high school--that the British political system is best for Great Britain and the American system is best for U.S. Your system has much more flexibility than ours. Flexibility is a good thing, however that much flexibility in a country as large as ours would be unwieldy.

Ella Parker: Forget Orwell's "1984." Orwell's 1984 was led up to by many things that had already happened by 1963, and they didn't. He's not a prophet, so let's not worry about the things he prophesied.

Mae Strelkov: Don Wollheim did CRY a very good deed when he had us send you a copy. You are a fine addition. --I really don't know much history. But I expect to learn heaps eventually.

Betty Kujawa: I have indeed heard what it was like before sanitary napkins, and I shudder at the very thought. I didn't mention them in my list of the blessings that have come about during my lifetime, because I personally was not exposed to the horrors of 'menstruation cloths.' I thought of mentioning tampons, but decided not to, because lovely though they are, it was sanitary napkins that made the big difference.

Harry Warner: Nylon stockings are wonderful. Although they are, as you say, barely visible, they keep one's feet and legs as warm as much heavier stockings would. This is a blessing in the wintertime. In the summer they are too warm, but they do protect the linings of one's shoes from perspiration somewhat, thus prolonging the life of the shoe, and they also keep shoes from sticking unpleasantly to one's feet. Nowadays high school girls wear nylons to school. No doubt it's a strain on many families' clothing budgets; but I'm sure it's much better for the girls' health than the custom of not too many years ago, of not wearing anything but shoes on one's chilly little feet.

"Son of Cry of the Readers" has already been reprinted in a limited circulation fanzine. That was fine with us, of course, but I don't want it reprinted again (unless Avram wishes it) until I get around to putting out a BEST FROM CRY anthology. Then it will go beside Avram's account of his wedding. This anthology will also include Willis' "Sterling Fanzine", Hal Lynch's "The Incredible Meaning of it All," Rob Williams' thing about Little Lulu, Buz' short story which nobody liked except me and Warren deBra (bless him), Redd Boggs' "Cogito Ergo Vroom" and heaps of other goodies, by Terry Carr, John Berry, and many many others.

Bob Smith: We love Asahi. It's one of our favorite beers. We get it at the friendly neighborhood supermarket quite often. It's 4% here--is it in Japan?

Paul Williams: I'll admit I was brought up on A. A. Milne, and it's possible he may have influenced my Literary Style. I also like a Little Something around 11.



## AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS AS AN ART FORM

described by

Wally Wrinklefender Weber

For quite some time now I've been feeling left out of things. You see, my friends are always giving up their evil activities. At any given moment I usually know five persons who are giving up smoking, one person who is giving up drinking, three people who are giving up TV, two people who are giving up marriage, two people who are giving up giving up marriage, and three-tenths of a person who is just plain giving up.

You can imagine how I feel about all of this. Here I am, completely virtuous. There is nothing for me to give up. How can a person give up, say, an I.Q. of 141? It isn't possible; my I.Q., like my incredible talents and unbelievable modesty, was born with me and there is no way to give it up.

Last week, on May 6, I finally thought of a way. If I couldn't give up a vice because I didn't have any, and if I couldn't give up a virtue because they were so much a part of me, I could at least give up a hobby.

Of course I had a particular hobby in mind. I decided to give up having automobile accidents.

Now I don't want you to start objecting until you've heard me out; in fact, I don't want you to start objecting even after you've heard me out. If you want to object, go read somebody else's column -- here we've got answers for everything. I know, for example, that some people do not consider automobile accidents to be a proper hobby. These sceptics overlook the fact that an I.Q. of 151 demands unusual exercises. To a high-type mind and a soul of sheer purity, automobile accidents are not means of venting repressions or self punishment; to the proper intellect, automobile accidents can be a unique form of modern art as demanding of dedication and creative ability as painting an original Dali would be for ATom. And to those who doubt the possibility of giving up automobile accidents by sheer effort of will, I need only point out that it is now May 15th and I have not had an automobile accident since May 5th.

As one of the very few people in the world who has given up the sport, I feel the generous thing to do would be to describe my achievements and reveal a few pointers for the benefit of those who are looking for something different and exciting with which to supplement their fanactivities.

To begin with, you need suitable equipment. The government has made things easy for the accident enthusiast who now needs only a car in running condition to start out in his hobby. When I started, I had to wrangle an "A" card from the local ration board before I could get enough gas to run into a sick cow, let alone a speeding motorist.

My first instrument was a 1939 Dodge, and in some respects it was the most ideal car for the sport I ever owned. It was an inspiration to me for, with it, I achieved a spectacular success with my very first accident. I hit a brilliant-red truck on the passenger side, just at the door, in the middle of an intersection, and got the blame put on the other driver.

Unfortunately the Dodge was never quite the same after that. A number of potential collisions were lost because the Dodge failed to respond properly, so I



finally traded it in for a 1947 Oldsmobile.

The Oldsmobile was not a good car for the sport. Its six meek cylinders and its power-gulping hydramatic transmission made it almost impossible to surprise even inattentive motorists. After over eight years of heart-breaking effort, I was unable to do better than hit a small-town police car in the driver's blind spot and crumple a fender on a defenseless guard rail.

My 161 I.Q. saved the day, however. Planning carefully, I began parking my car on a dimly lit street on a block where nobody else ever parked. In a matter of a few months my plan bore fruit; an unsuspecting motorist demolished his station wagon by running into my Oldsmobile. Arranging to cause an accident without even being near your car is probably the most sophisticated and intellectual achievement the sport has to offer.

Needless to say, the 1947 Oldsmobile had served its purpose and was no longer fit for use in my hobby, so I sold it to a fellow who had been a friend of mine up until that time, and I bought a used, 1949 Oldsmobile.

Even my skill and intellect was unequal to the task of performing a successful accident with that car. There aren't words to describe most of the things that were wrong with that car. The best I can do is remind you of Otto Pfeifer's black cloud back in the days before he gave it up, and point out to you that he eventually owned that self-same 1949 Oldsmobile at a time when his black cloud was its blackest.

My 1956 Chevrolet was a fine car for having accidents, but for some reason I failed to take full advantage of it. It was over-powered and tended to lose contact with the road at high speeds, but I failed to use these attributes effectively. Once I managed to attract a car into my trunk while I waited at a stop light on a slick street, and another time I pulled up close behind a truck that had coasted too far into an intersection at a red light, getting in the driver's blind spot so that he backed into me while attempting to unblock the pedestrian crosswalk. But these kind of accidents were pretty amateurish, and none of them took advantage of the car's real potential. I sometimes think I became too involved in fandom with that car, for it was the car that had attended several conventions, carried such fan celebrities as John Berry and Ron Bennett, and once even visited Wrai Ballard. At any rate, when Ric West managed to trick a fast-moving Ford into wiping out the back end of the car, I decided I had to change automobiles if I was ever to have another successful accident of my own.

The May 5th accident justified this decision.

I had purchased a 1962 Chevrolet Carryall for the purpose. It is one of Chevrolet's rugged half-ton trucks and weighs over 4000 pounds empty. I took out Allstate insurance on it and awaited my opportunity.

May 5th was the day — or rather, the night, since it was about nine o'clock. Coming down the inside lane of a six-lane highway, I noticed a line-up of cars stopped ahead while the lead car waited for traffic to clear so it could make a left-hand turn. The last car in line was an immaculate, bright-red MGA roadster with Allstate insurance. The street was wet — perfect for sliding — and I acted!

You see, the MGA was too small to damage my truck much, and I didn't even have to pay the \$100 on my deductible collision insurance since we were both insured with the same company. And the car the MGA was pushed in to was damaged without my truck even touching it. I can't very well top that. So I'm giving up the sport.



## AN INTRODUCTION TO NUCLEAR WAR -- Part IV

J. E. Pournelle

In this concluding paper, we abandon the analytical discussion of the first three parts, and turn to theory--theory being distinguished from analysis in that an analytic scheme is contentless, and true in the same sense than a mathematical proposition is true (or hopefully is so), whereas a theory is an attempt to fit that scheme to a real world situation. In other words, we shall in this paper attempt to indicate some lines of thought about the world in which we live.

The first thing we must establish is a common understanding: NO ONE TODAY in a position of power and authority, and NO SERIOUS ANALYST, wants thermonuclear war. As Stefan Possony remarked last week, when a man runs up to you with his eyes all glazed over and shouts that he is for peace, it might be well to remind him that you are too. Pacifist and SAC pilot alike are united in their desire to prevent an unlimited war; the problem is to find a way to do so.

The most obvious course is surrender. This is the position taken, whether they realize it or not, not only by the "Better Dead than Dead" school, but also by those who feel any question is "negotiable." The problem is, does this course of action, or a policy based on it, lead to peace?--and I would humbly submit that it most certainly does not in the world in which we live; and that it does not for good "Marxist" reasons, although I would prefer to call them Madisonian. It does not lead to peace precisely because there is a class struggle in the world today, and the class which would be liquidated by a surrender is in control of the levers of military power. There is no practical way in which the United States could be surrendered to a foreign enemy except by actual--not potential--defeat in an all-out war. There are too many people who feel that if the Russians are to take New York and Washington, and Valley Forge and Lexington, it OUGHT to be over the dead bodies of one hundred million Americans.

Even assuming, however, that some way is found around this practical difficulty, there remains the problem of governing a world Communist Empire: is there a way to prevent civil war once the ideals of the Communist State have been achieved? Does anyone really believe that some kind of patriotic loyalty to the regime will prevent the satrap in, say, Washington from resisting the commands of Moscow? I confess that, given the disappearance of revolutionary fervor (and make no mistake about it, without an outside enemy the "wave of the future" is doomed to wash against a reef) I see nothing but purges and counter-purges until a latter-day Monk attempts the overthrow of the State; and the weapons employed in THAT civil war should not surprise the readers of science fiction. Nor, I must confess, do I see an automatic disappearance of those sectional and regional differences which have historically produced warfare and conflict in the past; in other words, I do not believe that the Communist State would be able to maintain peace and order, even if it establishes its empire.

All this has left vacant the question of human values--of those who would prefer to be dead than red. It is simply taking the idea that personal survival is the ultimate objective, no matter how mean or degraded that survival is, and asking whether a policy of surrender is more or less likely to produce it; and it appears to me that the burden of proof rests on those who feel that a permanent world empire of peace and order can be established along the totalitarian lines of either Moscow or Peiping.

If surrender will not give us peace, or if the peace obtained by surrender is not worth the price, or if surrender is impossible, what hope is there? This, I submit, is the question which all of us, Liberal and Conservative alike, must ask. All the good intentions in the world will not save us from our own folly; and for once the world is in far too mixed up a state to allow the traditional muddling through. In a sense, we must muddle through; but there needs to be some sort of



judgment about our muddling, if only because it takes a considerable length of time to DO something even when we have made the decision to do it. The time between drawing board and production, whether of a new type of tractor or a new type of missile, is quite long.

The first requirement is that we understand the nature of our opponent-partner in this world struggle. Unlike the pure games player, not all choices are open to him any more than they are to us; or to put it another way, his views determine the payoff matrix of the game to a surprising extent. For example: Communist doctrine teaches that moral actions are those which advance the world revolution, that is, those which extend or promote world communism. There is no other criterion to be applied to human behaviour.

But this leads directly to a rather startling fact: the Communist leaders must be even less ready to risk thermonuclear war than are the Western Statesmen. The Communist has no view of a reward in a life after this; nor does he conceive of a good society being built from the ruins of the old if the Motherland of Socialism has been destroyed in the process. SO LONG AS THE SOVIET UNION must inevitably be destroyed in a thermonuclear war, then any action which causes or greatly increases the risk of such a war is not only incorrect, but the ultimate in immorality; and threatens the entire belief structure of the Communist decision maker.

Now understand what was said: a military action that would destroy Communism must not be risked; not an action that would destroy most communists, which is a different thing, but an action which would destroy Communism. It is conceivable that the leaders of the International Communist movement would seriously consider the extermination of every bourgeois person on earth, as well as most Russians, if a sufficient number of communists could be saved who would emerge to build the new social order. (Conceivable, but that particular strategy is not likely: the number of people in Russia who are THAT loyal is probably not so large that they could get away with it.) And this strongly implies that, like it or not, the possession of a weapons establishment sufficient to sustain any conceivable Soviet attack and still destroy the Soviet Union--and I do not mean badly damage it, but destroy it--is the strongest guarantor of peace available.

Now this is not likely to be a popular argument in some circles, while others are going to say that there is no point in making it, because they are already convinced. I suspect that I am talking to a very small number of readers who are both not already of the same opinion as I, yet likely to be influenced by ANY argument; but I hope that things have not gone so far that communication has totally broken down. There is no freedom more meaningless than the freedom to speak to an audience which will not in any way consider what is being said.

But what, one may quite reasonably ask, has this to do with the rather dull analysis presented in the first three parts of this paper? Why in the world was all that necessary if the concluding piece is just another argument for weapons establishments from a theorist who admittedly depends for his livelihood on their maintenance?

I think it has a great deal to do with it. It is only through rather cold-blooded reasoning, through a search for prudential policies, that we have any chance whatever of escaping the host of ills that were loosed on us by Enrico Fermi in that squash court. Liberals and Conservatives alike must understand that there are NO simple answers to the complex questions of our times. Merely deciding that appeasement or pacifism is not the answer is not sufficient. There are consequences to every action which we take, and they must be considered very carefully in advance. We must be able to balance our requirements against the effects of fulfilling them--to determine, in other words, exactly what really is a requirement and what merely seems like one.

I do not believe that this little series has prepared anyone for a career as a strategy analyst. It has hardly been adequate for the most elementary requirements of good citizenship. It may be that, as one of my critics observed, it is so deadly dull that it was nearly impossible to read. If so, I most humbly apolo-



gize, and advise those readers to go out and obtain a book written by someone more qualified for the task of popular writing than I. Because whether you like it or not, we live in a world in which one-third of the Earth has been conquered by a power which the eminent scholar Karl Wittfogel finds quite similar to Oriental Despotism; a power in possession of thermonuclear weapons, and a limited but increasing capability of delivering them. Western Civilization was hardly in more danger of extinction at Thermopylae and Salamis; and even if the West falls, we have no guarantee of survival in the Servile State. This is the real world. It does not go away when confronted with incantations about Peace, or imprecations about the Bomb. And it has been my fond hope that, by presenting this introduction, I might have persuaded some of you to consider that peace has never been an easy thing to obtain; and that the control of weapons, through rational strategy for their employment may be the only way to prevent their use.

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"Thermonuclear Warfare," by Poul Anderson  
 Monarch Books: Derby, Connecticut, 1963  
 159 pp., bibl.; 60¢

A Review by J. E. Pournelle

Except for Herman Kahn, no one I have ever read has been able to so carefully balance the serious nature of the subject matter of modern warfare with a writing style that makes his books entertaining. Mr. Anderson has written an eminently readable book on a subject that does not lend itself to any kind of cheerfulness; and he has managed to present some rather penetrating views.

Anderson begins his book with a presentation of factual material on the nature and effects of thermonuclear weapons; continues with what I consider to be the weakest part of his book, a history of modern war (I can't really accept his genesis of The Great War, for example), and finally plunges into his subject matter proper: what kind of world do we live in, and where are we likely to go?

In short order he dismisses the usual total solutions to the world problem, preventative war and general disarmament, in a short chapter that I personally think is one of the best things he has ever produced in his writing career; follows it with a cursory but adequate discussion of the concept of deterrence; and proceeds to some aspects of national survival in the world we have created. To pick holes in this section of the book would serve no useful purpose, because the ones I found do not prejudice the central theme which it presents: and this is contained in Chapter Nine, entitled "No Peace in Our Time," which is nothing less than an analysis of International Communism, its poms, and its works.

If I were going to write a long piece in exception to Anderson's book, it would be about this chapter; yet, despite the fact that he has, in my opinion, paid far too much attention to Leninist theory, and far too little to Russian practice, he comes up with just about the same answers that I would. His not examining Russian practice is the only serious defect of an otherwise excellent book.

Anderson presents the Soviet Union as a monolithic structure, dominated by dedicated Communists. He has not seen fit to include the not inconsiderable evidence available from general sources that there are more elements to the Russian ruling class; that there are in fact at least two other factions, and that both of them have some power in the current structure.

This defect is serious, because its omission prevents him from developing the most powerful argument for his recommended strategy that I know of: that Western actions can, gradually, influence the Soviet Union itself, and bring about slow but profound changes in the structure of the ruling class there. I have no quarrel with Anderson's strategy recommendations, although I should not care to endorse all of them; and there is some very eloquent writing in the concluding section of the book. I cannot, however, see what the point of it all is unless



some indication is given that it can, in fact, lead to the gradual alteration of Soviet leadership. (I don't mean that he does not say such changes will occur; but he fails to indicate how they will occur.) If the West were forced to engage in a generations long struggle with an enemy as dedicated as International Communism has been, I should have very little confidence that our patience and determination would last the course.

Fortunately, however, there is more hope than that; for there is a relatively large group inside Russia who are very much concerned about thermonuclear war and the destruction of all the gains made in recent years. This element does not rule Russia, but it does exercise some restraint on the more reckless of the Directorate. It constantly reminds them that expansionism is dangerous and costly.

The worst turn the United States could do that "conservative" group\* would be to prove them wrong--that is, to continue to allow expansion without punishment. For whenever we do so, the dedicated Communist can sneer at his more cautious colleagues, and point out that there is no danger; and each time that happens, we come closer to the day when an American President and/or his military advisors face the choice of surrender or all-out war--and in that situation, I suspect there would be no surrender.

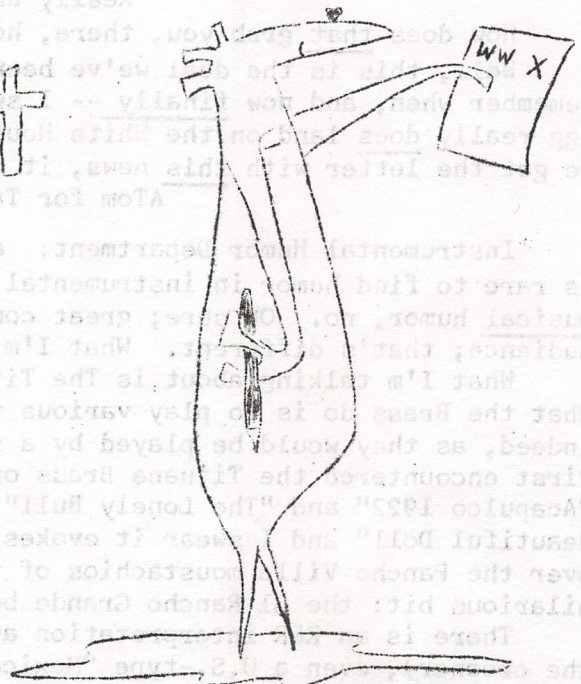
Unless you are an expert (and probably even then) this is a book that ought to be required reading for all citizens. Even to criticize it seriously will require some considered judgments; and most of the facts are laid out in the book.

J. E. Pournelle

\*For a discussion of the nature of the class structure of the Soviet Union, see my address to the 1962 Chicon, soon to be published in the Proceedings.

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EAST - WEST  
Weber's Best  
Vote  
Wally Weber  
for  
TAFE





## With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle...

It's TAFF time again, friends. You'll recall that Our Man in Stump House, our coeditor of this fanzine, your friend and mine, the man than whom-- Wally Weber, that is-- had his bonafides on the line last time we met in these pages. Well, now the ballots are out, and Wally has been joined, if that's the word I'm groping for, by Marion Bradley and Bruce Pelz. It's a good slate, colleagues; read the platforms if you don't believe it. Marion is a versatile and talented fan from way back when; in fact, I think she even has seniority on Wally in letterhacking. She is also a swell gal. [NOW maybe she'll write another piece for CRY, hey?] Bruce is the "newest" of the lot [first appearing in CRY, probably after several months of initial fan-doings, about 5 years ago] and also, fittingly, the most active. I have one bone to pick, not with Bruce, but with an item in his platform, which gives a misleading impression and I expect Bruce would be the first to want to see it set straight. Re his OEsip of SAPS: "He has managed so successfully that for two years SAPS has charged no dues and this July will declare a cash dividend." Bruce has managed SAPS very well indeed; he has shown a talent for administration and a "good head" in general, qualities which eminently fit him to be TAFF-administrator. However, the financial success of SAPS derives from his job as a librarian: by sending the SAPSmailings at Library Rate [approx one-tenth of what it costs thee and me to mail fanzines], Bruce saves the grateful members a lot of loot. I doubt that this would work for shipping TAFF candidates, though; what we need for that is not access to a university return-address stamp but authority to hand out airline-employee passes or the like. And I must regretfully admit that Wally's job at Boeing does not carry the perquisite... it's the breaks.

When you read that TAFF ballot, by the way [yes, it's OK to stop to read it before you vote for WALLY WEBER FOR TAFF and mail it in right away], let your mind's eye see "F.M. and Elinor Busby" at the end of the list of Wally's slate of nominators. Y'see, all the discussions seemed to imply that it had to be one or the other, and we didn't think to ask directly. So it was slightly croggling to see one each couple listed under each of the other two platforms. Next time...

Which brings us to the Hot News division, if Ron Bennett keeps holding off with it long enough [we expected to see it/Skyrack long since, and no doubt that issue will arrive tomorrow]:

in

Really and truly, it is finally ATOM FOR TAFF!

How does that grab you, there, hey?

Well, this is the deal we've been awaiting and hoping-for since I can't remember when, and now finally -- I swear, now I won't be surprised if an Easter egg really does land on the White House lawn and declare peace. I tell you, when we got the letter with this news, it really more than made our whole day.

ATom for TAFF, like, huh, fellas?

Instrumental Humor Department: aside from the slapstick of Spike Jones, it is rare to find humor in instrumental music as such. "Funny songs", yes; sheer musical humor, no. Oh sure; great composers have rung ingroup-joke changes on the audience; that's different. What I'm talking about is humor in style and tempo.

What I'm talking about is The Tijuana Brass, led by a guy named Herb Alpert. What the Brass do is to play various types and styles of songs, very typical items indeed, as they would be played by a smalltime Mexican band. It is terrific. We first encountered the Tijuana Brass on the jukebox of a temporarily-favorite bar: "Acapulco 1922" and "The Lonely Bull". "Acapulco 1922" is based on "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" and I swear it evokes the vision of out-of-place straw boaters over the Pancho Villa moustachios of the musicians. "Tijuana Sauerkraut" is a hilarious bit: the El Rancho Grande boys trying to be a German band; hoo boy!

There is an R&R interpretation and a 1930s crooner-type number (but without the crooner), even a U.S.-type "Mexican" piece viewed from south of the border. "Never on Sunday" sounds as if it really originated down there. This is good stuff; the more I hear of it, the better, and funnier, it gets. A rare thing...



Re TAFF, I forgot to mention two steps in the right direction by Administrators Ethel Lindsay and Ron Ellick: the voting campaign winds up on Oct 31, for a 6-months' run, and the vote-contribution is upped to \$1-US and 7/6-UK. Except that this has our British friends being slightly overcharged [7/6 = \$1.05; 7/- = 98¢ would have been a closer match], I heartily applaud both changes.

As I may or may not have said in the lettercol [depending on Wally's editing of my pencilled comment], I have given up on John Boardman. And that's on, not to, mind you. Apparently the man can't read plain English; if it isn't written in Leftist he doesn't get the message. He's seen two CRYSquibs and one letter from me but still refuses to comprehend -- steadfastly maintaining that (1) it is proper for him\*the attitudes and motives of the racist lunatic-fringe to the main body of conservative thought in this country, and that (2) on this basis it is also proper for him to support the principle that vengeance should be visited on Conservative A for the racist and other crimes of extremist fanatic B. I think I've made it clear that these are my objections to his own more extreme proposals, and certainly I've tried to do so, but if he did get the point he is certainly not admitting it in his writings. From this end and at this distance I have no way of knowing whether he is blindly fanatic, intellectually dishonest, or simply living in an alternate universe governed by magic rather than logic. Frankly, I don't give much of a damn by this time, which guess happens to be his problem; it is a distinction that makes no difference at the receiving end, and three times is the charm, like. I will be content to stand as a sort of conservative who does not hold racist views and who does not persecute liberals or anyone else except on the grounds that fuggheads are always fair game regardless of race, religion, national origin or what have you. And who does not himself persecute (objective case, that) worth little blue beans. ((\* Please insert "to attribute" up there. Thank you.))

Whether Boardman gets a copy of this page depends entirely on whether I have an extra sheet after the issue is assembled. This is how and why he got a copy of my first remarks concerning and did not get a copy of the second installment.

Now (to plagiarize myself from SAPS) I go wash off typing finger with soap.

Any time a columnist runs out of material, there is always the Intimate Bit: like, step into my life, people. Very well. I'll bet you loyal readers tend to think of me as a Fanzine Fan and sometimes a Convention Fan, and maybe even as an Apa Fan. Timewise, none of these tags are true. I am a Correspondence Fan, even though I correspond freelance rather than as a function of a bureau or organization. I am such a Correspondence Fan that I have not been caught up since before the Solacon. Correspondence, unlike Fanzine deadlines or Conventions or Apa Mailings, comes in unpredictable bursts. One correspondent wrote 3 successive letters adding up to 84 pages; another got 12 letters in here within 16 days, counting Sundays: 2 to 12 pages. That's just recently, and so is the 12-pager I'm dying to answer but haven't been able to get to, yet. Last year another party was breaking the 20-page barrier regularly. And in general I throw about as many words back, as I get, assuming I get to answer at all. So if I owe you, there's reasons.

For the politically-minded, I should state that of the 4 people specifically cited above, one is a conservative, two are anarchists, and I haven't the faintest idea whether the 4th has any politics or not. (Politics reminds me of Sturgeon's character's crack in "Butyl and the Breather": "It puzzles me how I can be so irritated by anyone who bores me so much" is as near as I can come without a check)

I am extremely impressed by some of the implications of this week's orbital cruise by Gordon Cooper. Not by the orbit-count as such, of course [though quite obviously the air&fuel supplies were adequate for a much longer cruise-- I suspect that the diaper service may have been one limitation, as well as time-weather-and-geography restrictions on landing-schedules]. But the competence, the teamwork-- Glenn and Schirra and now Cooper (outstandingly) are on top of 16,000-mph re-entry the way the WWII types got on top of jet speeds when the need arose. Cooper, you notice, brought his bottle home on manual control, no sweat. They may not go out far as yet, but mistake it not, friend-- these guys are spacemen.

--Buz.



as herd by Wally Weber

PAUL WILLIAMS GETS PLASTERED

163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass.

Dear C, R, and Y,

March 31, 1963

I do not feel that it would be the waste of an hour to spend it sitting here and gazing at ATom's cover for CRY 167. The waves, the sky, the layout, the composition, the reproduction...ahhh.

Bigolly my name is plastered all over the third page. Y'know, Buz, you could try printing that story and show that it's not fanfiction. It's probably just buried under all the money the bacover people sent you. And if I know anything about your readers, you won't be able to find it nextish under all the beercans!

John Berry's story of his helicopter experience is probably the best of his tales that I've read since I joined CRY. I too tend to get dizzy just watching something like a merry-go-round.

Well, here's Buz discussing Taff, John Boardman, sex, and science fiction. Mighosh, man, you are trying to stir up trouble, aren't you? I agree with you on Analog. Let's have some pity for the poor sf mags; let them have all the advertising they want. The more they look like Magazines, rather than mags, the better off they'll be. I, personally, like to know that this Buck Rogers stuff I read in Analog is placed on the newsstand next to the mags that sell in the millions, and has somehow attracted Sylvania, Remington Rand, Pan Am, General Dynamics, Questar, Lockheed, Sony, etcetera ad gloriam. As long as it also continues to attract Reynolds, Schmitz, Miller, McIntosh, Anvil, and Dickson I'm perfectly content.

Elinor, you obviously do like and get along with people very well. There are people who could work at that bank for a year without finding out about the people around them as much as you have in one week.

Dennis Lien: ""He's dreaming now [The Red King]," said Tweedledee: "and what do you think he's dreaming about?" Alice said "Nobody can guess that." "Why, about you!" Tweedledee exclaimed,..." At the end of Looking-Glass Alice was still uncertain who had the dream; as far as I'm concerned, both Alice and the Red King had the same dream. After all, she slept through the whole book too, in her own quaint way.

Now that you mention it, Ethel, I can't think of a single hero-politician now in office. Maybe that's the trouble...should they be our leaders, or our slaves? The answer around here is "both". Eisenhower won twice...

I think you have a fascinating new CRYletterhack in Mae S. Strelkov. Her letters are...well, interesting. Quite.

But Betty, suppose you girls hadn't "finked" 10,000 years ago; it would have come to light sometime. Can't you see the headlines: "MEDICAL SURVEYS SHOW..."

The Clyde Kennard business was written up in the REPORTER, Nov. 8, 1962. That is a truly horrifying tale. Things like this make you want to hit somebody, to pin blame and to act yourself, somehow. I guess we can't completely blame Boardman for the fact that he can't control his misdirected emotions. But still, if the rest of us can...

I'll bite. Who is Mike Deckinger?

With a whimper,

Paul

MIKE DECKINGER'S PENITENCE

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRY,

4/4/63

Last night I was in Manhattan. Several blocks from the Port Authority bus terminal is a large segment of the walk which attracts most of the holy-rollers and street-corner evangelists. This evening there was a gal who looked a lot like Julie Harris (down Purdom, down) and who was interspersing a disorganized plea for salvation with loud shouts of "Praise God", "Praise Jesus", and short testimonials to the



other characters who made good. She was being heckled and razzed by half the crowd -- the other half were winos and drunks, content to see other persons make a fool of themselves for a change. In one particularly vehement moment, she solemnly promised that penitence would be extracted from each and all for our unmentionable sins, said penitence unspecified but delivered so as to be unmistakable. Today CRY arrived....

ATOMs cover was very good, and worth all the effort that went into it. ATOM is a dirty pro too, perhaps even more renowned than Adkins. Art used to regularly do the back covers of NEBULA, as well as numerous interiors. I've discovered that in the case of both artists, Adkins and ATOM, their fannish output has generally been superiour to that rendered for the paying magazines.

Phil Harrell has never called me about a missing CRY. I'm in no way affiliated with the production end of it, but favoritism is favoritism. If Phil is unable to budge the missing issue from you folks, he should branch out to different areas.

Machines attained world-wide domination years ago. Cleverly, they've concealed it from all human beings, but it's the machines who control all. Now pardon me while I wind myself up again.

As long as my literary plug made it last issue, I'll try again. Get Dalton Trumbo's JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, now conveniently available in an Ace edition. It's books like that which make one think. And perhaps an unrestrained epidemic of thinking might be good for this country.

Certainly politicians are motivated by a desire to perform the actions he feels are for the good of the country. We also have psychos in mental institutions who have killed wantonly because they were convinced it was for the good of the country.

I don't know enough about the British system of government to offer any penetrating comments on it. But I don't think it could be any worse than the sort of fumbling and mismanagement existing in the US today, from the military service to the tax collectors. I wish I knew what the ideal government would be. Anarchy is out of the question, since the people are incapable of electing a competent set of officials to rule them surely they couldn't expect to get the job done themselves. [How true. Individuals could never fumble and mismanage as well as a group. --www]

Betty K.'s quote of Gov. Barnett's generous edict freeing Clyde Kennard is typical of the thinking (?) employed by southern racists. I don't want to seem abnormally prejudiced to Southerners, but while I have no quarrel with them, I certainly wouldn't want my sister to marry one.

Sincerely,

Mike

HARRY WARNER CONSIDERS BEING A KELLY MAN 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Cry: April 7, 1963

Something significant must have begun to run through fandom. At the very time that I converted to Montgomery Ward stencils for FAPA publishing, Cry changes over to Sears Roebuck stencils.

At the age of approximately six years, I had my first experience with amusement park conveyances. I became spectacularly sick after a trip on the merry-go-round. John Berry's article arouses in me about the same reactions that I get from a scholarly treatise on the habits of the cockroach. He and I will watch together the merry fans amusing themselves, if we should ever go in the same group to Disneyland.

I have been happy to see Campbell get a fairly good fan press for the latest change in Analog. I have grown a trifle weary of the sudden volley that has followed his every action over the past ten years. Unfortunately, I have been totally unable to find Analog in its new format. This is not necessarily the fault of the format, because I visited most of Hagerstown's newsstands during the past two days in an effort to locate the baseball season opener issue of Sports



Illustrated and I can't even find that. One Hagerstown newsstand, I discovered, has converted completely to sex and smut magazines, handling nothing else.

I would like to know what developments occurred in Phil Harrell's telephone life after the new long distance rates went into effect. I imagine that they will cause a complete revolution in telephone fandom: in case you haven't heard, it's now one buck for three minutes from any distant point to you in the United States except Alaska and Hawaii. If telephone rates continue to come down and postage rates keep going up, fanzines will convert to tape in another decade or two. Every fan will be required to have a tape recorder capable of 7-1/2 ips and 1-7/8 ips. The audible fanzine will be played back over the telephone to each recipient at the fast speed, then will be reproduced at his leisure at the slower speed to cause its messages to become intelligible.

I suppose that the Kelly Girl Service is theoretically bad for the nation and its labor force. It undoubtedly keeps a lot of girls from holding permanent jobs with employers who don't really need a full-time worker the year around but used to keep one on the payroll because of the difficulty of getting qualified help for just a week or two at rush times. But I can see the attractiveness of the procedure for the woman who doesn't need a substantial and guaranteed annual income. I might quit my own job and join up if an equivalent service existed for male workers: it would give me some time for free-lancing and would eliminate the boredom from which I now suffer.

I wonder if it is true that many suicides end their lives in one last frantic attempt to gain recognition or sympathy. I've never known the kind of suicide who hovers on a building ledge for hours. But the people who killed themselves in my circle of acquaintances were almost uniformly quiet, reserved persons who never put on any trial runs to try to call attention to their troubles. It's popular to ascribe some uniform psychological basis for any activity these days, and suiciding hasn't escaped this practice, but I plan to continue to believe that people kill themselves because they feel oblivion is preferable to physical or mental suffering.

Maybe politicians are a trifle better than people give them credit for, but I doubt that most of them are quite as solid and devoted as Advise and Consent indicates. If politicians do act for the good of the country, this is done at several removes: the actions are primarily aimed at improving their political futures because they feel they'll help the country by remaining in office, or at bettering the lot of some specific segment of American life because they wouldn't want to upset the status quo of the elements that go to make up the nation. I am now reading *A Shade of Difference* and I just can't keep my mind on it. Most of it involves resolutions and amendments in the United Nations and Congress and I think that these are as important in today's world as Tom Sawyer and an enemy trying to shout one another down in 19th century Hannibal.

I doubt that the day will ever come when tape recorded evidence will be used in court, except under the most particular circumstances. After more than a century, photography rarely has much effect on judges and juries: as time passes, the law simply becomes more and more aware of how easy it is to fake such evidence.

The very thought of additional General Motors and General Electrics as a result of changed income tax laws causes me for the first time to appreciate the law as it now exists. We shall be buried by toasters, not Khrushchev, if Jerry Pournelle successfully campaigns for his ideas. I believe that Plato had the right idea: nobody's income in a nation should be more than four times the average national income. Of course things aren't as terrible for the poor high income man as he describes them. Taking part of his income in stock, using the capital gains tax regulations, and adopting a variety of other subterfuges have made it possible for many a corporation president to prevent starvation on \$100,000 a year.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry



AVRAM DAVIDSON DOTTLES ON  
Well, for CRYing out loud,

Mare's Nest; Box 416, Milford, Pennsylv-  
vania April 5, /63

And here is Number 167, and wif a very good cover by ATOM. CRY is here, Spring is here, and if I could find my pipe tobacco so I'd have something to smoke in it besides dottle, I'd be quite happy. Mind you though, I've smoked worse dottle in my day (Attempts to persuade the Gov. of North Dakota to proclaim National Dottle Day have unfortunately failed, owing to the machinations of the infamous Corn Silk Lobby, a power to be reckoned with in the politics of that sovering state, as Wr. Ballard will no doubt testify. Hints on the part of Gene Kujawa that my Grania was late to the ChiCon because of being waylaid and honeyfogled by Wr. B. in N.D. turned out to be groundless and without foundation.)

Several inquiries directed to the address of my Magazine concerning the fiscal and subscription policies of your magazine, I have caused to be destroyed. What, you think in addition to everything else, I run a free information bureau and shroff-stall? A nightly day, as we say in one of my ancestral tongues to indicate Scepticism. US currency to Elinor, sterling to Jno. Berry, beer to Wally Weber -- okay. But whither, my gossips, go the Pondicherry rupees, Straights Settlements dollars, Kerensky rubles, Cypriote piasters, Wagga Wagga shillings -- to say nothing of North Congo cowry shells, Yap stone wheels, and Lower Slobbovian slobovniks -- offers of which continue to flood my countinghouse in varying degrees of illiteracy?

My Grania was reading CRY with a blissful smile on her ~~silly~~ pretty face, which was presently creased with a frown. She looked up and said, "I didn't know that Elinor was old!" "Old?" I said, calculating judiciously. "Not so old, I think. Buz is just a few years my senior." "Nooooooo," she quavered, using the No. 4 Mandarin intonation; "she's oooooold -- but she doesn't look oooooold..." I demanded data. She said, "Here, on p. 13 -- Elinor remembers the OPA!" It may not be generally known, but Grania is a few years my junior. At times, though, I get the impression I have voted the straight Whig ticket. "Why, dear," I said, "the OPA was only during the War." This was unkind of me. I embarrassed her -- her, the mother of my child, a gesunt on his pippick. She blushed again. "Oh, my goodness," she said. "I thought it was one of those New Deal agencies...the unconstitutional one...don't laugh," she said, tearfully. "It's a very natural mistake. Anybody could have made it." "Of course," I said, kissing away her tears; "if they weren't Old." "Yeeeeeeeees," she said. "Anyway," she said, "I knew she didn't look Old..."

Elinor, if you actually remember That New Deal Agency, or think that I do, for Heaven's sake, don't breathe a word. Do you want us to be oooooold? It serves you right for saying that the OPA was "a long time ago!" On my income I can't afford to buy Liberty Bonds.

And now, what you've been all waiting for, ducks. Avram Answers The Readers. Ask Mum to put a lolly in the pram, or a perm in the brolly (Gad these Limies talk funny), or a tanner in the geezer, and then come cuddle. First, Mike Deckinger. Says that "Maybe reverting to the 'Rib Technique' a la Eve, might eliminate ... a typical maternity ward." Well, Mike, maybe, but what I wanted was a child, not another wife, fr gorsh sakes. Buck Coulson: Either change your glasses or write The World Almanac a Nasty Note. "United Hiss Service" is doubtless "United Hias Service", a fairly recent merger of United Service For New Americans and HIAS, or Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. Roy Tackett: Fine Fettle may be two townships over, but 1/2 of our two acre leasehold is Across the Crick in the Township of Dingman. Reason we keep the purple cows there is that the home acre is in the Borough of Milford, which frowardly forbids livestock to be kept in its limits. It's them pickled radishes as give the milk its tang. Gary Trentondorfer: Your so-called Explanation why I and We weren't invited to the Grand Willis Party won't hold enough water to wash a flea's feet. The party was at night, wasn't it? And Sept. 29th was a Saturday and not a Friday? You admit that, do you? Surely Ted White knows that the Sabbath comes in at Sundown Friday and goes out at Sundown Saturday. No, no. The Davidsons were Rigidly Excluded from that 'ere Party, and I snum if sumwun wun't



suffer fr it. A fine way to treat a heartwarmer, all I can say. Betty Kujawa: Er... you mean intercourse has something to do with childbirth? I'm all confused. I mean, like I watched that childbirth all the way through, and no one...I never ...it couldn't... Walt Willis: Pipe-smoking with dottle not too good, maybe I'll try pip-smoling. I think there's an orange in the fridge, but not sure about the smoling arrangements. Harry Warner: Get well. Also, thanks for your kind words -- I guess. But I misdoubt publisher and readers of F&SF would care to read ppp and ppp of my fine fannish flitterings.

It is almost time to close and go get Ethan for his noon lunch. He now weights 12 lbs and is evidently not going to be plump. His ears stick out a bit and his toes stick in a bit, but we love him anyway. He is fond of strained plums and rides -- any kind of vehicle to any destination. Sometimes he looks like me and sometimes he looks like a leprechaun. He has already said such things as "apa" and "hocketty grye" and once when his mother was giving him some very intimate attention he cried out, "indecent!" I don't use capitals because he isn't big enough. Now I must hasten, else he'll kick his covers off and will CRY.

Love love love and love alone,

#### GRANIA DAVIDSON GETS UNEQUAL TIME

I demand equal time!! The reason I thought that the OPA was a new deal agency is not because I'm the silly little ninny that my age-chauvinistic husband pictures, but because I've been conditioned by the vile hand of the Calif. system of education. Everytime the depression was even mentioned in our history classes, it would be accompanied by a long list of 3 numeral agencies which I had to memorize -- so now it is forever linked in my mind -- 3 letters = depression. It's a good thing the NFFF has that extra F.....

Betty Kujawa -- Dear, you have it all wrong. If proud pappas weren't made to feel well aware of their role in the manufacture of little beasties, what incentive do you think they'd have for feeding, clothing, & especially diapering said beasties?

love

Grania

#### BETTY KUJAWA SCRAMBLES FANS

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear W. W. W.....

Saturday, April 27, 1963

I wrote to Mae... the Ambassador from Argentina to America has been here all week (at Notre Dame) .. since I can't find her town on any of our maps I was tempted to ask him...then I thought...what if he doesn't know where it is either? [Mae lives in an alternate universe. I thought you knew. --www]

I've got a galloping case of gafia...my neglect is not intentional, but serious illnesses amid relatives and other things equally as serious must come first. A little ray of sunshine did come into my life a few weeks back, Wally... I had a real live Fan living just 27 miles up the road from me for 4 weeks! It was Lynn Hickman and he dropped in for bheer and cheer and lots and lots of talk-talk-talk...we thoroughly dissected everyone we could think of..place a figurative shambles of disjointed and segmented fans....I hope I got them all back together properly... check your feet Wally..are they yours or Vic Ryan's? [They look like clay; must belong to some D.C. fan. --www] Seriously now I heard a whole lot of nice kind good things from Lynn..especially about Vic....about you I'm not saying.

Nice cover...nice technique....nice man, damn good man, is ATOM.

John Berry struck home in his HELL RIDE saga....my inner ears are out of kilter...'rides' at fun fairs/amusement parks leave me staggering off balance for weeks....Ferris Wheels for me are the epitome of terror...they stop the wheel to put new riders on and my chair is at the top swinging to and fro and I'm reduced to jibbering with fear. Give me the 'Old Mill Stream', or any ride through the dark dark tunnel. That and those little Dodge'em cars where you go crash and smash.... now that I relish! Relieves your pent-up hates and resentments...yes, I like that.



Well...the new ANALOG still is not my cuppa tea...polling stf buffs here and in skeetdom I find the majority siding with me. The fiction section's cream-colored paper I find not too easy to read.....I still feel this is all a bit too snob-slanted ....and I must say I laughed and nodded when reading John Boardman's evaluation of that first cover. Something about a bicycle head-lamp and a silvered quince on an orbit around Jupiter...darned if it didn't look just like that! Now I don't want ANALOG to fold...but I'm not going to put out money for a sub to it.

I see by this month's issue of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction that the next one will have a letter-column! You want an example of the influence of fandom, kids? I am suspecting here that Avram, that good man, reads his WARHOON. I also noted that The Saturday Review said kindly things about Avram's CRIMES AND CHAOS. And let me right here applaud Lyn Carter and all for reviewzine SPECTRUM.... a handy zine indeed.

I await with interest any reply Buz gets from John Boardman...yes. ((Judging from Pointing Vector 15 Boardman cannot read plain English -- just Leftist he reads -- so I give up on him. --FMB))

Ethel Lindsay will examine and comment on F.M.'s theory of sex for health's sake.....seeing as she is a nurse...and might in future be called upon to, uh, administer said treatment it is her place to speak out...right? Buz, what about the women patients? We get Jimmy Kildare or Ben Casey or just some minor orderly? [It might depend on how bad off you were, Betty. --www] This gives me back my sense of wonder, man.

Elinor.....Kelly Girl service? (Gene says you can pronounce words better than that)...leave us, all kidding aside, hear more of your experiences in this field, please?

I'm glad, I tell you glad, that Roy too was miffed because Elinor was too young to remember radio and he is not.....it made me feel a little better, it did.

For a minute there I thought this April issue was pulling another hoax....the transposition of pages 21 and 22.....deliberate or goof, Wally? [Such a sense of humor you have; as if I'd ever gffo. --www]

I tell you those CRY letterhack cards are the most! I have used mine for identification, too. I am eternally grateful to Don Franson...and every fan I've met seems as proud of his/hers as I am of mine...I well remember Emile Greenleaf's pride in having one, too.

Ethel Lindsay requests comments and opinions about the comparison of our two forms of government, eh?.....Soon Wilson may be Her Leader. I, for one, am curious as to the outcome of this....am not implying it will be bad nor good...just a wee bit apprehensive. Speaking of this.....I do wish (if it is safe to do so) a Briti-CRYhack in London will clue us in on the recent wave of fanzines that the Peace Marchers published full of Defence hide-away secrets.....wow, but I sat up and got bug-eyed when I read that squads of Bobbies and security men were combing London for secret underground printing presses and all like that....I suspect there are fen we know involved here.....really kids...not in the actual theft of the information but in the printing up and distribution of said info...don't you? And I also fear during raids that some neighbor will note Ella's Gestetner or Locke's or Groves's, etc and etc and report them to the fuzz...this is possible! And it could be serious and not at all funny.

But as to our two forms of Govmnt...who can say? Each type is for a different breed of mankind to begin with. I am attracted to one angle of England's way of doing things...and Canada's as well.....that when the party in power is obviously not 'with it' -- is not the true spokesman of the people -- an election can be called. But our system is not better nor is it worse than England's....I do feel what we have here is about the best for us there can be....and far as I know theirs is about the best for them.....now what I advocate and advocate most strongly is that please, can't you get the peace marchers and any other demonstrators to go out and stump for that for me????? How about it now?



I was amused no end to read Mae's comments in the CRY about how awful it must be up here with the danger of thermonuclear bombs and all...right after reading that, our evening paper comes with glaring headlines about Argentina...Navy revolt, bombings, strafings....squad of assassins being set up to slip out and murder the big brass of the other branches of the military. I'd just as leave take my own native perils than the Argentinian brand, I guess.....attempted revolutions have a way of accidentally hitting bystanders, I don't think that would be much fun.

[If the revolutionists can't locate Mae's town any better than you can, she's safe enough. --www]

I find myself furious and highly irate over the Greyhound luggage problems of Walt and Madeline....I'd sure like to blast 'em good on their behalf. I phoned the station here...and nope, no luggage belonging to the Willis's is on South Bend.

Hear, hear! the final line of Jerry Pournelle's letter...far as I'm concerned private fortunes are mighty nice.... and I've always said if the grotchers had one of their very own they'd hush up fast!

I have one more Angry Young gripe to get off my chest...the news in the paper that there is a strong possibility that our Dear Old Postal Department is about to shaft us yet again. No Saturday deliveries may soon become a reality they say..... plus no deliveries to new apartments or housing developments.....don't know about you, WWW, but I am Angry. We pay them more and more and they give us less and less ...humph...mayhaps postal service in the hands of private industry would be better? Like honey how could it be worse? We need to run a fan for Postmaster General... and right now!

Betty

BILL R. WOLFENBARGER HAS BEEN AWAY

602 W. Hill St., Neosho, Mo.

Dear Crydom-

April 18, 1963

Color me H. G. Wells.

Please notice the change of address, dear friends, although I know that some of you didn't know I was gone. Spending 6 months in New Mexico is... and then I met the Tackett's. Yes, yes, forever-yes.

Roy has a pleasant voice over the phone, and in first-person, too. Roy met me at the bus station (and damn the bus itself, it was 33 minutes LATE.). The first few moments I saw Chrystal she was engaged in artwork for a future DYNATRON.

Let me tell and scream and whisper and shout to fandom, the Tackett's (including Diana and Rene) are among the nicest, friendliest, warmest people I could ever hope to know. You feel at ease and at home right away with the entire family. One gloriest weekend, fans, and I loved every minute of it. If you wish me to expand and expound on this, send 10¢ to my Missouri address for a full report.

And now to a loc on CRY#166. Gee, please send me all future ishes.

Yours,

Bill R. Wolfenbarger

[I appreciated your detailed letter of comment, Bill, but I'm getting fed up with everybody describing what warm, friendly folks the Tacketts are. Does everyone take a thermometer when they visit Roy? Next time a CRYhack reports on the Tacketts, I want to hear some real dirt. --www]

BOB LICHTMAN DONS CRYHACK ATTIRE AGAIN

6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56,

Dear CRY:

Calif.

Tuesday, 7 May 1963

Well, now, here I am again, writing a letter to the dear old CRY after so many months of absence without leave. Off comes the black tailored slacks and the white shirt and the slick shoes. On go the old faded Levis, the red flannel shirt, and the smelly black tennish shoes. I once again become Old CRY Letterhack.

Hoo-haw! (CRY letterhack gestures obscenely...)

I liked #167, April 1963. I liked it because it was almost all editorially written, and while I can read stuff by John Berry and Jerry Pournelle elsewhere, I can't always find stuff by FM&E Busby and Wally Weber elsewhere (said he, closing



his eyes to six unread SAPS and FAPA and OMPA mailings, plus a copy of Bacchanal.).

Nonetheless, I liked Berry's thing, and I was appalled somewhat by Pournelle, as usual. I am not non-violent, particularly, on a personal level -- like Harlan Ellison in 1954, I would like the option to knee at least one mad dog in the groin if he bugs me -- but I am worried, to understate the situation, when whole nations talk about destroying one another's war potential and their urban population to boot, especially when that urban population happens to include me (having no intention to move to someplace like Fort Mudge.). Things like casually overrunning a Europe full of nations who asked for no part in the differences between the US and the USSR and CPR bother me; I know I am an idealist when it comes to world wars, but I would rather (a) not see other, harmless countries overrun and devastated to provide a battleground for differences of major countries (i.e., Korea and Laos, for two) and (b) not have my country be willing to undergo a vast murder of itself and its foes just to prove an ideological point. Things like this are why I do wear and Aldermaston button, subscribe to disarmament, and hope for a better way for all of us to live.

Gee, Elinor, I don't get phone calls from Phil Harrell or any fans from out of town. I guess I'm lucky...

I used to be a Kelly Girl myself, once upon a time, no kidding. Somewhere around here I still have a whole Kelly Girl rig which would prove this if only I could find it. I didn't think much of the whole idea, especially when it came to flashing that little card that said I was a Kelly Girl; but the whole bit didn't last too long because I signed up in a moment of financial duress and later on I got the job I still hold, and Kelly Girl hasn't called me up on an assignment ever since I told them I was employed. But, imagine, even Buz could be a Kelly Girl. Ha. ((I hope to hell not. --FMB))

This has been a silly, pointless aside about Kelly Girls.

One bank I went to once to apply for a job made quite a deal about the fact that it served all its employees a nice, hot lunch every day. It was on Wilshire Boulevard right in the heart of the insurance belt (about which Jack Harness could tell you more, if you asked). I thought it was very nice of them to serve a hot lunch free to all their employees, but I thought it would have been much nicer had they paid me more than \$1.40 an hour for the job I wanted to get. I didn't get it, anyway, so forget it.

I guess that's all. I've read the letter column, but I've been off CRY-commenting so long that it's too much to cope with.

Best wishes,

Bob

DAVE KEIL IS TRUSTING AND SINCERE  
Dear Wally and the Busby's:

38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.  
April 18, 1963

At the ESFA meeting, I managed to borrow Frank Dietz's copy of 167 long enough to ascertain that my letter was "very interesting but too long to print", so I missed out on getting that issue. I hope you find room for my letter in 168. I've seen much longer letters than mine in print, and I wrote down all those concepts about sleeping and dreaming because I believed the readership of CRY to be most interested in it. Trusting you'll print the letter in #168, or let me know what is happening, I am

Sincerely yours,

Dave Keil

[Your letter was too long to print because it was on the bottom of the stack and couldn't be squeezed into the time and space remaining after I worked down to it. The letter doesn't appear in this issue because it was fed to Garcone along with the other letters to issue number 167. You are a victim of the fortunes of CRYfare. Come to think of it, I guess we are all victims of the fortunes of CRYfare. --www]



MADELEINE WILLIS WRITES OF NAVAL BATTLE

26

Dear Buz, Elinor and Wally,

170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast,  
Northern Ireland Tuesday, 18th March

An awful thing happened to me to-night. I took out our last copy of Cry to write a letter of comment and found that the deadline is past. But you're getting one anyway. The last time I wrote I was full of excuses and self-pity, this time I'm different -- I'm full of excuses and joie de vive. Yesterday I had my second game of golf this year and found that St. Patrick had turned up trumps again. There's an old folk saying here about St. Patrick "turning up the warm side of the stone". I've also just finished a four-weeks stint at a part-time job and received my fee of 75 dollars thus helping to reduce our slightly alarming overdraft at the bank. (In case you're interested, the job was in market research, doing interviewing.)

Nice cover by Atom. The girl is a sort of composite of Elinor and Carol Carr -- intelligent and exotic, a nice combination of two styles of beauty.

I liked Wally's article on the Farley File Menace. I have had doubts myself about the integrity of its instigators. Like, what gentleman is going to ask a lady her age? This is obviously being done by insensitive machines.

Elinor is interesting as always. She is also witty, but I would take the liberty of changing one sentence. During the last part of the seventeenth century London changed from a miserable, foulsmelling town with open sewers into a miserable foul-smelling town with drains.

An Introduction to Nuclear War -- I'm sorry, I couldn't read this; my mind became a blank.

The Berry story was good. After struggling through the first page it became very good. The plot hung together very well and was rounded off nicely.

I particularly liked Resolution NO. 14; it was Keen. I was sorry, though, to find that Buz reached the bottom of the page before he got around to talking about sex. After all he should do something to justify that Blue in the title.

I found Betty Kujawa's letter pretty shocking. All that stuff about marching off doctors and shooting down children I find quite unbelievable. I find it hard to reconcile my idea of Betty with this type of thinking.

Norm Clarke was very funny indeed. That's a pretty good idea about moving to Fort Mudge. If you moved to Fort Mudge you could get into the chewing gum market. I promise that the next time Walter is there he will buy four sticks of gum.

I found Avram's letter very funny and very moving. I was particularly taken with the idea of the baby not wanting to be born because it would be three feet tall and have boils. My congratulations to them both.

I am sending you a "thing." Here goes....

#### THE NAVAL IS OUT

Film star sues studio. "My children are morons; I must choose between my career and my children's I.Q." Fat wives come back into fashion. Appeal today keeps the doctor (Ph.D, etc.) away. The newest line in mummy wrappings is ...spacesuits.

Get into space for your pregnancy. The best place for an ante natal clinic is the Moon. "Hospital Station" for maternity wards.

The man of vision who started all this is Professor Ockert Heyns, Head of the Dept. of Gynaecology and Obstetrics, University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa, and his new invention is discussed in the January-February issue of the Ladies Home Journal.

His invention is known as a "birthsuit", and the principle of the suit is to have a vacuum over the abdominal wall. In the absence of air pressure the abdominal muscles relax outwards and allow the uterus to retain its naturally rounded shape. This facilitates labour, brings anaesthetic benefits to the mother, cuts down the incidence of such birth traumas as brain injuries, but most important of all, increases the supply of oxygen to the infant.

The babies born to mother who had used the suit showed an unusual vitality at birth, and at post natal clinics the mothers testified to the continued "superiority" of their infants. This led the doctors to urge the use of the suit during the last one to three months of pregnancy, when so-called "minor" uterine contractions may



inhibit the brain's oxygen supply, thus affecting the development of the brain to its full potential. The use of the "birthsuit" is now promising to improve the average I.Q. of babies born to mothers who have used it during pregnancy.

Professor Heyns says: "Raising the lowly ones to a condition that is more acceptable and normal and greatly improving the average is an endeavour that conscience must support, but the ambition to raise the 2 or 3 per cent of outstanding babies to even higher I.Q's is less prosaic. It is this last possibility that animates us."

The aim of this new research is thus to conduct an "intelligence revolution" by special ante natal treatment. If increased oxygen supply for the infant can raise intelligence it may be possible to create increasingly superior beings in coming generations.

The intelligent children of the future will not be produced by the figures in the father's bank balance which can provide for them a college education; rather will they be produced by the vital statistics of the mother. A well-rounded education starts before birth....be taught by the untaut. This perhaps may be a factor in the well-known intelligence of the Jews as a race -- whose women are not especially noted for slimness. The best mothers are those with slack tummy muscles. If your wife has a nice flat tummy your children are more likely to be morons. Mothers of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your jeans.

If only Mrs. Weber had known about this, then perhaps Wally need not have had to be content with the lowly I.Q. of 139.... But I'll vote for him just the same.

Madeleine Willis

DENNIS LIEN RATES AMERICAN MAID R.F.D., Lake Park, Minnesota

Revered Sir, Exalted Lady -- oh yeah, tou too, Wally, May 17, 1963

Ah -- it's open. Nothing on page 33 -- well, I didn't mean (so I lie a that, but nothing of Lake Park origin anyway. Ditto 32, 31, 30, little bit) 29, etc., 20, 19 -- 18, there it is!

I do not read it, I inhale it, I worship it.

I'm glad to see my letter rated American Maid stencils thish. 'Sabout time.

Congratulations to Herman and the rest; the cover came through well.

Page three -- my own dog, a broken-down old thing, half spaniel and half billy-goat, has been a damndog all year, at least every time the neighbor dog -- a German shepard, Nazi Germany I suspect -- comes over, but luckily this is only nineteen or thirty-five times a day.

Does anybody have a shrunken head for sale? My own personal pet shrunken head, a three-year old named Chester, has been stolen. 'Tis a cruel world, especially if you're handicapped, colored, or the silent type, and Chester is/was all three.

Wally for TAFF? Well, gee guys, hasn't England got enough problems of its own? What's England done to us, not counting the Boston Massacre, to make us this vengeful.

HWYL -- So, Phil Harrell and (in WAHF) Fred Arnold have also gotten cheated out of CRY issues. I'm glad to see you're not just picking on me (the story of my heroic but doomed-to-failure effort to win a copy of CRY #162 will be published by Putnam this fall.)

Alma Hill's Typor: No one is arguing that humans aren't basically inferior to machines, Your Gearship, but it seems to me that the real question is, "are machines morally justified in exploiting and enslaving we people?" Something should be worked out to improve both our lots. "Seperate, but equal," maybe?

Buck Coulson: I don't trust World Almanacs ever since they neglected to list 1-1/4 million-seller MAD in its leading, circulationwise, US magazines list a couple years back. I wonder if the Associations & Societies list includes my own Hate Club, numbering around ten members. We help little old ladies half-way across the street... take Community Chest money and give it back to contributors...

Dennis Lien



EMILE E. GREENLEAF, JR. WEDS CHESS CLUBBER 3019 Elysian Fields Ave., New Orleans 22,  
Dear Wastebasket Thing and all the Nice People at CRY: April 3, 1963

E. K. DiMiceli says that she's not going to renew her subscription to CRY. Oh, she likes it, and all that, but why have two CRY subs in the same family? After all, the least I can do for her after we're married is let her read my CRY. After I've read it, of course.

The wedding will be April 27. Just three and a half weeks. Our new address will be: 3019 Elysian Fields Ave., New Orleans 22, La. If you're all good little boys and girls, I'll bring her to the Discon so you can oggle her.

If anyone expects me to do an Avram Davidson-ish writeup of the nuptials, or any long-term consequences of same, they had better not hold dinner while they're waiting.

We met at the local chess club. And found that we liked other things as well. Such as science-fiction, music, art, science, reading, travel, and good food. We have similar opinions on politics and social questions.

Back in November the New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony featured Wanda Wilkomirska as violin soloist. The lovely redheaded lady is most talented, is a Polish citizen, and an admitted Communist. Therefore, it is obvious to any red-blooded, 101% American Legion-type Yahoo that she has a bomb in her violin, and the dulcet tones of her music carry a secret, coded message instructing local Party Members on the how and wherefore of destroying the Saturn Rocket Assembly Plant.

Will someone please tell me why it is that all the Legion, Birch, States Rights, and Citizens Council types seem to be unconcerned about United States athletes competing against Iron Curtain citizens in The Olympics and similar contests? If they have ever raised even a smidgen of protest, I have yet to hear of it. But let a theatre schedule a Russian movie, or a symphony featuring a Polish violinist, and all the ultra-rightists bust a gut.

All that I have been able to conclude is that sports is the most complex subject which they are able to grasp; by and large, these good people do not understand music, or any other cultural or scientific subject. Consequently, they regard things of the mind and spirit with both suspicion and hostility, and all their cute little demonstrations give them a chance to be openly anti-intellectual and display their yuttishness under the mask of anti-Communism and patriotism.

Buz, you probably consider yourself a conservative. But down here in the land of the boll weevil where the laws are Medieval you'd be denounced as a "liberal", a "socialist", and a "race-mongrelizer who has been brainwashed by the Communist conspiracy." And the hell of it is, the people who would be denouncing you could and do run for public office and win on the strength of such fuggheaded oratory!

I seem to have wandered somewhat into politics. Let me get out before I become really entangled.

Regards,

Emile Greenleaf

ROY TACKETT MAKES ANOTHER MAILING 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,  
Cryers, New Mexico 8 April 1963

Mighod, what day is it? When is the deadline for the 168th mailing? How many pages of activity requirement do I have to get in? Ah, yes, here it is. Hmmm. I had a page and a third in the last mailing so I should be able to get by with minac this time. I'll make it all mailing comments. Yes.

Like here on Page 3 where it says that CRY is edited by Weber, et al. (Al Lewis? Al haLevy? No matter.) This, I'm certain, is an untruth since one can tell by the appearance that CRY is not edited at all. On the contrary it is quite evident that CRY edits. It mercilessly hacks at the columns and letters turned in by the various type hacks that hack out material for it. No, it won't be the machines that take over -- it will be the fanzines with the insidious CRY leading the whole sordid lot. We are but slaves to it already.

True.



Now that is a lovely cover by ATom. He is, you know, wasting his talents by drawing for unappreciative fanzine editors when he could be drawing for prozine editors who indicate their appreciation with the long green. Quick, Arthur, send samples to John Campbell.

Buz, old buzzard, you're quite right you know. About the new ANALOG. Let the ads come, says I, so long as the stories come with them. I don't expect to find ANALOG so overloaded with advertising that one would be hard put to separate the yarns from the ads but I do expect that there'll be more added. Ads, that is. The ads will be added and they will all add up to additional revenue. It's enough to make one addleheaded.

Where was I? Oh yes, I like the new format.

So now we have Wally Whatshisname for TAFF? I think I'll vote for him. Because if he is elected and manages to make it over there and back again we'll be able to read all about it in CRY whereas with the other candidates it seems uncertain that we would be able to do this. Read about it in CRY, that is. Or even read about it at all. Yes, I may vote for, ah, Wally, ah, whoever he is. If I can just remember whoever he is that is.

Now let me see if I got this howitzer business straight. Here is this Boardman chap classifying all who are not "liberals" together in one great classification. Rather lumped together with "lynchers" under the "conservative" label. Democrats, Republicrats, conservatives, liberals...pfui! Lynch them all, say I. The sooner we get rid of all these politicians the better off we'll be. Futurians of the world unite.

Happy birthday to you last whatever, Buz. By the time this appears it will be Happy birthday to me last fortnight. (And on the fort night Satan created roulette wheels and loaded dice).

Did you know that Elinor was a people collector? She says so here in HWYL. She's got a whole trunkfull of them up in the attic. Now we know what happened to the Nameless Ones. So you have the feel of the bank, do you? This is a bit unusual since it has been my experience that banks have no feelings. Now I have a feeling about banks but I don't have the feel of banks. I knew a girl name of Banks once but that is another story. (WWW--insert editorial comment here.) [Me? Insert editorial comment in a nutty letter like this? Sheesh! --www]

The grand strategy of the superpowers in the thermonuclear era is this: bluff a bit but, for ghod's sake, don't get the other one to the point where it'll throw anything cause then there will no longer be any superpowers.

Under the present circumstances, J.E., old chap, is it possible for the Soviet Union to exercise restraining force on China? Rather badly phrased, that. Put it this way: once China achieves nuclear technology, will anything be able to exercise a restraining force on it? I should think that China is like Germany....when nuclear power is achieved there will be no holding either of them.

I think we should all support Deckinger's Arson Civic Betterment Foundation; it would be an improvement if New York were burned to the ground.

Buck Coulson sez he's a republican and I suppose one must expect that sort of thing in people from Indiana. Don't hold it against him, Wally, for he's a nice enough fellow in spite of it.

You know this Mae Surtees Strelkov could turn into another Betty K. [These women drivers could turn into most anything. --www]

Suicides and such like...the pity of the case Betty mentions is that the girl was found before the carbon monoxide finished the job. Does that sound cruel? Consider the girl's present condition with a permanently damaged brain....does it sound cruel?

Remember to vote for Wally Somebodyorother for somethingorother.

And to save your Hong Kong dollars.

Roy

PS--all in all #167 was a pretty good issue. Thought you'd like to know.



Dear Elinor,

I am a call girl too. I've worked for a local outfit, similar to your Kelly Girl system, here in Ottawa for a couple of years, and I did a bit of the same thing for the National Employment Service back west. I like it. Well, what I mean is, if I have to work, I like this better than a permanent job.

One thing I especially like is Quitting. When the job is finished, and you walk out of an office for the last time, you feel free and happy just to think that next Monday you won't have to go back, but instead will be out shopping, or at the library, or loafing on the lawn while everybody else at that office is embroiled as usual in their boring nonsense.

And as you remark, seeing the inside of various businesses, learning something of them, or getting a feel of them, and meetings lots of different people (without getting stuck with any of them) are all interesting aspects of this sort of work.

You're wondering if being temporary help will land you in dull and monotonous jobs. Well, of course, I can't guess ahead for you, but for me I would say less than a third of my jobs involve things like typing 500 copies of the same letter, or stuffing envelopes, or mimeographing-and-collating (there's enough of that in fandom without having it in real life, too). I hear horrible tales of DullDull jobs from some of the Pool girls who do only typing or "Clerking" (either because they don't have shorthand or because they're afraid to take dictation from new people all the time--but that's like using your shorthand for the first job in your life and never again). But I'm classified as an "Executive Secretary" (doesn't that sound grand?) as distinguished from the next lower category of "Mere Stenographer". (However, if I were a personnel officer classifying myself for a permanent position, I would rate me as an excellent workhorse steno, but lacking the drive, poise and savoir-faire for a first-class secretary). And, as an "Executive Secretary", I am usually called to work for someone who is Between Girls, or whose secretary is on vacation, or for overload work for an outfit that is organizing an convention. In the latter case, I usually get the correspondence, which is the slightly more interesting work, and the regular girls, who are more familiar with procedures, get the drudgery of making out draft programs and headtable arrangements.

There's one disadvantage to being in a new place all the time. I'm always new to the Office Routine, don't know names, can't find the washroom, never know How Many Copies, can't find the stationery cabinet, etc. I'm always feeling Ignorant and Clumsy, forever and ever reliving the First Few Days on a New Job. The cumulative effect is a nagging feeling that you're sort of stupid. You're always the least informed girl in the office while, counting in the Pool's commission, you're often the most expensive.

However, one adapts. I've developed--and not Dale Carnegie's system of dreaming up ludicrous punning imagines--a way of fixing names&faces on first introductions, and I make notes about each job for my time-book so I don't have to learn the same things all over again if I'm called back to the same job two months later. I can pretty well decide what matters I need to know and what I can pretty well ignore, and what things one should always inquire about first. Like F\*I\*L\*E\*S, for instance. In some offices the floor in front of the filing cabinet is mined. In other places, you are permitted to approach the files and withdraw a folder, but you must then fill out a questionnaire about who you're getting the file for, why, and the sex, race and religion of your grandmother, and finish the thing off with your signature in blood. In one office I go to occasionally the files, when returned, go through an awesome routine to get back into the cabinet--being examined by several people, one of whom fills out cards regarding what was done, or not done, to the file, and finally reaching a file clerk, the only person in the whole institution who is permitted to put the file back. And in other places, of course, the filing system is laughably casual--I don't laugh though; I always feel uneasy, as if a file merely put away alphabetically will be lost forever, poor little thing, an orphan without a number or even an entry in any kind of card system.



But one thing I have not got used to in jumping from place to place is answering the telephone.

I hate phones anyway.

In a strange office I always have to pause, both before and after picking up the receiver, to remember what firm name or department to announce. Then there's the problem of figuring out who is being asked for and who is calling. If a name has to be spelled out, I verge on panic. I seem to be more visually oriented than orally, and letters or numbers spelled out into my ear become jumbled and meaningless very easily. I have to strain to keep the numbers and letters in their proper sequence when I just have my ear to go on. (The lawyer I was working for today casually remarked that he thought his client was "a k-r-o-o-k", and it must have taken me 2 or 3 minutes to figure out what he meant.)

My very worst job was several years ago at the Ottawa City Hall, where I worked for a week in the Roads Department. The secretary to the head of the department was due to have a baby any minute, and was trying to quit. Her boss was clinging to her desperately, but she was finally leaving while she was still in one piece, and asked for a little Extra Help (that's me) to clean up odds and ends at the office before she went to the hospital and her boss <sup>went</sup> on a vacation before facing the ordeal of a new secretary. "He's very shy," she confided to me when I came in Monday morning. "He hates having to dictate to anyone but me, but I simply can't get everything finished this week by myself." Then she coaxed Mr. J. out of his office and introduced him to me. He smiled, stuttered a greeting, and scuttled back into his office, and I caught only two or three fleeting glimpses of him thereafter. He never did dictate a word to me, but a couple of times when I was out to coffee he snuck a hand-written letter onto my desk for me to type out. So I just sat, most of the time, with no typing to do, but with the telephone to answer. This was a larger office, with a row of cubicle offices, whose inhabitants I was never introduced to, and, in the outer office, a dozen young men at tables. The phone calls came, one after the other, all day, from people, usually irate, demanding to have their neighbor's weeds sprayed, or their dusty street sprinkled, or their potholes filled. "Don't bother learning who does what," I was told. "It's not worth it just for the week." So, for every call, I had to cover the mouthpiece and bellow to the world at large the location and problem. Then the question would go echoing down the office, relayed by some, ignored by others: "Who has Such&Such Streets?" "Where are Such&Such Streets anyway?" "Is the guy sure he's living in Ottawa?" "Is it Ken or Jim or Ben or Tim or Len or Slim who handles that sector?" "Whoever handles that section isn't here anyway, or isn't going to own up....take the number." By the end of that week I was ready to go fight city hall, with a couple of well-placed bombs.

However, all in all, the temporary office help racket is not too bad. After being off for a year or so (having Laurie...no nine-week pregnancies for me), I just returned to work last fall, and already I've enough material for four or five little pieces for FAPA.

I remember my first job for the Ottawa outfit. That was three years ago, and I hadn't worked before that for about two years. I was, therefore, rather stiff. For my first job, I was sent out to take some letters for a Society Lady, a Mrs. Jones-Smith, or something, who lived out in Rockcliffe, which is a very Fancy Expensive incorporated village on the outskirts of Ottawa, from whom it buys sewer, water and fire services for bargain rates, and to whom it pays no taxes, the Rich Bastards. Mrs. Jones-Smith's house was fairly tremendous, with about a dozen rooms on each floor, but--surprisingly--it was shabbily furnished. I guess they were so Rich (vieux-riche, if there's such a term) and Established that they didn't bother with appearances. Terribly U. So, instead of being audience-orientated, they were child-orientated, having half a dozen Rich Bastardlings, and evidence of their strenuous activities were everywhere--comics, toys, sweaters, shoes. This I observed and considered while waiting in one of the livingrooms for Mrs. Jones-Smith to finish giving one of her children a piano lesson. Then



she led me upstairs to her bedroom (no, no, it's all right, read on), which was fairly tremendous, not to mention that it was the first split-level bedroom it's ever been my pleasure to find myself in. On the upper level, with a sort of on-a-pedestal effect, was a fairly tremendous bed, unmade, and on the lower level was a quasi-study, notable for the small fortune invested in built-in cupboards and shelves. She waved me vaguely towards a chair, and then she paced about the room, trailing papers and cigarette ashes, dictating in bursts. She would spend several minutes....I won't say organizing her thought, which is too generous. "Conjuring up some thoughts" might be more like it. Then, having glimpsed some sort of slippery notion, she would have a spasm of speech of about 200 wpm, galloping through dangling phrases and spurting out names in all directions. My lord. I hated to try to interrupt her to check a name, because I would have to get her derailed thought back on the track again, a formidable job, but if I waited until she stopped of her own accord, I'd have to leaf back through three pages of frantic scribbles to find the name. And she gave me no reference material so I could check things for myself. What were her letters about? She had Projects and belonged to Organizations and Clubs and things, mainly to do with Children and Education and like that. Fairly worthy things. I guess. Also she wrote scripts for movies about raising children (and some months later I saw her starring in one of her efforts on an afternoon TV show). Finally she let me go, and I returned, rather numb, to the Pool office, where I was put into a cubicle with a typewriter and mercifully left alone to work through the evening, deciphering, editing, rearranging, chopping out "ands", paragraphing, while wrestling with my own clumsiness and fatigue, putting in my carbons backwards and such. Wow.

Then I went to work for a long stretch, off and on, at the Unesco Commission, which was run by a man who was a naturalized Canadian but who was Indian (Asian type) born in Malaya, who had a tiny pouty mouth and big bulging eyes, just like Indian statues. It was a good job, with interesting correspondence, and interesting people going in and out of the office: an Indian lecturer, or an African wearing fez and attache-case, or a Polish painter, or whatnot. One day an artist from Hong Kong came in with a brush and a jar of black ink and a couple of pieces of rice paper, and produced some Instant Art. He did a quick picture of three stalks of bamboo, with their knobby joints barely suggested, and a spray of leaves just hinted at. And then on another sheet he did a quick poem in Chinese characters all about how he was lying in bed and the moonlight was coming in through his window and falling on the floor, only it was sort of vague and somebody else might translate it entirely differently. You know the sort of thing. Don't you?

And what other places have I worked? Well, I've worked for the postal employees union...association, that is (civil servants aren't allowed proper unions), a mining company (where on sweltering summer days I typed out lists of camping equipment for lucky prospectors up in lake country), the Nurses Association, the Canadian Welfare Council (in the Corrections Branch, which is a peculiar term referring to rehabilitation of criminals), the City Health Department, the City Board of Control, the Canadian Universities Foundation, to name only those that were fairly interesting.

But enough. I mean.

Gina Clarke

((Elinor typing: so far, besides the bank, I've worked for an advertising agency, tile distributors, a transfer company, and Westinghouse Electric. Most of these jobs were sort of fun. I liked the advertising agency best and Westinghouse least. The advertising agency was in a new building and everything was bright and fresh and the people were bright and fresh. The women's toilet was facing a sign which said "Smile! You're on Candid Camera." I didn't like Westinghouse because I was using Dictaphone, and my backpedal didn't work, and the earphones didn't work too well, and everytime the man lowered his voice a truck would go by, or a train. Besides, they had instant coffee, caffeine-free. Don't they know the caffeine is the best part?))



STEVE STILES IS CONSISTANT

1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Cry,

April 10, 1963

I consistently keep saying that Atom does nice covers, and, in accord with my record, I do so now. Atom has a good imagination (understatement)!

Berry's Hell Ride made me vomit all over Dick Lupoff's copy. Sorry, Dick. Most of the "amusement" rides scare the hell out of me. I've never been on a big roller coaster (although I was on a runaway small one), and, as far as I'm concerned, wild horses couldn't drag me on. In view of this long ago I realized that I was not Astronaut Material, and I had to abandon my mad dreams. Gee that's sad.

I rather like the new Analog's appearance. The stories continue to be the dry unravelling of scientific and social problems which I do not care for. Too bad all that top notch artwork is going to waste.

Dorf: You do indeed sound pessimistic. You are the first person and only person I know who looks upon atomic warfare as a boon--maybe you're more optimistic than pessimistic, hey.

I'm sorry, though, that I just cannot visualize your point; the population explosion is something we can prepare for, if we -- our society -- realizes the danger. Birth control can slow down the momentum of rising births, and science has the potential to feed and house future generations if it continues along its present path of success. One cannot prepare for an atomic bomb.

Steve Stiles

LES NIRENBERG UNMIXES ENEY

1217 Weston Rd, Toronto 15, Ontario, CANADA

Dear Bubis,

Eney got mixed up someplace. York was never near "modern Toronto." York was Toronto before they changed the name for professional reasons. And boy, you guys came up here and burnt Toronto (nee York), but we showed you!!

Watch out. We may end up burning Washington again one of these days.

Later...

Les

PHILLIP A. HARRELL MAY PUBLISH CRY

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

Dear (HA!) Wally;

May 1, '63

DAMITALLWALLY YOU'VE BROKEN IT! You've shattered it and it was the First one of its kind, too! What am I talking about? My reputation as a CRYhack that hadn't missed more than one issue in almost 3 years! By that I mean while one issue in every great while might be able to slip by without my having anything in it, NEVER more than one would slip by and in two years I only missed two issues. Now Look! TWO whole issues and NO PHILHARRELLETTER! Pretty soon I'm just gonna have to start making Carbons and sending them to all my Loyal readers. I may even put out a CRY myself to make up for all that I didn't get. I mean this falls under the inhumanity to fen act of the constitution doesn't it? How could you do such a thing? And after all those Phone calls, too.

Remorsefully,

Phil

And now we present our famous....

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

column

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN prefers magazines you can slip into your pocket (tsk, tsk, and him an attorney, too) but agrees with Buz on ANALog. "It is far better to have a large, inconvenien size Analog," he writes, "than no Analog at all." REDD BOGGS sends us his new address, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 57, California. JOE STATON sent us some nice drawings, but we couldn't think of any punch lines for them so we'll probably send them back. DON FITCH wanted our permission to reprint some letters written by Avram Davidson; we thought it was a good idea, but the stamp on the self-addressed postcard Don enclosed was too pretty to be cancelled, so we didn't tell him. Besides, we want to sue.



Wondering if the Cone Company will be able to get all of the previous page on the paper, but not really caring too much this late in the evening, we proceed with the unavoidable, ever-to-be-feared, but absolutely essential WeAlsoHeardFrom you-know-what.

ARNOLD KRUGER claims he changed his address to P.O. Box 247, Islington, Ontario, Canada. Well, there might be a housing shortage in Islington, who can tell? The usual lovely money was sent this time by ED BRYANT, BRUCE ROBBINS, DON WHITEMAN, LEN MOFFATT, LENNY KAYE, and SAMUEL D. RUSSELL. JAMES BROSKEY reads old fanzines and probably thinks we're still a monthly and cheap, but he sent us lots of money so we don't mind. A2C BROOKS (now there's a first name for you) was promised a 10¢ CRY by our good friend Big Hearted Howard, may the termites feast in our good friend's wares. Here's more loot from SIDNEY COLEMAN and NATHAN A. BUCKLIN that looks like it was hand carried from the fingerprints. And a money order from JOHN M. FOYSTER -- we're rich, we're rich!! Conventions, here we come!! ROB WILLIAMS sends us poetry, but we can't think of any good punch lines for it so we might have to send it back. D. BRUCE BERRY gives us the real scoop on that fast-driving, beer-stealing ex-con chairman we all know about, and ALMA HILL notices that I keep needling Bruce by name. The reason I do that is because I don't like beer. (See, Alma, I'm not even half as fair as you thought I might be. Yahahahahaha! Another kind person disillusioned beyond repair.) We also got a letter from GINA CLARKE written last December, but don't tell her husband.

That's enough for you hungry readers this issue. Go back to your hovels and scrape and save your pennies for the next issue two months from now. I'm going to paw Gina's letter some more and giggle over how to persecute D. Bruce Berry.

gigglegigglegigglegiggle.....www

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

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to write)

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Ed Meskys (2)  
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24 May 63