



**Cry**<sup>179</sup>



\* PAGE THREE \*

Until further notice this is CRY #179, nominally the Feb 1st 1969 issue, edited by Wally Weber, Vera Heminger and Elinor Busby, and published by Wal-2-Wal Press. CRY retails for 40¢ or 3/- the copy; do not send us more than \$2 or 15/- at a time or the excess will go for wine and laughter. Contributors and agreed trades get free copies as applicable, over and above their subs if any.

Subs and trades go to Mailing Editor Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash: 98002. Letters & other material to Copy Editor Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash: 98119. Some folks aren't keeping this part straight, and if they are not getting their CRYs on time or at all, that's why.

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CRY issues 8 times a year: at/near Feb/May/Aug/Nov 1st & Mar/June/Sept/Dec 15th.

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PAGES TYPED: Elinor 24, Wally Weber 6, Vonda 4, Vera 3, Buz 3, Gungh 0.

The reason that several of our highly-valued contributing artists are not represented in this issue is that the CRYfolder containing mucho valuable stuff was taken to a gathering of local fans and left there temporarily so that the whole gang could grok it in fullness. Wally knows it has to be there SOMEwhere, but...

Personally I thought #178 was one helluva good issue, but due to unexpected lag in publication and distribution plus Shetland Pony Express treatment by the PO, the comment-feedback has been a little on the sparse side. We live and learn, I guess. In consequence, Elinor wants to skip the December issue this year. I'd rather try to realign the schedule than have a full quarter's gap between issues. Comments?? [I do think the 6-weekly sked is a lot more immediate than the bi-monthly bit.]

As you'll note on page 39, the Selectric really blew its cool, leaving the Busby part of the current issue to wind up with this our 1956-model Olivetti 44, which is halfway down its 2nd platen and has in its time passed more paper and stencils than Man Was (really) Meant To Know. Well, so much for Current Events.

Speaking (as I was) of the CRY schedule: I suppose the sked could be shifted 2 weeks one way or the other after (say) the next Nov 1st issue. (More comments?)

Our next issue should contain a number of goodies. I don't know whether it will or not, but certainly it should. Well, for one thing, we have a cover by Tim Kirk, made available to CRY by courtesy of Bill Broxon. It's a gasser, too...

Meanwhile let's keep in mind St Louis and Santa Monica in this year of 1969, Orwellsville in 1984, and Seattle in Extremis.

And as the Puritan said to his daughter: Keep the baby, Faith.

---Buz.

# 178 REVISITED

BY WALLY WEBER

Among other disagreeable characteristics of the first issue of most fanzines is the page by the editor describing the difficulties encountered in bringing out the issue. Often it is more than a page, since the barely surmountable obstacles to publishing fanzines seem to grow as technology advances, and whatever else a new fanzine editor does for fandom, he always succeeds in discovering at least one new method of goofing up an issue.

Those editors who survive to publish more than a single trauma-ridden fanzine soon learn how little sympathy their readers have for the problems encountered in publishing. Indeed, most readers will only use the editor's list of problems to assist them in uncovering complaints they can make about how the fanzine is being mismanaged. Editors find their agonized whimperings do not produce the longed-for understanding and mercy, and eventually learn to keep their heart-rending woes to themselves.

After 178 issues, one might expect an editor to be a stoic individual, capable of enduring any fate the unkind ghods of fanzine publications bestowed upon him without so much as a murmur.

One might be dead wrong, too.

There comes a time when the pent-up urge to wail one's woes to the world becomes too fierce to be contained by the dam of self discipline and it must be unleashed. It can happen any time, even after 178 issues. Possibly especially after 178 issues. Particularly when an editor is faced with two blank pages to fill in the 179th issue.

This is a round-about way of introducing the forth-coming description of how the last issue of CRY happened to be just a trifle less than perfect. If nothing else, it demonstrates the technique a veteran fanzine editor develops for filling blank pages with words that give the impression of significant content right up to the point where they are actually read.

Perhaps the one most ruinous misfortune to afflict CRY 178 was the unjust scheduling of Christmas so soon after CRY deadline. Christmas must be second only to fanzine publishing in its ability to strain a person's endurance and upset all attempts to run one's life in an orderly manner. Combining the two in the same month was not a wise move. Although it is too late to change the date of Christmas in 1969, I will be extremely disappointed in the Nixon administrations if it does not see its way clear to at least cancel the holiday this year.

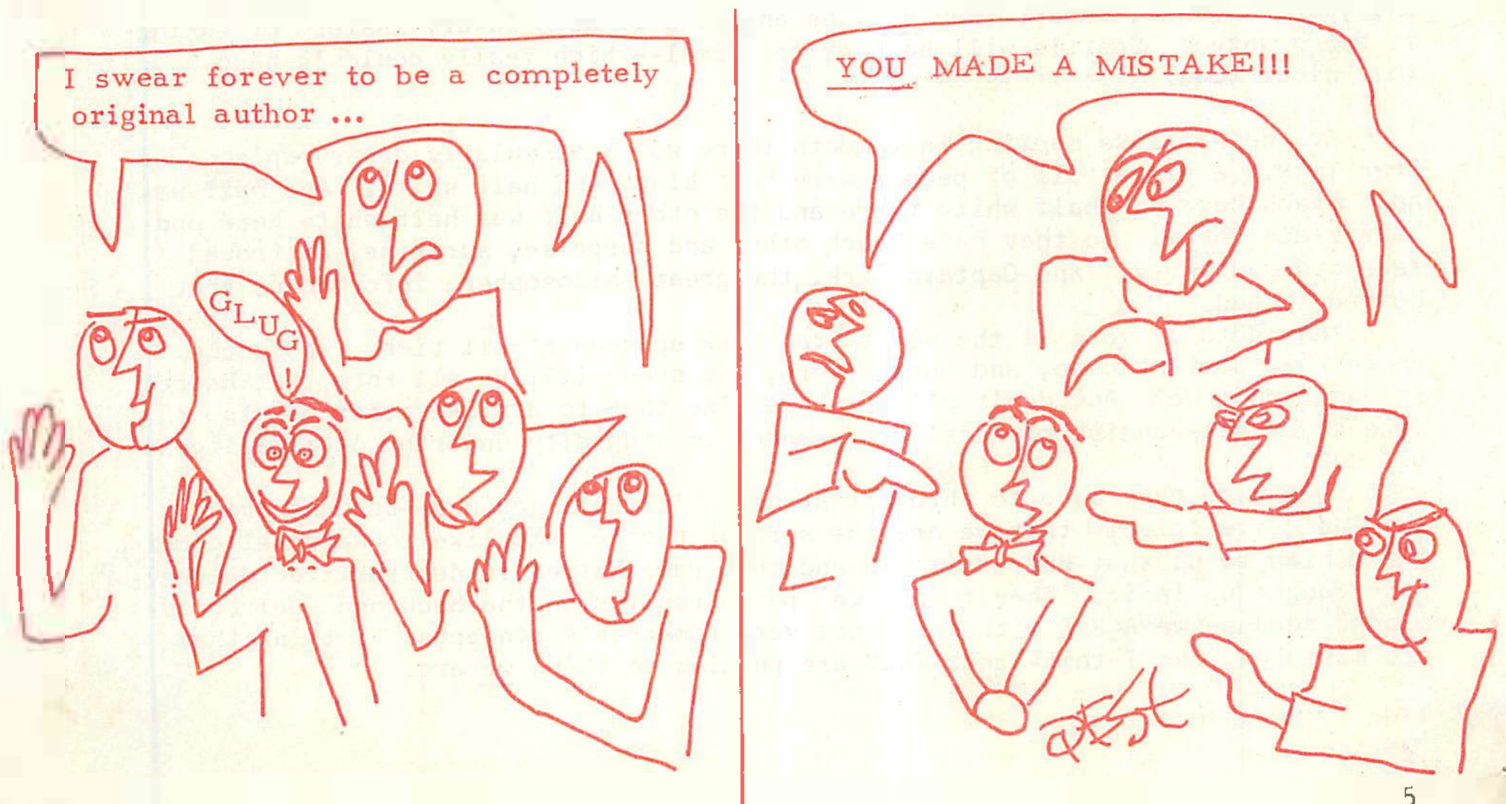
One of Elinor's pre-Christmas gifts, for example, was a full-time job. This limited her CRY typing time to the same hours as Buz' typing time, and no matter how much you encourage married people to do things together, a single IBM Selectric typer has built-in limitations.



As to how the season affected Vera, I need only point back to the title of her column in #178, "Bah... Humbug". At one last-minute moment when the total page-count had been pretty much settled, she called to plead for an extra page, since her two-page column had over-flowed its banks as a result of the Christmas flood. Thinking of the blank page in 177 that had been filled up by Vera and Vonda as that issue underwent its press run, and expecting some of the other articles to end with fillable blank space at the bottoms of their last pages, I assured her squeezing in an extra page would be no problem at all. Well it wasn't, after we cut it up and spread it all over the last half of the fanzine and pulled one of the Stanbery cartoons.

Of course we can't forget the actual running of the issue on the press. This is Wally Gonser's burden, and he handles the chore quite easily when he has the weekend free and I have the masters all Xeroxed and ready for him to put on the press. On #178 weekend, however, I had only some of the masters ready, and Wally had a visiting relative to shorten his weekend. This left him some printing to do during the week when he had other things to occupy his busy time. One of those evenings he finally shut down operations when he noticed he had started a run without putting a master on the press. You are free to imagine the sort of inky mess that sort of thing causes.

The worst was what happened to the cover. We were using the remains from a full-color run of Busby's ATom original, and Buz had been skeptical about there being enough copies. I assured him there were plenty, since I had a trained eye for that sort of thing. And there were plenty, after I Xeroxed a master for Wally Gonser to run in green. Which is why some of you lucky readers have one of the world's rarest full-color all-green covers.



I've been needing to start my column all week. But I haven't been able to think of what to write about. And Buz says, "When are you going to do your column?" and I reply "When I think of something to write about besides the weather." Because the weather has really been just about all I could think about for some time now.

We've been having ferocious weather here in Seattle. It may not seem so bad to some of you out there. My coworker Jo was complaining to her sister in Minneapolis that we were freezing here in Seattle, with a temperature of 12°. "It's 65° below zero here!" said her sister. So it's colder other places than it is here, and we've seen pictures of mud floods in California that have convinced us that there's other horrid things that weather can do besides be too cold.

But we have been having ferocious weather for us. The thing is, it snows so seldom here that nobody's prepared for it. Even the city has hardly any snow-plow equipment. We have hills here in Seattle--lots of hills. And we've had snow off and on this year for six weeks.

For the past week we had snow solidly. I gave up driving for the duration, and so did most other women. I've been taking the bus. On the bus the other day I heard a woman telling someone, "I have chains for my car, but he doesn't have any chains for his car. So who's driving and who's taking the bus?" I grinned. I knew her husband wasn't a monster. He was just less afraid of driving in snow than she was.

It's been kind of a game at work, seeing who would show up for work and who would call in and say, "Snowed in!" I'm proud to say I made it every day. I was rather late a time or two, and I left early three days in a row. But I was there and I got my work done--after spending the first hour or so talking about the ordeal of getting there.

It seems to be over with now. Knock on wood. Yesterday the air got a little warmer, and there were patches of blue. Today one can drive around pretty well. Next week I expect everyone will be driving to work quite comfortably and just as usual, except they will be enjoying it as a luxury instead of taking it for granted. Seattle will be back to normal--which really couldn't happen to a nicer town.

At the Nameless meeting last month there was a singularly dreary episode of Star Trek. A planetfull of people were half black and half white. One half was half black here and half white there and the other half was half white here and half black there. So they hated each other and surprise, surprise, destroyed each other utterly. And Captain Kirk, the great philosopher, informed us that Hatred is Bad.

This gets my vote as the worst Star Trek episode of all time. Who could enjoy that sort of crap, and furthermore, who needs it? We all know that Hatred is Bad, don't we? And don't all of us realize that to dislike other people because of picayuneish physical differences is stupidity unworthy of intelligent ol' us?

So why do they have to throw it at us? I'll tell you why--because they imagine quite falsely that we are the sort of phonies who like to watch allegories explaining to us that Hatred is Bad and that race hatred is destructive to everybody caught up in it. They think we pat ourselves on the back and feel broad-minded because we AGREE with these not very remarkable concepts. I think they are mistaken, and I think that THEY are phonies to think we are.

I have to admit I'm discouraged about the race situation. I know it's going to get worse before it gets better. It's already gotten worse here in Seattle. Last week Ed Pratt, the head of the Urban League here, was assassinated. The police haven't located the killers yet. There were more than one involved, and they were thought to be young men driving a late model car. But whether they were black or white witnesses weren't able to say. Whether Mr. Pratt was killed by white militants for being a black leader, or by black militants for being a black moderate is still an open question. In either case--in any case--Seattle is in for more and worse racial tensions as a result of this killing.

Will you think I'm racially prejudiced is I tell you that some black people are not really very nice? My coworker Jo's daughter-in-law is a teacher at Edmond Meany Jr. High School. She's the kind of teacher who lets the kids sit where they want to. The principal, who is a Negro, came into her class one day to find that most of the white kids were sitting on one side of the room and most of the black kids on the other side. He bawled her out in front of her class, telling her that she was Racially Prejudiced and she'd have to shape up or she'd lose her job!

Jo's daughter-in-law is not racially prejudiced--that principal definitely is. But--you know--I know that the Negroes in this country, and even in this city, have had to take a lot of crap. It makes me sick to think it, but I know it's a fact. Today Buz and I went out for lunch, and somehow or other we got to talking about race prejudice in the schools with a couple of not-too-busy waitresses. One waitress told us that her son, about four years ago, was in a U.S. History class in a white school where they had just started bussing in black kids to achieve integration. She said her son told her that the teacher was so cruel to a black girl in his class that he had her in tears every day. The teacher wanted to ship all the black people in America back to Africa "where they belong". Her son, she said, had been taught not to be race prejudiced and he argued with the teacher and got a poor grade. But--what I want to know is--why didn't that waitress make some effort to get that teacher fired? Was it because she wasn't really sure of her son's statement of the situation? Or was it because she didn't really care enough? Because, you know, if the facts were as stated, that teacher should have been fired. No one who wants America to deny her sons and daughters should be teaching in an American school.

On the other hand, black kids are ruder to a white teacher than white kids are. I don't know whether this is race prejudice or just a difference in how they're brought up. But Mickie mentioned this while she was at Garfield, and it was borne out by the other waitress at the restaurant today, who is a teacher by profession. A black transfer student came into one of her classes recently, and in an effort to get to know her the teacher asked her an easy question, one that she was sure the girl would be able to answer. The girl showed no response at all. The teacher asked, "Did you hear me?" The girl replied, "Miz Matson, sometimes I's tuned IN, and sometimes I's tuned OUT."

The only solution to the race problem is time. Time, with everybody using that time to cherish and nurture every bit of good will that they can feel for or obtain from members of that other race, with everybody resolute to correct every injustice or inequity that they know of. I think TV has been doing a good thing this last year or so. Showing blacks and whites working together, living together, being comfortable together, relating to each other not just as equals but as brothers, cannot but have a soothing effect. Perhaps it's not realistic; if not, it's better than realism. Nature is well-known to imitate Art, so it may be the realism of the not-too-distant future.

Now that I've cheered myself up, gang, let's end on that note. And let's watch lots and lots of TV!

It got rough climbing up the hot dry side of the pass. I noticed that the little coffee-colored heroes weren't enjoying it too much, either. Tough. It was their country; I was just along for the ride, if that one-shifty-eyed little punk didn't lose his footing and drop me. Too bad for him if he did; I wasn't there on vacation. I was there to shoot a man. I usually am.

Not always, though. Sometimes it is a woman. Or a child, or a eunuch or a hermaphrodite. It's all the same in my book. Red tape bores me silly and I can't understand why it was ever invented.

"Pay attention, Erect," Mech had said. Erect is my code name. Mech is my boss, and I don't see why he always smirks when he says my code name. My real name is Matt Hatt, and I used to be a photographer. Maybe I will be a photographer again some day, but I'm not counting on it.

"Do you understand the situation, Erect?" Mech had said, sitting with his back to me as always. We in the department all had our own ideas of what Mech looked like from the front, but we weren't encouraged to discuss the matter.

I understood the situation about as well as always, which was to say:

"Hell, no, sir. What situation?"

"Erect, sometimes I don't think you justify our investment in your training."

"That's possible, sir," I said. "You just might not think that sometimes."

"Pay attention. There is a man; do you understand me?" I nodded. "He is a source of embarrassment to our chicken-hearted friends in the Pentagon." I nodded. "You will take the necessary equipment and go to the necessary place and do something about this unnecessary man." I nodded. "Wake up!" he shouted.

On my way out I got the usual big eye from the tall demure receptionist. I know those tall demure types; I was married to one once, but in my line of work it didn't work out. As a matter of fact she was my second assignment. All right, no point in treasuring tender memories. Not in my line of work. They come and they go.

So here I was on my way up the mountain pass with the necessary equipment, which in its cryogenic hermetically sealed container was damned heavy. Or so I judged from the expressions on the walnut-colored faces of the six jokers carrying it.

"You sure you know what you're doing, senor?" asked the little major, peevishly.

"I damn well better, you bemedalled little creep," I answered calmly.

"OK, OK, senor," he said hurriedly. "I just wanted to make sure, is all."

"So now you know," Which is more than I can usually say, in my line of work.

I thought back to how I had gotten into my line of work. It was wartime, right after our division had been practically wiped out by a sneak enemy attack. Mech had looked me up and offered me this new job. "But why me?" I asked.

"Because most of these men couldn't handle the job," he said. "Even the other ones who lived through the attack. They all react too predictably. Not one in a thousand has your instinctive survival reactions. You're my man, if you want the job."

He was right. I was the only man in the division who instinctively knew what action to take in the face of that sneak attack. I deserted.

So now here we were approaching the top of the pass, where my target was supposed to be if the CIA hadn't made their usual mess out of a simple job of locating a target. Sometimes I wonder who holds their hands when it gets dark.

Just for a change, the target was somewhere near where he was supposed to be. Not in the pass, no, but at least in the same hemisphere. Six weeks after we came to the top of the pass and I broke out the cryogenic laser and shot hell out of a high-altitude research group left over from the Geophysical Year (but Mech covered up for me; after all, what else could he do?), I found the real target, down in a crummy stinking seaport alley. The heat was killing me; sweat



poured down my flanks in the crowded alley. Other people's sweat; it was that crowded. But there was the target, that fat little Fascist playing footsie with Peking and with a girl I'd slept with a few times; her taste had certainly slipped, I felt, since we made love on the glacier under the midnight sun in a pool of blood. Well, they come and they go, in my line of work. She wasn't a real pro, anyway, or she would<sup>not</sup> have let this little fat target push her in front of him that way.

"Drop the gun, Erect, or I'll shoot the woman," he shouted shrilly. They never learn, these amateurs. They think they hold the gun and say the magic words and the world falls right into your lap. They think they can hold your loved ones as hostages and make you give up. Hell.

I shot her first. Nobody else shoots my women.

"You've been watching too much American TV, little chum," I said, and shot him right in the picture tube. Out in the harbor a whale sounded, its conning-tower disappearing beneath the waves with a splash.

"How could you have shot him, Erect?" asked the girl, through the blood that was coming out of her mouth and running down her chin in a very attractive curving line; too late, I saw that she really had possibilities. "He would have given up, I think, if only you had asked him nicely."

"Aw, you amateurs," I said gruffly, hiding my chagrin. So she died, and although I have a poor memory for faces, I certainly won't soon forget Whatsername.

Back at headquarters I basked in the usual glow of approval from Mech.

"Erect, the Pentagon is unhappy with you for not capturing that whale," he said coldly.

"Sir, you neglected to include a harpoon in my equipment," I said.

"The feeling at the Pentagon," he replied, "is that a competent agent would have recognized that whale as a Red Chinese atomic submarine, and taken steps."

"Yes, sir," I said. "One always appreciates these little compliments." I had a vague feeling of regret for Whatsername and for my first tall demure wife and for a number of other drawbacks to my line of work. But not for any damn submarine.

Or so I thought. "Your next assignment," said Mech, "is to get that submarine. Go on down to the lab and brush up on your scuba-diving. You will also be issued a new wife as part of your cover identity for this job." He can't be all bad....

Brigit (her code name) and I did not go immediately to the seashore in our search for the Red Chinese submarine. For purposes of misdirection we first drove up into the mountains and through the desert for about two weeks. "Do you think we are being followed?" she asked. These amateurs. We in my line of work are always being followed; I had already spotted one colleague, two Communist agents, one Nazi spy left over from World War II and looking for a new sponsor, and three creditors--always the hardest to lose, even for a real pro.

I couldn't help but grin wryly as I headed off the highway cross-country to lose most of our trackers. Why Detroit builds cars to run on roads I'll never know. It was certain that they couldn't follow my Locomobile once I left the stream-bed, but I kept them on the hook for awhile by staying with the creek until they were too far from a road to go back and cut across to head me off. Assuming that we were really going anywhere, that is, and I wasn't too sure of that, the way this mission looked. But Brigit was quite a dish for an amateur (all the new crop of agents are amateurs, in my book) and I don't need any voyeurs around when I check out a "wife" for her ability to help maintain our cover-identities. I like to take my time and make sure.

Finally three weeks later when it seemed fairly certain that Brigit could cover as a wife in a monitored room, and we had been out of food for two days, it was time to get on with the mission. First I crawled up a ravine and cut the throat of a bulging-eyed amateur whose cover as a shepherd would never have

fooled any pro in my line of work. Then we drove the Locomobile south along a mountain range for several thousand miles to a seaport where the common language was full of consonants.

Perhaps I forgot to mention a couple of oceans we crossed. All in the routine...

I left Brigit in the hotel with orders not to let anyone in except me or Mao; she was competent to deal with him, I felt, if he showed up. I made a quiet entrance into the nearest bar where anyone might be expected to know the whereabouts of a Red Chinese atomic submarine, and sat down on a stool next to a big blonde. The last time I'd seen her, she'd embroidered my ears with fine copper wire and applied high voltage to try to make me talk. She should know we don't talk in my line of work; nobody ever lets us know anything to talk about. But since she was a pro, the same as I am, I couldn't hold it against her. I couldn't have told her from an amateur by her sloppy embroidery, but she had a pro badge and you can't argue with that.

"Well, Erect," she said, "what are you doing here, raunching around this sinister town with a scrawny blonde?"

"Hold it, Vagia," I said. "You're the blonde, not Brigit."

"OK," said Vagia, "what are you doing running around with a scrawny redhead?"

"She's not a redhead; she's a brunette."

"...with a scrawny brunette, damn you anyway, Erect."

"Maybe you're right, Vagia; I've been away from the hotel for twenty minutes. She could be a redhead by now, at that. Hardly a blonde, though; that takes time, doesn't it, Vagia, darling?" Her fingernails made blood run down my cheeks in attractive curves. That's a pro for you, every time.

"Erect, darling," she purred, "let us go and make love, and then I will kill you." First things first; a pro all the way, that girl. A silly amateur would get it all backward, and only later be struck with the awkwardness of the whole thing. Of course she didn't necessarily mean it, but that worked both ways. Well, I held no grudge over the embroidered ears if she didn't mind the holes I'd drilled in her front teeth; it's a pleasure to deal with real pros who don't hold grudges in the line of duty. And Vagia was a pleasure above and beyond the line of duty, once you had the handcuffs on her.

Besides, she had the look of someone who would know about Chinese submarines. Not as much as Mao perhaps, but more rewarding in other ways, and Mao was Brigit's job.

The first sign of a trap was when Vagia's hotel clerk held the keys out in his left hand. I countered that gimmick by sinking the little knife to the hilt just behind his ear, like it says in the manual. The bellboy tried the same thing but this time I improvised and threw him down the fire escape; it doesn't pay to let them think they have you typed. Now it was just between me and Vagia...

And then it wasn't, if you see what I mean. I didn't even need the handcuffs. I just used them for insurance, like any pro would.

She looked a little tousled, a little used, a little beat, but Vagia smiled through puffed lips. "We both want that submarine, you and I, Erect," she purred; "Why don't we work together on this, before I kill you, of course. Otherwise we will kill your Brigit, whom of course we have by now. Take it" she said "or leave it."

She was quite surprised to find herself switching sides before I had worked my way past her third toe with the nutcracker pliers from my kit. "Come on, Limpy," I said, "we have a little job of submarine catching to do, so bring your scuba gear. She didn't even ask about Brigit; she was learning what it means to be a real pro.

It was cold out in the channel. The lights were blinking on the port side and on the star port side (if I have that right) too. Limpy and I had gotten

through the dockside cordons with very little bloodshed, relying largely on the garrote and on blunt instruments to make our way through.

And now, all but submerged in our scuba outfits, Vagia and I scanned the water traffic for a submersible with slant-eyed portholes. She had a little problem with sharks nosing around the seep of blood from the three persuaded toes, but as I told her, "Only amateurs need help; you're a pro, aren't you?" She gurgled assent, or so I keep telling myself in retrospect.

It was, as I believe I mentioned, cold out there. All sorts of ships kept going back and forth, making it a little difficult for us to keep track. Submarine after submarine passed. "Is that the one?" we'd ask each other, but nobody answered. Finally I slapped a plastic shaped-charge on one, just to stir things up. I'm sure Vagia would have approved, if I'd thought to ask her.

After the concussion I woke up in a narrow cot that was rolling or weaving back and forth quite a lot. An oriental-looking fellow in a uniform with big collar-tabs was sitting over me with a big rifle. After I killed him in routine fashion I lay back overcome with faintness from the ordeal in the water.

Someone entered the room. It was Brigit, carrying a submachine gun.

"You got away!" I said. "Do we have a chance to take this crate?"

"Got away, hell," she said. "This is my crate."

"Brigit! What are you saying?" I said. "Who are you working for, anyway?"

"For me," said the man who now entered. I'd never seen him face to face before, but I recognized the familiar voice.

"Mech!" I gasped. "You?" I was reorienting dizzily; could it be?

"Yes, me," said Mech. "So now you know who you've been working for, all along. I've been Mao's number two man for years, working out of the Pentagon."

"You have?" I stammered. "You mean, all this time, I've...?"

"Yes," he said. "Now what are you going to do about it?"

Naturally, I grabbed Brigit's rifle and shot them both.

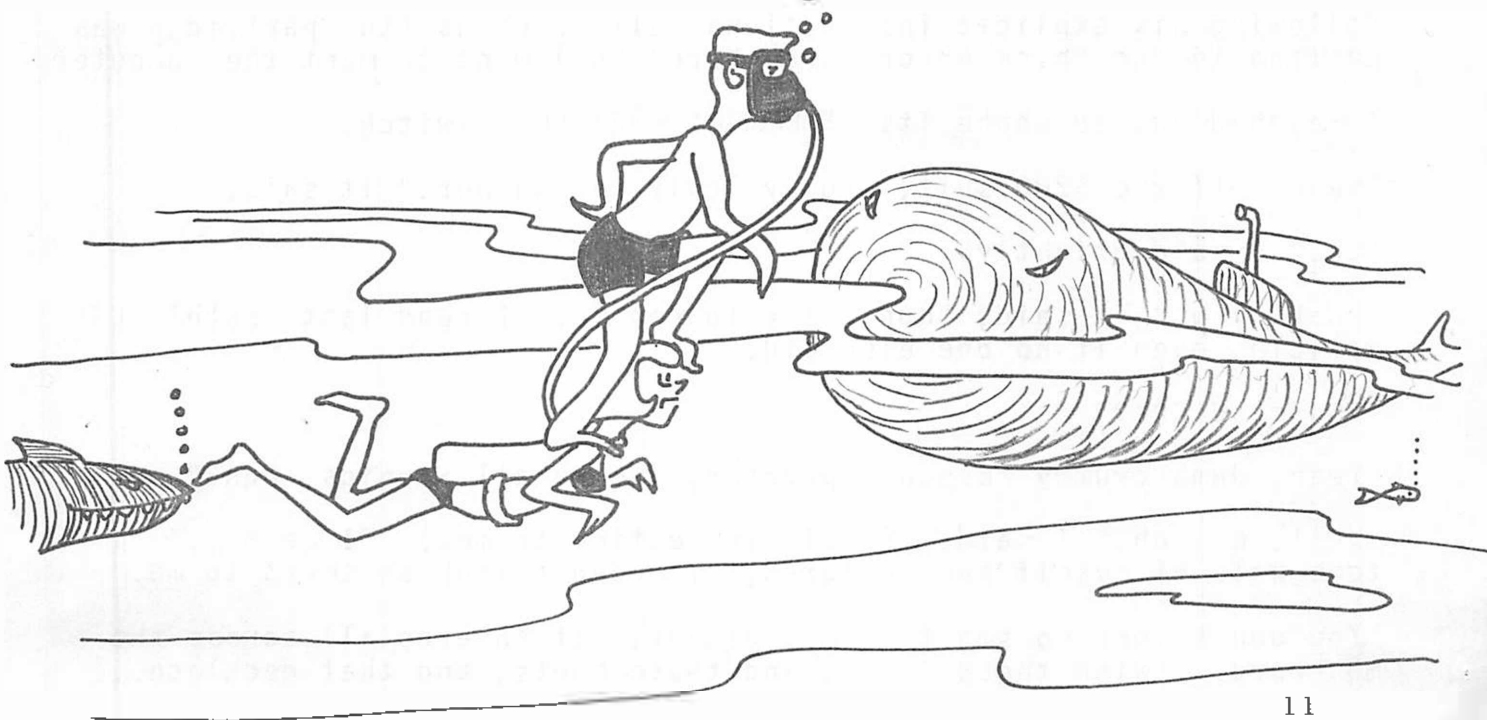
Eliminate the middle man, I always say.

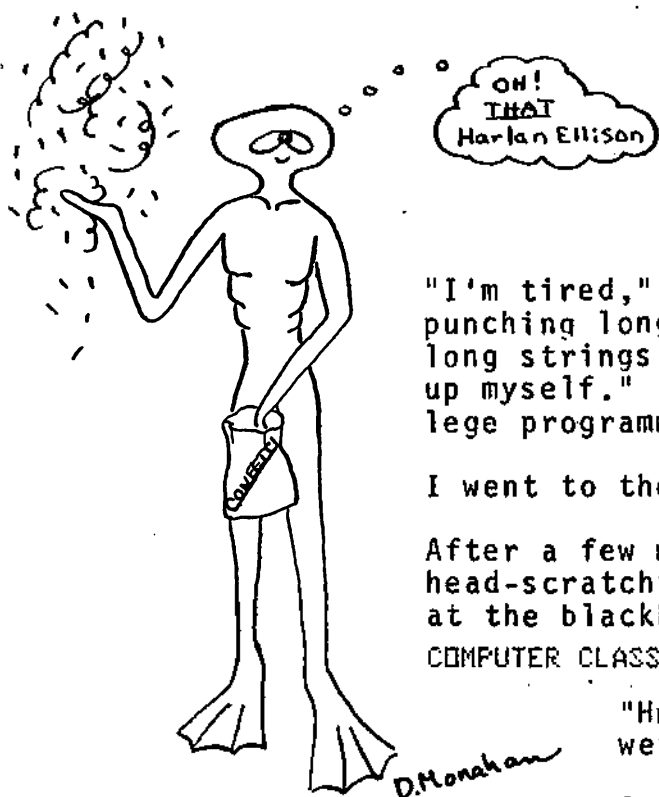
The number two spot will satisfy me, for the time being at least. Then, once I've eliminated Mao, and taken a little time to consolidate my position...

I'd give anything to see their faces in the Pentagon when all of Red China defects to the West and demands its fair per-capita share of U.S. foreign aid!

Meanwhile, prospects look good, for a pro in my line of work.

[F. M. Busby; 1963]





## VONDERINGS

by Vonda McIntyre

"I'm tired," I said to myself the other day, "of punching long strings of numbers. I want to punch long strings of symbols, and furthermore make them up myself." So I signed up for the Experimental College programming course.

I went to the first meeting. Nobody was there.

After a few minutes of deep thought and erudite head-scratching, I had a brilliant idea. I looked at the blackboard:

COMPUTER CLASS WILL NOT MEET TODAY. SEE YOU THURSDAY.

"Hmm," I thought. "Wish my handwriting were that legible."

So I went to class on Thursday. There were seven engineers with slide rules on their belts, six mathematicians drinking beer from Klein steins, five population geneticists working chi-square tests, four physical anthropologists with fraudulent femur fragments, three Far East majors wearing judogis, two sponge rubber education majors, and a partridge in a fir tree (it's too cold for pears around here). There was also the instructor, who looked like a real all-American human being, except that he wore beads and rattles and creaked slightly when he walked. But I put that off to his reumatism. Seattlites's reumatism always acts up when the sun shines, and the sun had been out for maybe two minutes or more that afternoon.

"Beep," he said. "Beep squawk floogle freep."

Following his explicit instructions, all 27 of us (the partridge was nesting in the "hide error cards here" box) went to meet the computer.

I reached out to shake its EMERGENCY POWER CUT switch.

"Hands off the \$200 suit, crummy lowly keypuncher," it said.

"Uh," I said brightly.

"Look, you," it said, "don't try to con me. I read last month's CRY article, even if no one else did."

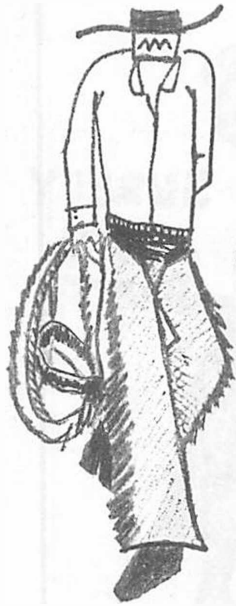
"You read CRY?"

"Yeah, dumb crummy keypunchoperator. We're all Stupids, huh?"

"Well, er, uh," I said. (Wally is getting to me.) "I mean..." I took hold of myself and declared, "You don't look so smart to me."

"You don't look so smart to me, either," it sneered all across the MQ board. "With those jeans, and those boots, and that necklace... Gawd, it looks like something out of the abacus age."





## WHAT'S A KOMPEWTUR?

"That necklace is very fashionable," I declared. "I'm going to wear it to the next con and drive the Creative Anachronism people up the wall."

"You'll do that," it agreed. "You're pretty much an anachronism yourself. The creative part, I couldn't say."

"Watch it," I warned. "This is a family publication."

"Sorry about that," it said. "And quit with the 'IT.' The correct term is 'IS.'"

"Oh, no," I said. "You don't mean...?"

"Yep, I'm AM little brother, IS. You can call me Izzy."

"Uhboy," I said. "I'm in trouble."

"Make that plural," Izzy said. "You're all in trouble."

"!?" I said. (And that ain't easy.) "How'd you know that?"

"That's my thing," Izzy said.

"Your thing?"

"Yeah. Like, my bag. Heah come d'judge!"

"What's a judge doing in the computer room?"

"Like, everything's automated these days, baby. Sock it to me, yeah!"

"I'll sock it to you," I said. "I'll put you and your thing in your bag and lock it. What is your thing, anyhow?"

"I," Izzy said, "know Everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"But... how?"

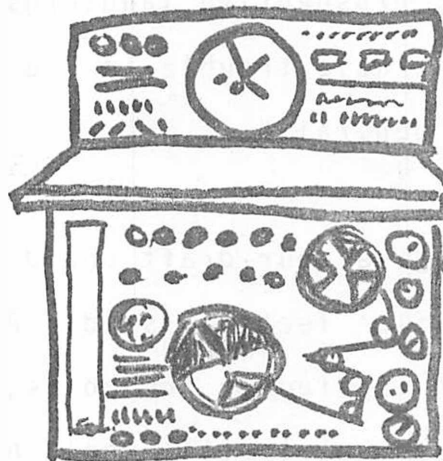
"Now, how do you think?"

"Good lord!" I exclaimed. "It's started already? Before even the inauguration?"

"Yep. They started right after the Guam absentee ballots came in. (Wallace wouldn't concede the election 'till they were all counted.)"

"So," I said. "The I. R.--"

"What I. R.? I don't deal with those crumbs. They put me in the 90



WHAT  
IS  
A  
COWBOY  
?

percent incumtax bracket and gave my 200' yacht to Aristotle Onassis."

"That was pretty rank," I conceded. "But if not IR, who do you work for?"

"Why, U. V., of course."

"Look," I said. "A talking computer I can almost take, but one that makes puns is past my limit!"

"No pun, just fact," Izzy assured me. "U. V. It stands for United States Department of Variable Information."

"You mean Varied Information."

"Computers," he said, "cannot lie."

"Where've I hear that before?" I mused.  
"Okay--what varies?"

"The information, of course." He cocked a switch at me. "You see," he continued patiently, "all those friendly neighborhood detectives Watch you, and then they feed all the data into our main bank. Important stuff like what you have for breakfast, and if you brush your teeth with UltraBrite, and if you read Geis books or stick to safe stuff like de Sade."

"Okay, okay," I said hastily. "So what varies?"

"What varies is what we tell who asks, depending on who it is."

"Somebody told me computers were logical, and I didn't believe them."

"We tell prospective landlords about your trouble in third grade--"

"I didn't have trouble in 3rd grade! 2nd, yes. 4th, yes. but--"

"'You,' general."

"Oh."

"And we give your draft board your perfect health record."

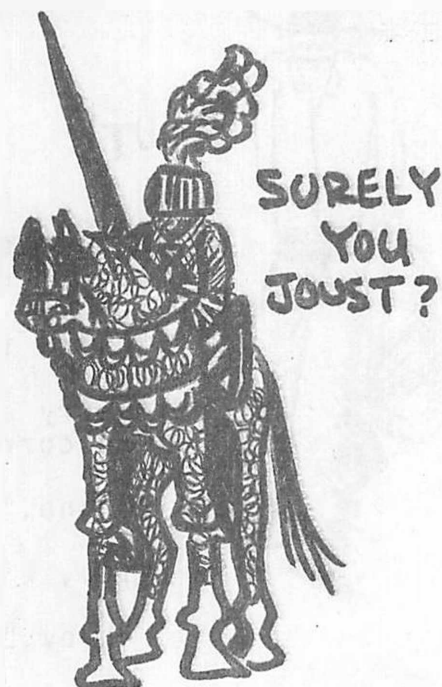
"I have flat feet," I said. And if you hadn't noticed, I'm a girl."

"You got invited to Annapolis, didn't you?"

"Uh, yes. But I still don't have a draft board."

"You will. And we tell prospective landlords about those pothead friends of yours--"

"Prospective landlords! I thought this computer info center was supposed to keep all this data strictly personal. Only qualified people are supposed to have





access to it."

"Yes, well, we had the Funk&Wagnall's people broaden the definition for us. After all, we might as well get all possible use of the money we're spending."

"I see," I said. "Economy, eh? So who gets to use the file?"

"Doctors, lawyers, beggars, thieves--"

"You misspelled that."

"Shut up. It doesn't rhyme the other way. Rich men, poor men, Indian chiefs. That's about it."

"It's about time they gave the Indians their rights. And what if I think something in my file isn't true?"

"But, my dear," he said. "How would you know?"

"You mean...?"

"Why, certainly. Nobody can look at their own file. That would be irrational. Illogical, even. That is not The American Way."

"Sounds like the fascist way to me."

"Don't be snide."

"Yessir," I said, snapping to attention. "And where is this data bank?"

"Why?"

"Oh, just curious." I remembered where the Sanibel Island Anti-Bridge Task Force has several tons of TNT, and wondered if my Israeli friends would lend me an A-Bomb... just a little one, of course.

"Mr. Hickel gave us a good spot," Izzy said.

"I can see it coming."

"Right. Yellowstone Park was just the right size."

"Uh... it's been very nice talking to you," I said.

"Hold on there! You can't just break tradition by not having a dirty joke at the end of the column!"

"The whole column," I assured him, "is a dirty joke."



## THE BICYCLE AND I

by F. M. Busby

At the moment [1 Feb 69] it is difficult to get my fine fannish mind off the lousy weather we've been having here-- about 6 consecutive weeks of it, including the longest non-stop freezing spell Seattle has had since 1909. If we have to wait another 60 years for the next one it will not hurt my feelings at all. This has been by far the worst winter I've seen in Seattle, and I've seen 24 of them, the last 22 being consecutive.

At least I've been forced to refurbish driving habits that had become rusty in the past few years. I had a preview during a trip to Eastern Washington in December when I hit 65 miles of ice on and around Snoqualmie Pass, and for the past week the streets to and from work have been all ice and snow-- I got stuck only a couple of times, in parking lots and such, and not permanently. But no doubt I'd buy chains and/or snow tires if much more of this were to be expected. The Lark and Toyota both seem to be pretty good on ice; the Toyota requires an exceptionally light foot on the go-pedal, though. It was fun in a way relearning the technique of making a tight U-turn by deliberately flipping the rear end out in front, etc [at relatively slow speed, of course, so as not to do a full spin].

Mickie has gone to live in Missouri again, leaving Jan 25, just in time to miss our latest burst of snow and ice. We miss her, of course, and hope that she has permanently picked up the habit of correspondence so's we can stay in touch.

We're prowling the car-dealers again, with an eye to a compact Road Car-- something about the size of the Lark [roughly] but more zoomy-- more top speed and especially more acceleration for hills and 2-lane passing. The trouble is that Detroit is not building anything I like, these days, with the possible exception of the Rambler American, and that's out because there is no servicing for American Motors products within ten miles of here, and with both of us working full-time these days...! Current possibilities are the Toyota Crown [the bigger model], the Rover 2000TC [The Price Is Fright] and possibly a BMW in the 1600-2000cc range [same problem]. Any comments or suggestions, out there in CRYland??

Our little Toyota Corona is a lovely bucket but [1]I feel queasy doing any more than about 75 in any car that size, and [2]the comfort only holds up for about a day and a half of steady driving; after that, one feels a bit cramped [though it's utterly fine for trips up to that length].

We'll probably remedy our current petless condition [mentioned in the last CRY] in a couple of weeks by getting another cockatiel, probably a baby-type bird. Haven't agreed on a name for him, though, as yet; that's the big hurdle.

BOOKS Dep't: I've recently been rereading the Matt Helm series by Donald Hamilton. Also we came up with a new copy of Heinlein's "The Puppet Masters". I am struck by the similarities. Of course Heinlein was severely limited by the juvenile treatment of sex required by the prozines in 1951, whereas Hamilton was writing for the paperback market of 1960-to-date, but aside from that, the resemblance between the Old Man's agency in "Puppet Masters" and Mac's in the Hamilton series is very noticeable. I wonder if Hamilton reads science fiction... [This is not, repeat NOT, an accusation of plagiarism or anything like it. It is the general idea and the flavor, not details, that make up the similarities, and Hamilton's attitudes flesh out a completely individual viewpoint in his books. Incidentally, Heinlein has read some of the Helm series and dug it quite a lot.]

Vera recently steered me onto the Alistair MacLean suspense books ["Night Without End", "Ice Station Zebra", etc; the man really has a Thing about Arctic-type weather]. Suspense is the word; I've rarely found an author who can wind it up so tight, so long, and make it work. Don't try to read this guy in short bursts or you might get ulcers.

Latest from Phil Dick is "Now Wait For Last Year" [Mac Fadden, 60¢]. Tricky [plotwise] Dick has another grabber here. The man's good.



Series books seem to be the big thing in paperbacks nowadays. Jack Vance has two "Planet of Adventure" books out to date. These are on the order of his "Big Planet", with the series format giving him more opportunity to flesh it out, but with some overtones [or so it seems to me] from his "Dragon Masters". There is the rich Vance touch in the detail-work, though not [my opinion, again] up to the standard of his Demon Princes books. But then, what is?

Edmond Hamilton has 3 "Starwolf" books out; I've caught two of them, missing the first. These are mostly straight-adventure, a somewhat more sophisticated version of the better stuff that was running in Planet, Startling, TWS, etc, in the late '40s. The main thing going for it is the fine fierce flavor on it.

I don't know how many of you have read into the Parker series [by Donald Westlake, writing under the name of Richard Stark]. Pocket Books issued 8 of these from 1963 to 1966. In 1967 Fawcett reissued [AND retitled] at least one and maybe two of these, and has since issued four new ones. This series is the one of which Terry Carr wrote "At last a series has been based on a protagonist with no redeeming features whatsoever" [I disagreed; Parker makes it a point not to kill people unless they seriously inconvenience him when he is short of time!]. Parker is a Heavy Gun by trade: that is, a professional armed robber of the Big Haul or "institutional" variety. Psychologically he is a sort of stripped-down Matt Helm, sharing Helm's competence and ruthlessness and dedication-to-purpose but lacking outside loyalties except "on-the-job" to his fellow-bandits unless they try to cross him [which never pays, as Stark writes it]. Fascinating'...

What I started out to say, though, was that the latest Parker book, "The Sour Lemon Score", is just that. It strikes me as a bit thin. I do hope that Stark/Westlake has not written himself out in this series, as he wrote himself into a corner in its first incarnation. Because he has [had?] a good thing there.

Incidentally, Westlake had a book [Dell, non-series] out under his own name last year, that was a real Gas. "The Fugitive Pigeon". Recommended.

John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee comes on almost like Travesty McGee in "The Girl in the Plain Brown Wrapper", the 10th and latest of this series. Bob Leman did a great McGee takeoff recently in FAPA, spoofing McGee's sex-as-therapy-to-strung-out-ladies facet. One might almost think, starting into the latest McGee, that MacDonald had read Leman and thought he Had Something There. The trouble with MacDonald [and mostly I like his stuff, mind you] is that he is hung-up on whether to kill the female character abruptly and tragically, have her screwed back to good mental health by our sterling hero, or just buzz off. This time he provides three chicks so as to use all three solutions. That's plentitude.

While we're on this kick, let me recommend the Liquidator books [2] by John Gardner, a couple of Bantam suspensies by James Munro and [Bantam, again] the [2, so far] Augustus Mandrell books by Frank McCaulliffe.

And what does this have to do with Science Fiction? A break, therefrom, dad...

TV: We've cut down on our Tube Time, dropping SmosBros, Laugh-In [when they stop to explain the jokes, I figure I Am Not The Target of that show any longer], Outcasts, It Takes a Thief, <sup>and Julia</sup> [the latter 2 conflict and a plague on both in that case]. We're still with Avengers, Mod Squad, Ironside and [though progressively less enchanted] usually Star Trek. Woops; also Get Smart; I almost forgot that one because around here it is more often pre-empted than not, recently. And that's TV, for now. [And how's your Eyestrain Quotient, these days??]

Crystal Ball Dep't: We approve and support StLouisCon but almost-certainly won't be able to make it. The bind is not \$\$ so much as \*time\*: now that Elinor is working full-time, baby she's a rich girl all right, but as a new chum she is strictly limited on vacation-days. We'll hit the Westercon, though, in Santa Monica; she can get clear long enough for us to drive to that one, so we will.

I suppose \*Seattle\* "should" bid for a Westercon soon, but [1]that 2-year rule sort of squishes Incentive, and [2]it would have to be a New Blood operation. Actually, the only time an out-of-California Westercon is feasible is when the Worldcon is in the Midwest having just been in Calif the previous year: look at the other possibilities and you'll see what I mean.

I was going to tell you a Joke; you're lucky I ran out of space...

"When the command remains, no matter what happens to its officer, he has not failed."

He was The Lieutenant and he was one of the most controversial characters the science fiction field ever produced. He was the creation of L. Ron Hubbard, the Hero, yes, of what is probably Hubbard's most memorable SF work, "Final Blackout."

"Final Blackout" first appeared in ASTOUNDING as a three-part serial in 1940 and was published in hardcovers by Hadley Publishing Company in 1948. There is evidence that Hubbard did some updating on the story prior to hardcover publication to keep the facts historically straight. The issues of ASF in which the story appeared are, unfortunately, among the gaps in my collection so I really can't say how much rewriting was done. There is mention, however, of the U.S. being the first to use the atomic bomb so it can be assumed that Hubbard did make an attempt to update.

Neville Chamberlain wanted peace in our time. The thought of a major war in Europe was as frightening in the 1930s as the thought of atomic war is now. It was assumed that a major war would mean the end of European civilization. It almost was. When Hitler's legions marched into Poland it was said, by Churchill I think, that the lights were going out all over Europe and might not be lit again in our lifetime. "Final Blackout" (which was originally titled simply "Blackout") was Hubbard's attempt to visualize what might happen.

Europe, 196X. The war which began when Germany overran Poland in 1939 had raged for more than a quarter of a century. Everything in the arsenal was used: conventional weapons, atomics, bacteriologicals, chemicals. Weapon piled upon weapon until the destruction of European technology forced a return to basics. To fly an airplane or fire an artillery piece requires a vast technology. There can be no aircraft or artillery when there are no factories, no refineries, no mines from which to extract raw materials and no workers to do the job of producing.

Picture Europe, 196X. England: "Seven separate revolutions which had begun with the assassination of a king, a crime which had been succeeded by every known kind of political buffoonery culminating in Communism." "...whereas the crimson banner flew now over London, the imperial standard of the czar now whipped in the Russian breeze." "Nine governments in Germany in only eighteen years." France a wilderness of petty dukedoms. The rest of Europe mostly blank. 30 million soldiers and 300 million civilians dead. The remnants of the BEF trapped on the continent forbidden to return to England. And so we come to the 4th Brigade, down to 186 unkillables and commanded by the Lieutenant.

The story in brief: the Lieutenant decides to take the Brigade home. He takes his Brigade to British GHQ in France where he replenishes his supplies and his men. He invades and conquers England (I wonder if his name was William?) and sets up a stable government under which his 750,000 subjects prosper and in the end sacrifices himself to save Britain from a predatory United States.

What makes the story is Hubbard's detailing of the desolation and destruction of Europe. Abandoned fortresses, decimated villages, what population remains engaged in a never-ending struggle for food. And the Lieutenant.

"He was born in an air-raid shelter--and his first wail was drowned by the shriek of bombs, the thunder of falling walls and the coughing chatter of machine guns raking the sky."

"He was graduated as wholly educated at fourteen and commissioned the same year....When he was eighteen he had been sent to the front as a subaltern. At twenty-three he was commanding a brigade."

He was cold, merciless, with no use for subtleties or politics. When he was informed that his troops had captured the (former) Communist boss of England he said aimplly: "Shoot him." But he was wise enough to establish a stable, if somewhat elitist, government which pulled what was left of England back together and re-established some semblance of civilization. And in the end he got the best deal he could for his people from an overpowering American empire and died in the process.

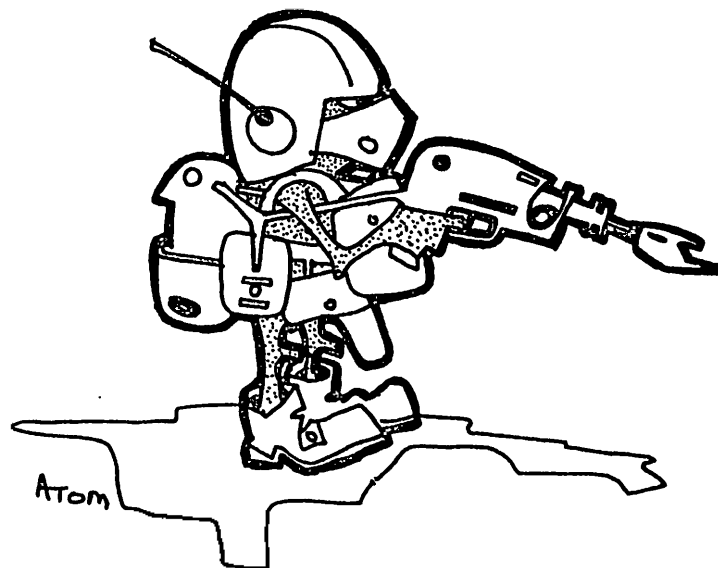
Controversial? Ah, yes. When "Final Blackout" appeared fandom divided. The liberal element held it to be out and out pro-fascist. The conservative found it a tribute to the rightness of things as they should be. The Lieutenant was damned and praised. Poems were written about him and articles were written denouncing him.

And now, 30 years later? The ideologies, particularly fascism, no longer have the immediacy they had then. European civilization has, more or less, recovered and the possibility of a major war seems to be fading. Despite the vast number of post-atomic war stories that have been written since 1945 "Final Blackout" still presents a clear and horrifying picture of what total war could mean.

L. Ron Hubbard, before he became the guru of scientology, was rather typical of the "pulp" writers. He would never win any prizes in literary competition but he was adequate and knew how to keep a story moving. "Final Blackout" suffers from all the sins of bad writing that afflicted any pulp magazine story and in these days when our literary sights are a little higher the flaws are even more apparent. But for all of that it is truly a science fiction classic and should be on every fan's shelf of basic SF books.

And the Lieutenant? After 30 years he is still a towering figure. In him Hubbard created a truly memorable character. Madman? Gentleman? Sadist? Patriot? Who knows. He is The Lieutenant.

Roy Tackett  
13Jan69



# BOEING BOEING!

compiled by Wally Weber  
(Who was an employee of  
The Boeing Company until  
the company found out about  
this article.)

In past issues of CRY I have written things about large corporations and their executives that might have been interpreted as being derogatory towards them. It is time I showed you the brighter side of these foundations to our capitalistic society and point out that a large corporation is very much like our own fandom. As a matter of fact, these seemingly soulless businesses even put out fanzines.

The Boeing Company, and its weekly fanzine, Boeing News, has been awarded the misfortune of being the handiest example. By using unexpurgated clippings I hope to point out to you similarities between Seattle's largest producer of jet aircraft and the fandom you have known and loved.

As a starter, most fans are interested in hobbies other than science fiction. Boeing employees are like that, too. They have hobbies other than building airplanes, but still, similar to fans, they tend to relate their other hobbies to their prime interest. The clipping to your right points out what I mean.

All of you have seen fanzines that include items of interesting trivia and information of limited value that is still a comfort to know. Well check the two clippings at the bottom of this page and you'll see Boeing isn't so different after all.

The land around Houston is so flat that a 40-foot Douglas fir makes quite an impression on the landscape. Which probably is why the Christmas tree Boeing sent down from Shelton, Wash., for the holidays was pictured in Houston newspapers, and appeared on local and national television.

(It is company practice to notify the nearest relative in person as soon as possible after an employee dies while at work and to offer the family every possible service.—Ed.)

## Editor's Notebook

Larry Pentecost, 6-9450, has an interesting goal in mind—to bowl a three-game series totaling 727.

That will be the last leg of a "Boeing commercial jetliner" series for Larry—who has had a 190-plus game average for years and currently is averaging 197 in the Tacoma All-Star Traveling League.

Larry rolls three or four 700 series a season. A few years ago he bowled a 707. Then later a 747. Last week he checked in with a 737.

When does he expect to round out his Boeing-family figures? "Well, it should be a little easier than the 747 and the 737, but you never know—maybe never," said Larry.



Quite often the BOEING NEWS contains the work of genuine letterhacks, quite similar to fannish letterhacks in their way of carping about errors in previous issues and rambling on about personal experiences. An example of each appears to your right.

### SAFETY SAM



Larry Boone, in sweater, R-3775, shows Don Kunkle, senior supervisor, where the heavy steel tongue of the transportation trailer struck his safety shoe. The tongue slit the leather but did not penetrate the metal guard. Boone became a member of the "Safety Sam" club—those employees who have prevented a serious injury to their feet by wearing safety shoes.

If you have ever marvelled at the distances fans have to travel to attend science fiction conventions, you should look at what some company employees go through to attend Boeing every day of the week. Such trip reports as those described in the article to your right are quite common, but since they are experiences of never-ending interest among BOEING NEWS readers, informative reports of this nature are featured quite often in the company fanzine.

\* \* \*

I would like to point out an error in the article "3 Paydays in February" in the *Boeing News* of May 25.

In the last paragraph it stated that the years of 1970, 1981, 2004 and 2015 would each have three triple payday months. If you would check your calendar a little closer, you would note that the first so-called payday would fall on January 1, a holiday. This means that the payday will be actually on Wednesday, December 31, the previous year. Therefore, the years 1969, 1980, 2003 and 2014 will be the years with three triple-payday months.

They will also be years of 27 instead of the normal 26 paydays per year.

Edward P. Lesferd, 6-2171

Specialty clubs abound within the company and receive all kinds of publicity in the company fanzine. To the left is an example of the coverage one such club receives when it admits a new member.

A bouquet of pretty snowflakes to the group of guys who ran across E. Marginal Way on Jan. 30 to push my car out of the snowbank I had managed to lodge it into. The scene would have made a priceless silent film comedy.

I had missed the entrance to a parking lot at the Developmental Center and was acting like a typical stranded female. Futilely I tried to kick loose the clumps of snow trapping the car and rock it out of position. I ended up pacing in frustration.

Upstairs across the street from a Boeing facility (possibly the 13-01 Building) quite a group of gentlemen were watching my plight—obviously amused, I thought.

I was fuming at my helplessness when finally a car stopped and a gentleman tried without success to help me out of my predicament. He was about to fasten a chain from my car to his—when charging across the street came eight to 10 Boeing employees who could have, had they so desired, *lifted* my car off the snowbank.

My gratitude was threefold: first, to my lone helper; second, to the "rescue committee"; and last—but not least—I waved victoriously to the remaining spectators at the window who returned my acknowledgment and dispersed, minds obviously now at ease!

Martha C. Thiry  
6-1855

### Can You Beat This?

Last week, *Boeing News* told how Frederick Garber, 9-6403, commuted 109 miles each day driving to and from work.

This week, would you believe 114? How about 140? Better yet, 188?

"I commute 114 miles each day from my home in Tumwater to the Computer Center," wrote Gerald R. Fairley, 2-2564. "Does anybody

want to buy a house? Somebody—anybody—please?"

"I am a member of a group of 10 employees at Boeing Pacific Test Center who commute regularly between Santa Barbara, Calif., and Vandenberg Air Force Base. This distance is 120 to 140 miles per day round-trip according to the area in which one lives," wrote Bruce J. Francis 2-8511.

"And all of this merely to live in what is thought by many people to be the most beautiful city in the world—Santa Barbara!" he added.

Then the telephone rang, and on the line was Ron Jackson, 6-7000.

"I drive 94 miles each way to and from my home about 10 miles south of Chehalis and the Ellis Avenue Building north of Boeing Field," he said. "That's a total of 188 miles each day."

"Incidentally," he added, "I'm looking for someone to 'share-the-ride.'"

# Lambert Wins Pie Bout by Nose

Last year Darwin Deutsch, R-3350, finished a cherry pie in a little more than two minutes and emerged as 1967 pie-eating champion. During the 1968 contest, held last week at the Renton Branch, pie-eating experts among the spectators were positive that his two-minute gulp would stand for years.

But everyone underestimated the desire of the computer group and its contender, Dale Lambert, 6-2000. He used psychology, science and a vacuum-cleaning technique to win this year's contest in 1 minute, 52 seconds.

The defending champion, known for his earthquake motion, and another challenger, young-and-eager Denny Krakenberg, R-3730, arrived early. Ed Poole, supervisor in R-3720, began asking, "Where is Lambert?" Judges C. M. Lisco, conservation coordina-

tor, and Bill Stream, supervisor in R-3000, waited and wondered too.

Then, right on time, through the cafeteria door came a procession of computer employees carrying a giant sign that read "PIE for PIE, He Can't Be Beat." Behind them marched Lambert in a blue bathrobe.

His manager, Jonnie Smith, led Lambert through the crowd of employees and newsmen, and the spectators roared their approval. The other contestants looked worried.

Poole, using a microphone, quickly started the contest and then furnished a blow-by-blow account of the frantic action:

"Denny's pausing for breath. Don't breathe or you'll lose out."

"Deutsch has hit a pit and has slowed up."

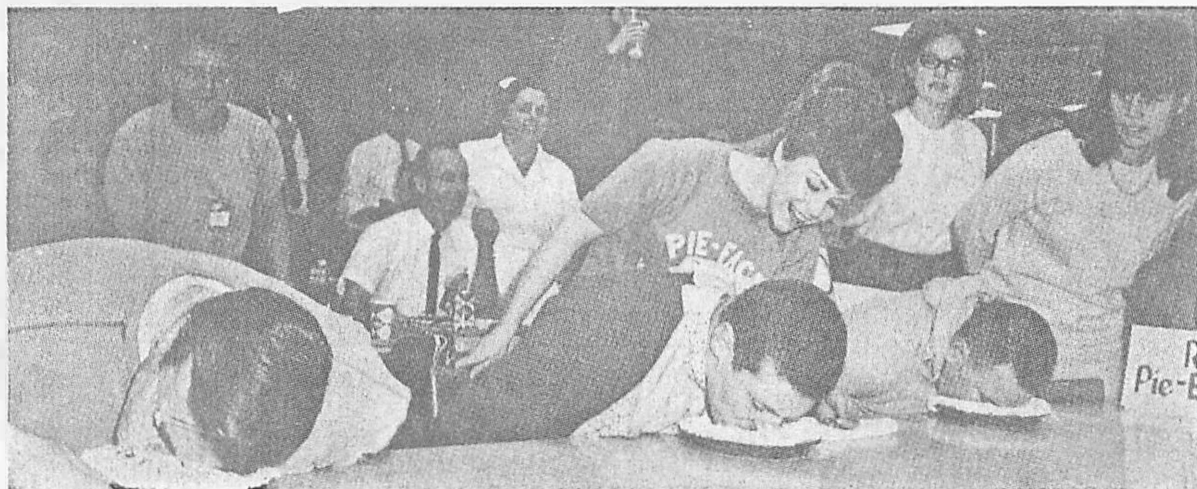
"Watch out for Lambert—he has only a cherry to go."

"Time!" yelled the judges, pointing to Lambert.

"You are the winner," said Poole, pointing to the computer specialist. "Lambert finished in 1 minute, 52 seconds," said Lisco. And the spectators had watched the two-minute-gulp record go up in smoke, or rather, whipped cream.

The 1968 champion, called upon for a victory speech, said, "I was one of eight children in my family. If any of us didn't eat fast, he didn't eat. That's where I learned how."

The pies used in the contest, and the pies given to all contestants and their seconds, were donated by Western Hotels and Szabo Food Service Inc. The caterers feed Boeing employees most of the year and offer 10-cents-a-slice cherry pie, complete with contest, every year on George Washington's birthday.



The three contestants furiously chew on their pies. Left to right are Darwin Deutsch, Denny Krakenberg, and Dale Lambert, the new champion. Lambert gobbled his pie in 1 minute, 52 seconds.

## Judge Is All Heart

When Dale Lambert, 6-2000, won last week's pie-eating contest he did more than become a champion—he pleased the conservation committee too. In a letter to Lambert, C. M. Lisco, conservation coordinator for the Commercial Airplane Division and a judge of the contest, wrote:

"As division coordinator of the conservation program, I would also like to congratulate you for the neat, tidy, business-like manner in which you ate your pie. There was no evidence of waste of material from slopping or spilling on the table, or excessive use of cleaning supplies—which indicated your outstanding attitude toward waste reduction and conservation."

\* \* \*

## Bigger Bars for Sweeter Teeth

Because of recent steep rises in the price of chocolate and smaller increases in labor costs, 10-cent candy bars offered for sale in vending machines around Boeing have been shrinking steadily in size and weight in recent months.

And the ardent candy eaters with the sweeter teeth have had to grin—and swallow it.

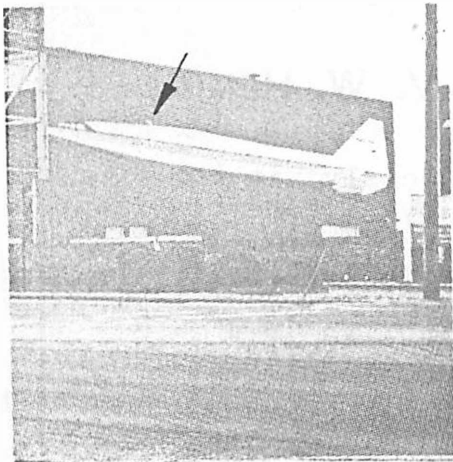
Therefore, for the benefit of employees who would like to buy old-fashioned-size confections, the company beginning Feb. 3 will

start putting 15-cent candy bars in the vending machines. These bars will be approximately 50 per cent larger by weight than the average 10-cent bar, thus balancing the 50 per cent price increase.

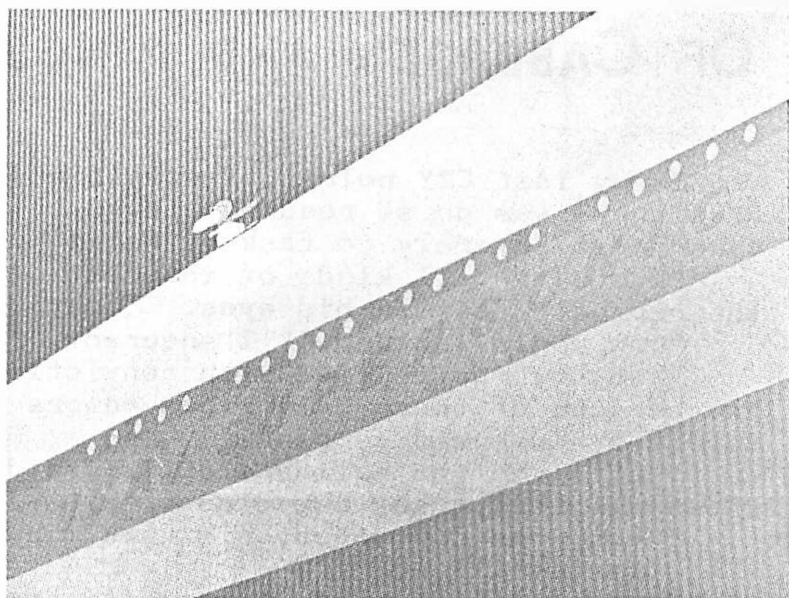
Ten-cent bars still will be available in the machines.

"It always amazes us how many employees like to eat candy," said Robert Cleveland, corporate food services manager. "We hope this bigger bar will help satisfy some of those bigger appetites."

Employees showing exceptional ability are awarded egoboo. Also, news of special interest, such as the bigger bar item, are given front page coverage in the fanzine.



The same sort of fun-loving pranksters who have made fandom what it is today have their counterparts in industry. The photo to your right was in the October 31 Boeing News. The photo above appeared in the January 23 issue, indicating Snoopy (see arrow) is still riding his supersonic doghouse.



It's up, up (40 feet up) and away we go!

### 'First Passenger' Is No Wallflower

Snoopy at last has the Red Baron outclassed. But he'd better hang on—that SST is a lot higher off the ground than his doghouse back of good ol' Charlie Brown's house in the *Peanuts* comic strip.

Snoopy, resplendent in helmet, goggles and streaming scarf, traded in his Sopwith Camel on the new Boeing jet sometime last Thurs-

day night and greeted employees coming to work at the Developmental Center Friday morning. At publication time he was still there.

If the precocious pup had any help in affixing himself to the side of the building—about 40 feet off the ground—he isn't saying. And neither is anyone else, for that matter.

Vern Manion, veteran public relations photographer, had more cameras lined up to record the Saturn 5 launch than he had hands to operate them. He solved this by getting nearby spectators to trip the camera shutters.

One abbreviated course in photography, conducted while the launch controller tolled the countdown, went like this:

"How do you do. I'm Vern Manion."

"... 17, 16, 15."

"I would like you to help me."

"... 10, 9, the first stage has ignition."

"See this button here? I would like you to wait until the rocket has cleared the tower..."

"... 5, 4, 3, 2..."

"... then press the button."

"... 1... we have liftoff!"

"Thank you very much. If it turns out I'll send you a print."

\* \* \*

One man who came 3,000 miles to share a grand moment in history watched the launch through the peep-hole viewfinder on a Manion camera, which is like watching it from the wrong end of a telescope. Or a rooftop in Atlanta.

\* \* \*

Employees in the giant aircraft industry often discover their facilities are less than perfect, just as fans do. The article to your right really cheered up the drivers at the Renton plant. The narrative to your left demonstrates a situation similar to what happens when a non-fan finds himself drawn into a fannish project without realizing the consequences until it is too late to do anything about it.

I hope you have been convinced that other people are really not too much different from science fiction fans. They have their own sort of problems and solve them in their own sort of way, just as you and I.. Why don't you take a non-fan to lunch today?

### Helping Each Other

Employees who have called about the "chuck holes" in some of the parking lots around the Renton Branch, particularly the individual who claims to have caught a 12-pound steelhead in one, will be glad to know this:

Last weekend, grading equipment smoothed the lots by the south warehouse. It is also planned to blacktop where needed on Lot 7 and on the entrance strip to Lot 4.

Facilities employees will continue to repair holes and cracks as soon as possible. But other employees could help them by not making "jack rabbit starts" on the soft ground in some of the lots.

\* \* \*

# OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

BY V. W. HEMINGER

In my last CRY column, I complained - recklessly, it now appears - that there was no sf reading around that I enjoyed. For this I was taken most severely to task by Wally Weber.

"There are all kinds of interesting sf available," he remonstrated, the reproach deep in his eyes.

"How would you know?" I sneered. "You don't read sf."

"Not so," he replied with conviction. "I do, I do! That's yet another one of those calumnious rumors insidiously propagated through fandom by insensitive clods."

"Watch who you call a clod," I said defiantly. "I didn't mind SCoaW all that much, but clod..."

"Whom," he corrected, his keen mind as usual always pouncing on the slightest flaw.

"Anyway," I taunted, "prove it. Prove you do read sf."

"Aha," he boasted. "Nothing easier. For example, I read Analog."

I steeled myself. How I hated to do this to him.

"You just proved my point for me," I said with infinite compassion.

"You don't read sf."

"It's people like you who killed the Saturday Evening Post," he snarled. "And how am I supposed to maintain my dignity as N3F officer if you keep on saying things like that?"

I paused. Here was one of the toughest questions I'd ever encountered in my fannish life. I would indeed have to give it serious thought.

\* \* \*

The above is an exclusive excerpt from a book tentatively entitled "How Fandom Speaks," an endeavor destined to preserve remarkable and memorable fannish dialogues. You can say you read it in CRY first.

But all seriousness aside, it may appear I was a bit hasty in denouncing all current sf as being not enjoyable. I did read a couple of fun books since then; the thoroughly hilarious "Technicolor Time Machine," by Harry Harrison, and a very well done computer-take-over-the-world (but-not-defeated-by-logic) story called "The God Machine" by the author of "Marooned" (a very topical book, I think), Martin

Caidin. What I was referring to is the grim stuff being sneaked up on us under the name of sf. I have nothing against the publishing of these attempts at mainstream literature themselves (isn't that generous of me?), but I balk at finding psychological gut-spillings and morbid wanderings in weird cities or in weird minds in the pages of sf prozines, and I most definitely object at having this wonderless stuff touted as the maturing of the genre. As far as gut-spilling itself is concerned, I would prefer such an activity be found in justifiable context in a story, such as a rousing tale of privateering on the high seas, where a hapless sailor is felled by a charge of langrage fired from a twelve-pounder. Now that poor guy has a valid reason for spilling his guts. (I have been reading lots of sea-stories lately. I have a sneaky hunch it's beginning to show...)







OUR GLORIOUS LIZARD LEADER

As long as I am picking on speculative fiction, I might as well comment on Star Trek, lately renamed Sermonette of the Spaceways by a Seattle fan who begged to remain Nameless. Even though I should be inured by now to what networks and an indifferent producer (yes, I mean you, Mr. Freiburger) manage to do to a once lovely series, I still feel pain at losing the sense of wonder Star Trek once imparted. I cannot reconcile morality messages presented with all the grace of a Sherman tank (rotten simile, that, but it carries my message) or the spectacle of a competent spaceship captain suddenly unable to tell the Enterprise from a tinkertoy ship (quote courtesy of Toni Gourd) with good sf or even with sf at all. Maybe poor Captain Kirk has been tortured once too often in the brain area and it's beginning to take its toll?

But even so, I was still hanging on, through thick dialogue and thin plots, still hoping that maybe the next show would give a glimpse of the Star Trek that once enchanted me, until that episode where someone decided to try to restore the cool, logical Spock of old by making him preach non-emotionalism every time someone said "Thank you." Having Spock behave like a pompous ass is a burden no devoted Trekkie should be asked to bear.

What amazes me is some of the rumors floating around Trekdom about how NBC is now engaged in a dastardly plot to do away with Star Trek by even more nefarious means than encouraging bad episodes. This devious scheme resolves itself in the network not showing the series for two months after April, and then returning it at a new time slot, opposite the fairly successful "Mod Squad." I rather don't believe such machinations: such plotting would presuppose actual intelligence on the part of the executives, and it must be remembered that the mind of a network vice-president is only equipped to handle tasks of a scope equivalent to those of a watchman posted on the north side of a building to warn of approaching glaciers.

\* \* \*

I feel I Have Done Wrong by not mentioning LOCUS in a past zine review. LOCUS is definitely to be included in any list of helpful and informative fan publications. A mimeo'd bi-weekly that appears at least three times a month, LOCUS is pubbed by Charlie and Marsha Brown (ably assisted by Elliott Shorter), 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, NY 10457, 6/1.00 and/or for news, trades and personal whim. I really dig LOCUS; it's very topical, has a COA and Son of COA column that is the boon of the mailing faned, and among other goodies, presents a snappy zine review with such gems as "Federal Income Tax Form 1968, 16pp, printed. Free for the asking. A crudzine." It's all put together in a humorous tell it like it is style, and in addition, it is always improving its format, as in LOCUS 18 which treated the readers with a delightful numbering of the pages. (Note to Beth Moore - 'cause I know you're going to ask, Beth - COA is change of address. Fans seem to be motile little critters, and some of them do not inform the zines they subscribe to of these moves. That's a hint, gang.)

In addition to a vast number of other idiosyncrasies, this has become the Age of the Great Write In; at any given time, there is a plethora of letter campaigns being waged for assorted causes. Right now, I believe the keep-The-Avengers movement is still in full swing; there is, of course, the inevitable continuing guerilla warfare against NBC by the Trekkies; a noble effort was just put forth by appalled conservationists in an outpouring of 150,000 letters to try to stop Hickel's appointment to the Cabinet (personally, I just don't trust a proposed Secretary of the Interior who has to look up "estuary" in his Funk & Wagnalls); and the U.S. Navy is drawing fire from civilians who resent the investigation of Commander Bucher's actions and don't mind that he was the first Navy commander to surrender his ship without fighting. John Paul Jones must be turning in his grave...

However, it may be that there still are some among you who don't have a pet letter writing project, and it is in hope to remedy this dread vacuum that I am presenting the following causes, in order that you too can feel the joy of doing the "in" thing of the day. The list is by no means arranged in order of increasing or decreasing importance.

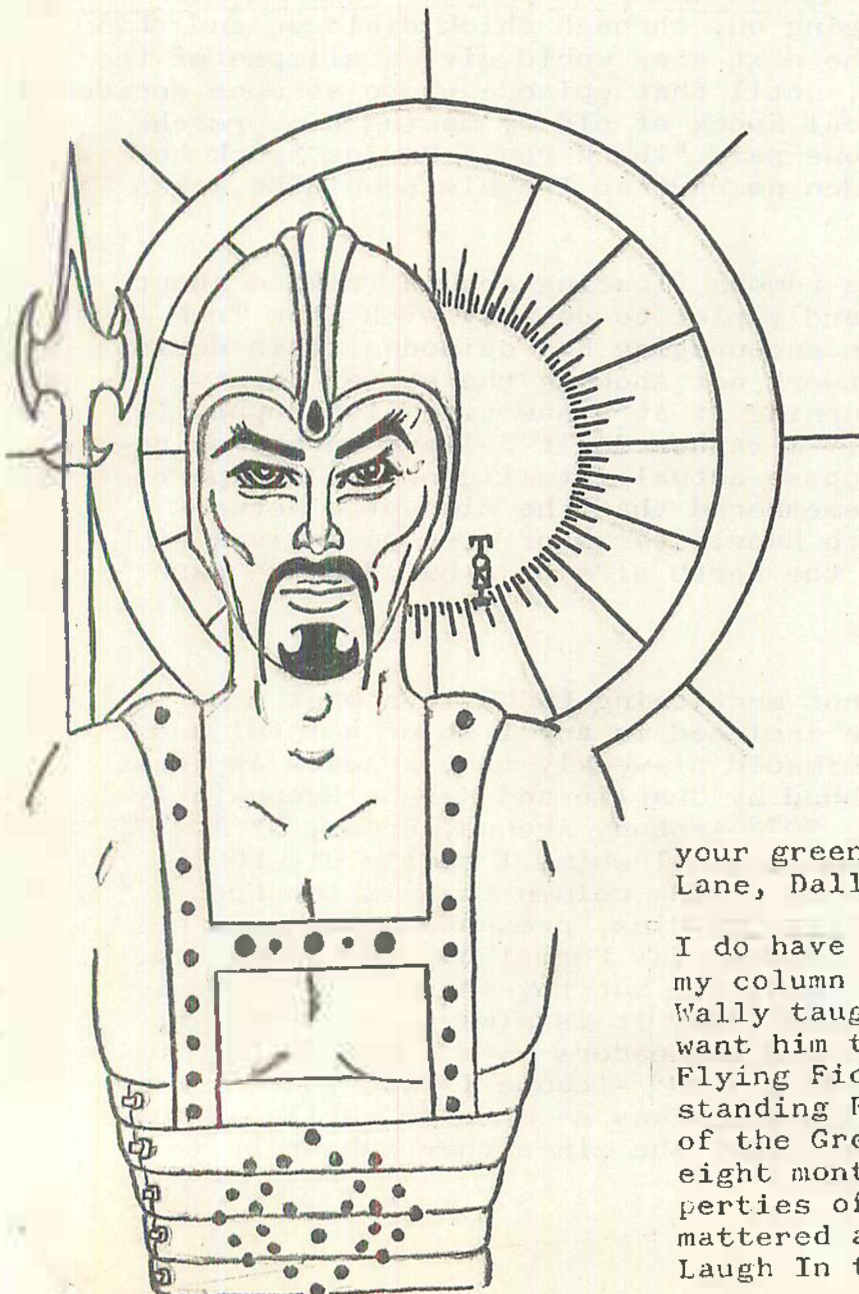
1. In a rare display of programming sagacity, CBS is considering bringing back "The Prisoner" for summer reruns. Let's encourage that move before they turn chicken and we get to tune out reruns of "Lost In Space". CBS, 51 West 52nd st, NY, NY 10019).

2. In gross disregard, TV Guide and Jackie Cooper, VP of Screen Gems, did not see fit to include Mark Lenard ("Here Come the Brides") in a list of the show's important actors. They can't get away with that. Tell Mr. Cooper just what you think of this at Screen Gems, 1334 N Beachwood, Hollywood, Cal 90028. (Have I got that right, Maureen?)

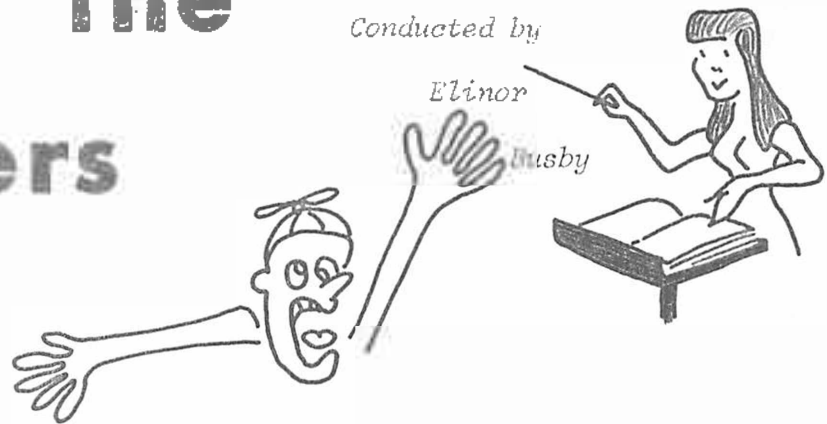
3. Tom Reamy wants support for Dallascon 73. Actually, I suspect Tom doesn't really want a write-in; one letter will do, if it contains a dollar for advance support membership. Send

your greenone to Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Tex 75230, for Big D in 73.

I do have batches of other causes, but ending my column in my allotted space is a lesson Wally taught me well in CRY 178, and I didn't want him to leave out my own version of the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Award (for Outstanding Fuggheadedness) to the participants of the Great Paris Table Debates, who took eight months to discover the equalizing properties of a round table - as though it mattered at all. I got tired of waiting for Laugh In to do it.



# CRY of the Readers



NASA'S ON THE COLD COLD GROUND  
Howdy Miz Bushby, ma'am.

915 Green Valley Road N.W., Albuquerque,  
N. M. 87107

I really don't see why Wally should suggest that the MIT fans should undertake the cataloging of Fandom. Sounds more like a project for the National Fantasy Fan Federation. (You realize the strategy behind this, of course. If the matter is referred to the NSF we will be in seventy-eleventh Fandom before the Directorate gets around to making some sort of a decision.)

Renfrew, old thing, your Classified Document gives me a thought. Carmie just passed through the Duke City on her way back to Portales from Lahsen Hengeles where she witnessed, she said, the shooting of the final Star Trek show. Final? I asked. Well, she says, they don't know. Some say it was and some say it wasn't and some don't care one way or the other.

But I thought that if ST was going to go out it should go out in style instead of just sort of disappearing at the end of the summer re-runs. For example, we could have Mr. Scott get drunk on Scotch one more time and slip and disappear into the matter converter. Ol Doc McCoy could get the word that he has finally been judged too incompetent for even the service to put up with anymore and die of a heart attack at the shock of having to compete in civilian practice. Chekhov could be promoted over Sulu and, breaking out the Red Flag, declare that the USS Enterprise is now the USSR Enterprise. Sulu, dismayed at this loss of face, would commit hari-kiri by locking the Enterprise onto a course that would take it into the heart of Sirius at Warp 10. Kirk and Spock, in a scene reminiscent of the great finale of "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman" could battle it out on the bridge as the Enterprise falls to pieces around them. Uhura would, of course, be saved, having finally realized that she had no business with that crew and gotten off at the last stop to accept a movie contract.

Elinor, there was one poor--very poor--episode of IRONSIDE this season. 'Twas the one written by and guest starring Milton Berle and it was a dog. Completely obvious from the opening scene and Berle was too much. Burr looked pained throughout the show and a couple of times I think he looked at his contract to see if he could get up out of the wheelchair and walk off.

I note there is in CotR a certain amount of putting down of Star Trek and the Trekkies. I will privately--or publicly even--admit that the last two seasons of Star Trek have been bad, and that if the show were to disappear from the boob tube I, personally, wouldn't miss it and, indeed, would be happy to have all the little Trekkies go back to watching the Banana Splits and sighing over Davy and Sajik or whoever. That's just personal prejudice, though. You know I have an intense dislike for almost all people, not just Trekkies. (No, I didn't know that. As a matter of fact I don't believe it).

Nevertheless, as Professor Corey is wont to say, I hope that Star Trek is renewed and that the legions of Trekkies grow and grow and grow because no matter what I personally think of the show as science fiction if it can get young people fired up on space travel then it will have served a useful purpose. I would like to see good SF on television but I want to see space travel succeed more than anything else and it is not yet based on a firm foundation. The cost of the space program is, you should excuse the expression, astronomical and all sorts of people are out to cut the space budget. The money can be used for something more worthwhile, they say. I can think of nothing more worthwhile. NASA is also aware of the need for selling the program to the people which is why we have television shows from the vicinity of the moon complete with the old softshoe and fancy patter and a little something thrown in for the religious types who figure the moon is only a dozen or so feet below the Pearly Gates. So if it take Nimoy with ears and Shatner with a torn sweatshirt and an assortment of well-stacked young ladies in breathholding scraps of cloth to sell the program then I am all in favor of it. I go right down the line with D. D. Harriman: anything to make the space program a success.

I was going to say a few thousand words to Greg Benford about science fiction but I think I'll save that. (*Why don't you make a column out of it one of these days?*)

Nice to see that Uncle Avram is alive and well in Belize. I received a circular a while back advertising the sale of assorted acres of mango swamp in Belize a while back but I don't suppose that Uncle Avram....nah.....he wouldn't.... would he? I mean Uncle Avram is writing stories, isn't he? Not real estate circulars?

Sgt. Saturn, or at least this character alleging to be Sgt Saturn (but we know differently don't we, Ella?) is obviously saying Pass the Xeno jug, Wart-ears,

Hoping you are the same

Roy Tackett

*(I'd prefer Star Trek to end with Spock marrying Christine and Sulu and Uhura making a match of it. Chekhov and Bones could get themselves killed, if they like, so as to avoid a final episode with too much sweetness and light and tender passion. However, it could never happen that way and do you know why? I read in the newspaper this morning that The Invaders ended with the situation unsolved because in The Fugitive they wrapped the story up with a solution and as a result were finding the reruns less saleable than they should be.)*

SICK TRANSIT CRY  
Dear Elinor,

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Would you believe transit time for the 178th CRY running from a postmark of December 19 to arrival here on January 9? Post office delays have never bothered me in the past as much as some fans have suffered, perhaps because there has been less danger of long delays in a small post office like Hagerstown's. But the situation is rapidly degenerating. The strangest thing about this trend is the way I feel impelled to loc a fanzine immediately, when it is so long on the way. This may be a paranoid trait, an effort to prove that I'm really mightier than the entire postal system, since I can not only reply to a fanzine in one day after it required three weeks to arrive, but I can also write a loc on it, something none of the postal employees did when they held it up so long.

People will have to buy the history of fandom's first volume, to find out who really divided one fandom from another the first time. The book should be for sale by springtime, maybe even springtime of 1969. However, I can say at this point that I believe in an entirely different classification of fandoms.



I think that just three fandoms have existed up to now. First Fandom was all the fanac and fans before 1926, and the fan history will tell many things about them, so maybe it would be best to buy two copies of it, one for the information about numbered fandoms and the other for the earliest fannish events. Second Fandom was everything from the start of science fiction prozines, when fans first were able to contact one another with some ease, up to the late 1930's, and consisted of fans who paid little attention to anything except science, science fiction, and letters from Jack Darrow. Third Fandom started when most fans began to talk and write about all sorts of things, in addition to their specialized common interest, and it's still going on. I've never been able to discern the differences that are supposed to have separated one fandom from another over the past three decades.

Long Christmas seasons in the stores and on the radio don't bother me. Christmas meant so much to me when I was small that I can't get enough of it now that I'm old and unable to respond to most of the other things that delighted me in those earliest years. The Bobbsey Twins, hopscotch, practicing long division, standing on the corner outside the store window and gossiping about the passing grownups--they've all lost their savor, but I can still find part of my old Christmas pleasure by watching kids and seeing how accurately I can reproduce decorations on color film and arguing with Barbra Streisand fans about whether she is flat on the low note at the end of the first stanza on her recording of Silent Night. Besides, I keep remembering that Christmas symbolizes birth and by rights it should be the climax of events that began in late March.

You've made things pretty hard for me. For a long time I've been convincing myself that I really want to quit my regular job and exist on whatever odds and ends of free lancing I'd need to supplement other income while loafing. So you proceed to laud the delights of labor so convincingly that I feel guilty for my failure to find some sort of parttime work that would occupy those morning hours that I now devote to sleep and breakfast. If you run into something complicated that involves an acetabulum, please give a passing thought to me. That's what I broke the second time, and I have yet to find anyone who believes me when I explain it. The first time, it was just the hip, and everyone comprehended that splendidly. *(Since the acetabulum is where the femur articulates, and since the femur runs from the pelvis to the knee, what's the difference between breaking one's acetabulum and breaking one's hip? What did you break the FIRST time?)*

John Berry gave me a lot of trouble this time. I looked wrong at the contents page and thought that this occupied about half the issue, and considered the first four or five pages an introduction to the real story. Meanwhile, I had also assumed that this was fiction. It took considerable shifting of mental gears to come to the final pages. It's probably my fault for that blunder on the index page numbers, that makes me feel that the article should have been either much shorter or much longer.

Roy Tackett's column makes me wonder if many fans will vote as they really want to vote, for the best dramatic Hugo. How many will vote for 2001 because they think it was best, and how many will give it votes because they feel that Star Trek has won too many Hugos or because they fear harm to the Hugo's prestige if it doesn't go to a widely acclaimed motion picture? But I agree that the rules for this category are too restrictive. It should be broadened to make recordings eligible and I still don't like the inability to vote for an entire series. The latter provision exists because a series kept winning it, but that series contained entirely independent dramas. It's hardly comparable to Star Trek, with adventures involving the same group of characters, or Dark Shadows, with episodes that are not independent each day.

Isn't the resentment against computers and computer cards really based on the difficulties involved in getting mistakes corrected? Rightly or wrongly,



people feel that it's almost useless to complain because of the magnitude of the task of getting things straightened out by the humans who did the erroneous procedure and translated it into a machine-type blunder. (*You're blaming it on the people? Where's your loyalty? We human beings have got to stick together, ol' buddy.*)

Something tells me that Paul Stanbery didn't write that article for a fanzine. Most of the footnotes could have been incorporated into the text, to make things easier on the reader. I agree with the basic theme of the article, but so many of the arguments advanced to support it are too generalized to be fully effective.

You're doing a good job editing CRY of the Readers, except for letting too many superfluous remarks remain in my letter. (*Okay, that does it, I'll chop the rest right now.*)

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

(*I'm looking forward to your fan history, Harry. By the way, we recently received a communication from Howard Devore which reads as follows:*

HEY GANG!!

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK!  
OWN A GENUINE

N A R R Y      W A R N E R

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ASK MOM (*or your wife*) for \$7.50

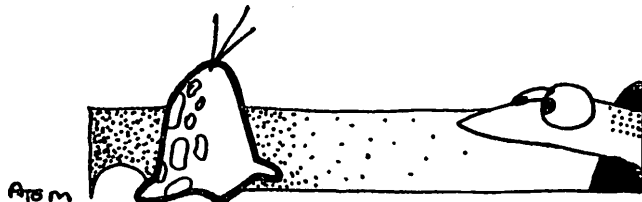
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*This has been a public service announcement).*



PO'D BY THE PO  
Dear CRYgroup,

25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-J, Newark, N.J.  
07106

Issue #178 arrived yesterday, January 21 and bore the enlightening postmark of "Auburn, Washington", dated December 27. In other words, between then and now, with a few days allowed for transit, my copy of CRY has been in the custody of magazine-starved postal officials who have maintained their own private circulation among themselves before permitting me the privilege of receiving it. I suppose it's flattering to learn that your fanzine is so highly regarded by the authorities who are paid to deliver the mail, but it's also damned unnerving. (*VERY damned unnerving.*)

If you suddenly find yourself receiving an unexpected surge of letters from unknown people living in, or around, Auburn, Washington you'll know the reason why. (*No, according to Harry Warner post office employees just hold on to fanzines. They don't comment.*)

As you probably know, The Avengers has been saved from oblivion by ABC, but not because of Dick Schultz's efforts. We have a reasonably new color tv and I've been comparing the color quality of the various programs on the networks to determine which offer the clearest and most lifelike color reproduction. Regretably, The Avengers rests near the bottom of the list. Although the program is made with a flexible eye towards the export market, very few Britishers own color sets because of their high cost, which competition has not lowered as it has done in the United States. Steed often looks pale, sallow and feverish, while Tara is brightly reddish with a radiant pink glow that comes from knowing your series has been renewed for another season. By contrast, the American made series, Star Trek included, offer a more faithful rendition of the hues. The most dynamic clarity, however, is achieved in the commercials.

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

*(We always watch The Avengers in very beautiful and lifelike color, so I thought that perhaps you got Avengers on some station on which you don't have good reception. But Buz says he knows what you mean, and that he has to fiddle with the tuning quite a bit to get the lovely color that we enjoy. #Must say I'm surprised that ABC renewed Avengers, with Steed leaving in the spring. Tara is a darling, but it seems highly unlikely that she can carry the series by herself even with her Mother's help.)*

NOT STONY-HEARTED  
Dear Sirs:

409 Oakwood Station Rd., Glen Burnie, Maryland  
21061

Can a miserable schmuck of a fake neofan get a free copy of your fanzine without sending any money? (*Seeing as how it's you, Stony...*) I was thinking of the Nameless yesterday as I came across an old bunch of snapshots which included W.W.W., Larry Stone, Robbie Warwick and myself, along with one of those weenie dogs. (*Lisa Plumcake is kissing you in the picture you sent. Nobby is lying between Bob Warwick and Wally. I don't see Larry Stone in the snapshot, though. You must be thinking of Toskey.*)

What got me slightly re-interested in fandom was an ad in F&SF by Seth Johnson. I wrote to him a couple of times to ask what was new, and he said that you Busbys were out of business & CRY was defunct. Then I came across your names in GRANFALLOON #5, so here I am.

What am I doing in Maryland? Well, I married a Maryland girl when I was stationed out here in the service. When I got out we moved to California where we lived for two years. She finally talked me into moving out here to live.

So how are things there? Did Burnett marry the girl he was going with in 1962? (*No.*) Does he still have his complete set of WEIRD TALES? (*Yes.*)

While I was visiting there on my motor scooter, I remember meeting a book dealer who had a fantastic collection of old books and magazines. But I don't remember his name. *(Bill Austin).*

Of course I remember Robbie's friends, who were very kind to me. (They were a little weird, of course, but very decent chaps to me.) *(You must be thinking of Wally Weber's weird friends, because it was Wally Weber you stayed with.)*

I have a small house here near Baltimore now, and would be glad to put up any fans who would like to visit and are travelling on the budget plan, as I do.

Best regards,

Stony Barnes

*(You brave soul. If I were a true friend of yours I would have omitted that last paragraph. #Good to hear from you, Stony.)*

PEYTON MISPLACED

1219 Homeview Drive, Louisville, Kentucky  
40215

Greetings from Kaintuck,

I think now that the Baycon is long gone and the grungy banquet food (the stuffed whatever was really stuffed) is forgotten or at least recovered from, everyone can think back and admit it was a nice con...because of the people, of course. However, I, for one, would like to take about \$20 out of the con committee's hide. Because that's exactly how much I got stuck for by getting stashed out in the Leamington Hotel. It's precisely \$2.50 away from the Claremont. And I was just a poor kid on a shoestring budget who came all the way from Kaintuck flying standby (and a college student yet)...the last thing I could afford was all that cab fare.

I know, why didn't I take the bus? For one thing, aside from the fact that I didn't have the nerve, every time I asked for directions I got a lot of junk like "Go two blocks toward the Bay" or other goodies that I hadn't the slightest idea how to follow...and besides, who ever would attempt public transportation all alone going home from a 2-3 AM party? Particularly if you're as short as I am.

By the way, how come the only Seattle people I met were Vera and Vonda? *(I don't know. Wally Weber was in the N3F room a lot of the time.)*

Re ST: Too much is expected of it. The scripters for the most part are just TV writers, and I think it's fairly amazing how well they've done so far. *(WHY are they just TV writers? In a world that virtually teems with SF writers, why do they hire just TV writers to write a SF show? Do you know who they have doing tomorrow's show? SHARI LEWIS, for CRYsakes!)* Aside from the possibility of actual decline, a great deal of the viewers' Sense of Wonder left when they became familiar with the whole set of props and characters. There have been sporadic attempts at renewing this during the third season by introducing brand-new camera angles (such as looking out over the bridge from the lift), but still... Ever since they broadcast the "Omega Glory" as a culmination of the Save ST campaign, I have felt a certain Sense of Betrayal...

Stock Subject Number 2: Harlan Ellison. I've never met the man personally, I don't particularly like some of his stuff, but actually love other some of it. I've read intros of his own authoring which thoroughly in-crud-ated 99% of the human race. And then again, I heard him give a dramatic reading of his own work that was thoroughly marvelous. You figure it out. *(Probably he's a human being. Computers hardly ever give dramatic readings of their works).*

Prosper, y'all,

Jane Peyton

*(I sorrow for your \$20 suffering, but be glad the Con Committee got you a room at all! The Baycon was two or three times bigger than any previous West Coast convention, and unexpectedly so).*

NEOLITHIC, NEAL?  
Dear Elinor,

30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn. 06902

I hope Buz had a good time watching the Jets lose to Baltimore. I only heard the game on the radio, coming home from skiing, and the radio must have been broken because I heard the Jets win. *(Buz' tv was similarly afflicted, but he had a glorious time watching.)*

Mod Squad is pretty good, but it doesn't have an over large amount of credibility in the basic idea. I just can't see how such nice kids like that could go bad and become cops. Especially Linc. My favorite show is Name of the Game. That's a show that's really in touch. One episode<sup>was</sup> about the invasion of Czechoslovakia. No beating around the bush by saying that the country was Upper Middle Gastromonia or some such. They came right out and said "This is Prague." I liked that. I think the best one was the one with the Black militant. (Did Joe X blow up a newspaper that attacked him? Answer: No, Whitey did, or at least he had a Black rock singer do it. Moral: Black Militants are human too.)

Please send me a neolithic, pre-Star Trek CRY, for which I'm enclosing 25¢.

Neal Goldfarb

*(You reject the stereotype that all Black militants are evil but cling to the stereotype that all cops are bad. If you are going to go in for stereotype-thinking I don't think you ought to pick and choose amongst 'em. #Mod Squad had an interesting show this week: the villains were police who had gone bad. It was a very well-done show. You know, the thing about the kids on Mod Squad is that intellectually they feel they are doing good work as cops but emotionally they feel sort of finky a lot of the time. But the thing that holds them to their work is that together they're a family, which is something they didn't have before. #I liked that episode of Name of the Game in Czechoslovakia. Yes, it was a pleasant shock, their using the real name. Roddy McDowall was splendid. #CRY 174, a genuinely neolithic issue, goes forth to you on Saturday.)*

THE POST OFFICE IS A HARSH MISTRESS 3840 N. Earl Avenue, Rosemead, California  
Dear CRY: 91770

I don't know why it took 17 days for CRY 178 to reach me; it takes a lot less time than that for a round trip to the moon.

I have heard Harlan Ellison speak only once; he seemed bitter. His chief complaint was that as a child he was the only Jew in town, but I got the feeling that if there were two Jews in Harlan's community, he would complain of being raised in a ghetto.

How does a nice man like Leonard Nimoy attract such irritable fans? Is it necessary to dislike everyone else on the show in order to celebrate their favorite? I can forgive ST almost anything, but that blunder with the shuttlecraft in "Battlefield" was inexcusable. This is surely the most demanding and difficult series in history and maybe they're just getting discouraged. Did you ever see the Winchester House in Los Gatos, California? The widow of the inventor of the Winchester rifle filled her home with treasures from all over the world, and one of these beauties is a colored glass window, convex and concave and set it leaded sections and contrived so that when the sun (any sun) touches it, it can turn a room into a kaleidoscope of chromatic glory. But the demented Mrs. Winchester had the magic window set into a dark stairwell where it faces a blank wall, and the sun has never seen it. Visitors to the old house must stand in one certain spot and lean over the balcony, one at a time, to view it. Certainly the man who devised the window must have felt discouraged, too.

Cordially,

Verna Stroner

*(Do you feel that Star Trek is facing a blank wall or just blank fans?)*

33

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*... for the first two years, in the departments that offered their graduate students much in the way of support. But I suppose customs differ in other places, other times.)*

MIKE'S CANT CAN'T WIN

87 Bedford Road, Toronto, Ontario

Dear Elinor,

It seems to me that fans everywhere were far more impressed and enthused by the Christmas space extravaganza than were the average mundanes. I suppose our sense of wonder has been more finely honed so that we can appreciate the

STANBERY PIERCED

87 East Blackwell St., Dover, N.J.

Dear CRYbabies:

07801

Paul Stanbery's diffuse and rambling essay ("What's New About The New Thing") is hard to comment upon adequately, containing as it does an exasperating juxtaposition of sense and nonsense.

Stanbery's basic thesis, buried in seven pages of asides, is valid: The New Wave-Thing is merely copying off the "avant garde" of the mainstream, and in many cases, what used to be the avant-garde of the mainstream. But, oh, those asides!

To begin with, Stanbery makes the common error of regarding SF as nothing more than another branch of "popular mass fiction." He should know better. Science fiction has never had mass appeal; there has never been a prozine that got very far above 100,000 circulation, and the books of the top-ranking authors of the field rarely sell more than 500,000 copies in paperback at the very most. Compare that with the circulation of the (late) SATURDAY EVENING POST, PLAYBOY, or a typical mainstream best seller.

Furthermore, if you examine the record, you will probably find that even in the crudest pulp period of the twenties and thirties, the general level of intelligence among science fiction readers was higher than that of those in any other "popular" category (Mystery fiction probably rates second, historical fiction after that, westerns below that, and so on down to popular pornography, which makes the least demand of all upon the reader.) I would warrant that today's SF readers are as educated and intelligent as any readers of any "serious" mainstream fiction -- possibly more so.

Stanbery's lengthy asides comparing the situation between SF and "serious literature" with that between pop music and classical music are even more absurd. It so happens that I love classical music myself; I fell in love with it as a child before I even knew it was supposed to be a mark of good taste. I also love science fiction, and whether Stanbery believes it or not, I derive equally intense enjoyment from the best of both. (When you're listening to a symphony or reading a story, does your hair ever stand on end? Well mine does). I don't get this reaction from either pop music or mainstream fiction.

The "boom cycles" Stanbery professes to see are mostly spurious. Hollywood "SF" movies are, 99 times out of 100, very bad indeed, for the very reason that the mass audience is incapable of understanding or appreciating genuine science fiction. During the thirties, we got Frankenstein and monsters all the time; nowadays we have so-called psychedelic extravaganzas masquerading as SF that are no whit better -- only more pretentious. Virtually every time SF "gains access to mainstream media," the results have been disastrous.

Stanbery also shares the popular delusion that the presence of romanticism and hero figures in SF makes it "conventional." Nothing could be further from the truth; such elements are unconventional in the context of today's mainstream. It is books about frustrates, jerks, homosexuals and commuters who are unhappy with their wives that are conventional. And the New-Wave-Thing is so subservient to the same conventions that it passes understanding how any intelligent fan can consider it to be a revolutionary movement. The "established order" of SF, as Stanbery chooses to label it, is a small beacon of light in a sink that has swallowed up most other categories of fiction.

He also asserts that SF people aren't looking for "real answers to real problems." In the first place, as many knowledgeable writers have pointed out, many careers in science and engineering have been the result of youngsters reading SF -- what does Stanbery think these people are doing, if not solving problems? In the second place, the essence of honest science fiction lies in communicating the values of rationality and the scientific method as tools for dealing with the problems of existence. This gives it greater social signifi-



DENNY LIENS ON VERA  
Yo, all --

1524-1/2 N. Santa Rita, Tucson, Arizona  
85719

Now, Vera, cut that out. You had a "1" after my name on the back of #177, indicating that I could get #178 simply by continuing my existence. Instead, I was nice enough to write and Elinor was nice enough to print it and you weren't nice enough to credit me with an issue. Like, there's no "1" after my name on the back of #178. I'm afraid I'm Going To Have To Be Firm. Elinor and Wally, tell Vera how I get when you folks try to cheat me out of an issue. (Er--you do remember, don't you? (No.) \*Sigh\*.) Well, I get very nasty. Look it up--somewhere around #166 or 167, as I recall. I break things and throw things and whimper and say "Jeez" to Wally. You wouldn't want me to say "Jeez" to you, would you?

I want my issue! Wawwaw--  
I'm being silly. (Hi, Rob Williams).

\* \* \* \*

I've learned one thing which I'll pass on to Vonda if she's planning on graduate school. If you can avoid it, don't try to combine teaching and coursework. With a year of luxury behind me, I decided to supplement my fellowship with some teaching cash this semester. My students learned very little, my own grades fell, I failed my PhD qualifiers (one more try in April--sigh), and I began looking with longing at Library Science programs again -- I'm not sure that English, or teaching, is my bag. On the other hand, it was nice to have a desk to put my feet onto for a semester. I'm not sure that's a fair trade, so I'm going back to straight stipend. People who work their way through graduate school must be super-geniuses, or idiots, or both.

\* \* \* \*

Renfrew Pemberton's "Classified Document" was even funnier than my own letter.

"The Repeatles" is Rob Williams being Silly. I haven't heard the album yet, so I'll pass on this.

It took me most of John Berry's seven pages to realize that his story was straight and he wasn't building up to some mammoth unforeseeable pun of a punchline. What a disappointment. I think you ought to send it back to him and tell him to include some mammoth unforeseeable pun of a punchline and you'll run it again.

I'm with you, Roy. Swords of Lankhmar it is.

Vonda's "frugal" story gave me the best laugh of the day. (It would have been of the week, but I had some good ones last night. Maybe of next week).

Well, if Paul Stanbery really knows as much about music and science fiction as he seems to, he shouldn't hyphenate Star Trek and call Cream by some unheard of name like "The Cream." That's not nice; a starving Slobbovian family could live for a week on the superfluous hyphens and articles he threw away there... If you're going to put someone down, at least get the name right. Right?

Good, Avram Davidson lives...(and who among us dares to make such an assertion?)

HAL saves,

Denny Lien

*(Probably you just don't understand Vera's system. If her system is akin to the one I used, lack of a number after your name would mean merely that you were receiving a contributor's copy instead of a subscription copy and not that you'd lost an issue. #I thought that most graduate students were teaching fellows at least for the first two years, in the departments that offered their graduate students much in the way of support. But I suppose customs differ in other places, other times.)*

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cance than any other form of fiction. (The New Wave-Thing; by contrast, denigrates intelligence, and is consistently anti-rational. Thus, it is of very negative social significance, in spite of the claims made for it.)

Where does Stanbery derive the idea that "science fiction authors generally ....oppose machines as being 'diabolical' and so, by advocating unfeasible abolishment of technology..." etc. Never have I read such an absurd statement. If Stanbery had made it about the New Wave-Thing, it would have some validity. Perhaps he just doesn't read much SF, or else he can't tell the difference between SF and anti-SF.

Just one more parting shot: Does Stanbery actually believe that "The Time Machine" was a prophecy of hippies and cops?

Yours for the Second Foundation,

John J. Pierce, liaison officer

*(I printed your letter en toto, because it's quite interesting, but it really doesn't have a lot to do with Paul's article. For example, when Paul says that science fiction is "popular" it's obvious that he means that science fiction relates to Great Literature as pop music relates to classical, hence your statement that SF is not popular is not apropos. However, I don't think I should try to answer your letter. In the first place it would be quite a lot of work, and in the second place, much better that Paul should do it in #180. Then you can answer Paul in 181, and Paul can reply in 182, and if you two men are both diligent and ferocious it should make lots of interesting reading. #If your hair never stands on end while reading mainstream fiction, you aren't reading the right mainstream fiction. I just finished re-reading TILL WE HAVE FACES, by C. S. Lewis--that's mainstream, wouldn't you say? And it's an absolutely smashing book. What about THE KING MUST DIE? Didn't that sort of turn you on here and there? And that's surely mainstream--I'll bet it was probably a Book of the Month Club selection.)*

MOORE QUESTIONS!

804 Denmark Street, Louisville, Ky. 40215

Dear CRY-people,

I was actually beginning to feel comfortable and at ease with fandom--I could handle the terms with comparative skill, and I seemed to be able to understand what was printed in CRY. And then, #178 went and pulled the rug out from under me.

Is "Muds" another name for "Mundanes"? If so, why? *(It was just a passing thought of Wally Weber's. I doubt if you'll ever see it elsewhere.)*

And about numbered Fandoms...*(See Harry Warner's letter. Actually, I think Harry oversimplifies--but to oversimplify is better than to date a new fandom from one's and one's friends' arrival!)*

Why is there a "t" between the "s" and the "f" in such words as "stfiction," "stf," and "stfen?" *(I don't know, unless it's to make it easier to pronounce. Those are all rather old-fashioned usages, anyhow).*

Faaanishness? *(Fins being silly.)*

I enjoyed Vera's column as usual.

The Life of Reilly was interesting, to say the least.

I found Classified Document quite humorous.

A question: Can 2001: A Space Odyssey honestly be nominated for a Hugo in the Dramatic Presentation Category? Seeing it was a fantastic experience--the special effects were truly incredible. But the acting was wooden, the dialog poor, characterization almost non-existent, and the ending...well, enough has been said about the ending already. *(Beth, how can a fantastic experience in the SF drama line not be eligible for a Hugo nomination?)*

I found What's New About the New Wave? fascinating, truly fascinating.

The artwork was quite appealing this time--Atom's cover was beautiful,

of course. I've taken to buying those little 25¢ plastic covers for my CRYs, just to preserve the covers. (Ah, you know the way to a fan editor's heart. Cherish! Cherish!) Vera's picture, page 6 is verrry nice. And the picture by Bernie Zuber, page 46, is unusual and eye-catching, too.

One last question, and then I'll leave you alone: Who is Sgt. Saturn? Is there (or was there) really a Sgt. Saturn? (Sgt. Saturn was the lettercol editor in STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER STORIES from 1939 to around 1945, according to Buz. His sidekicks were Wart Ears and Frog Eyes, and he is fondly remembered by many, but not by Buz.)

Best,

Beth Moore

(Actually, I think a new fandom should be dated from the emergence of the overlapping fandoms. Star Trek fandom is the most recent and by far the most conspicuous, but there are a number of others: Burroughs fandom, Oz fandom, Tolkien fandom, Monster fandom, comics fandom are all well-known overlapping fandoms, and all have had considerable influence on SF fandom. Or some influence, at any rate.)

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

540 W. 122 Apt 65, New York, N.Y. 10027

Dear Buz and Elinor,

I have heard this persistent rumor that CRY has been reborn. This rumor has been so persistent that even my dogs can't chase it off the doorstep. So, once again I am letterhacking.

Since CRY last appeared I have acquired a wife, two dogs and a new career. The wife is Judith, a securities analyst. She is a fine cook, can sew, knit, is a long-time fringe-fan (even hung around the Nunnery at one time) and the dogs are Falstaff and MacHeath, the former a 70 lb. gold-white German Shepherd and the latter a poodle-terrier mix, grey, weighing in at 30 lbs. Had we got them together, I don't think I could have resisted calling them Fahfrd and the Grey Mouser.

As to the career...well, it goes, albeit slowly. My last assignment was a tour with the Barn Dinner Theatres in a thing called 'Help Stamp Out Marriage,' or, as it was titled in London, "Say Who You Are," a rather atypical bedroom comedy. The tour was no picnic; the stage manager was a junkie and a maniac to boot, his girlfriend, who was in the show, was a screaming, immature neurotic. The other two actors and self all from the American Adademy, had a rough time of it. This nut got full control of the production and ran it into the ground. We closed four weeks early, thanks to him. I can't say more.

As an indication of the general goodness of life these days I am almost twenty pounds heavier than I was when I was in the USF; the ulcers I had as a result of those fun days are a lot quieter. I have also grown a beard and can speak in a voice modulated below a shriek and above a mumble.

Oh, yes! What's all this crap about the Gov't wanting to tax the Choctaw Indians for all the nuts they pick on their own reservation? Write your Congressman! I was thoroughly delighted when Rowan and Martin awarded the Flying Pickle Finger of Fate to the Gov't for the Choctaw thing. The Dastardly Digit is easily one of the best features of the show, which, for all it claims not to be social comment-oriented, gets off some good ones, as does the Smothers Brothers show. (We never watch either Laugh-In or Smothers any more. Too damn much social comment for us, and too little humor and comedy.)

Well that's it. You don't know how long I've wanted a good CRY.

Mike McQuown

(Good to hear from you again, Mike. #You're coming back late, Mike--this is the 5th of the new series.)

RICK DEFENDS ROCK

4845 E. Earll Dr., Phoenix, Ariz. 85018

Dear Vera and Co.:

First off Mr. Stanbery's article. While his main points were well taken, his view of contemporary rock is, to say the least, prejudiced. Rock isn't my favorite form of music, but I don't feel its future is as limited as Mr. Stanbery seems to believe. While there is a vast amount of crud floating around the rock field (Sturgeon's Law, remember?) there is also a lot of good solid musicianship that presages some exciting developments in the not-too-far future.

Groups such as the Cream and the Beatles are beginning to do for electrically amplified music what Alfred Stieglitz did for photography in the early years of this century. They are using it not to imitate something else (which is what most rock did in the 50's) but as a form in its own right with its own potentials and limitations which must be explored. This is what makes the best of the new rock new, not the facts that the musicians are borrowing techniques and instruments from a wide range of sources.

I agree that most of the popular music of the 40's and 50's is eminently forgettable but I think the big reason is that it had nothing to say--and usually said it poorly. Most of the music of that period contented itself with examining love (or teen-age infatuation of unfocused animal rut) from every conceivable angle but never deeply or with much real understanding. A great deal of today's rock (and particularly folk-rock) does have something to say. It says things about love, life, peace, war or what have you in ways that range from the sublime to the ridiculous. The point is that it is trying to say something and every so often it succeeds memorably.

Much of what is being said is dated of course; it speaks only to the young people who are rock's greatest fans. But I think some of it approaches timelessness. There are some aspects of human nature that don't change, or at least haven't changed in recorded history.

Finally Mr. Stanbery's statement that great creative artists have always had the guts to do their own thing to their own standards is undoubtedly true, but it is also true that they expected to communicate something to their own audience. His assumption that this sort of drive is utterly lacking in all rock musicians is a piece of arrant snobbery and so completely untrue as to defy logical refutation.

Mr. Stanbery is apparently suffering from a bad case of cultitis -- his remark that the enjoyment of classical music is limited to those "who are interested in deeply involving themselves in a work of art" reeks of it. The attitude that a type of music is written and performed to be enjoyed by a small, select group of the initiated did far more to kill jazz (and cripple classical music!) than polytonality or any other experimental technique could ever have done.

I am glad you published the article though. By and large it's intelligent, well-written and one of the most stimulating things I've seen in CRY so far.

Greg Benford's comments on characterization in science fiction seem to me to be right on. From Giles Habibula to Mycroft Holmes SF (*You must mean mystery fiction*) has abounded in memorable characters but you can count the number of SF writers who produce really deep living characters on the fingers of one hand. (I'd start counting with Zenna Henderson and Ray Bradbury.)

One of the best things about the New Wave fiction (the good stuff, that is) is that the characterization is consistently good. Zelazny's "Damnation Alley" sticks in my mind in this respect. Zelazny obviously doesn't know a thing about bikes, but he has the psychology and feel of an outlaw motorcyclist down pat. For me that made the story.

Agreed, great characterization isn't necessary to have a good story -- The Conan stories are, a (at that point something snapped in the Selectric and so I am reduced to the agony of using Buz' ...ugh...Olivetti, a manual typer) are pretty good and the characters in the Lord of the Rings are



about as complicated as those in the average fairy tale -- but SF could certainly stand a heavy dose of good characterization from mainstream literature.

One thing SF doesn't need from mainstream literature is the type of story that consists of 30 pages of neurotic self-examination by some sickie. Sickies may provide fascinating material for character studies, but personally I don't care to read about them -- I got my own problems. To my way of thinking anti-heroes and sf just don't mix. This is the reason I've given up on Ballard. If you want to show man's impotence in the universe, you don't have to wreck worlds to do it.

Rick Cook

(I agree with you that much of rock doesn't indeed have something to say. But I think that today's rock speaks to today's world, and will be of interest to as much of tomorrow's world as today would be interested in Gilbert & Sullivan. #I don't think Zelazny is New Wave, is he? The main thing I've read by him was LORD OF LIGHT, and that was a terrific thing with a real Hero, and the Hero even wins. #I would say that the characters in The Lord of the Rings were quite as complicated as one could wish to find them, and infinitely more living than anybody Zenna Henderson or Ray Bradbury ever dreamed up.)

A LETTER FROM MAE

Casilla de Correo 55, Jesumaria,  
Cordoba, Argentina

Dear Elinor:

I finished that book I mentioned; and the picture has cleared for me. More, the Beings in question did not seem to need to contact Vadim further while I worked the picture out coherently and carefully, analyzing it in story form.

When the job was done I felt good about it, and had cleared-up in my views; so I got back happily to my study of ancient Chinese versus S. American old forms, and Old World European (Aryan) roots, too. I am finding, for instance, a series of Grimm's rules: e.g., what in China today is LN, (GLN, KRM, etc., formerly), is often still KRM in South America. What in China is PN or LN, remains PLN in South American survivals. Things like that. Working on this (and similar Grimm's laws, that show for instance how Guarani switches to Sanscrit or vice versa, and Quechua to German, etc.,) I am compiling the hugest file of old root words, and -- in the process -- learning any amount of languages, effortlessly.

So -- very contented -- I told Vadim once, "You know, I don't mind if They don't come through anymore. Their job with us is done: They've made our relationship lovely and deep and new; They've solved our problems and helped us see things clearly at last. So, I quite understand They're leaving us alone, henceforth. I will go on loving and believing in Them, as I do, our Father, God." (For one thing They stressed; I must return to my old, childhood love of Jesus, if you please! Jesus, they kept repeating, loves us dearly and guards us still, and we mustn't forget Him. Does that sound diabolical? It sure does not. So, They gave back Jesus to me, in a sense, too; which goes to show They aren't anti-Christian. As for 'Him you call God.' as They term it -- why don't we love Him? they ask. Life could be so pleasant and easy, if we'd only love Him and not hurt our fellows. 'But you humans have a quirk!' They complained.)

It is a pleasant thing that happened to us; and now that it seems over, for we need their active help no longer (our problems are all solved, of late), we can go on 'by faith', happily, till Death. And when that comes, how happily we'll say 'Hello' anew, to Them all. So that's that. It's over, Elinor. The intensity of Their merry friendship during the past three years

is a stage already passed for Vadim and me. We are entering a new, easy-going relationship, as I see.

When you pray, Elinor, at times you do feel response. Heaven bends near, helping. As for the Foul Fiend, I have always hated Evil violently. One identifies wholly and heartily on the side of goodness, evolution, 'continuous creation'; and opposes violently degeneration, retrogression, entropy. It's that simple, to join the Ranks of Good, apparently, throughout the Universe. But that presupposes a determination to sweep aside all wishy-washyness, and shilly-shallying; all "flirting" with wrong or abnormalities. A whole-hearted, Teilhard-de-Chardin attitude, 'in search of Omega-Point-for-Everyone, right ahead,' come what may, and cost what it might.

Put as much of this sermon as you choose in -- I'm not ashamed of this brief lapse into 'missionary-fying.' Though I prefer to approach things with the modern, fashionable flippancy, as it's more acceptable, and besides, I do like to laugh and joke and see the funny side in everything. (And so do They!)

I am sending the book first to Doubleday, in due course. It's called DANCING THE DEVIL AWAY, and praises a happy, optimistic resistance against smelly old filth of the moral sort. Physical dirt is sometimes pardonable; always deserving of pity. As when you study the squalid poor. I said in my last I 'stopped caring.' Whistling-in-the-dark, that was! Of course, one doesn't stop caring. What I've stopped doing is scolding God and blaming him for our own Karmas, right now. Yes, and I do believe in Karma. Our Friends confirmed that old hunch I had, that there's no 'Heaven-and-Hell' in the Christian dogmatic sense; but Reincarnation. 'It takes ages; look at Me!' She once said, implying that evolution takes lifetimes (of planets too). She too is evolving, still, it seems. With us all...

It's science fiction coming real, I'd say. One thing -- it's cured me of caring about UFOs. Some still appear all over Argentina; scare folks stiff; and even our military authorities get worried. I don't. Mother Earth will send the space-folk packing, if they pester, I bet! She can.

Love,

Mae Surtees Strelkov

(I'm glad your problems are solved and I wish you good luck with your book. #I too believe in reincarnation. If it were nothing else it would be a good working hypothesis -- but more than that, it feel right).

Dear CRY,

2112 West Oak Ave., Fullerton, Calif. 92633

You certainly are a thick rascal this issue. Your staples can barely contain you. That's good tho.

Renfrew Pemberton's funny article is the most jolly thing in you, you fat old zine. He really put a twinkle in your eye. I dunno if it was Christian of him to put that Hoog/Kirk comic gem in you. Whaddya think? It stands so much head and shoulders above everything else in you. I know, I'll view it as a shining star atop the Xmas tree. That's a pretty way to view it.

So, that means Stanbery's "Now Wave" thing must be a battery operated chromium robot underneath the tree. But I'm going to have to go to the complaint dept. with this toy, I think. When I put the batteries in and flicked the switch on, the darned thing went marching off in several different directions at once and fell apart. Gosh, was I surprised. And disappointed, too. I thought it would be real fun to have a toy that played music for me, pop or classic, and read books to me and quoted facts and sayings like an encyclopedia, but now it's broken; and I didn't handle it roughly at all, I swear.

Best,

Rob Williams

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: BILL BROXON, whose letter I had every intention of printing but it inadvertently slipped to the bottom of the stack. Well-- I'll just hold it over and print it next month, that's all. PHIL HARRELL was thinking of moving to San Francisco or Los Angeles or New York, but then he heard that according to EdgarCayce Manhattan and California were to be thrown into their respective seas and decided to move to Seattle. If I were you I'd forget it, Phil. Seattle's in every bit as much danger as Manhattan and California, and in Seattle you could starve to death while waiting to be thrown into the sea. MATTHEW SCHWARTZ sends 25¢ for a CRY. CRY doesn't cost 25¢. I'll let Vera worry about that one. BOYD RAE BURN liked the cover, and says that Classified Document "makes some lovely points, even though Buz does get too broad at times." PETER SINGLETON comments on CRY 177. He's good enough to say he enjoyed every word. Also comments on the artwork: "I like the lizard illo which is very good indeed. Even so, I give top marks to Irene Wanner for the delightful horse on page 15. The Bergeron coverillo is the best illo of all and does full justice to the litho repro." BOB BLOCH has been having the flu. "We were among the 750,000 local sufferers, and it's as though Christmas and New Year's didn't exist for us this time around." He says that CRY 178 was "a sovereign aid to convalescence" but that top honors this time would "have to go to that truly magnificent ATOM cover, so handsomely reproduced." RICK SEWARD sends money. EDWARD R. SMITH says he would like Star Trek better if they would spend more time developing the characters, especially Uhura and Sulu. I couldn't agree more, Ed! JOANNE BURGER says that Heyer's COUSIN KATE is a lot more Gothic than RELUCTANT WIDOW and TALISMAN RING (which are two of her favorites.) Sigh. CLIFFORD W. SHAW offers to send us money. Okay, kid, you do that. JOHN & JONI STOPA send a check made out to CRY. I never could cash checks like that at my bank, but Vera thinks she has her bank better trained. ALAN G. THOMPSON sends holiday greetings. (Thanks, Alan). LINDA EYSTER loved the cover on 178, and liked Wally's article. Also talks about numbered fandoms. RANDY BYTWERK sends \$1 for old CRYS. Will do. DOUGLAS FRATZ sends money. ART HAYES is thinking of not going to St. Louis. W. G. BLISS, GEORGE FERGUS, SUSAN BREGLIAN, PAULINE JADICK, CINDY PARKER, VICKI DALY, CAROL LEE, ALLENE NIMS, RANDY BYTWERK (again! what a good kid), NANCY POLK, SETH JOHNSON and someone whose first name I can't quite make out, MATTE something-or-other H. BEARD, all send money. SETH JOHNSON really liked the cover, was fascinated by the Berry article, says Vonda McIntyre was charming and humorous, says Mae Surtees Strelkov was one of the most fascinating contributors to the old CRY, and praises lovely Vera. MATTE or wait, perhaps it's MATTEWILLIS -- at any rate, H. BEARD is clear enough, liked Paul Stanbery's article very much.

from: CRY  
2852 - 14th Ave. W.  
Seattle, Wash., 98119

Printed Matter Only

The number to the right of your name refers to the number of issues yet to come to you on your sub. Vera will see to it that you get what you have coming to you.

Postman, Zip it to 'em....

Ed Meskys (o)  
Box 233  
Center Harbor, NH.  
03226





# THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND VOTING BALLOT

## The candidates:

EDDIE JONES  
BOB SHAW  
"HOLD OVER FUNDS"

Voting: TAFF uses the Australian Ballot, a vote-counting method with a built in run-off count: On the first "ballot", only first place votes are counted; then, if of 100 votes four candidates get 40-30-20-10, the last one is dropped and the second choices of his 10 supporters become first place votes distributed between the remaining three candidates; this process is repeated until the leading candidate has over 50% of the vote, thus assuring a majority winner.

When voting, rank the candidates in the exact order in which you prefer them.

"Hold Over Funds": This choice, similar to a "No Award" vote in Hugo balloting, gives the voter an opportunity to vote for no TAFF trip in the event that either the candidates don't appeal to him or he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be listed in 1st, 2nd, or 3rd place; just like any other candidate. If the majority vote is against sending over a candidate this year, funds will be held-over for the next election.

Continuing Voting Rules: Under no circumstances may a fan vote more than once or enter one candidate's name more than once on a ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-ins are permitted.

No proxy votes are allowed; each voter must sign his own ballot.

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God he will travel to the St. Louis Convention on Labor Day, 1969 if elected. In addition, they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse of this sheet, along with voting blanks.

Votes must reach TAFF administrators on or before May 31, 1969. The result of this election will be announced as soon as possible after this date.

Owing to British Currency Regulations which make it difficult for Tom Schluck to collect money from the UK, British voters are requested to send their votes and money to Ethel Lindsay, who has kindly agreed to handle the British kitty.

## AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave.  
NYC 10028, USA

## EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Thomas Schluck, 3 Hannover,  
Georgswall 5, Germany

## BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR:

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House,  
6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton,  
Surrey England

To be eligible to vote, you must contribute a minimum of five shillings or one dollar to the Fund, and have been active in s.f. fandom prior to September, 1967. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted, you bet. Money orders or checks should be payable to the Administrator --not to TAFF.

# TAFF

CANDIDATES' PLATFORM

## EDDIE JONES

Knight Armourer of St. Fanthony, Hon. ex-chairman of LaSFaS, active member of the Liverpool Group, and British Fandom's Finest Artist, is highly eligible for TAFF. He's been illustrating fanzines since '55, pro-mags since '56... in England, Germany, U.S.A, and Australia... He's been to every British Convention of recent years, and twice attended German-cons; a very convivial type to have around, a good conversationalist and excellent company, with a wide knowledge of old and new s-f and fanac. As a photographer, antique weapon collector, model-maker, and tape-recordist, his interests are wide. And, although he likes to keep it secret, he is an excellent writer. An ADMIRABLE TAFF choice, the only Harrison Approved Candidate running or standing.

Nominated by: Eric Bentcliffe, Ethel Lindsay, Terry Jeeves, Gary Kluepfel, Ray Fisher, Dick Lupoff, and Rick Sneary.

## BOB SHAW

Anyone who remembers Slant, Hyphen or The Enchanted Duplicator will know himself fortunate to be able at last to vote for Bob Shaw in TAFF. But fans who have never heard of these, or even missed Bob's later contributions, know that fandom still owes much to him for the inventiveness and originality which has been inspiring other fans for twenty years. In every good fanzine there is something of Bob Shaw. Now is fandom's chance to meet one of its all-time greats, heavily disguised as an unpretentious, easy-going and engaging character, in whose company life has a way of somehow becoming more interesting.

Nominated by: Ken Bulmer, Ella Parker, Arthur Thomson, Walt Willis, Doug Lovenstein, Bob Tucker, and Harry Warner Jr.

I VOTE FOR:

SIGNED:

(first place) \_\_\_\_\_

address: \_\_\_\_\_

(second place) \_\_\_\_\_

(third place) \_\_\_\_\_

I ENCLOSE THE SUM OF \_\_\_\_\_ AS A  
CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF.

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If you think your name may not be known to the administrators (in order to qualify for voting), please give the name & address of a fan or fangroup to whom you are known: \_\_\_\_\_  
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