



Welcome to C*R*Y .. this is #133, November 1959, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, in the State of ~~Washington~~ Washington. You have unerringly found your way to page =3=.

CRY is usually produced on the first Sunday of each and every month. Sometimes we publish a week early; we try to remember to let you know about these occasions ahead of time, but sometimes we forget. Next issue, though, comes out Nov 29th. Got it?

Sub rates are 25¢/each, 5/\$1, 12/\$2. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belmont, Northern Ireland, accepts subs in the equivalent amounts of 1/9, 7/-, & 14/-. Free copies to contributors who appear in the issue. Check with Elinor re possible trades (2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99); dunno if she's figured her policy yet, tradewise

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Stencil-cutting (roughly): Elinor 14, Weber 10, TCarr 4, Buz 4, Jim Webbert 1.

Since we have a lot of new subscribers, it may be well to recap the list of poor souls who are owned and operated by Cry: Wally Weber has the longest record of ~~16/11/4~~ ~~1/1/4~~ Achieverent, followed closely by Burnett R Toskey, and considerably less closely by FM (now speaking) and Elinor Busby. Jim Webbert joined up last month, and Wally Gonser (who produced several CRYs in 1953) has rejoined, this month. Otto Pfeifer, who used to chime in on the dupering end of things quite regularly, hasn't been free very often of late (no, I don't mean he's in jail); this week, however, he is off on a very vital foreign mission-- he's bringing back from Canada a bottle of Captain Morgan ('s) Black Label Rum (and if you don't think that's vital, you just haven't tried it).

While titled CRY of the Nameless from old-times, CRY is strictly the group-work of the above-named personnel, rather than a club project as such. Oddly enough, tho, all the current officers of the Nameless Ones are here today: Wally Weber is secretary & treasurer (and ex-president twice); Wally Gonser is vice-president (and ex-president); I'm now (and ex-, once) president (and ex-Official Bem); Jim Webbert is Official Bem. And to top it off, Elinor is ex-: president, vice-pres, and secretary; Tosk is ex-president and ex-secretary; the absent Otto is an ex-president, too. Of course, you gotta keep in mind that this club's been going for 10 years (with mainly 6-month terms of office); in a small group (the club has varied from 10 to 50 members, roughly) it's pretty hard to stay out of office if you show up once in awhile. But over the long haul, CRY comes from a group of off-and-on Nameless members acting as individuals, rather than resulting from the work or financing of the club as such-- since, natch, not all club-members are fanzine-oriented, or stencil-cutting, types... and since for some years there has been a greater interest-in & response-to CRY from All Of You Out There in TypoLand, than locally-- well, that's the way the stencil rumples, I guess.

Note to would-be contributors: CRY does not print fan-written fantasy and/or S-F any more, not for all the rejection slips imaginable. There are many estimable zines where such material will be welcomed with glad little cries.

We had hoped to run "The Goon Goes West" to the end of Chapter 2 this time, but a series of misadventures made this impossible. We still hope to get the Detention part (a truly monumental work) into the January 10th Annish, if the Atomilloes arrive in time and Elinor doesn't strain her back again so's she can't type at the crucial time. You will just have to bear with us and hope for the best, as we ourselves are doing. If there is anything I forgot to mention, it's too late now. Selah. --F.M.B.

At the beginning of May, I got up, went to my office, sat down at my desk and suddenly knew that I couldn't work any more. I got up, went home, and got into bed. My wife telephoned the doctor, and he diagnosed acute bronchial catarrh. I stopped in bed for three weeks. For about ten days, the doctor came and said that I was getting a bad attack, and he couldn't understand why it didn't clear up. Then it suddenly did. I went out in the fresh air for a few more days, then started back to work. I still had the pains in my back, but they were slight, and soon disappeared. I went to the doctor again for a final certificate, and he told me I should spend about ten days by the sea and rest, because I certainly wouldn't do myself any good by working again without trying to regain my former health.

So I went with my family to Newcastle, in County Down, for ten days. This was ten days off my annual leave. The weather was perfect, it didn't rain once, which was something of a record for the place, because Northern Ireland has a very damp climate, and, in fact, my son has somewhat the same chest trouble, caused by the unpleasant climatic conditions.

During June I heard from various well-informed people that they thought the fund would succeed, and I began to feel as though my wildest hopes were going to be realised. Many kind people were still doing all they could to get the necessary cash, and I personally was saving as hard as I could. I'd already written and told Nick that I wouldn't be able to contribute anything towards the fare, if the total was short, because, due to my limited financial position, it was taking all my efforts to save a sum which I hoped would be sufficient to maintain me, and to keep in case of dire emergency.

One day in June, Diane telephoned me again. She told me in an excited voice that the air ticket had arrived.

Once more I raced home, and there, proudly sitting on the mantelpiece was a long envelope. Diane had already opened it, and I thumbed inside and pulled out the ticket...a little booklet with four printed slips. The first ticket was made out from Belfast to Glasgow, the second from Glasgow to New York, and the other two in reverse.

My heart thumped. I just could not realise that in my hand was all that I wished for, no less than my passage to America, and to American fandom.

A letter from Noreen was inside:-

'As you can see, enclosed is an open ticket for your trip. The Berry Fund was a success...hope that all is well with you and that you can get a reservation all right.

Nick is writing tonight with details of a tour that is being arranged over here.....

Please write immediately if you have any questions.... Very good wishes and I'm looking forward to seeing you soon. You'll have a wonderful time here and at the Con.

Many regards,

Noreen'

From then on, all sorts of wonderful letters arrived from American fans offering me hospitality and transport to and from all sorts of wonderful places. Eney wrote me in great detail about the trip he was going to take me, Washington, Cleveland, Fond du Lac to visit Dean Grennell, thence to Detroit. All this was like a dream. Busby wrote and said that Toskey, Weber and Gonser were going to drive me to Seattle. I wondered how all this could be. What had I done to deserve all this massive egoboo...this wonderful generosity?

Meanwhile, I had a lot to do. I prepared a list of the essentials, passport, visa, leave of absence from my office, cash (exchange of sterling to dollars), arrange for my wife to collect my pay on the first of September when I would be away, have a smallpox vaccination, etc. Priority, though, was to arrange my air travel dates.

That afternoon, I rushed back to the centre of Belfast and went to a travel agency.

With a beam that spread from ear to ear I handed the clerk the ticket Noreen had sent.

He frowned.

"Where did you get this?" he asked. He didn't look too pleased.

I told him briefly what had happened.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The ticket agency in Cleveland got all the profit from the transaction, and expect us to do all the work."

I was flabbergasted. I gulped nervously. I left the office, and went to another one, and they said exactly the same thing. They explained that there was no personal feeling about it, but that the company worked for a profit, and that if they arranged things for me, they would be working at a loss. I offered to pay a fee, but no good.

I was really worried. It was like a national disaster. In fact, it was more than a national disaster.....an international one.

In despair, I went to the biggest travel agency, Thomas Cooks and Sons, and at first the clerk said the same thing. He really wasn't pleased about the situation. Maybe it was the abject look in my face, maybe a shaft of something ethereal struck him in a weak moment, but he eventually relented. He explained that he was doing me a favour, that his firm was losing money, but that, well, he would do it.

I told him that I had about twenty-five days to play with, that I had to be at Detroit on the 5th of September, and that I would like to get to New York on the 1st or thereabouts, and leave the requisite number of days later.

I danced out of the office as if a chord from Coppelia had just sounded.

(My original 40 days leave had sunk to 28. I needed a couple of days in reserve, because my parents, living in Birmingham, England, are both old, and I had to be realistic about things and realise that I might need a day or two in a hurry.)

Before I went to the office every morning, I left strict instructions for Diane to telephone me when the letter from Cooks arrived.

On 16th July, Diane phoned, and once more I raced home at lunch time.

The situation was indeed fluid. The letter stated that British Overseas Airways Corporation were all booked out during August and early September. But, it stated, they had reserved a seat on a Scandinavian Airways System aeroplane leaving Prestwick Airport in Scotland on 26th August, getting into New York at 7:15 am on the 27th. I had to let them know immediately if this would suit.

I recognised that it would get me into America several days before I wanted to, which would mean that my movements after the convention would be restricted to encompass ten days. But on the other hand, I considered that I was lucky to have got the seat at all, and rather than start airmailing to Falasca and Busby asking for advice, I telephoned Cooks and told them to go ahead with the reservations. Then I wrote to Nick and Buz and told them of the arrangements.

In a few more days the tickets came back endorsed as directed.

I really started getting organised. I wrote to Arthur Thomson (ATOM) who had been in charge of the fund in England, and told him the trip was definitely on. By return of post he sent the total he had collected...three pounds sixteen shillings, about \$11. This may not seem very much, when it is considered that the return air ticket to New York cost \$441, but it must be remembered that there was no incentive for English fans to subscribe. In fact, Arthur sent me a list of fans who did give him money for the fund, and with one single exception, they were all from the London Circle.

I discovered that being a member of the local constabulary, I had to obtain permission to travel abroad. This was granted without question, but I found a little difficulty in explaining why people (not fans, 'people') in America had subscribed for my ticket.

Next thing was my passport. This cost thirty shillings (just over \$4) and I paid for this with some of the money ATOM sent.

Once my passport arrived, I had to apply to the American Consul in Belfast for permission to enter America. I was given a form when I made the appointment, and on this form it specified that it might be necessary to produce proof to the Consul to prove that I had sufficient funds to make me self-supporting in America. I had saved about thirty pounds (\$84) and this, to be truthful, didn't seem much. I didn't know what the cost of living was in America, but I sensed it would be a difficult job to convince anyone that that sum would suffice. I knew that I would be the guest of fans, and that the amount would certainly do, but I had to supply proof. I was therefore a little worried when I turned up at the appointed time to see the Consul. A pretty typist filled in a few forms,

clipped them to my passport, and went to the Consul's office. He came out in a moment, and asked me why I was going to America. I said that I had a lot of friends in America, and that they had all contributed to my fare. I showed him the ticket. He told me to raise my right hand, I took an oath that I had told the truth, and he gave me my passport, duly endorsed, and said he hoped I'd have a good time in America. It was just as easy as that.

One night at the beginning of August, I came home and Diane handed me a little bag filled with coins. I emptied it, and found it to be full of dimes and nickels. Diane told me that Walt Willis had left it in earlier, just before going away on holiday. I thought this a very nice gesture on the part of Willis, particularly because although we'd remained friends, I hadn't been to Oblique House for some considerable time.

On the same day a letter came from Nick Falasca, outlining the latest plans. He said that Bjo had offered to give me a seat on the motorcade back to the west coast after the convention, and that I would also probably go to Seattle. He said that so far there wasn't sufficient money to get me to New York again after touring the west, but that HE AND NOREEN GUARANTEED THAT THEY WOULD SEE I DID GET THE FARE BACK TO THE EAST. This was very satisfactory, although when I began to think about it, I saw that with a maximum of ten days after the convention (and at the end of the ten days I had to be on the 'plane back home) it would be humanly impossible to motor to Los Angeles, stay with the Bjo faction, then travel north to Seattle, stay with the Busbys, and then travel 3,000 miles back to New York. With more time, it would have been wonderful to do the tour, and it is my lasting regret that I didn't have the time. But I had to make up my mind to go either to Seattle or Los Angeles. It was out of the question to do both. I thought about it a great deal, and eventually told Nick that I would prefer to go to Seattle. This was because I had been writing for CRY since 1957, and only missed a couple of the monthly schedules....because I'd been corresponding with Buz and Elinor for years before that....because I also corresponded with Toskey...and, through SAPS, was in close personal contact with Wally Weber, Otto Pfeifer and the rest. Although I had also corresponded with Bjo, I didn't really know the other Los Angeles fans except by name. I wrote to John Trimble and told him this.

By the middle of August, everything was settled. All my worries as far as getting to America was concerned, were gone. I decided that for the last week before leaving on the 26th, I would do no fanac, and go to bed early so that I arrived in America choc full of beans. I remembered that Walt Willis had taken an extensive tour of America in 1952, and had been severely ill on his return.

Then I had a shock. A nice shock, of course, but one that upset my plans in more ways than one. I had a card from the German fan Klaus Eylmann to say that he would be coming to my house for a few days, arriving on 14th August. (Months before he had asked me if he could come to my house if his proposed British Isles Trip came off, and I of course said I would be delighted.)

I met him, and he stayed until the following Thursday, six days before I left for America. Because of my pending trip, I could not take leave to stop with Klaus, neither could I spend any money, so his trip consisted of his reading fanzines all day, and starting his activities when I came home. We had jazz sessions, played football, played Canasta, and I didn't get to bed until, on the average, about 3am every morning. So instead of being in fine fettle, I was a physical wreck. Jazz, football, Canasta and no sleep can play havoc with the strongest body, and beside all that, I had the added excitement of a three week long tour ahead of me.

The night before I left Belfast, Walt Willis came to see me. This was also a hectic night, because before Willis came, I had to play cricket for my office team, and I didn't get home until 10 pm. I had a long talk with Walt about fannish topics, and especially about my trip. He gave me certain advice which I said I would take and which I did take, with satisfactory results.

I went to bed well after midnight, but I found it hard to sleep. I realised that I had built up a 'paper' reputation in America, and that a great deal would be expected of me. My only hope was that fans over there wouldn't be disappointed in me....

I stayed in bed on Wednesday morning, the 26th of August. After breakfast in bed, I showered and put on my new suit. I didn't want to, I wanted to be casual and wear my sports clothes, but Diane insisted, and I thought it only dutiful of me to agree.

Lunch time came, but I couldn't eat very much. My 'plane was scheduled to leave Nutts Corner Airport, near Belfast, at 2:15 pm, and I had to be at the British European Airways terminal in Belfast an hour before that to be driven to the airport. I had my luggage checked, and then sat down in the lounge with the other passengers until we were told to embark. I felt pretty good. I looked round me, blushed modestly at the antics of a honeymoon couple, and spotted a bracket on the wall to my left with travel leaflets in it. With a certain reckless bravado I leaned over to my left, and the light wicker-work chair turned over on its side, and I did a double flip before landing at the feet of the honeymooners. Everyone laughed, even more so when I put the chair on an even keel and sat down and it fell all over again, one of the legs having snapped. I bowed to my fellow passengers, and passed it off, giving them the impression that I was a chap full of good humour, but inwardly I was seething. I have those days, you see, more so than most other people, and I dreaded to think what was in store for me. I'll keep you out of suspense by telling you that nothing else went wrong, in fact, quite the reverse. I think it was just to let me know that even if I was leaving Belfast, I shouldn't feel too complacent!

The 'bus drove us about eleven miles to the airport, and I climbed into the Douglas DC 3 (an American aeroplane of World War II vintage) and got ushered into a front seat, giving me a superb view of the engine.

Both engines were revved up, and then the aeroplane taxied along to the runway, the pilot gave the engines all the petrol he could, and the 'plane roared along, and then the fields and hedges (what I could see of them) slipped away and below.

So. The Berry Trip had started.....

We soon left County Antrim, and crossed the Irish Sea. With the aid of a map which was in a flap in front of me, I plotted our course over Campbeltown, across the Firth of Clyde, over the Isle of Arran, and over the Scottish Coast. Within three-quarters of an hour after leaving Nutts Corner, we landed at Renfrewshire Airport, just outside Glasgow.

The rest of the passengers herded like sheep towards the 'bus to Glasgow, but my name was hailed over the loudspeaker. I went to the Information Desk, and was told that a chauffeur-driven car, hired by the Scandinavian people, was due to take me to their office in Glasgow.

I picked up my suitcase and went outside the terminal building, and a man in a peaked cap and black coat saluted, threw my suitcase in the back seat and me after it, and whizzed through the streets to Bath Street, in the middle of Glasgow.

The Scandinavian Airways System (SAS for short) Glasgow office was clean and neat, and was staffed by beautiful girls. I went to the desk, and after checking my luggage, the girl smiled at me.

"Transport leaves here at 6:15 pm," she explained, "and it's only just after 4:00 pm. Here is a ticket. It entitles you to have dinner at our expense in any of the main hotels in Glasgow."

I stuck my chest out and thanked her, and I took a walk around the shopping centre. I hadn't been in Glasgow before, and everything I looked at was interesting. I stopped at a big hotel, went inside to the restaurant, and flashed my ticket at the head waiter. He nodded wisely, and took me to a table in the corner. I ordered everything except the barmaid. I had a meal in a million. I ordered lager (three glasses) and had a whiskey and soda to settle my stomach. I waved to the headwaiter as I staggered out.

THIS WAS LIVING!

I made it back to the SAS office on time, boarded the 'bus, and was driven almost 20 miles to Prestwick International Airport.

Here, there was lots of documentation, but within an hour I was on the aeroplane (a Douglas DC-6B....another American aeroplane). I had a seat next to the window, but this time I didn't see one engine. I got a magnificent view of two of the blasted things. The seats in the DC-6B were arranged in rows of five, two to the left of the aisle, and three to the right. I was on the extreme right, next to a very nice young man, an American, who quickly filled in for me, in precis form, details of his life from an early

age until three minutes before boarding the aeroplane. He had sailed down the Swedish coast in a boat, and had crossed to England, then Ireland, then back to England again. He gave me lurid details of all the girls he'd 'made', and told me he was going to be an officer in the army. I told him I thought he had all the necessary qualifications. Next to him (blast it) was a pretty girl, also American, probably in her late twenties. She'd been to Greece and Arabia and Italy, but was much more reticent about her love life, although the young man asked her.

Then I saw a couple of the air hostesses, and had to forcibly restrain the young man from a direct pincer movement. I wondered if all American youths were over-sexed, and a look at the girl next to him showed me that her mind was working along similar channels.

The four engines roared into life, and the aeroplane taxied to the end of a long runway. It was dusk, and the lights alongside the runway were lit, and I pressed my eyes to the window and could see the lines of light meeting in the distance. The aeroplane trembled, and raced forward, and it was fascinating to see the lights hurtle past faster and faster and then suddenly drop below.

My American friend was telling me about the morals of Swedish girls, and looked hopefully at the air hostesses as they passed by with lovely smiles on their faces, but I think the fact that there were another hundred and ten people on the aeroplane cooled him off somewhat.

So, in a little world of our own, we rose high above the Atlantic. The boy next to me really got going. What he'd told me in precis form before we took off, he went into great detail about. I was a bit bored, because I'd read the same sort of thing in Peyton Place, but it kept my mind off the monotony of the travel. I could see nothing out of the window, and with the loud noise of the engines as a continual background, it was difficult to appreciate that we were moving. But a voice over the loudspeaker said we were 'Travelling at 300 m.p.h. at 19,000 feet.'

The hostesses served glorious meals. We each pulled down little tables fixed to the back of the seat in front, and, as I said, the meals were just glorious. All the nice things associated with Sweden. Rich cream and cheese and tasty meat, everything clean and spotless and impeccably laid out in little trays, with the knives, forks and spoons in cellophane.

Later, the lights were out, and I squinted to my left to see if the young man was going to concentrate on the girl next to him, but I think she looked a little too capable for him. Or, and it's quite possible, his amorous adventures were just wishful thinking. He sat back with his head high and his shoulders well away from the girl, even though she was leaning towards him. Then I went to sleep....well....almost.....

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I woke again when the lights went on, and the disembodied voice told us that we were shortly to land at Gander, in Newfoundland, to refuel. Soon, lights came on the horizon, and we followed a row of them, landed smoothly, and taxied to the main building. We were allowed off the aeroplane for about half an hour, and I followed the rest into a building where I had a cup of coffee. My sexy friend was leaning over the counter at a death-defying angle, talking earnestly to a waitress, but I was disappointed to hear, when he came back, that the discussion was merely a mercenary one...she'd given him a dime short in his change.

I was only halfway through my coffee when we were told to return to the DC-6B.

Once inside, we took off again, and the voice told us we would land in New York in five hours' time.

I began to panic again.

I wondered who would meet me at Idlewilde, and what they'd say, and what would happen to me on the trip, and where would I be in a week's time, and questions like so. As we neared America, the young man and the girl on his left became quieter, and, I thought, prouder at the thought of returning home. The boy told me that he lived just outside New York, and that he had his own yacht at Long Island. The girl said she was a teacher, and that her aunt would be meeting her. I thought she looked a mite wistful...I think she would have been much happier if a man were meeting her. I tried a little psychology on them and concluded that the boy was talking about sex all the time and was afraid of it,

and the girl had been silent but was in there pitchin' just the same.

It gradually became lighter, and I looked permanently out of the window, and (although it was painful and almost physically impossible) downwards, straining to see my first glimpse of the American mainland.

And I suddenly did, way below, amongst the clouds.

The voice came later, and said we would be landing soon, and to fasten the belts. I did so, and my hands were sweating. I just cannot find words to describe how I felt... how tense I was...how worked up inside at my meeting with New York fans.....

It was quite light, and the aeroplane came lower. It zig-zagged a little over the outskirts of New York, as if it felt as I felt, but I knew it was probably to get a correct run in. Then the aeroplane came lower and lower, and there was a crunch as the wheels hit the concrete.....

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The DC-6B of the Scandinavian Airways System jolted very slightly as it touched down on the concrete runway of Idlewilde International Airport at 7:25 am on Thursday, 27th August 1959, and I, even though only through the medium of a set of rubber tyres, had at last touched American soil.

The young American, aged about 18, sitting next to me, had a sort of glazed look in his eyes.

"This is it, boy," he said, and he looked proud, as proud as anyone can be who returns from temporary exile to the bosom of his country.

The plane taxied along its prescribed course, and finished up outside a large glass building. Over the intercom, the pilot told us to sit tight and wait until we had been 'checked by the Health Authorities'.

In a couple of moments, a handsome chap in light brown uniform entered the cabin from the pilot's door, and walked straight past us, neither looking from left to right. He disappeared via the rear door.

During this so-called inspection, the young man next to me screamed at the top of his voice that besides having malaria, dyptheria and typhoid, he strongly suspected that he had a really tropical disease, as his left foot had just dropped off. In fact, he left the Health Inspector in no doubt at all that he expected to expire within seconds. The Inspector, however, was oblivious to all these startling facts. It could have been for various reasons. He could have been deaf...possibly he had no interest in his job, it is quite on the cards that he thought he would be doing a public disservice if he attempted to interfere with the course of nature when it was trying so hard. The life expectancy of Health Inspectors, I assume, is such that the job requires a little tact, a little diplomacy, and to step forward when all is as good as lost would indeed be folly.

A crew member announced that we could leave the plane, and we stood up and shuffled forward. Two SAS stewards stood expectantly at the top of the exit ladder, and said nice things to us as we stepped out. One stepped forward and flicked a speck of imaginary dust off my jacket, and smiled knowingly, and I looked at him mystified and muttered a phrase or two in backslang, hoping he thought I was a Latvian.

I wasn't quite sure whether or not it was the done thing to tip airline stewards. I knew of course that I wasn't going to, no matter what etiquette dictated, but I thought I chose rather a nice way to avoid it.

I was last in the line of passengers who went through the mill of documentation, immigration inspection, customs, etc. I was so fascinated by it all. And even though I really tried my hardest, I goofed within seconds of landing. I was guided to an Immigration official, another handsome man, this time in a blue uniform. He looked at my passport, and in a conversational tone observed that my moustache was pretty big.

"Yes," I said, in what I hoped was an engaging tone. "It was much, oh, much bigger, but I decided to trim it before coming to America." This was perfectly true. My moustache had become so much of a hazard, due to its size, that going downhill on my bike into a strong wind resulted in my being blinded by the long hairs which covered my face. Several of my close friends in Belfast had offered to trim it, but I suspected that they had been bribed by my wife. So, with a local anesthetic, I'd clipped off some of the really long hairs.

This official didn't think I was serious though. He thought I was being sarcastic. He became annoyed about it. His visible rage (and I mean it, he was thoroughly annoyed) was only tempered by the fact that I was a guest to the country, and he obviously didn't want to start an international incident over such a trivial matter. Looking back, I can see his point of view. I haven't seen a moustache in America to even start to rival mine. Anyway, for a horrible moment, I thought he was going to refuse me permission to enter the country. But, he gritted his teeth, and stamped my passport, and told me I could stop in America until the 30th of October. I protested that I intended to leave the country on the 17th of September.

He looked at me long and hard.

"You never know," he said, between tight lips, "something might happen to you."

I must say he seemed fairly optimistic!

I followed the crowd into the customs shed. Here was confusion. A sign explained that passengers had to look for their own luggage. I eventually found mine. I moved along to one of the barriers leading to a customs official. Whilst waiting to be examined, I looked round me...I looked up to a long balcony, and there....was it?....yes, SOME FANS. They waved, and I waved back. I recognised some of them from photographs. Larry Shaw, of course, I'd met in Belfast some three years previously. With him I saw Noreen Shaw, Ted and Sylvia White and Dick Ellington. Also in the group (still waving) were two big men (and I mean BIG), a young man in spectacles and a Charlie Chan moustache, and a girl with a baby in her arms.

I waved some more, and then a nudge in my back from an impatient passenger deposited me within reach of a minion of the US Customs.

My particular official was like a character from a Damon Runyon novel.

It was a woman, but what a hunk of woman. She had the physique of Charles Laughton, a face like Wallace Beery and a voice like Durante.

"Open up," she grimaced.

She turned the contents of my sole suitcase upside down and inside out. With uninterested eyes she grappled with vests and pants and shirts. In five minutes, she tapped the top of the pile into place, and gave me a grin.

"You don't look like a smuggler, anyway," she sneered, and ejected me through the exit.

At last, I was free. I was on American soil. I turned along a corridor, and there were the fans waiting for me. I must say here and now that they seemed very slightly disappointed. I sensed that they expected something else. Later on, they told me what was wrong. I'll tell you now, because I don't want you to get the wrong impression. You see, they told me later, I was so superbly well-dressed. Because of reading my various publications, they had gotten the idea that I was untidy and scruffy. This, of course was and is absolutely true. Completely factual. And yet, when my wife knew of my visit to America, she insisted that I be really well-dressed. She made me buy a new suit, which she pressed into knife-edged creases. She'd spent days getting a glitter on my toecaps, and had even subbed me the money to get a haircut. I must confess here and now that, sartorially, I was magnificent. A fifteen-hour flight had done nothing to lessen my ap-

pearance. Noreen Shaw told me that they fully expected me to appear in an old and battered trilby, and a worn and dirty trench coat, with flapping soles on hobnail boots. Such had been the effect of my many Berry Factual Articles. I was to discover in a few days, as you'll read, that my BFA's had created an even more fantastic impression of actuality!

Larry Shaw introduced me to the other fans. I shook hands with Ted and Sylvia and Dick first off, because I was able to say that I knew them, even if only because of their photographs. It seemed as though they were old friends, and of course, via the written word, they were. Then the new introductions.

The largest of two big men was Bill Donaho. His face was like a sunbeam, and he radiated happiness and comradery. He shook hands, and his fingers were like pork sausages. I winced, tried to flex my fingers, and turned to the other Big Chap. This was Dick Eney, complete with little beard. Oh, there and then I realised the true wit of Walt Willis. The night before I left Belfast he came to see me, as you've read, and we talked of fans and fandom. I had told him that Dick Eney was going to take me on a long drive to Washington and then some, and Willis nodded and said simply, "That Eney, he is a solid fellow." Looking up at the vast hulk of Eney, I saw that Willis had once again hit the jackpot. In British phraseology, the word 'solid' when applied to a man, is a mental characteristic usually, you see!

Girl with Child was Pat Ellington. The child Marie Louise, was cute, and Pat looked an asset to any fan gathering. This was to be confirmed later.

The other fan (with Charlie Chan moustache, remember) was Sandy Cutrell, whom I'd never heard of before, or at least, couldn't place.

Larry Shaw reached behind him, and, I thought, rather reluctantly whipped out a large poster, which I have before me now, and which is one of my treasured souvenirs, not only from the sentimental point of view. Let me describe it.

A large technicolor photograph of Marilyn Monroe in the altogether (yep, that one) was framed in the middle of a large white section of card, about fifteen inches wide and four feet long. Above the picture was the word 'WELCOME'...below the picture the word 'GOON'. Larry waved it about for about five seconds, and, rather red-faced, made it disappear with all the flourish and dexterity of Mandrake. I grabbed it off him, and made a rather weak joke, asking where the calendar was.

With the group posed in front of Eney's car, I took the opportunity to take a photograph of them, then the party split up. Dick Ellington had to go to his office, and he drove off with, I think, Cutrell and Ted and Sylvia. The rest of us piled into Eney's car. Dick sat behind the wheel, with Big Bill Donaho next to him. This ensured that I wasn't going to see any of the New York scenery through the windscreen...in fact, I couldn't even see the windscreen! I sat in the middle of the back seat, with Noreen on my left, and Larry on my right, and away we went.

Looking back, I'm sure that they thought I was very rude. I simply sat and stared out of the window. It was all so wonderful and marvelous. Although I'd travelled about Western Europe some twelve or thirteen years previously, this American trip was my first overseas trip since then. And of course, millions of men had been to Europe with the army, as I had done. But to America on a fan tour??? Just four fans had done it previously: Walt Willis in 1952, Ken and Pam Bulmer in 1955, and Ron Bennett in 1958. And now, due to the utter kindness of many fans on both sides of the Atlantic, I'd made it. I'd flown over and landed and been met by fans and was now being escorted from Idlewild Airport into New York. Could it be? I was so bewildered, I felt it just COULD NOT BE TRUE. Yet it was. Bill Donaho took a deep breath in the front seat and the car wobbled a couple of times towards the left, and Eney changed gear and the car wobbled a couple of to the right. I remember I turned to Noreen.

"This is all so fascinating," I told her, "I'm sure you think it's awfully rude of me, but for a few moments I just want to look out of the windows and really let all this sink in."

She nodded, sympathetically I think, and I let my eyes skip hither and thither, absorbing all the freshness of the American landscape, after my semi-provincial life in Northern Ireland.

Eney threw something over his shoulder, something huge and vast and bulky, and I was just about to tell Donaho to get off my lap, when I perceived the object to be the FANCYCLOPEDIA. I could only spare a moment from my sight-seeing to flip through the pages, but I saw straight away that it was a colossal publishing feat, a fitting work for this paragon Eney who is amongst us!

Having recovered from the shock of being almost physically injured by the FANCYCLOPEDIA landing on me, I turned to make a clever quip to Noreen, when an envelope, precipitated by Eney over his right shoulder whilst negotiating a dangerous bend, also landed accurately in my lap. I ripped it open, and although there were only a few words on the paper, those words were some of the most potent I'd ever read. They informed me, without any warning, that I was to be Fan Guest of Honor at the Detention. The implications of this didn't sink in until several minutes had passed, and Donaho, with a sneer, reminded me that 'you will have to give three speeches'. I looked mutely at the letter (which, by the way, was from Howard DeVore) and saw something even more astounding. I was to be on the Fan-editors Panel. Crikey. I wiped a bead of sweat from the end of my nose. "Don't worry," soothed Donaho, "it won't last for more than four hours." I laughed because it was impossible. You'll see!

I returned to my vigil by the windows. My first overall impression of New York... an impression more and more firmly ingrained as time went on... was the utter S-P-E-E-D of things. Cars whizzed along at about 70 m.p.h., cutting in and out and in front of each other without ostensibly giving any indication whatsoever. In Belfast, if we decide to turn left or right, we change gear about a hundred yards away, and slow down, and stagger up to the junction, and totter there for some time before finally getting to grips with reality and nervously turning the steering wheel. But in New York there is a quick flick of the eyes over the shoulder and the wheel is spun and there is a horrible screech of brakes and a clever nudge here and there and the car is (in most cases) weaving its way in and out on its new course. I lay back, bewildered, as Eney navigated this meshing mass of cars, consoled only by the thought that I had insured myself for \$3,000 back in Belfast.

Soon, although they had taken the wrong route a couple of times, the car swung over a bridge, and I saw the world famous Manhattan skyline. The utter magnificence of it didn't strike me too forcibly, I must admit. But blame it on TV and the movies. I felt that I was looking at a picture postcard.... I even recognised the outline of the skyscrapers against the skyline. But it was just too wonderful anyway....

We dropped Larry and Noreen off somewhere in Manhattan, and drove to Cooper Square, where Eney parked his car. I followed him and Bill Donaho across the road and Donaho looked at me, humbly and proud at the same time, and said simply, pointing across the road to a rather untidy-looking building, "That is the Nunnery."

The Nunnery.

I'm going to tell you, in great and gory detail, all about the Nunnery. I can state here and now that as far as I can gather, the triumph of the Nunnery is shortly to come to an end. Bill Donaho, round whom the Nunnery revolves, is moving to the west coast. It was my wish that even though a lot of fans had visited the Nunnery, I would be the first to really give the place the treatment... to give a true picture of this fannish phenomenon... and I think, perhaps immodestly, that I could have given the place the full treatment. This was not to be. Nick Falasca, of Parma, (to whom I owe much, because he had a good share in the task of getting me to America) has published recently (August 1959) his 'Requiem For A Nunnery', and I must confess that it is entirely factual. It gives a superb picture of what the place was like. Although Nick has given the facts to an admiring audience, I can but say that I was there quite recently, and I think the place was just a little madder and just a little more unbelievable than when Nick was there. In any case, some of my happiest memories of New York took place there, and what the hell, I want to tell you all about it. First of all, imagine you have pushed open the battered door of the building which will have undying fame in fannish annals as the situation of the Nunnery....

Inside the door a series of steps have to be climbed. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling and the walls have an obscure blackish-brown covering. Various doors are passed some of which bear strange sequences of letters. The door to the Nunnery has screwed to it a long

metal strip in white, bearing the word 'CONCIERGE'. At the foot of the door, on the landing floorboards, there is a record disc, on which one ceremoniously (according to your outlook) wipes one's feet. I didn't look down to discover which artist was suffering this fate, in case it was one of my own special favourites.

The wiping completed, the door is pushed open, and providing the empty bottles have been moved, it swings slowly on its hinges, and reveals, with some reluctance, the interior decor of this fabulous fannish shrine.

Of a certainty, the place bears the stamp of utter fannishness...fannishness at its most supreme.

The first impact is one of overall untidyness. It might seem impolite to say this, but such a thing is farthest from my mind. The New York fans, most especially Bill Donaho, treated me with superb kindness. They took me everywhere, dined me royally, and held wonderful parties for me, and altogether made my New York stay one of my happiest fannish memories. Bill Donaho would be the last one to want to censor my story of the Nunnery. He is proud of the place because it is a sort of institution in fandom, and I know he will be pleased to think that I took such an interest in the place, and am taking up so much space to describe it. If I thought that any of the Nunneryites would take offence at my description, I would pass on with my story with the briefest mention of the place. But Nick Falasca tells me that Bill Donaho read his 'Requiem For A Nunnery' and made no amendments, and really, all I'm doing is to reiterate much of what Nick said and bring it up to date...after all, these events at the Nunnery took place only two weeks ago (this chapter is being written at the Busbys' house in Seattle on the 11th September 1959) and are vivid and fresh in my memory, and I want to ensure that when I'm old and senile, and stretch out a rheumy hand for the book of my travels, the memories will flood back.

As I said, the first impact is one of untidyness. This made me feel completely at home. My den in my house 'MON DEBRIS' in Belfast was, until being converted to a bedroom for my daughter, in exactly the same condition. But to the Nunnery. To the left of the entrance door is a big room. The floorboards are bare. To the left of the room is a pile of mattresses and blankets which constitutes the resting place of Tom Conduit. On the morning of my first visit, he was in residence!

On the opposite side of the room is a structure which, in my ignorance, I immediately classified as a wardrobe, but when it nearly blew to pieces I discovered it was the Donaho Hi-Fi equipment, or at least the loudspeaker thereof. Sheltering under the shade of the loudspeaker is Donaho's bed. To the right of this is his record collection. I was most delighted to see that Bill's choice of music was the same as mine, and when I explained this, he said how glad he was to meet another fan with an appreciation of classical music.

To the strains of Brahms' Violin Concerto I followed Bill to the main room. It consists of books, chairs, beds and surrealist paintings of faces all mixed up together. A non-fan character named Terry was asleep in one of the beds. Sandy Cutrell explained that Terry worked from 9 until 5....pm to am!

I was shown to the Guest Room.

This is a corner of the main room which is partitioned off by two thin walls which come together, and leave space for a 'door', over which is hung a fabric covering. In the guest room, to the right, is a sideboard covered with books and various chattels. In the middle of the room is a pile of mattresses with one or two oddly colored blankets thrown nonchalantly across it. As I surveyed the place on 27th August, Sylvia White sidled up to me and told me confidentially that when she and Ted had arrived from Baltimore a week earlier, they had 'put us in there, too!'

I gulped and dumped my suitcase and followed Bill through the kitchen, to the flat roof at the rear of it.

If one stops in the kitchen, a large refrigerator is most noticeable, and on the walls are various seemingly heartfelt messages pleading with cockroaches and mice to 'go home'.

I could see that Bill Donaho was quietly pleased with the flat roof. So he should be. Into the heart of the Bowery he had brought a little nostalgic meaning. Carefully tended plants and cactus in little green boxes were scattered over the roof, which also

sported two cats and a few chairs in various states of disrepair. Yeah, I mean the cats, too! During my visits there, I often saw Bill, with a little watering can in his huge fist, tenderly and lovingly giving the greenery some much needed H₂O.

Within a few moments of my arrival at the Nunnery, Pat Ellington and the baby, Sylvia and Ted White and Sandy Cutrell arrived. After a few moments' chatter, someone suggested breakfast, so we all trooped downstairs, and along the pavement. (I've discovered the hard way that some words we use in Belfast have the exact opposite meanings in America. For example, 'pavement' in Belfast is the equivalent to 'sidewalk' here. Pavement in America actually means the roadway. So my reference above to walking on the footpath is the Belfast version of the word.) We stopped at a drug store which Sandy thought was cheap, and we went inside.

My first contact with a drug store.

I sat next to Eney, and, with great daring, ordered a hamburger. I expected something exotic. All it was was a layer of what we in Belfast call 'minced steak' in two slices of a sort of bunnish affair. I felt somewhat cheated. I also had a cup of coffee, and was still smarting under the hamburger disappointment when we went outside again. Pat and the baby and Sandy Cutrell vanished, and Donaho asked me if I would like to go to the top of the Empire State Building. I purred like a cat and sat up and begged like a dog. Bill smiled, and led the way to the underground. (I must digress for a moment and explain that it is my intention to go into detail about some American institutions, like the underground. American readers will perhaps be bored, but I think the explanations will be of interest to fans in Europe and elsewhere in the world who, unlike myself, haven't had the privilege of visiting this great country.) I like the simplicity of the New York underground. All you do is purchase a little disc (I do wish I could recall how much it was, it was very cheap, anyway) and with that disc you can travel for as long as you like, wherever and whenever you like, as long as you don't come up for air. In theory, with one cheap little disc you could travel on the underground from now until the eclipse of the sun in 1999. The underground is so dirty, though, that I doubt very much whether anyone stays down there any longer than necessary.

We rode for about twenty minutes, and emerged right slap bang in the middle of Manhattan. The cars were still rushing about at top speed, and the shops seemed to be full of wonderful things, and the passersby seemed happy and content with their lot. It was so breathtaking...so wonderful...so fascinating to think that fandom had done this for me. Eney nudged me, and we followed Ted and Sylvia and Bill to the Empire State. Donaho got my ticket, and we sneaked into a lift (sorry, an 'elevator') and although we whizzed up many stories, I didn't get that funny feeling in my stomach which I normally associate with lifts. We changed elevators, and the second one took us to the 86th floor. Gosh, it was stupendous. With the air of a 3-Dimension illo on a guide-pamphlet, I looked to north, south, east and west and identified all the world-famous buildings and structures: United Nations Building, Waldorf-Astoria, Times Square, Madison Square Garden, George Washington Bridge, Yankee Stadium, Woolworth Building, Statue of Liberty, etc. The visibility wasn't really good. An official blurb said that on that particular day it was five miles, but I doubt it. No matter, it was absolutely brilliant to be actually on the top of the Empire State. Donaho said that we could actually go higher, another twenty stories. We entered another lift, and it was as Donaho had said. The cars below looked like coloured stones on a pavement, and I remarked to Sylvia that so many of the cars had vivid hues...yellows, greens, reds, etc., and Sylvia explained that those were taxis. I would estimate without fear of contradiction that three cars out of four looked to be taxis. I was amazed at this. I always thought that London streets were cluttered with taxis (even if of a mundane black) but I am quite certain that New York has more taxis to the square inch than any other place. And, to my delight, I found later that those taxis were cheap, too, in comparison with what I had been led to believe.

(continued next month--don't miss next month's exciting episode of.....

THE GOON GOES WEST)

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle . . .

..by F M Busby, that is. But tonight is Hallowe'en, so between running to the front door to deal with trick-or-treaters, let's put on the Pemberton hat for a short time, with the funny-nose attached, and say a word or two about various things.

It looks as though John W Campbell has perhaps lost his patience with us at last. In the November aSF, John runs a story ("Certainty", by Bob Silverberg) in which the Earthemers lose-- on account they won't believe in the aliens' psi, uffcawse. Otherwise the zine pursues its normal course: starts off a serial with superboy-hero, and has two psi-stories, a sociologic, and a Good Bluff. But John is running outa patience..

The All-Leiber (Nov) Fantastic is the first issue of that zine I've read in-- three years, is it?-- Anyhow, I couldn't pass up all this straight Leiber in one hunk. The haul includes a Fafhrd-GreyMouser "novella" and an anti-Utopia "novelet" (since each runs about 40 pages, the distinction is lost on me), plus three shorter items: one straight-weirdie (or offtrail if you prefer) and two supernormal-powers bits, one played straight and the other one played more for kicks. Versatile, that Leiber.

Judging from the CRY's mail this month, Belle Dietz' new fmz-review column in Fantastic Universe does indeed fill a crying (oops, no plug intended, for the local situation here) need. Mighod, all those new subs! Incidentally, FU didn't show up here in town until some weeks after it was reported out elsewhere; 7#58200@ distributors, anyhow! Don't have the zine at hand for further comment just now (it's in my desk down at the ol' office, & I was home sick yestiddy), but from the little way I read into the zine Thursday, my only gripe is lack of editorial comments by Hans.

Re Don Franson's comments elsewhere in this issue, Bob Bloch's "Sneak Preview" in the Nov Amazing is indeed enjoyable largely for the choice word-manipulations; the plot-action is fairly standard-type when it gets down to cases, though some of the situational bits are very good. Z-D is no longer publishing crud for the sake of crud since Fairman left; they are out after a larger group of readers who are somewhat less than experts in the field but who can appreciate good writing. Like, Bob won't do too much for your Sense of Wonder with this one-- just your sense of humor. Bhoy!

Our sub to Science-Fantasy is working out well. The Nov issue (#37) runs a Ken Bulmer lead-fantasy that goes very well except that the "But, this is uncivilized.." ending tends to catch the reader with his jaw hanging, fangs and all. Good zine.

The December Galaxy strikes me as having been a Better Issue, but it came in just after last CRYday and damned if I'll do Research any more. I do recall noticing that "Blacksword" (A J Offutt) is tuned just a year or two late for aSF, that Scheckley's leadoff-piece is overstrained and falls flat on its punchline, that Phil Dick and Bob Bloch sort of outstand (no, make that Fred Pohl and Bob Bloch), and that Con Blomberg's gimmick would have been more effective if he'd stuck more to the obvious in this case. Further, deponent saith not.

Doc Lowndes really threw me a curve in the Dec Future: in reprinting "The Core" from the Apr '42 Future, Doc admits that the author was not "E E Myth, Ph D" or even "John S Mith, D T" as prognosticated in "The Return of Tyme" in the Aug '34 Wonder, but that actually "The Core" was written by S D Gottesman. Well (now that we finally got clear of that sentence), what beats me is howcome he didn't go all the way and spell it out that S D Gottesman was also and indeed C M Kornbluth-- unless, of course, "The Core" was one of a series of collaborated stories so that no one really remembers at this late date just who--all did write it. But anyhow, I was really surprised to find any editor-- even a dedicated-type Good Man like RAWL-- passing up the chance to use a Famous Name and letting an item go by under a less-known pseudonym. Anyhow, it continues to surprise me how RAWL can put out good (seldom superb, but nearly always quite good) material on the limited budget of Columbia Pubs-- there are several much larger budgets that consistently fall below the standards RAWL works out.

Any other "Moomin" fans in the audience? "Moomin", by Tove Jansson, is sometimes a comic-strip, sometimes simply illustrated-text in hardcovers, and once (at least) a very charming children's book in which each page has a window cut through to the next page's scene (and if you think that's easy, try it sometime). Moomin (or Moomintroll) himself is some sort of anthropomorphized animal who slightly resembles a pudgy sort of horse with hands, but who generally hibernates in the winter, along with all his

((Because the pages wouldn't come-out-even otherwise, the Bicycle rolls on))

family-&-friends: Moominmamma, whom nothing fazes very much; Moominpappa the dashing; Snorkmaiden his ravishing fiancée who proves that all a girl needs is convex curves; the Nibbling (one of many) who loves secrets and eats anything-- quite a group. This outfit does not go for the prattfalls and other bellylaff material-- it's on a subtle pitch and takes a bit of acclimatization for best effect. Far as I know, the comic-strip version is no longer appearing on the North American continent, which is a damn shame and probably indicates just about how nearly ready we are for the tender post-mortem ministrations of a New Gibbon. Or possibly, of Freddie.

Last month I was telling all you nice people about the situation ^{concerning} the Seattle bid for the '61 WorldCon, and I promised to keep you all up to date, too. Well, that's not too difficult, for now-- there hasn't been a corporation meeting in conjunction with the last couple of Nameless-Ones meetings (though there should be one before long, since there are a couple of extraneous kinks to shake out of the temporary by-laws)-- the last two Nameless meetings were mainly social in nature, though you will all no doubt be croggled to learn that your power-mad reporter has been installed as the president of the Nameless Ones again (last time was in 1953). Other election results-- Wally Gonser, who is typing up some sort of subversive manifesto out in the dining room on Weber's IBM Electric, is the Nameless President-of-Vice. And Jim Webbert, who is sitting across from me reading the "Lankhmar" story in the all-Leiber Fantastic, was railroaded into the office of Official Bem. All this was on Oct 11th. Oh hell, you'll read all this in the Minutes, anyway; what else is new??

Well, it seems that James Taurasi, Sr, has the Big Idea to fudge up the Rotation System so that NEW YORK could bid for a WorldCon in 1964 when a Worlds' Fair is due to come off there. (I'm not sure where this was announced: probably in S-F Times, which always waits until I lapse my sub before printing any news, any more. Pooley; this time it's lapsed for good, regardless.) Earl Kemp and Larry Shaw have both circulated mimeo'd Open Letters vigorously opposing this nonsense; Earl's went out with Fanac, and Wally Weber was considering quoting Larry's further on in this here CRYzine. But I'll put my tuppence in anyway...

Firstplace: anybody who votes for any NewYorkCon in this generation has either a short memory, rocks in the head, or a sadistic nature.

Secondplace: a Worlds' Fair in the same town with a WorldCon is a poor deal; all it will do is make the hotels snootier and up their roomrates. This, we don't need.

Thirdplace (paid \$2.60): while there is nothing especially Sacred about the Rotation Plan, it's the best hassle-removing deal evolved to date, and there's no point in fouling it up for promotional reasons such as how maybe somebody wants to Put On a Big Deal and Get a Big Hand for it. If no out-of-States site bids for '63 (it's Chicago in '62, of course), then the East coast has it for '63, and the Con comes way out West again for '64 in the normal fashion. So what's wrong with that?

Summing-up: if anyone wanted to see another NewYorkCon in the near future, why foul it up with a World'sFair and goof the Rotation Program at the same time?? Let's knock this particular skullduggery-type brainstorm, right in the occiput. OK??

Ballpoint pens; hah! I am the only columnist who can type under people. Well, anyway, this party tonight is getting out of hand. You can probably tell by the typos. And do you know what my loving wife just said to the assembled multitudes, all two of them? She said "I know the name of every girl Buz ever made out with before I married him-- provided he remembers it himself." Now what kind of a thing is that for a loving wife to say about her husband? I do not think it fitting for a wife to cast aspersions upon her husband's memory, especially while he's still alive.

Enough of this horseplay. We have enough horseplay, without this. For instance, Wally Gonser points out that HGold's latest Galaxy editorial quotes Doug Welch's syndicated column to good effect (like, he's laughing his head off, Wally is). I pity all you poor people who cannot read Doug Welch's weekly reports on the meetings of the Seattle Park Board in our morning paper. Especially a couple of months ago when the Park Board chairman tried to have Welch thrown out. It's a full life, Charlie. FMB

M I N U T E S

by Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE OCTOBER 11, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Varda Pelter started the October 11, 1959 meeting of the Nameless Ones by informally sitting on the top of the President's desk and informing the group of her recent vacation in Los Angeles. Most of the members were taken in by her fantastic revelations, actually believing there were people and places such as she described. For instance, Varda described a gentleman with the improbable name of Elmer Perdue who was supposed to have been her escort in Los Angeles. Even when she claimed this imaginary Perdue person had a hobby of streetwalking, the gullible Nameless believed every word.

Her adventures included such unlikely pastimes as hobnobbing with a group of homosexuals, investigating the garbage cans in Beverly Hills, and being "received" at a weird place where weird inhabitants quizzed one another on the names of the Seven Dwarfs and what was "in" or "out" at the moment.

Eventually Varda ran out of wild stories and we turned to the grim reality of Nameless business. A few comments were made concerning the meeting notices that had been sent out to all members who do not ordinarily attend the meetings. Since no non-regular attenders had come to the meeting, the rather significant suggestion was made that notices for next meeting should be sent to the regular attenders. (Save this memory. This may be the last Nameless minutes ever written.)

The matter of elections came up like last night's dinner, so the club disposed of it in as acceptable a manner as possible. Namely, by electing officers.

In order to shorten the proceedings as much as possible, F. M. Busby moved that the office of Treasurer be combined with that of Secretary. Jim Webbert seconded for lack of anything better to do and the rest of the members voted approval for the same reason. Since trustworthy Wally Weber is permanent Secretary of the Nameless, the ~~Treasurer~~ Treasurer was thus eliminated.

Nominations for President were opened, so Wally Weber nominated F. M. Busby on the theory that Elinor could teach him how to run the club again, and Flora Jones nominated Jerry Frahm on the theory that Jerry was not present to defend himself. Due to the great number of Jerry's friends in the group and the strong hatred for Mr. Busby caused by G. M. Carr's Westercon report, F. M. Busby was quickly voted into the Presidency. His first official action was to order Elinor to continue to run the meeting.

Electing a Vice President became something of a problem. Wally Weber nominated Ed Wyman, F. M. Busby nominated Jim Webbert, and Jim Webbert, desperately afraid that he would be stuck with an office, nominated Wally Gonser. It was noted that with three members out of the room being voted on, and one ex-President not voting, the candidates nearly outnumbered the voters. This situation was avoided by allowing the ex-President and candidates to vote with the rest by ballot. Even at that, a tie-breaking second vote had to be taken to determine that Wally Gonser had won the terribly responsible job of Vice President. As a disconsolation prize, Jim Webbert was immediately nominated by F. M. Busby and railroaded by the rest into the office of Official Bem, where Jim will remain until released at some future election.

The long-awaited movies of the Detention were then not shown by the trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer, who had brought the wrong film. After watching a brilliantly organized moving picture show including John Berry taking pictures in North Dakota, a five piece street band in London, and Otto Pfeifer on Cougar Mountain, Flora Jones was brought to the front of the room to describe her impressions of the Detention.

Flora, being much more factual than the over-imaginative Miss Pelter, described how the trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer had made her trip difficult by not contacting her in Chicago as had been previously arranged, and how she eventually enjoyed such things as the fanzine-editors panel, the fans-turned-pro panel, and Poul Anderson's speech. She also enjoyed the Masquerade Ball, although not as much as she had enjoyed the Solacon Fashion Show last year, and she didn't think much of the costume judging. She remarked that she didn't get as much out of the Detention as she had at the Solacon, which is

understandable since she had had the winning number for one of the prizes at the Solacon and had to pay for everything she got at the Detention.

With the Detention report finished, the group adjourned to the kitchen for refreshments that Flora had donated. This group included Rose Stark, who was the only person attending the meeting who didn't do anything outrageous enough to warrant being mentioned in these minutes.

trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer

Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE OCTOBER 25, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The clever plan of mailing out meeting announcements to those who regularly attend meetings worked almost perfectly. Almost nobody showed up. In fact, Rose Stark was the only one who showed up who had received an announcement, and that is certainly outrageous enough to get her name in the minutes.

The Thalia Studio where the meeting was to be held had evidently been notified, too, because the door was padlocked. But again Rose Stark disrupted things by locating a key and opening the place up.

By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and the small but impatient group demanded that the meeting be opened no matter what. Since trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer Weber outranked sniveling Official Bem Webbert by two offices to one, and no other officers were in sight, the Secretary-Treasurer opened the meeting and demanded that the minutes of the previous meeting be read. The Secretary-Treasurer was reluctant to do so, but relented when the insistent presiding Secretary-Treasurer threatened to throw him out of the room if he didn't. When the ordeal was finished, Official Bem Webbert jealously moved that the minutes be revised, but the impartial presiding officer denied the motion.

The meeting became a trifle disrupted by a sudden outbreak of arrivals and departures about this time. Michael Sheremetiew, who has almost nothing to do with the club, came in and soon departed with Elsie Martinez, a reporter who is now a member of the Nameless Ones because she inadvertently arrived too early for an interview with Michael. Jerry Frahm arrived and wandered around looking for an ashtray, eventually finding one disguised as a candle holder. F. M. Busby (our brand new President who, despite having attended two meetings while in office, has yet to preside at a meeting) and his wife, Elinor, came in but were unable to wrest control of the meeting from the power-mad Secretary-Treasurer. The Vice-President arrived with a manuscript and some art originals brought from the Detention.

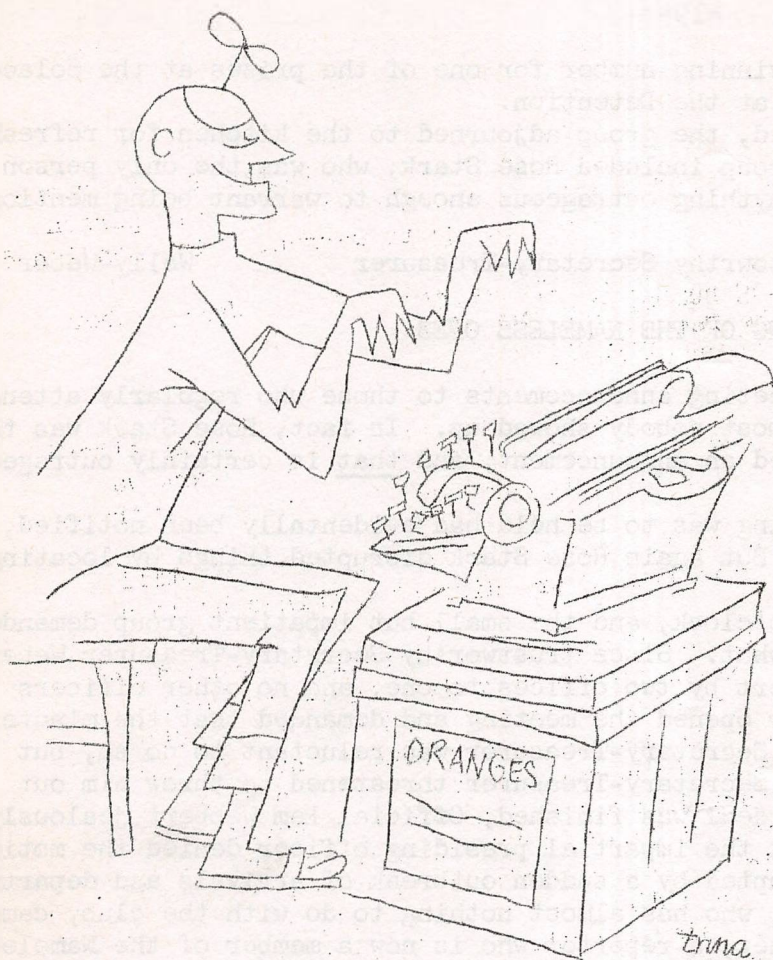
When things had settled down to abnormal once again, the problem of what to do for old business came up. Flora Jones thought that an old discussion about the hotel for the 1961 Seacon would be an appropriate subject to revive, and she wanted to know what was being done about it. She was informed that something was going to be done about that as soon as the trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer got to shaking the rust out of his typer and wrote a letter or two. With a here-we-go-again sigh, Flora subsided into silence before the trustworth presiding officer had her thrown out for trouble-making. F. M. suggested that from now on, to aid convention planning, the Seattle Science Fiction Club should meet prior to the Nameless Ones. He cautiously added that one of his dogs had thought of the idea. Everyone thought it a good idea and quickly changed the subject.

F. M. then moved and Jim Webbert seconded that the Nameless Ones go on record as being against having New York sponsor another Worldcon in '64. Rose Stark voted against the motion, several others abstained, but the majority voted for being against another NYCon and the motion was passed.

Flora Jones wanted to talk about science fiction, so everyone started discussing a Campbell editorial instead. By the time that conversation had strayed to where it was mentioned that Henry Morgan had called somebody a "fake fan" on TV, it was 9:27 and the trustworthy Secretary-Treasurer was anxious to show everybody his movies of the Detention, so the meeting was adjourned.

This time the movie projector didn't work, but Jerry Frahm repaired it so that the film could be shown and the club could get to the important business of refreshments.

trustworth. Sec.-Treas. W. Web.



TERRY CARR

FANDOM HARVEST

The heading illo for the column this month is a sketch that Trina did last time she came to visit. She said she felt like drawing some cartoons but didn't have any ideas, so I just told her to do up a batch of cartoons of all sorts of fans doing all sorts of things. "We do a lot of fan-publishing," I said, "so as long as at least one person in every cartoon has a beanie on, we'll find some use for them sooner or later." And the cartoon

up there in the heading was one of the ones she did.

Every time a cartoonist comes by to visit I try to put him or her to work drawing cartoons for us. Once when Bjo came to visit Ron Ellik and me when we were living at 2315 Dwight Way in Berkeley she said, "Phooey, look at me--here I've come over four hundred miles to visit two young men in a college dorm, and all that happens is that I end up drawing cartoons!"

Both Ron and I declined to call her bluff--after all, we needed those cartoons, for FANAC.

These days Trina does most of the cartooning around here. For one thing, it seems more sensible to have Trina, who lives in San Francisco, as Resident Artist than Bjo, who's in Los Angeles. It takes Bjo a little longer to come over to do cartoons than it does Trina, for some reason. Besides, Trina is a good fan cartoonist--why, she draws beanies just as well as Bjo any day.

Trina sometimes kids us about how much we ask her to do cartoons for us, too. "After all, I'm a model!" she says. "Then draw me a big cartoon," I say, "so we can put it on the cover and be our cover-girl."

But seriously, between putting visiting cartoonists to work and placing standing orders with such as Rotsler and Atom and Ray Nelson, I constantly have mountains of cartoons sitting around just waiting for some occasion to use them where they'll fit. This afternoon, when I dug through the cartoon file to get out Trina's cartoon to use for the heading, I ran across a whole batch of others that for one reason or another I've never been able to use.

For instance, there's the cartoon on the next page. Atom sent

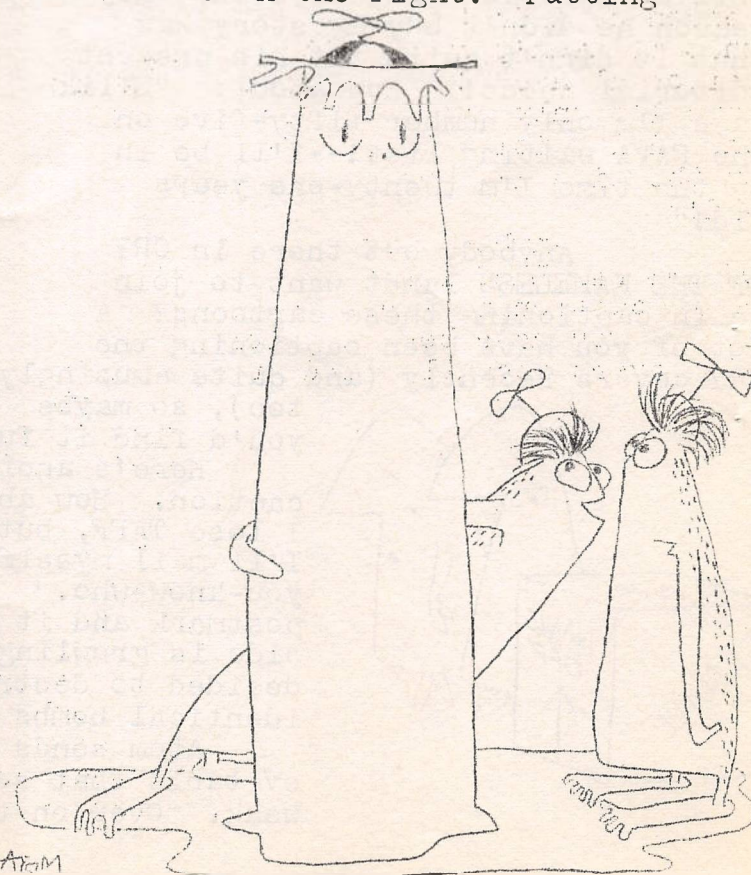
this one to Ronel and me early this year. He had it captioned, "What do you mean, 'he's a Publishing Giant, but rather retiring'?" Neither Ron nor I liked that caption very well, so it's been sitting around for months while we tried to think of a better one. Finally, a few nights ago, Ron suggested changing the caption to: "He said he wanted to be a Publishing Giant, so I told him to stand in the corner." And I said fine, fine, that was a good caption and we'd use it on the next FANAC. But Ron took another look at it and said that since we were trying to save space in FANAC these days we'd better not use it anyway, because it was too big.

So I've stuck it in here in this column, and while I'm at it I think I'll go on and work over some more cartoons we've had around for some time without finding a proper occasion to print them.

A lot of them are things which cartoonists have sent us and told us to supply our own captions--sort of do-it-yourself type cartoons. For instance, Atom sent us one re-

cently that was obviously another Publishing Giant cartoon, but he had no caption on it. It's that one right down there on the right. Putting my head to work, I get several ideas for captions. For instance, it could say, "He says he's a Publishing Giant, but I think it's glandular." Or maybe, "He's been walking around in a daze ever since he visited Berkeley and they called him Shorty." Another one: "He looks mild and meek, but every couple of weeks something comes over him and he goes into a frenzy of wild publishing." Another: "He told them he wanted to be a Publishing Giant and they said he was number thirty-eight on the waiting-list." Or even: "He says being a Publishing Giant doesn't help him in TAFF at all, because Don Ford is taller than him."

Captioning cartoons is fun. I've often thought it would be a gas if only I could get some cartoonist to sit down and do enough drawings to make up an actual do-it-yourself cartoon kit, such as I joked about above. All you'd really need would be about fifteen or twenty drawings of bodies doing various things, twenty or twenty-five drawings of various heads



with various sensitive and fannish features (they must be sensitive and fannish, of course) with various expressions, and maybe fifty props to use in connection with the people you could thus put together. You could keep yourself supplied for years with good cartoons that way, provided you were good enough to think of enough captions. And, as I say, captioning cartoons is fun.

Here's another uncaptioned one, this one by Bill Rotsler. Bill has frequently complained about faneds who take his drawings and add poor captions to them, so I feel flattered that he sends some to me marked "You caption it," as he did this one. Now let's see if I can think of some captions that are good enough to justify his faith in me...

Well, how about captioning it: "I don't see any frog in here."--? Or maybe: "If you belch, I'll slug you!"

If the crittur with its mouth open were a female, I could caption it: "You're right, you are pregnant."

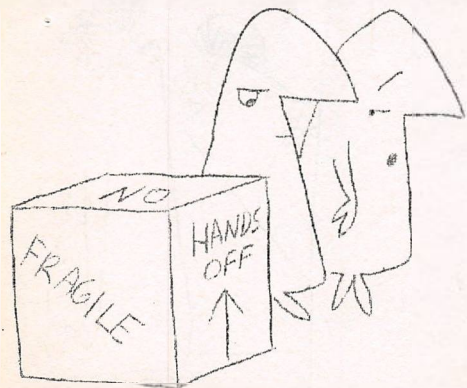
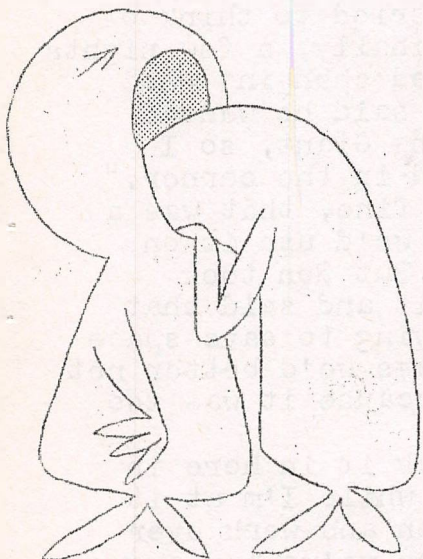
Down there on the right is one that Bjo did a year and a half ago, at Rog and Honey Graham's party in Berkeley. Rog and Honey have a parakeet named VaVa which is the light of their life, so Bjo drew this one and captioned it: "It's a let-

ter from a fan named VaVa Graham!" But it would never do for us to print it with that caption, so let's see what else I can come up with... Maybe it could be: "Wow!--he sent me a story that's so off-trail it's been rejected by every prozine published! Wonder if it's any good?" Or: "Goshwow! Campbell's rejection slip says the only reason he didn't buy my story was that it didn't quite fit his present editorial needs!" How about: "Ellik says I'm only number fifty-five on the FAPA waiting list!--I'll be in by the time I'm twenty-one years old!"

Anybody out there in CRY OF THE NAMELESS landt want to join me in captioning these cartoons? A lot of you have been captioning the CRY covers recently (and quite amusingly, too), so maybe you'd find it fun working with these too.

Here's another one that Rotsler wanted me to caption. How about: "I'm going to use it if I lose TAFF, but I haven't decided yet whether I'll mail myself to England or mail a bomb to you-know-who." Or maybe: "I couldn't read the postmark and it doesn't tick, but something inside is growling and spitting." Or even: "I've decided to destroy FAPA. There are sixty-eight identical bombs inside."

Atom sends us so much stuff that it's inevitable that some of his gags will be a little weak. Over on the next page is one that he sent



us captioned: "Son, I was no higher than that when I had my first fanzine torn to shreds in VOID." (That's the cartoon over there on the right.) But I really don't think too much of that caption--because really, you know, VOID hasn't been published that long, nor has Ted White been reviewing in his recent manner very long. Instead of Atom's caption, then, how about: "Everything changes with time," my boy. Why, back in First Fandom Don Ford was only this tall!" Or: "Just because you're short, that's no reason you can't be a Publishing Giant. After all, remember Harlan Ellison!" Or even: "Bradbury wrote a pile of manuscripts that high before he sold to Super Science Stories, so why should you cry just because your first story was rejected by The Saturday Evening Post?"



I guess that's all the space I'd better take up in pore ole crowded CRY discussing the captioning of cartoons. Now lessee, what'll I do with all these other cartoons I've got that just won't fit anywhere else...?



"Now that's what I call an accomplished convention fan!"

ANDY YOUNG COMES TO CANADA

OR

THE CANFANS MEET FRANKENSTEIN

--or--

Abbot and Costello Meet Andy Young

--by Leslie Nirenberg, at any rate...

Things were pretty quiet at the Coexistence Candy Store last night. A few people were browsing through the fanzines on the magazine rack, quietly sipping their root beers and Pepsis. Over in the corner a young man was en-grossed in spinning the prop of his beanie, as strains of "The Green Hills of Earth" drifted from the hi-fi.

Suddenly the door burst open and a wild-eyed man rushed in, his arms flailing and his black beard flowing majestically behind him.

The young man dropped his beanie, the hi-fi stopped dead as if struck by lightning, the people at the magazine rack dropped their zines, turned, and stared open-mouthed at the stranger.

The man stood there for a moment, his face rippling with strange expressions. He raised his thin hand in an alien gesture of greeting, and with trembling voice announced, "I am Andy Young".

"You're not THE Andy Young, the famous engineer?" I asked inquisitively.

His face blanched, his eyeballs rolled, and the straggly ends of his beard began to twitch.

He leaped forward, spread his arms, and clamped his white-knuckled hands of the nearest thing to him, which happened to be Boyd Raeburn, who was standing nearby reading a prozine.

"Engineer? You dare to call me an engineer?" he blustered, throwing a headlock on his unfortunate victim.

"I'll have you know I am a scientist," he panted, switching over to a Half Nelson.

"Not one of those fuggheaded slide rule crazy engineers."

"OH," I said apologetically, "I didn't know. I'm sorry."

"You should be," he snarled, dropping Boyd with a thump on the floor.

"By the way," I said, trying desperately to calm him. "I understand you're an astronomer. I happen to be a Pisces, do you think you could work out this month's horoscope for me?"

At this a weird scream issued from his lips and, as he executed a perfect leg scissors on the prostrate form of Boyd, he screamed, "I am an astronomer! I study the stars, not those damn horoscopes."

"Gee, I'm sorry," I said embarrassedly. "I always (heh heh) get the darn things mixed up."

At that moment, in walked Ron Kidder, Gerry Steward and Bob Silverberg.

"You fellows shouldn't be wasting your time gabbing here," said Gerry, "Have you forgotten we have reservations for dinner at a fancy-expensive restaurant?"

That did it. Andy grabbed the limp form of Boyd and ran wildly out the door, dragging his prey behind him. When last seen he was heading in the direction of Detroit.

All in all, I enjoyed meeting Andy Young, because he gave me an idea of what most fans are really like.

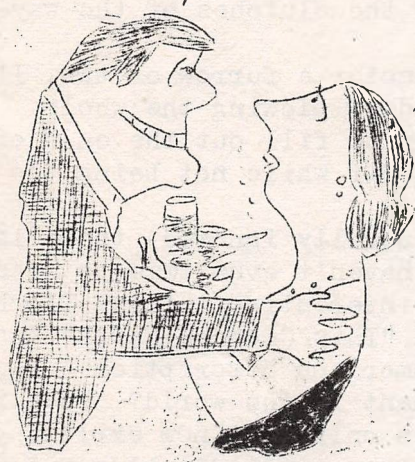


"Dammit, you people!
Galileo and Copernicus
were not engineers!"

--Leslie Nirenberg--

...AND THERE ARE MEMBERS OF
OUR ORGANIZATION THRUOUT THE
WORLD. FANS, AS WE CALL THEM,
WRITING AND PUBLISHING AND
MAKING SCIENCE-FICTION A WAY OF LIFE.

I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG, BUT I PUBBED
MY FIRST FANZINE WHEN I WAS 12.
I HAVE THE GREATSST COLLECTION OF ZINES
IN ALL FANDOM. YOU SHOULD COME UP
SOME TIME, AND SEE MY NEW A.B.U.K.,
IT'S ELECTRIC, AND MY NEW ELECTRONIC
IBM COLLATOR.



MY!



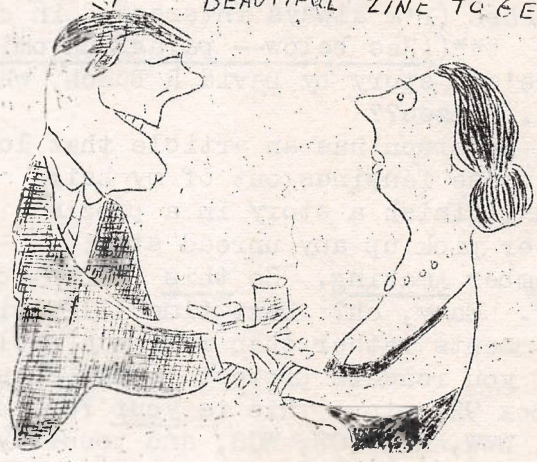
MY GOODNESS

AND THEN SOME DAY, PERHAPS
I COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO PUB
A ONE-SHOT-THATS A FANZINE THAT ONLY
COMES OUT ONCE-AND HELP YOU PAST ALL THE
NEO FANNISH PITFALLS.

WELL, I SIMPLY MUST RUN, MY DEAR, THE
DEMANDS OF FANDOM, YOU KNOW. BUT I WILL
RETURN, AND THEN WE CAN PUB THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL ZINE TOGETHER.



WOULD YOU?
THAT WOULD
BE
WONDERFUL!



MY! BUT THAT MR GERBER CAN CER
TAINLY INSTIL A SENSE OF WONDER.



J Lgs Paper

(A short substitute for "S-F Field Plowed Under"), by Donald Franson

John Trimble (in the August Shaggy) worries me: he says CRY is going all-out fan-nish and S-F in fanzines is coming to an end, just when I thought it was winning out. All because "The S-F Field Plowed Under" has folded! I think John is too pessimistic; the column was discontinued for reasons other than disinterest. But, even though ordered by the great DAG himself, Pemberton has not promised to return-- so something must be done to keep CRY in the S-F fanzine field, & out of the clutches of the way-out-types.

So, while still hoping that Pemby will occasionally tractor a furrow or two, I'd like to make with a little SF-commentary of my own. Instead of plowing the whole field, though, I can only manage a few little digs; I'll try to fill out the ends of pages or something with this comment, and make it useful to S-f while not being too serious.

In the latest (Nov) Amazing (which Renfrew, the snob, usually ignored) there is a Book-Length Novel by Robert Bloch. I haven't read it yet (haven't even time to read all these fanzines), but glancing at "Sneak Preview" I see interesting things: Blochisms such as "his MCMinence" abound. Bloch's earlier novel "This Crowded Earth" was enjoyed less for its overall effect than for the gems of humor and description-- remember the hunter's remorse after shooting the last elephant in the world? Bob, like Ray Bradbury, has been primarily a short-story writer and is only just now exploring the novel. Stick with it, Bob; you may become another S.J. Byrne. ((GhodForbid..R.P.))

Notice another story by Jack Sharkey. According to Writer's Digest he is not the usual "house-name" but an actual new writer struggling to make a go of it in New York. Invite him into Fandom, you Easterners; then if he becomes a rabid fan, his output will decrease (I'm always interested in schemes to decrease the output of other writers). ***((See below-- paragraph omitted here by clumsy inexperienced typist))

There's a story by David R Bunch, who has appeared in Inside and whom I think is Dave Rike. Izze??

Poul Anderson has an article that looks good, and I plan to read it, just as soon as I get these fanzines out of my hair.

When I finish a story in a prozine, I check the title on the contents-page, so I can later pick up any unread stories. I see no checkmarks on the contents page of this November Amazing. So this is how to review a magazine without having read even one story. Easy, eh? Next time I'll write about something I have read, and make random comments rather than review a whole magazine. That is, if there is a next time. If you readers protest loudly enough, there won't be. Send in your protests to CRY, Box 92, etc. This is your fanzine, and all that jazz. ((The hell it is-- BRT, FMB, WWW, EB, JCW, WCG, and possibly even GMC.))

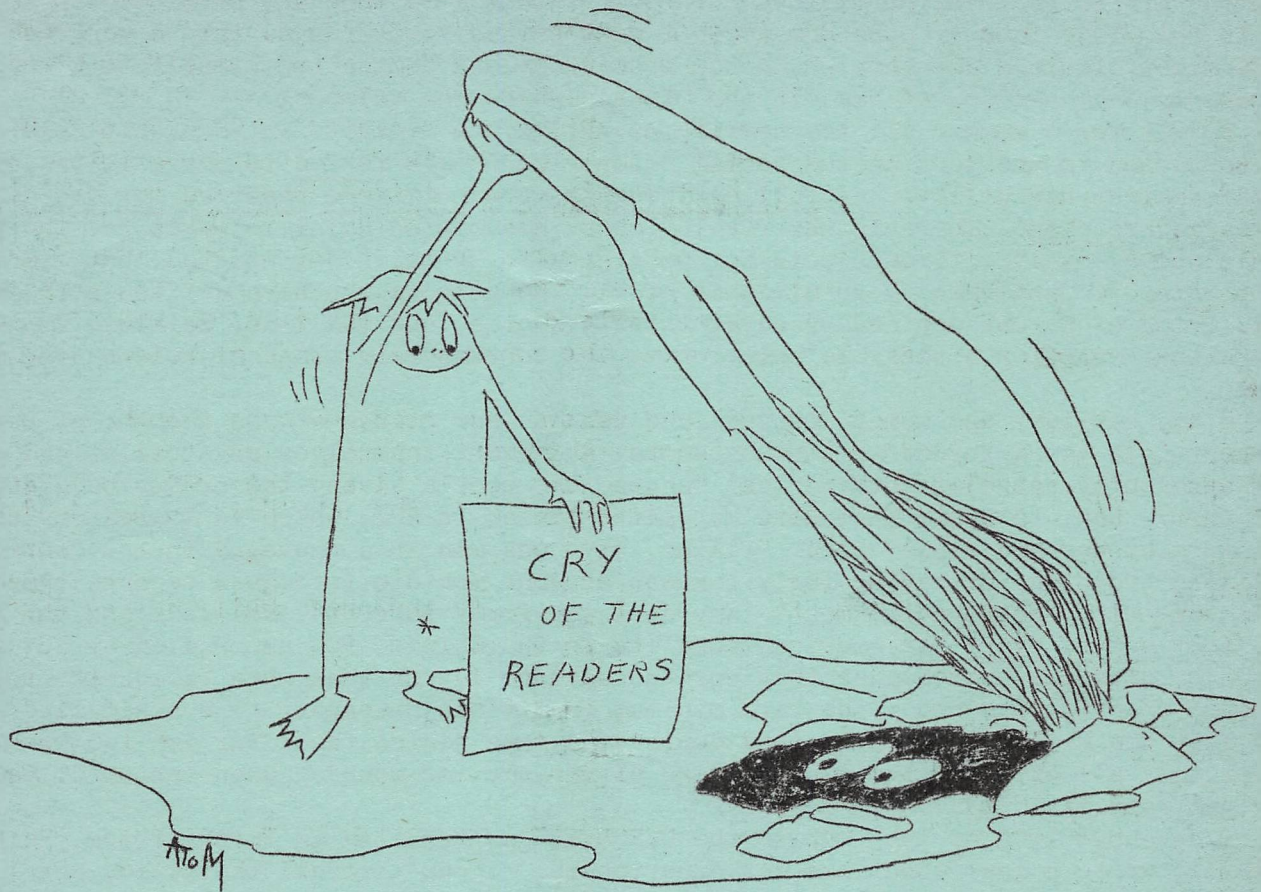
These "reviews" will always be a little dated, not up to the minute like Pemby's. I don't always get the mags when they first come out; then it takes time for me to read them (what with commenting on Fanac and all). So when I mention something here, it's too late for you to buy the mag. But maybe you have bought it, and haven't read it yet-- or have read it, and would like to know what it's all about.

Then don't ask me-- how should I know? I haven't even read it yet. I got all these fanzines here to write letters of comment on. -- Donald Franson

*** That's a Morey cover, there, by "Leo Summers". I recognized the figure immediately. Morey has been off-and-on illustrator for Amazing and other mags recently, under his own name as well as pseudonyms Novick, Llewellyn, Keith, Schroeder, Phil Berry... good Greiff, Sid, are pen names necessary for artists? Some of you elderly fans, or collectors, will remember Leo Morey as the mainstay of the old large-sized Amazing edited by T O'Connor Sloane.

- - - - -

((Sorry about the goof, Don-- I am no good at cutting stencils from copy. Also I seem to have misjudged in attempting to cut your page-and-a-half to exactly one page, but get as much on as possible. Mea culpa all over the sidewalk... FMB))



WALLY WEBER

Now that Elinor has been banished to the bottomless pit or wherever we banish letter column editors when they are all used up things are going to be different around here. I Wally the Weber am in full charge. There will be no more of this nonsense like corny titles for letters or letters from those nuts who read that crazy Buc Rogers stuff. From now on we'll have some dignity and refinement in the CRY. O.K.? No arguing now. I am boss here!

If you have the word we'll continue

OUR TRAPS WORK

FB 1st Msl Bn 40th Art
Fort Bliss Texas

Dear CRYpeons:

With fluttered hands and retching mind I hasten to leap flatfooted into the discussion of Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" a feat for which I am only vaguely qualified thru not having seen either the first half of the CRY discussion or the second half of the story.

Dammit Heinlein's done a marvelous job here: not only can you see that he had his eyes and ears open at Annapolis when they taught him about the Marine Corps, but he's also posted on for instance the ideas set forth at the last annual convention of the unofficial but influential Association of the U.S. Army (their theme: Man -- The Ultimate Weapon).

Good gosh he's not advocating a militaristic society. he's pointing out that if you need armed forces at all you need competent ones. And the way to get professional

competence is to let the professionals use their knowledge. The Marines, the Army, hell, even the Air Force (hya, Norm?) can turn boys into men if they are permitted to do so. But in this fair land of ours Mom doesn't want her baby boy turned into a man, and while Daddy might disagree with her, he's too much under her domination himself to stand up and openly tell her to get bac' in the kitchen where she belongs.

Forget for a moment all the horrifying things the recruits in "Starship Soldier" are subjected to and look at the social setup: no one is forced to serve in the armed forces against his will -- but full citizenship is a privilege reserved for the honorably discharged veteran! There is the revolutionary assumption Heinlein makes for the sake of his story: that citizenship is not something to be ta en for granted, but something to be earned. Gentlemen, I submit that of all the authors who have written stftales visualizing elections decided by advertising agencies, and the like, Heinlein is the only author to offer a possible solution to the contemporary trend of rule-by-the-moronic-mass.

O.K., consider the moment passed, and you can now cringe at the thought of poor innocent boys being forced to live outdoors, and exert themselves physically, and comply with apparently senseless orders just because the people giving the orders have authority over them. Now, to quote from Norm Metcalf's letter in CRY, which is a greater "cost both in manpower and resources": killing, say, one man in a thousand in the course of realistic training, or having forty percent of your men die in combat because they can't cope with their environment? Why do I say forty percent? Well, during the Korean War, four out of every ten American soldiers in the Chinese POW camps died -- not from wounds or disease, but because they were so used to luxury that when faced with the prospect of existence under the bare minimum conditions necessary to sustain life -- they lost the will to survive! (And during the same period their Turkish fellow-POW's, practically all of whom, incidently, were either sic or wounded when captured, had a survival rate of 100%).

Back about 1942 or 1943, while the U.S.Army was fighting in North Africa, Ralph Ingersoll wrote a book about his war experiences. I can't recall the title, but I remember one sentence in which he summed up his views on the relation of training to combat: "We would have a better Army if every barracks in the United States burned down tonight."

Well, this could go on and on, but I'll try to sum it up: The mission of an armed force is to impose the will of its Government upon the enemy. And, far from ignoring the H-Bomb as Buz claims, Heinlein is showing the third alternative to the two obvious methods of resolving disputes between nations: destroy them or surrender to them. It is when we don't have men who are willing and able to fight a limited war, that we have to turn to the weapons whose use ris's race suicide.

Look at "Starship Soldier" again: what Heinlein is saying is simply: machines don't win wars -- men win wars.

Best,

Art (SFC Arthur H. Rapp RA36886935)

/Right Art -- you are arguing on the basis of applying my review of the second half of "Starship Soldier" to your reading of the first half so while you make some good points, they're refuting somebody else -- not me. I'm fully cognizant of the fact that Tough Training reduces combat-casualties, and (please look again at CRY #132) maybe someone else has said that Heinlein was "advocating a militaristic society", but not I. My main gripe was not that Heinlein inserted a Message, but that he omitted a Plot: his franchise-for-veterans-only (similar to Hubbard's in "Final Blackout") is a very intriguing gimmick, especially since recruiting accentuates the negative in this tale.## I said "I agree with his yen for a well-muscled U S of A", but largely overlooked your point (a good one) that this muscle is needed for limited wars and/or prevention thereof (viz, Lebanon) and need not be pointing for Atomigeddon. However, I think Heinlein was bellying up to Final Blackout more than you seem to think he was: let me know after you read the conclusion, hey? --RP/FMB/Hey, you RP/FMB you, waddya think you're doing here? This is my column! --WWW/

GYM CORP RAN BECAUSE OF PHYSICS

1909 Francisco
Berkeley 9, Calif.

Like, Cry comments. Or, as John Berry might say, Crikey-ments.

Yes, Starship Soldier was all propaganda, none of which I agreed with. However, while I disagree with what Heinlein says, he certainly says it well. The militarism expressed ran completely against my peaceful old grain, but it was well enough written that I'll forgive him, while not going along with it.

Terry Carr seems to be the latest to write one of a series of quite closely related fanfiction stories; a good many of them appearing in the Cry for some reason. At least he does it rather well, in the TCarr fashion.

Will look forward to more of the [Berry] series.

Wally's Detention report is good, but not subjective enough for my tastes. I like to see reports which tell where the writer was, what he was doing, his opinions of this that and the other, and the like. As to Jack Harness's masquerade costume, he told me what he thought he might do, which was to wear a six foot zipper, and come as The Fly.

Lettercol, and I hope it isn't this chopped in the future: Dag is his usual superb. Liked Willis's "umteenshot session", or was it Buz's in the article? That seems to be all the checkmarks in 132; I'll go back from there to 131.

Alcatraz Q was superb, especially in the less inhibited second half. First half, too, is good, save that I can't figure for the life of me what fanzine is an irregular quarterly, and starts with S. As for my opinion, I think fandom is beyond the focal point stage, but I wrote an article on this for Twig, which will take preference over the Cry lettercol.

Incidentally, there are Berkeley and SanFran factions which would give Seattle competition for the con. I'm agin em, and will migrate to Seattle that summer, if they get the bid. If Seattle gets the bid, I'll stay where I am, or go to Washington D.C., or some such. Fooey on cons.

Berry's story in this, too, is one of his better. His plotting has gotten far better in the last year or two.

I guess that winds this letter up; I return to physics. Midterm tomorrow...

Jim [Caughran, of course]

[Competition for the '61 convention doesn't worry Seattle. The Nameless have made a deal with GMCarr so that she will go all out to root for any opposition. --WWW/

BOB'LL LICK MAN OR BEAST

6137 S Croft Ave
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Hi Wally!--

Now that Elinor's flew the coop, y*o*u get harnessed with the indubitable torture of having to edit down my gigantic CRYletters into workable shape. Suffer!!

Bob Lichtman

[Suffer yourself for a change! How's that for editting down a three-page letter? --WWW/

LES NEAR UNBURGLARIZED CANDY STORE

1217 Weston Rd.
Toronto 15, Ontario, CANADA

Dear CRY-babes in the wood (aged 3 years in solid oak):

Bjo's cover was great, and it got a lot of comments from some of my customers. I left CRY on the counter for a few minutes and when some of them saw the cover, things like, "ECCHH", "BLECCHH", "WHAT THE..", "SONOFA..." issued from their lips.

Now here's one I wisht I wrote. The YO-YO OF FORTUNE, proves that fandom is becoming a way of life, slowly engulfing the world. Soon we will control the government, and everyone on earth will be a fan. Then we can start a new hobby; we'll call it Mundane. But, seriously, I think it's time we started a fanzine airlift to the iron curtain countries. Don't you?

Hey, I liked Elinor on the WEALSOHEARDFROM col. Watsa idea of kicking her upstairs, eh?

Bye now.... Les [Nirenberg, natch]

[Elinor was kicked downstairs, into the malt mines, where she is this very moment home-brewing. --WWW/

ENJOY CLOCKS IN LONDON

'Inchmery', 236 Queens Road
New Cross, London. S.E.14. G.B.

Dear Eleanor and others,

I feel terribly guilty that I haven't written you previously but things has been but H*E*C*T*I*C! Vin/ has been off from work sick, Nicki has been teething, and the Dietzes arrived for their holiday, so what with one thing and another, you can see how time flew by.

Ha, so Franson voted for Brian Aldiss as best new author -- I wonder just how Brian feels about that? He had a book published in (I think) 1956 called "Space, Time and Nathaniel," while "The Brightfount Diaries" made a review hit in the 'Quality Sunday papers' a year previously. I put NO AWARD but footnoted it that, had B.A. been a new author, I would have voted for him.

Interested in ASF's comments about red and green filters and full color vision...of course we're going to miss all this. With the printing strike we got the ASF containing the first part of Dorsai and we shall not get the two following issues because of repercussions from the strike.

What does Buz mean....George Whitley under his own name instead of a penname? Christ, Buz, Whitley is the penname -- Chandler's the real one.

Well, that'll keep you for a little while. All our very best wishes to you, and strongest support from all Inchmery, B'n'F, Ella Parker and J. B. Patrizio (a scottish fan) all of whom discussed Gemzine last night.

Best to you all,

Joy Clarke, certainly/

/Brian shouldn't feel so bad; Franson could have voted him worst old author instead.--WWW/

A MERCENARY TYPE

434/4, Newark Road,
North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

Dear CRY.

Well, I happen to be in a position to be able to prove that Ella Parker exists, because I have been present while she was engaged on perpetrating fanac -- to wit, ORION 23. In fact, as I was reading CRY 131 at the time, I can also, I suppose, prove that CRY exists. I can even prove I exist (I am, therefore I exist. QED. But, you may say, how can I prove I AM? 'Tis easy. I, A.M., am.)

Merc as ever Archie Mercer, moreover/

PS. As Fans Sachs said: Wahf, wahf, Uberall wahf.

/Your proof is Absolutely Marvelous, but I'll still be damned if I'm going to believe the CRY exists. --WWW/

BOB'S MYTHICAL BUCKAROO

I Timor St.,
PUCKAPUNYAL, Victoria, Australia

Dear CRYeds:

CRY 131 arrived recently -- herewith few comments:

The Letter Col: Liked Walt Willis's cheerful chatter, and would ask Donald Franson "how come Alan Dodd doesn't exist?"

Boyd Raeburn: Okay, so Weaver is kind to dingoes -- that would make him somewhat of a dill out here, but it's not worth arguing over. My Websters defines 'buckaroo' as 'a cowboy', and doesn't say anything about age. However, neither term is common usage in Australia, I'm sure. A cowboy is usually called a 'stockman' or 'drover'. An Australian singing Americanised hillbilly or cowboy songs still doesn't make 'buckaroo' an Australian word.

Am looking forward to seeing some of the Goon's adventures in the U.S.

'til the next CRY...

Bob Smith

/Go ahead and ask a mere reader like Donald Franson how come Alan Dodd doesn't exist; I don't really mind being ignored like this. Personally, I don't believe Alan Dodd exists because Mr. Franson says so, and who should know better than Franson who probably doesn't exist either? I'm glad I had enough space here to clear that up. --WWW/

WE HAVE HOME BREW SPELLS

==31==

4010 Leona Street
Tampa 9, Florida

De CRY Rides Again:

I doubt if they'll ever find his body. I took great care in weighting it down, then dragged it a half-mile back into an underwater cave with my scuba rig, and dumped it down a crevice. It will take at least 20 years for anyone to explore that far, and then the headlines of TAMPA MAILMAN FOUND MURDERED IN CAVE won't matter very much. You see, after a couple weeks of investigation, I found the guy you bribed to steal my copy of CRY 130.

Seriously, #130 never showed up at all, #131 arrived while I was on vacation, and now it's time for comment on #132, before my subscription runs out altogether.

The cover really doesn't look like Bjo's artwork -- possibly the influence of L. Garcone on Toskey's stencilling, I dunno. I'm used to cleaner line work over that signature. But I guess everything -- even the artwork is changing around the CRY.

This issue has two bits of fan fiction, two reports, and two columns, (not counting Pemby's one-foot-in-the-grave column) besides the letters and miscellaneous announcements. I think maybe some comparisons are in order.

The columns: Carr and Weber. These are both good, and credits to CRY indeed.

The reports: Berry and Weber. Berry comes out far superior, mainly because of his attention to details. From this first part of a first chapter, I should say that THE GOON GOES WEST will be a highly-faunched-for publication. Wally's report suffers seriously in comparison. The Weber humour seems a bit forced here.

The fan-fiction: Carr and Mansion Cottage. Here there is a definite difference. Terry's story is most excellent indeed. He out-Berrys Berry (at least in comparison to "Fandom Denied") and the whole thing is well put together. Then we have Mansion House. The name is clever all right, but the story isn't. Stringing a lot of little incidents with a couple references to fannisms in each one together to make a "story" seems quite out of place in CRY today.

Aug widerschreiben,

Bruce /Pelz, probably/

/We didn't bribe that mailman; he just could not stand delivering CRY to you month after month. It was nice of you to ease his misery that way. --WWW/

TRICK SNARE REALLY CAPTIVATES

2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

Dear Weberly-one,

As it is not my policy to cry over spilt milk, I shall go on just as if it were not the end of the world-as-we-know-it.

Pemberton's review is a wild rump, which reminds me of a fellow who has allready given his two weeks notice and telling the rest of the boys all sorts of funny stories. I feal I shall miss the column only slightly less than I would CRY.

Terry's story went over the same ground in just a little bit to much detail, but came up with a fine twist ending. But I just do not believe you could get a neo-fan to listen that long, or teach him to write fannish. The talent has to be there allready. Which leads to a thought or to regarding good old Les Nirenberg. I don't see way people want to



make out that it is really Raeburn & Co. Les writes clever intertaining material. Now Boyd writes fascinating, critical material. So, why would anyone want to insist Nirenberg is Raeburn? Why distroy someone we all like, just to prove he isn't real? Would anyone want to prove DAG was really only Bloch and Tucker?

Your own Con report was very good.. I did an outline of highlights for Stan, and that took nearly four pages. And you missed a good part of the last day.. The Fans turned Pro panel. Then the talk by Judy Merrill, and the play which was more of a roarer than last year.. Everyone had to read their lines, and the staging was poorer, but the gags were inner circle up to the hilt in everyone's funny bone. People yacked on in the Cass room tell way into the morning...with Garret giving a speech.

Fandom Harvest is a little more pointed this time, so I feal I can make a rather general comment on it and other columns around today. To pass on news, comment, and mold opinion..this seems to me what a columnist is supposed to do.. With, of course, a smattering of wit and humorous reflections.. Terry, in both CRY and SHAGGY is all wit and personalized chatter. Funny things about Ellik, about Burbee, about Meriam, and himself.. For some one I know can write in any style he wants to, and who does have strong opinions regarding fandom, this chatter-zine approach seems a great waste of tallent. (Not of time --it's enjoyable reading. But it hardly makes any impact on you unless he happens to sler your friends.)

Letters are so high grade that I'm left without comment.. (I wonder if anyone has noted, that about 18 month ago, Cry-hacks were nearly unknowns ((average)), which changed to main-stream active-fans ((what ever that means)), and now you are getting more and more of the BNF and even the LNP((Little Name Proz)). As your column withers away, your letters come in from high up in the Ego-Bloobook..)

Your in sorrow, Rick Sneary
South Gate again in 2010!

[We haven't even scratched the surface of the letter column's evolution. I've been working on a plan whereby I will degenerate the column to one letter each issue, and I will write that letter as well as comment on it. In a way, this will be a sort of untoppable ultimate because I am top fan in Weber Fandom. The big drawback seems to be the work involved in writing the letter. Just recently, however, (a mere second or two ago, in fact) I realized that

I would be the only person who would read such a column, so the writing of it will not be required; I can just imagine the letter and its witty reply and be done with it.

Say, now, how am I doing as a columnist? Haven't I passed on news? Haven't I commented? Isn't your mind much moldier now? That should fill all of the requirements, not to mention this space.WWW/



TELLIN' 'EM OFF AT THE START

10202 Belcher
Downey, California

Hi CRY!

Changes, changes, always changes. Well, as The Man Who Could Work Miracles said, Change is needed to make Progress or something...

Seems like reports on the Detention are coming out sooner after the event than is usual... And from all reports it must have been a whoop-de-doo affair.

I wish The Yo Yo of Fortune was an uninteresting, non-laugh provoking piece so I could say something like "I must mansion that the story by Cottage was pretty cheesy..." but fortunately Franson never fails to please....

Terry's bit about cereal box fandom reminds me that we collect prizes from same. In today's carton of Ruskets I discovered a blue balloon. As with most balloons it had a nipple on one end when you blow it up, but this one must be designed for...well, I don't know, but the nipple part is painted red. It looks like a blue breast with a red nipple. Most provocative... But despite the goodies I find in cereal boxes, I do have my doubts about Santa Claus. If he really did exist, wouldn't he be smart enough to put TWO of those blue balloons in each package?

Almost forgot to say that Bjo's cover was impressive but am not sure what it was trying to say. Maybe the glass being offered by the (robot? alien?) contains Fountain if Youth Fizz. In which case, I trust the next cover will show the results....

Looking forward to November, I remain Octoberly yours,

Len Moffatt

[Maybe you were supposed to buy more than just one carton of Ruskets, you cheapskate.WWW/

BEWARE, LEST EVEN STYLES STOP CHANGING

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

Dear ERTSU, and Wally Weber,

Change of address here. I've been telling people this for months, but no one believes me! What t'do?

Did anyone mention Rogers? Rogers I like; also Cartier. What ever did happen to Edd anyway? I did hear that he illoes "Earthman's Burden."

A lot of N.Y.ers are carrying fans' names. Take for instance Arthur Thompson's Photography Shop, Don Allen's Cars, Lees Art (get it?) Shop.

It's a matter of principle to me to find out how old Ella Parker is, and distance means nothing to me; I've got a rowboat.

Yours truly,

Steve Stiles

[Bon Voyage! --WWW/CRYs 115, 121, & 122 aren't available so your sub was extended.]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM A DARN OLD FRIEND, SON

6543 Babcock Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

& WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

DONALD FRANSON, who says howcum we didn't print his letter? and doesn't believe in Leslie Nirenberg. "The evidence for Nirenberg's existence won't hold water, or even root beer." Wants to form an "I Don't Believe in Leslie Nirenberg" club. Says the IDBILN will not exist either, except in the minds of thousands of fans who wish to protest against this blot upon Fandom, the biggest Fake Name Fan since Weaver Wright. Don says he knows who Nirenberg is, and will talk unless he sends him his fanzine. ((Careful, Les, this may be a trap.)) Welcomes us to the lettercol, says "Goodbye, Elinor, you've been fair. (No, Wally, I didn't say you were unfair. At least not yet.)" Notices that RAWL's letters are all headed alphabetically, such as Dubious Domdaniels, Elusive Enigmas, Fabulous Fantods, and Gemutliche Gespoken. "This leads one to deduce that there were three previous letters to CRY. Weren't they all in one issue, and wasn't the crazy lettercol editor who saved them up and printed them all in one issue -- no it couldn't have been --you? ((Yes, it was. Some of you newer readers may not realize this, but we, Wally Weber, were letter column editor before, and we have experience.)" "Well, try again, maybe you will succeed this time. But one goof, and back to the Minutes." Suggests that Lowndes reprint "The Perfect Incinerator" by Arthur Lambert, from a '42 SFQ. Says he

didn't write any letters to SF mags from 1937 to 1958, but has written some since. Liked "The Goon" even though brief. Wonders why Terry Carr doesn't write more stuff for CRY. "Detention Report" and "Minutes" fabulous, says Don, in hopes of getting this letter printed. ((Sorry, this is not enough. "Fabulous" is fairly weak these days. Try "Triumphant" next time.))

Donald Franson

/No wonder Elinor gave up the letter column so willingly; letters like this could get a person after awhile. Did the WEALSOHEARDFROM start already, or was that a real letter. If either is the case, did I insert those comments in it, or did somebody ghost write them for me? Ohwell, if it isn't already started, we will now get on the way with...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM Bob Lichtman whose letter was really worth printing but I could not resist following up that beginning paragraph of his (printed a few pages back) with a display of my newfound power. He sez, "Cover was nice, but I have my doubts that Toskey stencilled it. # Pemberton seemed rushed in this, his last column. # Aha, a Goof! T Carr didn't do the illos for his story, Buz. Trina Castillo did. # Who's Bill Mallardi? Maria Talenti? Frank R. Prieto? New fans, mayhap. New to me, anyhow. Imagine what's going to happen if Belle gives CRY good notices in FU? # Keep reproducing, Bob Lichtman" Well Bob, Belle did give CRY a good write-up in FU, and already our circulation has increased about 10%. Wish we could return the favor. Marland Frenzel writes that he needs money in two weeks or it's curtains for him, so if you readers have any spare cash, send --oops, when was that letter postmarked?--uh, send flowers to Streeter, Texas. Gee, I lost a reader my first issue! B'n'F Dietz send "Greetings from the land of the broad a and the ebullient minority," and go on to say they are having a marvelous time in England. Sandy Cutrell changes his address to Box 136, Reed College, Portland 2, Oregon. Robert N. Lambeck resubs, and says that if the P.O. hasn't stopped to read the story by Deckinger, the issue of his revived fanzine containing it is on its way to the unsuspecting victims. Es Adams says life is rugged; "In English we're reading kats like Homer and Sophocles and such who'd never make Hyphen. I should go to Toskey U. to get a real honest-to-Ghu education." Golly, but it's time to quit and head for the Fenden. We also heard from such fine people as Dick Schultz (real great Detention photos, Dick), Bill Donaho, Norm Metcalf, a whole booby-hatch full of FU readers who wanted to sub, and a mimeographed open letter to Taurasi, Sr. from Larry T. Shaw +Noreen Shaw explaining why New York should not hold a Worldcon in '64.

--WWW/

C R Y : Box 92, 920 3rd Ave
Seattle 4, Washington

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Deliver to the illustrious, honorable

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