

CRY

NUMBER 152

AUGUST 1961



CRY

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CRY is published monthly except for premeditated omissions. We have been pre-meditating about September 1961 for some time, so there will be no September issue. CRY 153, October, will be published October 1, 1961.

Face it bravely: here are the Contents of this issue:

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Stencil-cutting credits: Wally Weber 21, Elinor 12, Buz 4. (If editing is the process of preparing material for publication, then here are the editors of CRY.)

At the crank (or, if you prefer, Publishers): Steve Tolliver and Jim Webbert.

This month's staff consists of Wally Weber, Steve Tolliver, F M & Elinor Busby, and Jim & Doreen Webbert. Burnett Toskey & Wally Gonser got away this month...

I really didn't think we were going to make it this time. A week ago there were no stencils cut for this issue and we were navel-deep in SEACON labors. But somehow Wally and Elinor quietly erupted into a blinding burst of speed & activity, and suddenly the remaining lines of this stencil are all that remains undone...

We rather like it, this business of sanely giving ourselves a break by skipping the month when we attend a Con, instead of knocking ourselves out. What with that, and actually succeeding in holding the pagecount to reasonable limits this year, we find that CRY is once again becoming more fun and less hassle, as it should be. This 37-stencil issue is just about the ideal size, from our viewpoint.

The next issue will begin John Berry's 3-part "The Interloper". We have the manuscript here complete, but held off rather than inflict a 2-month wait upon you between installments. Why, we stay up nights thinking of your welfare. Sure we do.

The BAYCon was great! So, I hear, was the Midwestcon. If you were lucky enough to attend one of these choice affairs, we hope it whetted your appetite to make it to the SeaCon at Hyatt House Seattle, Sept 2-3-4. You can still join SeaCon by sending two bucks to P O Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2 (checks payable to Wally Weber). Bring your swimsuit, a good appetite, your Sense of Wonder, and some lovely money (Keep Washington Green!) ...and a Con is a good place for reviving that good ol' Sense of Wonder if it has become frayed at the edges.

I hope you voted your Hugo Ballots, out there. They've been coming in quite well, so very likely you have done so. In any case, by the time you read this, we will have counted up the scores and can go ahead and get the right names put on the Award nameplates. And then this last month of suspense until the balloon goes up!

That seems to be all the funny hats we have. SEE YOU AT SEACON! --Buz.

.....
 . REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH
 . OF
 . H E M I N G W A Y
 .
 . by Tom Purdom

. I'm very suspicious when I have sentimental feelings
 . about public figures. Usually such emotions are just a
 . cheap way to liven up a dull day or an attempt to borrow
 . some of another man's hard won fame. But there must be
 . people all over the world, people who never met Hemingway
 and whom Hemingway didn't know existed, who feel like
 they've lost a companion, a father, a wise counsellor, and, perhaps above all, a source
 of wonderful books.

I learned a lot from Hemingway. Any young man who seriously tries to write fiction will come under some writer's spell when he's just beginning. In America, the writer is usually either Thomas Wolfe or Hemingway. Eventually, of course, you have to learn from other writers and develop your own voice. But I think those influenced by Hemingway are the lucky ones. Most young writers have a tendency to wordiness and don't appreciate craftsmanship. Wolfe usually intensifies those faults. Hemingway makes you value economy, precision, tightness, and careful construction, the very things a young writer usually needs to practise.

In my case, his influence extended into other areas of life. I started reading Stendahl because Hemingway recommended him--and went on reading because I liked him. I started drinking wine because Hemingway wrote about it so well--and kept on drinking because I liked it. Jake Barnes, in "The Sun Also Rises," says, "I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about." I now have a theory or two on what it's all about, but I still think that was a good piece of advice and I'm not sorry I tried to follow it. It isn't the only good advice in Hemingway's works, either. Despite his simple style, he is one of our most quotable writers.

I never sit down to write something I really want to write without thinking of the old man, Santiago. "The Old Man and the Sea," because its author described a real, not a symbolic, old man on a real, not symbolic, sea, can symbolize many things. To me, among other things, it symbolizes writing a story. You get that first pull and you know you're hooked and it won't let you go. You go out after it. You discover you're beyond the limits of your talent. You use whatever tricks you've learned and you try to keep your nerves steady and not falter at the crucial points. And what you bring back always seems like the skeleton of what you went after.

Since I have no desire to engage in war or big game hunting, "The Sun Also Rises" is probably the Hemingway novel closest to my own experience. The problems Jake faces, except for those created by his wound, are common ones. The basic problem, how to live in a world which lacks the traditional justifications for morals, is very close to me. Many writers have placed their heroes in a nihilistic void. Usually, their answer to the void is sex. Sometimes it's love. Hemingway did them all one better. He stripped his hero of sex, too. And Jake's dignity, humanity and ability to enjoy life conquer even that void. Hemingway's protagonists are true heroes, exceptional men with qualities that deserve to be imitated. The moral of "The Sun Also Rises" is that even in peace time, even at parties and in love affairs, courage and self control are necessary virtues.

Hemingway made the art of writing seem worthwhile. Maybe a young writer should feel that automatically, but there are times when I can't. When I look at a news stand cluttered with sex novels and "men's" magazines; when I think of how ineffectual are the kind of people who read and how poorly read are those who have power; when I think of what people willingly look at on television; then fiction writing seems the most trivial and contemptible occupation known to man. But all I have to do is read a little Hemingway, or just spot the man's picture on a cover, and my despair changes to the nobler worry that I may not be able to meet the standards of such an exacting profession.

He gave us an image of the American as artist and writer. You shouldn't write like Hemingway--he said that himself--and you don't have to go looking for war and violence. But the essence of the image is what every good writer must be. The essence is discipline, craftsmanship, hard work, honesty before the blank paper and the courage to expose yourself to experience. On that moral foundation, plus the literary values I tried to describe before, you can build anything, not just imitations of Hemingway. In fact, if you live up

to all that, the one thing you can't do is imitate Hemingway.

Then, too, (and now the amateur psychologists can move in for the kill), he made the art of writing seem a manly occupation. In America, until our own generation, sensitivity and talent were associated with femininity. Today, that isn't so true. Phillip Roth, J. D. Salinger and Saul Bellow, to name only three, seem content to be only writers: they don't seem compelled to pretend they're farmers, businessmen or big game hunters. Nowadays you can ever criticize Hemingway's "overcompensation" and let people know you don't have to do that. That's a healthy development. But whatever aspect of his psychology made him do it, I'm glad Hemingway proved that you can be sensitive and talented and still be the toughest kid on the block. Maybe he made it easier for everybody else. And let's not forget he didn't do it by bullying, bragging or domineering; he did it by risking his life in three wars.

He gave us an image of manhood, but it is not the simple, primitive image many people think it is. His heroes know so much about courage because they know so much about fear. Robert Jordan keeps careful check on the state of his nerves. Jake Barnes slept with the lights on for a long time after the war. Hemingway himself was once a ^{very} young man, wounded in history's ugliest war, lying in a ward with several men who had been emasculated. One senses the terror that threatens to trip up Hemingway's heroes at any moment. Fear and nada threaten them constantly. But they oppose it with nerve, will and what they like to call luck.

And there are the unforgettable portraits ("Pursuit Race," "Soldier's Home," Pablo nn "For Whom the Bell Tolls"), of men who have lost their nerve and been defeated by fear or the sense of futility. In his writing, Hemingway was very gentle with cowards. He once said "cowardice is a failure to suspend the function of the imagination" and suggested that is why writers often make poor soldiers. Gertrude Stein called him "yellow" and other critics made, sometimes more elegantly, the same accusation. But I don't think Hemingway ever called anybody yellow. Instead, he called his critics "jerks", an insult to their intelligence, not their courage.

But he did emphasize courage. Was he wrong? Without courage, there can be love, gentleness, grace and good appetite only when there is nothing to fear. And when is there nothing to fear? He didn't say it is easy to be brave. He said it is necessary.

Now he's dead. Now there won't be any more Hemingway novels. Now there won't be any stories in the papers to arouse the same kind of affection ^{ate} chuckles the acts of a crusty, but respected, elder member of the family arouse. Now there is only a legend, not a living man to make young writers feel a healthy despair at the standards they must meet. It had to happen sometime. No one could read Hemingway without knowing that. But it's too bad. I'm sorry he's dead.

Tom Purdom

THIN SLICES FROM OMAR'S LOAF.

by Donald Franson

I.

The Moving Finger types, and having missed,
Moves on: nor all your efforts to resist
Shall hold it back from striking the wrong key,
Nor all your Corflu cause it to desist.

II.

Yesterday's long-delayed First Issues vanish;
Tomorrow's Second, Third, and Giant Annish:
Crank! for you know not why you pub, nor when:
Crank! for you know not even why you're fannish.

The Science - Fiction
Field Plowed Under
by Renfrew Pemberton

You have the two new Heinlein books at hand, of course? They are between the same set of hardcovers, and share the title, "Stranger

in a Strange Land"-- but make no mistake; there are two books here for the price of one, in 5 parts. Parts I and II stand alone and I am at a loss as to why these did not appear first in magazine format as a complete and satisfactory story-- a story which serves as preface and background for the second complete story consisting of Parts III through V. This second story plows the fields ordinarily held in fee simple by Sturgeon and Farmer, except that Heinlein forgoes the masks of freaks and aliens, and instead considers sex in relation to Real People. This, I suspect, is what will set off the cannonades-- sex is OK for freaks and aliens, but normal-type people (such as Heinlein's characters) are generally expected to stay off the field.

I have read this book(s?) twice in 3 days and it still has me on the ropes; the author has somehow undermined my position in defense of the monogamy I espoused along with marriage several years ago, discarding the largely-frustrated tomcattery of my single days. (And if this sort of self-revelation shocks or disenchants anyone, then anyone has most likely been listening to too many Sea Stories lately.)

If ever a book was written to draw fire from all over, "Stranger in a Strange Land" is that book. It is specifically aimed at authoritarians, do-gooders, one-worlders who do not think ahead, religious bigots, and all sorts of people who feel strongly about things they've never had to think-through all the way. The book even includes a solidly-based rationale for cannibalism ("Mike always did need a little seasoning"). And all this is as sidelight to the best-stacked deck I've ever seen dealt out-- this one scuttles monogamy in favor of the theory that sex is for all your best friends and is Good For You, besides. And the pitch is difficult to fault in terms of the story itself; I am reduced to griping that it probably wouldn't work out very well with immature types such as myself and my readership.

I will not give away the plot to this jobbie for thirty pieces of silver or of anything else you might have in mind; you will just have to read it, for appreciation. One major character, Jubal Harshaw, is a more-embittered Lazarus Long in an alternate universe: "Don't give me gratitude; it's mostly resentment anyhow"; "the only cure for hemophilia is bleeding to death"; Jubal belts Authority squarely across the mush every chance he gets, and obviously regrets the US subservience to the post-WWIII "Federation" that has replaced the UN. I am not myself interested in discussing the relative merits and demerits of current political alternatives. Anyone can (and all too often does) argue world or local politics; I'd much rather discuss the benefits and drawbacks of such items as cannibalism and unrestricted sexual congress in groups. Hell's bells-- any idiot can argue current mundane politics-- where is the thrill?

The sex bit is in this vein: (1)conception is under conscious voluntary control, (2)disease is out, (3)jealousy and possessiveness-of-any-sort have been sidelined as immature and retarded, (4)religious strictures have been bypassed, and (5)sex is used as one vital means toward attaining all sorts of psychic benefits and powers (OK, so this has been done before; this time it has better backing). (It is only fair to say that sex-without-guilt-but-with-gusto, rare though it may be, outside of "approved" relationships, generally has proved out both physically and psychically beneficial.) The only trouble is, it doesn't work at all if you're starved to begin with; I must admit that this is pretty sad news, but at least it is sincere. (Them as has, gets.)

I'd like to see the major basic subject-matter of Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land" discussed as fully as possible, without rancor or prejudice that won't give in the face of nasty ol' controverting facts. Yes, I'd like to sidetrack the politics so's we don't have to mess with it. And the same applies to arguments based on the beliefs of specific religious sects-- I don't have the time, let alone the inclination to argue these items.

So read the book, one and all-- then tell this department what you think of it with respect to its major premises. But if it does not stir you up at all-- don't bother to write, ol' buddy, because somehow you have managed to die dead, without bothering to notice what happened. Thus, you are "out of play" until you manage to get back in the game somehow, later. Oh, well-- read the book; then write. Cheers.

The preceding page was written several weeks ago; it turns out to have a few serious factual flaws in it. For instance, I've just back there said "monogamy" where it should be more like "monogamy enforced by jealous possessiveness". I said "unrestricted sexual congress in groups" where the book specifically delineated a form of group-marriage that was itself inviolate and which included strong permanent pairings within the group. I have it on the best possible authority that jealousy is a prime target of "Stranger in a Strange Land", and that monogamy is not a target in any sense. (Damn, I wish there were time to get permission for specific quotes.)

However, trusting that no one was so literal-minded as to stop to read the book between the last page and this one, little or no harm is done. So read it.

Robert A Heinlein, as Seacon's Guest of Honor, will most likely not take it amiss if you want to ask some questions about his latest book, while you are here.

Down Flow, Up Bicycle: Doffing the Pemberton Hat (because this is the only page we have for this issue), let's look at this Fan Awards idea. There seem to be strong partisans on both sides. I've been voering pro and con with the arguments as they come in, but it's time to take a firm stand, so I will. I'm UNDECIDED.

I have the Willick Poll on hand, all filled out and ready to mail. The first thing that comes to mind is that it would be a Bad Thing to run this idea up for a vote just now-- my hunch is that there are a great many factors that haven't yet been brought up for discussion, because they are second-or-third-thought items. I think it would be a big fat mistake to start voting resolutions just yet.

The Emsh-Frosser design circulated with the Willick Poll would be fantastically costly to fabricate-and-process-for-mounting-on-a-base. Don't take my word for this. Take that drawing around your city and price it from drawing to finished ready-to-mount product. Frankly, I wouldn't dare contract to get these for less than \$250 each. I may be high on that estimate, but you can prove me wrong. If you wish.

Tell you the kind of resolution that the Seacon will be glad to entertain on this bit-- that the present Hugo Committee structure be retained (with replacements as needed), and that the HuCom be designated as the channel for recommendations re Fan Awards, to be presented to the 1962 (Chicago in '62!) WorldCon, for vote. But we will take a dim view of attempts to railroad any half-digested conclusions through.

The move to vote a firm date other than Labor Day weekend for WorldCons is one other pitch which I'd sooner see scuttled. Aside from the advantages of the Labor Day deal, it is suicidal for fandom to handcuff its ConCommittees with regard to laying down the law instead of allowing the Committee some scope within which to handle specific local conditions. Mind you, we here are well past this stage; I am thinking in future tense. And what I am thinking is about like this: your Committee is a gang of idiots who got into All This Work of their own free will and for no reward-- so stay off their backs and give them a reasonable chance to produce. It is like this: if a business meeting votes to set the next Con at a 2-day weekend and the ConCommittee sees that local conditions will not support this, you just might find yourselves skipping the WorldCon that year because there would not be one. I don't know about the highly-touted "majority opinion" but in this case it is the working minority who would have to risk their own personal funds on the outcome. What say we all keep this in mind at future business meetings--OK?

The BayCon was great; scheduled for 2 days but the unofficial parts ran like 5. Elinor may I hope have something to say on this fine Con.

The CRYPoll response was croggling. I may as well admit right now that we had expected about six replies: three from new readers, all attempting humor and one succeeding, and three from old-timers whose favorites all predated 1930-- as I said, the response croggles. It is going to take awhile to work up the results onto the sterils; I'll try to get something out in this issue, but it'll be strictly on the preliminary side. This is not "Who Killed Science Fiction?" or "Why Is a Fan?"; it is a Poll circulated by CRY to CRYreaders-- who should know by now that CRY is a self-willed entity that couldn't care less how the poor downtrodden staff feels.

Let us you and I each go away for a while and meet again in the October issue.

-- Buz.

* * * HAM * * * b y J O H N B E R R Y
 * * * ROLE * * *
 * * * * *

The story I am about to relate is, technically, hearsay. Those of you familiar with the Perry Mason TV series will know what that means, as will those amongst you who have graduated from law school. For those of you who are ignorant of this expression, it means, in concise English, that you are saying what someone else has told you about something they saw or heard and which they give in lurid detail but which you can't express an honest opinion about because you weren't there but were told about it. Or something like that. I doubt if Perry Mason could be more explicit, because I pride myself on my knowledge of the law and the learned expressions used therein.

So, as I told you a paragraph ago, this is hearsay. But I believe it. James White told me all about it, and you are all no doubt familiar with his reputation as an sf writer and sex maniac. Peggy White told me some of it, too, but she is delicately reared, and had perforce to contain her narrative to the bare essentials. I have tried, for authenticity, to find proof of the deeds referred to, but Ian McAulay (the Irish fan, not to be confused with the American one) has had a university education, and one could but expect him to take precautions to hide the truth. It's quite understandable, because Ian is on christian name terms with Kingsley Amis, and it would perhaps be prejudicial to his prestige as an intellectual if word got round about his activities with young and innocent girls in Belfast.

However, humbly though I say this, I have rightly earned a reputation for giving the true unembellished facts in my stories about Irish Fandom, and this is no time for me to wreck my carefully nurtured position as the Bawell of Irish Fandom, or, as James White once put it, the Chronic Leer of Irish Fandom.....

I have collected the facts from James and Peggy White, and must tell this harrowing story of depredation and vice, regardless of the consequences. Ian is a good friend of mine, but even this cannot make me hide what must be brought to the light of day. I, too, have a daughter.....

James and Peggy have two young children, and when they want to go out for an evening, they get a baby sitter. Peggy describes this girl as being as innocent as a young lamb, and Peggy knows.

Peggy says that this girl, Veronica, is seventeen years old, fresh and charming, with a 'well-stacked' figure; a demure expression of unknowingness, and the bloom of young girlhood blushing in her pink cheeks. They won't even give me her address, so you can tell what they think of her.

Of course, as was bound to happen, a friendship sprung up between the baby sitter and the parents; a friendship of sterling qualities, because, being, as it were, on his own doorstep, James had to restrain his natural inclinations at the nearness of this delightful creature, and treat her with a paternal interest. So, even when James and Peggy were not planning to go out, Veronica used to come round and talk to them, to sample the cleverness of the White Wit, and to bask in the company of such a celebrated personage.

Ian McAulay, the new sensation of Irish Fandom, and the Driving Force of the regular two-monthly HYPHEN, resident in Belfast for some time, also paid visits to The White House.. and one night, the evil machinations of fate brought Veronica into the bloodshot eyes of this Man of the World..a bachelor..a man who wrote a thesis on "Lady Chatterley's Lover" before he left prep school..a man offered a blank cheque for the story of his experiences by the NEWS OF THE WORLD..a man well fitted to that classic phrase of Confucius'.."he was on pleasure bent"..a man (and this was a well kept secret until now) whose life provided the plot for "The Philanderer"..a man of whom even Errol Flynn spoke with awe.....and knowing all this, yet James White introduced him to Veronica.....

James White is reticent when describing the effect of the introduction. He admits that globules of sweat broke out on McAulay's forehead as he crossed the room and shook hands with Veronica. He says that McAulay took one long lingering glance at the young girl's apparel..tight blue sweater and tight red jeans..and immediately asked if he could

take her home in his car. The girl, somewhat thrilled at being asked to be escorted by such an intellectual, and reassured by the fact that James White was present and seemed to give his consent, nodded her head, and before she could move, McAulay dragged her out to his car, she, poor thing, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a buttered crumpet in the other. When asked to describe this fantastic departure, James thought for a moment, and opined that McAulay left in rather an 'indecent haste.' As you all know, James White is a professional writer, an experienced user of words, an adept creator of word pictures, and if he said the haste was 'indecent,' that's enough for me.

We shall never know what went on in that car. It would be interesting to conjecture, and if it wasn't that I might lose some of my prestige as an accurate reporter, I would be quite prepared to spend the next three pages on what I think happened. White admits the car sizzled down the road in fourth gear, in the opposite direction to which Veronica lived, and he's never seen the coffee cup since.....

At the next meeting of Irish Fandom, James and Peggy rather naturally informed us of McAulay's behavior, and we naturally asked Ian to recount his experiences, but he was strangely silent, pensive, worried, almost, and, being men and women of the world, we nodded sagely to ourselves and dismissed the subject....consoling ourselves with the fact that the girl had to learn the realities of life sometime..and why not with a faaaan?

The final part of this narrative is factual. You have my word for it. I was there.

You all know my inherent appreciation of kulture..I've written about it many times. I've examined priceless Chinese snuff boxes in the Volunteer Park Museum, Seattle..I've heard Sir Malcolm Sergeant conducting Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetique,' and kept time with the orchestra, beat for beat, with my hobnail boots until I was evicted from the hall..my classical appreciation is evinced by the fact that I've read "Sex Life in Ancient Rome" five times..there is no need for me to repeat all this..it's well-known in fandom.

And so, one night, about two weeks after the McAulay-Veronica affair, I saw in the evening newspaper that Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" was being performed in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast. It was an amateur production, and indeed, as I stood at the head of the queue, waiting for the admission box to open, I saw Peggy White walk past. I called her over, and she expressed delight at seeing me. She said it would be a superb performance, and that, strange as it may have seemed to me, she was appearing in it. She had one of the principal roles. I hadn't previously heard of Mrs. White's prowess as an actress, and indeed, to go ahead with my story, she gave a most gifted performance.

But by far the most wonderful performance was given by the person (I was then unaware of the sex) who played that enigmatic character, Strephon, who was half fairy and half mortal. His voice reached the heights of musical ability..if he did quaver somewhat on the high notes, he soothed the rising jeers with a most suggestive wriggle of the hips rather like Elvis Presley after a double dose of hormone treatment.

By far the most poignant moment in the whole giddy affair was the love scene, played by a certain Veronica Murphy and this half fairy/mortal.

I'm certain that Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan didn't feature a chase scene in their classic, but Miss Murphy pursued the fairy/mortal three times round the auditorium before she caught him, and I'm as sure as I can be that the script didn't include the immortal words, "Holy Ghu," uttered with undignified emphasis when escape was impossible.

Peggy White had five curtain calls, and the fairy/mortal sixteen..and so enthusiastic was the gallery that when he made his final call, they threw things at him, anything which came to hand, to attract his attention.....

I was at the back of the queue this time, the back of the queue at the stage door, awaiting the departure of the hit of the show, the superbly gifted fairy/mortal. When he came out, the crowd made a rush at him, and as if to make sure he caught their attention, some of them used their fists..in fact, so enraptured were they in the heat of the moment that now I recollect most of them used their fists, and a middle-aged spinster, who should have known better, actually cracked him a fourpenny one with her horse's head umbrella....

But as I was too bewildered by it all to give my egoboo, I put thehuse brick down. As you've no doubt guessed, the fairy/mortal was Ian McAulay.....

It was a one night stand. The press were unanimous in their praise that nothing had been seen like it in Belfast before. CONNOISEUR pointed out that the mezzo-soprano voice of the male lead, a Mr. McAulay, from Dublin, indicated that his pantaloons were a size too small, and NIFTY was of the opinion that what was Dublin's loss was Belfast's gain (or it may have been the other way around). Everyone was unanimous in praise for the masterly stage direction of the producer, Mr. James White, 'well known in local literary circles

The final clues fell into place just last night. James White called round and lent me "Starship Trooper," and several letters were enclosed. I raced after James to tell him, but he didn't for some reason, hear my frenzied knocking on the 'bus window with my folded handkerchief. So, just by accident, I read the correspondence..between James and Father Brown, who had organised the whole affair. The Father indicated that although most of the cast was excellent, he didn't approve of the actions of a Mr. Bob Shaw..whose whole performance at rehearsals, of the fairy/mortal, was indicative of a top ballet dancer pining for the opening chords of "Swan Lake." He said that Mr. Shaw would have to go. James said he could get hold of a Mr. Berry who was bound to give a superlative performance, but was the fairy the top half or the bottom? The Father said the top half, and James wrote back and said he thought he could procure an intellectual for the role, who would give pathos and feeling in such a delicate role.....

Further correspondence elicited the fact that when confronted, a Mr. McAulay, late of Dublin, refused to co-operate, but James asked for two days to 'try and swing it.'

Another letter was written to a Miss Veronica Murphy (the carbon was in the file), in which James asked her to come round on Friday night and 'don't wear lipstick or nail varnish, get those nicotine stains off your fingers and pretend you're sixteen years old. Don't, whatever you do, mention your three divorces'.....

Whatever you do, though, don't mention this episode to Ian McAulay, or if you do bring the subject up, say you thought it was the New York one.

He maintains it was!

John Berry 1961

M A T U R I T Y

by Les Nirenberg

FIRST BILL GRAY, THEN
JIM O'MEARA, EVERYONE ALWAYS
ACCUSES US
FANS OF
BEING
BABIES



IMAGINE THAT!
AND MOST FANS
HAVE EXTREMELY HIGH



I GET SO MAD SOME-
TIMES, I WANT TO
SCREAM!



BUT THESE FEELINGS
SOON WEAR OFF



AFTER I'VE HAD A NICE
LONG TALK WITH MY
TEDDY
BEAR.



Les Ni.

. . . F o r W h o m --ll--
 t h e
C R Y P o l l s . .

CRY #150 was printed in an edition of its issue-number. About 120 copies went out in the initial distribution; another 20 or so have since been mailed individually. The 48-question Poll included therein has been answered by 60 persons, practically all of whom answered every question. The proportion of nonsense-answers was quite low, surprisingly enough; after all, I gave you plenty of provocation for clowning.

The following persons (in the order that their answers happen to be stacked at this moment) answered the Poll: Tom Purdom Buck Coulson Redd Boggs Bob Leman
Bruce Robbins Norm Metcalf David Ettlin Lenny Kaye Terry Carr Don Anderson
Betty Kujawa Harry Warner Gregg Calkins Bill Evans Walter Breen Bill Donaho
Miriam Carr Jim Groves Dick Ellington Bob Pavlat Noreen Shaw Pat Ellington
F M Busby Nancy Thompson Thomas Schlueck Ella Parker Phil Harrell James Sieger
Don Thompson William Hanlon Wrai Ballard Marion Z Bradley Sid Coleman Ed Bryant
Elmer Perdue Don Franson Ruth Berman John Champion Bob Lichtman Dick Kuczek
John Howald Phil Jaskar Mike McInerney Colin Freeman George Heap Charles Wells
Lawrence Crilly Dick Schultz Ethel Lindsay John Baxter Ron Bennett Bob Smith
Steve Tolliver Walt Willis Martin Helgesen David Williams Emile Greenleaf
Wally Weber Ed Meskys Bill Collins ...60, count 'em, 60, good fen and true...

Surprisingly, only 10 of our Pollsters knew CRY before it got into triple-number issues (Weber, Pavlat, Busby, Boggs, Ellingtons, Shaw, Willis, Coulson, and Ballard). By years, the number who contacted CRY: 1961, 12; 1960, 17; 1959, 14; 1958, 5; 1957, 3; 1956 or earlier, 9. #150 was the first issue for 5!

The rest of this page is devoted to the results of the 8 questions I sat up until 2:30 last night tabulating-- it's fun, but time-consuming, by golly!

43. Have you any subjective evidence of psi, etc? Yes, 17; No, 41; No answer, 2.
11. Do you consider yourself an "active" fan? Yes, 45; No, 15.
13. Do you edit/publish a fanzine? Yes, 41; No, 18. No answer (or I miscounted), 1.
36. Any luck so far (on pro-writing sales)? Yes, 18; No, 40; No answer, 2. (This was given some leeway, but not to the point where fanzine-publication counts.)
22. Fijagh or Fiawol? Fijagh, 31; Fiawol, 17; Unclassifiable, 6; No answer, 6.
3. Do you or have you ever read the prozines regularly? Yes, 57; No, 3. (And so much for "fandom-fandom" as a threat to stf-fandom, wouldn't you say?)
39. Garlic? Strongly for, 10; Mildly for, 15; Indifferent or beside the point, 13; Mildly against, 5; Strongly against, 17. On a straight head-count, garlic wins. If strong preferences rate 2 points and mild ones 1 point, garlic loses 35 to 39. Of course if the Electoral College ties, we can throw it to the House of Representatives. Seems to be a pretty moot point.
40. Dogs, cats, both, or neither? Aside from 2 "No answer" ballots, the pets have an overwhelming majority-- only 9 said "Neither". Of the 49 who are soft on pets, 20 prefer "Both", leaving 29 to decide between the species. Dogs drew 9 strong and 5 mild preferences. 13 are strong and 2 are mildly for cats, which puts cats in front by a narrow margin on a straight headcount, or 28-to-23 if "strong" rates 2 points and "mild" 1 point. (...yours truly, Outraged Dog-Lover...)

So there is the preliminary rough sketch of our Typical CRYreader, or at least of our more energetic Typical CRYreader (it would not be sound, for instance, to extrapolate that 75% of our total readership publish fanzines). There are some odd numerical coincidences I'd like to check out for correlation if/when I have the time: 1/3 of our pollsters have subjective evidence of psi, 1/3 have made some sort of pro sales of their writings, 1/3 voted for fiawol; is there any connection? And does the similarity between dog-cat and pro-anti-garlic figures mean anything? Stay tuned! --Buz

Wally G: Why didn't you wake me up?

All: We tried! Why, we even put Lisa on the couch with you, and she licked your face, and you didn't seem to notice.

Wally G: Well, I was tired.

Wally W: Say, Jim. I think we should get together and see if our accounts match. I really think I should have a lot more money than the books show. But I don't know what could have happened to it.



Jim:

Sure, Wally. Come over to the house tomorrow night and we'll go over them. In fact, why don't you come over and eat?



Wally W: OK.



Elinor: Who has any ideas about how many prizes we should give out at the Ball? I think that we should do something really different this year, and really make them remember Seattle and the SEACON.

Buz: Now look. We've got other things to do before we can talk about that. Now where was I? With everybody yakking all the time I can't think.



Wally W: I haven't been able to find out if the hotel has been sending out the confirmations of reservations. Every time I call out there no one is in who knows anything.

Jim: Well, if it's any help, Doreen and I got ours the other day.

Wally W: I don't know. That doesn't mean that they are sending them outside the city.

Elinor: Well, unless we hear from people that they haven't gotten theirs, I guess we can feel safe.

Buz: Now look. We aren't getting anything accomplished. And besides it's late. Let's talk some more when we put out the next progress report. After all, it's almost two weeks away.

Just think: You don't have to worry any more about what's going on. Or what has happened to your money. (It's in good hands. The trouble is, they just don't know who 'good' is.) And they don't know any more about the program than you do. Yep. This is the surprise con.

by DOREEN WEBBERT
illustrated by Doreen, too.

I'm not going to the ball as a balloon dancer, Joe, if you insist on going as a pin cushion.

==14==

:
:
: H W Y L :: Elinor
: Busby
:
:
CRY the subber has coming to him. On CRYday, I type up the letterhacks, the contributors, the trades and the frees. There are two permanent frees; other folk roam off and on this list for any or no reason. Trades: I pin a card on the kitchen wall, and try to remember to note the trades on it, as they come in. Sometimes I remember more successfully than I do other times.

The point I wanted to make is this: if you happen not to be L. Ron Foos or Walt Willis, and you don't have a letter in the lettercol, if we didn't use a contribution of yours, if you didn't send a trade that I remembered to write down, then, if you don't have a sub, on CRYday there is nothing on earth to remind me of you, and I shall probably not send you a CRY no matter how much I value and appreciate you, and no matter how much you have done for us or for CRY in the past.

I think this is worth mentioning because a few people have had feelings of rejection when their subs ran out and they ceased to receive CRY. If I worked from a mailing list, I would probably have continued to send them CRY. Not working from a mailing list, I didn't really notice whether I sent them CRY or not. Our system has its disadvantages, but it has the advantages of its disadvantages. It keeps our circulation manageable, and I never have to ask myself, "Well, can I really bear to drop dear ol' so-and-so?" I never even realize that dear ol' so-and-so was dropped!

Seattle is the center of the universe.

Or will be, thru September 2, 3, and 4. Are you coming? Do try! What a superb time we shall have! We are going to have all kinds of fascinating speakers and panelists, and there's a swimming pool, and a coffee shop that's open 24 hours a day--serving coffee that ranges from fairly good to superb, and there are no elevators to wait for, but simply one flight of stairs to gallop up and down.

Some HWYLLights of the recent Baycon.

The Hotel Leamington had one elevator to serve two conventions, and the coffee in the coffee shop was such that I was reduced to drinking tea; apart from that, it was a pleasant and suitable hotel, and the Baycon was surely a very good convention.

First, I want to tell you a little about the program. I saw about two-thirds of the Baycon program--more program than I've ever seen at any convention. I found that I enjoyed it.

Anthony Boucher introduced people. He introduced Fritz Leiber with a quite lengthy and heart-felt eulogy, and we all clapped like mad. When we had finished, Walter Trygve Nelson, aged 3, piped up with perfect timing and enunciation, "I like that man!" Everybody laughed, and Fritz Leiber gave Walter a grateful little nod.

The first speaker was Reginald Bretnor. The public address speaker wasn't working yet, so listening was rather a strain. He convinced me that all true science fiction fans must buy science fiction in hard covers at all possible times, but as I have forgotten his argument, you may either take it on faith or write him and ask direct.

The next speaker was Margaret St.Clair, who is also known as Idris Seabright. She is a woman of about 50, with shortish orange and auburn hair banged and parted in the middle, and a decisive manner. When Anthony Boucher introduced her he spoke at some length about her writing, her skill at cookery, her mastery of Greek, and her fine taste in wine; she listened, while an amusing variety of wry and moody looks flitted across her expressive countenance. She spoke on the future of love. She said that in the old days people with serious physical defects, or who lacked resistance to disease, tended not to live to grow up--this is no longer the case. Similarly, people who in babyhood and early childhood suffered extreme emotional deprivation did not have the will to live that was necessary in those days to survive. Now, with modern medicine, keeping alive is not the struggle it once was, and just as people who are physically unfit survive and breed, so do people whose psyches were damaged so seriously at so early an age that they can never fully

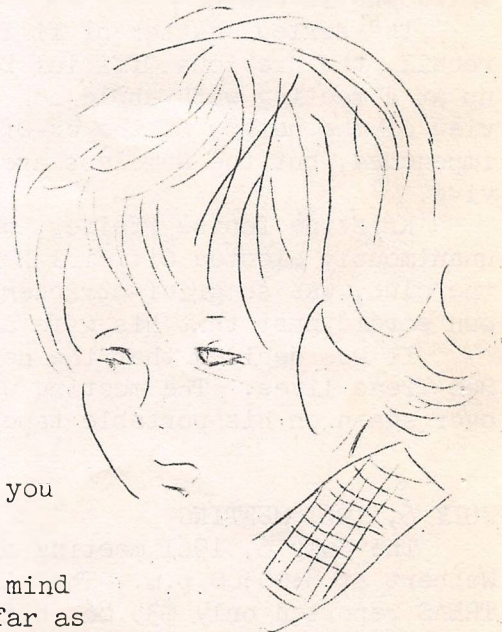
recover. There are more neurotics in the world than there ever were before, and a characteristic of neurosis is that it lessens the ability to love. Margaret St. Clair feels that the future of love is this: that there will be less of it, and more TALK about it, than there ever has been in the past. It was a fine speech; I believe it is to be printed in VORPAL GLASS (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif., 25¢). --VORPAL GLASS is worth getting in any case.

The next speaker was Frank Herbert, a vigorous-looking, brisk-moving sandy-haired and bearded man in his middle 30's. He reminded me of someone, and I couldn't think who. "Avram Davidson?" I thought, but no; not really--not quite. A couple weeks later it suddenly came to me. "Why," I said to Buz, "Frank Herbert looks like a young Monte Woolley." And Buz agreed that I was right. He gave a good speech, but all I remember of it now was that scientists are displaying more imagination than science fiction writers. In science fiction, people still use rockets, whereas he knows several scientists who are convinced that anti-gravity will be the answer to space travel. (He didn't say anti-gravity--he said something about the cancellation of gravitic forces, or something like that--but we know what he meant, don't we?)

Buz and I went up to talk to Frank Herbert afterwards, and he told me that he had seen me somewhere before. "I have the sort of unfortunate memory that faces stick in like glue," was about the way he put it. We talked for a bit, and decided that I had been working in Parrington Library at the University of Washington when he was taking Creative Writing in the same building and using that library. He met his wife at this class, and they had a bond between them from the beginning, because they were the only students in the class who were already selling. --Of course, I would rather Frank Herbert remembered me for Haunting Loveliness than because of his unfortunate memory, but to be remembered, for any reason, is always gratifying.

Al Lewis was the auctioneer, and he was very good. He not only had a mother and son bidding against each other, he even had people bidding against themselves! I bought a few illos, but I didn't spend quite all the money I had. Bill Ellern outbid me on a few items, and Ken Hedberg outbid me on the thing I wanted most. It was a Valigursky cover painting, not too big, of a wistful-eyed, firm-lipped young spaceman. I wanted it myself but was glad that Ken got it rather than Bill Ellern, who had already bought a number of the best things. Prosperous young bachelors like Bill Ellern can always outbid a woman with an F. M. Busby to gaze at her sternly.

To the right you see a quick sketch of Marie Louise (Poopsie) Ellington, which Bjo did at the banquet. (Bjo also did the cover and the dancing girl(who may or may not appear on the bacover)at the banquet, influenced by the Arabian Nights theme of the Banquet room decor.) I was going to tell you about how cute Poopsie is, with her blond hair and dark eyes, and I was going to tell you about the funny things Poopsie and Bjo did at the banquet. But I haven't room. I haven't room to tell you how Don Franson reminds me of Wrai Ballard, either, or to tell you how attractive and pleasant Bruce Henstell has grown. I havent room to tell you about the interesting conversation I had with Terry Carr and Bill Donaho at Bill and Danny's party, and how Terry said why is it that if you put an idea in an article people will comment on it, but if you put ideas in a story people won't even seem to notice? And Bill said that the ideas in a story should be received only into the unconscious mind, to trickle up into the conscious mind as if one had thought them up oneself. Bill said that insofar as one received ideas consciously from a story, that story was lacking as a work of art. I tried to think of exceptions to this pronouncement, but with very little success. The only real exception I came up with was "The King Must Die," which we both agreed was a work of art from which one derived a conscious idea. Nor have I room to tell you about Fritz Leiber's speech, and how he said that for him the grass was always greener on the graveyard side of the fence. I don't even have room to tell you about the other things I don't have room to tell you!



M I N U T E S

reported exclusively for Cry by the most Hon. SEC-Treas

Wally Weber

JUNE 15, 1961 MEETING:

President Doreen Webbert called the June 15, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones to order at 8:14:15 p.m. and demanded that the minutes of the previous meeting be read. Since nobody had a copy of CRY #151 from which the SEC-Treas could pretend to read the minutes, this Honorable officer had to pretend to read the minutes from his notes. After this hectic and much-interrupted ordeal, the motion was made, seconded, and passed that the minutes be given the "usual treatment."

Mrs. Walsted, mother of Mark Walsted who was once a Seattle fan, famous for his eager attendance of stfilms, still had not overcome her dread of actually being a Nameless One. She was afraid she would grow up to be like her son, I suppose. President Doreen reassured her by making Mrs. Walsted the Official Visitor by Presidential decree. Mrs. Walsted is now the only person not in the club who holds an office in the club.

Old Business was requested, and Elinor Busby was forced to report that she hadn't selected the book for Flora Jones to be donated to the library. F. M. Busby announced that Terry Carr had received the Nameless Ones ad for the Baycon program booklet, and the club was informed that the rates had been so reasonable, the club had taken a two-page ad instead of a single page ad.

G. M. Carr gave a progress report concerning the condition of her arm. The cast had been removed, and from the looks of things she would eventually be able to operate her typer again without difficulty. She thanked the club for her flowers, which indicated that the florist hadn't billed her for them yet. Wally Gonser brought up the subject of club sponsored medical compensation and possibly a pension for Mrs. Carr, but the Sec-TREAS hastily changed the subject.

President Doreen asked for Monkey Business, but nothing came of it. She then tried her luck at asking for New Business, and she got some; experience will teach her to quit while she is ahead.

The serious matter of filling the office of Official Bem was brought up. As you may recall, the previous Official Bem, Vernard Thomas, had been impeached for failing to show up at a meeting with applejack known to be in his possession. Somebody suggested that in view of the nature of the ex-Official Bem's offense he should have been imapped instead of impeached, but the Nameless are slow to anger and allowed the despicable suggester to survive.

Kristine Louise Pfeifer, who had brought her mother and father to the meeting, was unanimously elected Official Bem. Her father, a decrepit and dissipated ex-president of the club, was so grief-stricken over seeing his daughter take the first step following his own sordid past that his wife and daughter had to take him home before the meeting was over.

It was decided that the next meeting be held in the abandoned house in which the Sec-Treas lives. The meeting was then adjourned to allow Ed Wyman to play the whole thing over again on his portable tape recorder.

Hon. SEC-Treas Wally Weber

JULY 6, 1961 MEETING

The July 6, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by President Doreen Webbert at 8:00:00 p.m. The minutes were read and approved almost unanimously. The Sec-TREAS reported only \$35.86 in the club treasury as a result of the florist having billed the club for G. M. Carr's flowers after all.

The President asked for Old Business, and received no report from Elinor Busby on the book to be donated to the library in Flora's name.

The request for Monkey Business was answered by a motion that was made, seconded, and unanimously passed that the club take out a membership in the 1962 Westercon.

The President then asked for New Business, and a short discussion followed during which it was decided that the club would meet in the abandoned house again next meeting.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:03:00 p.m., having been the most efficiently conducted meeting in the history of the organization.

The attendees discussed a variety of topics until Elinor Busby arrived and the three of us went out for banana splits.

Exceedingly Hon. SEC-Treas W. Weber

July 20, 1961 MEETING:

The July 20, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by President Doreen Webbort at 8:02:25 p.m., and the minutes of the previous meeting were read. Strangely enough, they were neither approved nor disapproved. Perhaps a contributing factor to this spectacular break in Nameless tradition was the enthusiasm displayed by Nobby and Lisa Busby when they discovered another dog in the neighborhood. Elinor Busby and Wally Gonser had to immediately rush outside to rescue whichever dog required rescuing.

After the emergency was over with, President Doreen asked for New Business. The obvious subject for New Business was a report of the Baycon. The Baycon attendees seemed unaccountably bashful, however. Ed Wyman reported he had color slides of the Baycon to show, but there was no projector available with which to show them. He eventually was prevailed upon to give an abbreviated report about what had happened in Oakland.

The next item of business would ordinarily have been Monkey Business, but it was decided that Nobby and Lisa had already taken care of that.

In response to Doreen's request for New Business, Elinor Busby received club approval on ordering a book from Ben Stark to be presented to the Seattle Public Library in memory of Flora Jones. Some discussion followed as to whether or not the book should be autographed by its author, the problem being that an autographed book would be nice to have -- so nice, in fact, that it would probably be swiped from the library before anyone had a chance to read it.

The matter of an autographed book was left unsettled, although the fantastically Honorable Sec-Treas would be more than happy to keep the book in his own collection where it would be perfectly safe.

The meeting was adjourned at approximately 8:20 p.m. Elinor departed, ostensibly to obtain a projector and Hugo ballot, but she returned a short time later with only the Hugo ballot.

President Doreen reopened the meeting at 8:40:00 p.m. in order that votes could be taken to determine the club preferences on the Hugo ballot. After some close votes, and a second ballot having to be taken for "best fanzine" category, the meeting was adjourned for the second and final time at 8:55:55 p.m.

After most of the attendees had left, late-latecomers Jerry Frahm, Malcolm Willits, and Jim Gaylord arrived with Malcolm Willits' Cadillac-and-a-half. The latter, a magnificent 12-cylinder beast, was displayed for our awe and wonder, and free rides were given to demonstrate how the automobile industry has progressed backwards since the 1930's.

To show that progress has not been reversed in all types of vehicles, however, the club's flying saucer was displayed and demonstrated to Malcolm and Jim, who lead sheltered lives and had never seen the likes of such a machine before.

PARKER POND FUND! Send money to Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana.

TAWF! Send money to Larry and Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Grant City, Staten Island 6, N.Y.

Support TAFF -- vote too -- Ellick and Eney are both worthy candidates. Don Ford, Box 19-T RR #2, Loveland, Ohio.

CHICAGO IN '62 !!!

SEACON now!

G E O F F L I N D S A Y ' S

L O N D O N
L E T T E R

Dear CRY,

Last time round I promised that I'd write a few words about Ella Parker. You've known Ella probably as long as I have through her fanzine ORION and through the many letters she has undoubtedly written you, but you're probably aware of the typewriter personalities so many fans possess and after all you will be meeting Ella this year. Accordingly, I hope that these few lines will complete the picture of what--and I do mean what--you can expect.

First, let's forget the ribbing. We both know that Ella goes along with the gags of her being an absolute ogre, a SCoaW who is some hundreds of years old. All that makes up the projected Ella image and to take Ella on that particular line of face value would be to do both yourselves and her a great injustice.

Ella's age is unknown, true, not because she's shy about this one subject, although she does rather enjoy fans around the Penitentiary trying to guess her years, but because she probably doesn't know it herself. She was brought up in an orphanage in Scotland; Scottish registrations are not recorded at London's Somerset House and the orphanage lost its records in a fire some years ago. We can only guess from Ella's own reminiscences that she's somewhere around forty, a guess that might be way off--either way!

Her early years have had a decidedly marked effect on Ella's later life. Ella is intelligent and yet lacked a formal education. She possesses all the qualities which go towards making a giant sized inferiority complex and despite her constant struggles towards convincing herself that she can stand on her own feet, it is obvious that this complex nags her continuously. Let me say here and now that there is no one who has met Ella who can help but admire the manner in which she has literally pulled herself up, socially and academically, by her slipper zips. She possesses a good enough vocabulary to have club members who hold all sorts of academic qualifications tied up in knots at times and she is one of the few fans I know who possesses the quality of being able to see a problem from someone else's point of view. At times I for one am amazed at what I cannot describe as less than a thoughtful wisdom. An example which springs immediately to mind is when she interrupted the flow of conversation at a London Club party to send home one of the younger members whose mother, she knew, would be worrying if he was out late. "We'll still be here when you get back tomorrow," she told him. "We'll be up all night. You make sure of getting a good night's sleep." This, mind you, at a party when we were all souped up to the eyeballs!

You'll know that Ella slings around many humorous insults and is never happier than when she's at the receiving end of a string herself. In the main, however, her own expressive humour goes no further than this. She'll laugh at someone else's spontaneous gag but it is but rarely that she competes with the humourists herself. Sometimes she does, and the infrequency of her excursions into the realm of the pun undoubtedly emphasises the intended impact. Again, an example springs readily to mind. Shortly after Easter, when millions of out of town fans were in the metropolis for short stays Ella was discussing contemporary architecture with Brian Jordan, the young Lancastrian who is reading some scientific jazz at Sheffield University. The talk moved to background music for the builders of modernistic monstrosities, like Music to Build Museums By. "Music Concrete," murmured Ella.

Ella is a talker rather than a listener. She can listen and does, but don't try to stop her when she has her vocal chords in full bounce. She is uncommonly frank when she talks, too. She will spare no blushes if she thinks someone deserves praise and alternatively she makes no bones about a matter which displeases her. "That's a disgraceful thing to do," she'll say to you in a crowded room and will continue to tell you exactly why. Mind you, unlike so many critics, Ella is most certainly not two-faced. She'll say exactly the same to a person's face as she will behind a person's back and it is pleasing to note that the views she holds on any subject always turn out to be the same no matter to whom she might be talking.

Have another look at the latest ORION. Its clean quality layout and wealth of readable material is indicative of Ella's ultra precision. In the Penitentiary everything has to be just so. Ella is extremely house proud, and those fans who look round the Pen and see an after party maelstrom should not think that this is the disorder of the day. Ella has even been known to scrub the floors of the Penitentiary immediately before a party because the scrubbing was on that day's duty roster, party or no party. Of course she'll have to scrub and polish and all after the party too...

This quality of Ella's sometimes is carried out to lengths which seem even more ridiculous to those who see her in action. She will slip sheet every page of a seventy or eighty page ORION and will turn out exactly the number of sheets she requires. Once the page is run off she removes the stencil from the machine and proceeds with the next page. Meanwhile Jimmy Groves, or some other handy ~~stacker~~ helper will be counting the sheets which have just been run off. If Ella is told she is short of the odd page or two she will put the used stencil back on the duplicator to make up the required number! If the means are justified by the end products--and ORION is an end product of which to be proud--then I guess these madnnesses have their method.

This part of Ella which I have described as ultra-precision often means that she is easily irritated by the shortcomings of those around her. She judges others and is quick to leap to conclusions, a fault that is compensated for by her ability to weigh character and judge correctly. I've never met anyone ~~also~~ inside fandom or outside fandom who can make a snap decision about a ~~person~~ to her acquaintance and have that decision turn out to be correct--ultimately, and often in the face of seeming overwhelming odds against her.

I think that it should be mentioned that Ella is a mixture of extremes of sheer selfishness and giant-sized generosity. At the most surprising times it is obvious that she is thinking only of herself and the devil take the rest. This and that have to be done exactly Ella's way. And yet there can be but few fans in the U.K. who have not benefited from her hospitality. Fans coming to the metropolis to look for work have lodged with her for days, weeks and even months. Fans new to London and fandom have found friendship during the evenings at 151 Canterbury Road, Parker's "Penitentiary." The Science Fiction Club of London found itself a regular meeting place at Ella's, out of town fans visiting fans in The Smoke have been suppered, bedded and breakfasted in this hive of fannish activity....the list could be enlarged and expanded to cover pages. And what have the returns been for Ella? She's had no monetary payment, few gifts, few concrete expressions of gratitude. Has she done it because of the company it's provided? Or perhaps because of the feeling of superiority it may give her? I think that Ella is the superhostess that she is because she likes helping, because she enjoys being generous. And I'm sure that every fan who knows Ella will not fail to agree with me.

Another notable trait of Ella's is the way she cannot be expected to react in the conventional manner to any given situation. She can be relied upon to react in an unexpected manner to just about anything. A little wearing on the nerves at times but fun.

And all that just about weighs up Ella Parker. We'll be sorry to lose her during the time she's away in the States, not just because we'll have to meet somewhere else and make our own breakfasts once in awhile, but also because she won't be around to brighten our fannish existences. Sounds like an epitaph, doesn't it? But our gain is your loss... or something. You'll enjoy meeting Ella and I know that if there's not a fan over here who wouldn't like to be sharing her trip with her there's also not a fan who does not thoroughly admire the manner in which she's saved and scraped to make the trip. Seventy or eighty cheers for Ella. Here's hoping she enjoys her Stateside trip. She thoroughly deserves to.

* * * *

Brian Varley has finally really been married and HYPHEN can print the news with confidence this time. A few years ago HYPHEN ran the announcement and Brian quickly denied the story. Now Brian has married the former Frances Evans who was previously married to the former Manchester fan Cyril Evans. Which sort of winds things up for this time.

--Best wishes,

Geoff.

PARKER POND FUND--Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana.

((You know, I rather wonder what Ella will say about Geoff?))

CRY corrupts, but

CRY OF THE READERS

corrupts absolutely!

HARRY WARNER SCOLDS

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Unappellated:

May 10, 1961

I want to start off by scolding Buz for his failure to note the most important thing of all about the Blish review transfer: the evidence it offers on the fact that fanzine type material is also prozine type material in many instances these days. There was a time when no self-respecting prozine editor would think of printing something borrowed from a fanzine. I'm sure there are many fanzines today that wouldn't publish a lot of the stuff that appears in the prozines. /Right you are. If Heinlein sent us his latest novel, and we couldn't cut it to four pages, we'd reject it on the spot. --www/

The logical procedure for setting up fan awards for conventions would be to ask for sketches to be sent to the convention committee which would pick the best one. No need for a contest or elaborate procedure or any such thing. There is also no reason why the fan symbol need to be as expensive as the Hugos, and I can't see why the Hugos should cost that much, except that that is the way it's always been done. About the voting method: couldn't it be tied in with TAFF? Unless most of the TAFF money arrives during the last four months of each year, it would work out, and TAFF might get some extra cash if people who don't have any interest in importing fans could get a chance to vote on fan awards for their money.

It is a bit deflating to learn that I almost lost my entire leg in a useless cause, now that Ted Tubb has caused the Ella Parker trip to become generally known. During the first weeks of my convalescence, I almost fell out of traction and bed simultaneously the night Eney came visiting me, to reach from the windowsill a letter in which Ella discussed the trip. Only after the narrow escape from losing my balance did I realize how easy it would have been just to toss a newspaper onto the windowsill to conceal the letter.

The Classical Touch gives me an uncomfortable feeling: that there is more truth in John Berry's items than we assume. I considered all this to be the most amusing kind of hyperbole and elaboration of some vaguely related incident until I came upon the last paragraph. In it, John loses his place in the score momentarily. This was the moment of truth for me, because the Tschaikovsky concerto is usually performed with some cuts in the last movement and this might be confirmation of the fact that John really did go through this adventure and lost track of the musicians briefly because he didn't realize the abridgment was coming.

I agree with Elinor that it's wrong to lump together mixed religions and mixed races in marriage problems. Society in general has little effect on the former situation, in which it's mostly a case of the pair's adaptability and ability to retain sanity around bitching relatives. In the latter situation, I feel that it's the kids who are inevitably going to be the real sufferers, no matter what the parents do: it takes a dozen years or more for a kid to become mature enough to learn to live with the way people will feel about him and his parents, and I don't think that white-Negro couples should create this type of misery, no matter how badly they want to have children.

Harriman and History is a wonderful piece of critical appreciation. This is still more evidence of the improvement in fanzine writing; the evidence consists of the simple fact that it took all this time for someone to come up with this kind of writing about a quite old book. I think that American businessmen have been treated fairly well in a lot of popular but non-sensational novels. If David Harum as a book was anything like the movie, there's one example. Even Sinclair Lewis, usually considered the ultimate deflater of the businessman, was often quite sympathetic and presented him as a good man who just couldn't

quite win in the battle against the bad things in American civilization. Babbitt is much nicer than Elmer Gantry.

Betty Kujawa's adventure on the unfueled airplane reminds me of the foresight when my employers remodeled and expanded about ten years ago. They forgot one important little matter, and didn't realize that two pipe outlets were almost identical in appearance until the fuel oil delivery truck filled up the tank that was supposed to get the ink for the press.

I'll close with the heretical statement that it's nice to see Cry of the size that can be read in one sitting before the telephone rings, and a slight addition to the things that Buz said about the magazine's varying popularity with fans: It's possible that Cry's popularity wanes a trifle when the time comes that the new fan is receiving so many fanzines that he has trouble reading all of them. I've noticed an underswelling of resentment against several really first-rate publications recently, which have extreme size in common.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

HARRY WARNER DREAMS HE TALKS WITH GOD
Dear Unnameless Cry:

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

June 21, 1961

I don't know what I did to get this issue, because my comment on the last one must have gone astray, unless it was so inferior that it even fell out through the bottom of WAHF. It is also hard to say why I am in such an all-fired hurry to comment on this one, knowing that it will be a while before you publish again, and me right in the middle of getting ready for a week's vacation. I hope that I'm not getting conscientious. I have too many troubles already.

I disagree with several things that Elinor writes in her column this time. I think that characters in novels have the right to act unexpectedly. This is known as character development. Dickens is a handy example. You can't believe in the surprising things that Mr. Micawber and Scrooge do toward the end of their fictional lives, because they're so completely out of character with the all-encompassing monomania that has possessed them up to now. But you can watch Mr. Pickwick develop from a queer old eccentric to a compassionate and lovable human being as the chapters roll on, and I think he's a real character, not just a Dick Tracy caricature like the other two Dickens people. The worst fiction is about individuals who can't be remembered as characters at all, better fiction is about individuals who are remembered for some outstanding characteristic, and the best fiction is about individuals who are memorable as real human beings reduced to the printed word, distinct but not too consistent or predictable.

For a while I thought that I just didn't understand what Ted Sturgeon was trying to do in Venus Plus X with his alternations of the Ledom scenes with the practically contemporary United States episodes. But now I'm coming to suspect that he wasn't too sure himself. The contemporary sections impressed me as bitter and damning, not as a hint that we're starting to think along Ledom lines, as some reviewers have indicated. If we could take Sturgeon's mind apart, we might find that he began his novel thinking that the Ledom method was wonderful and began to have doubts about the efficacy of this method of creating universal love, by the time he was finished.

John Berry reminded me of the days when I actually used to go to the door and look down the street, to see if the mailman was coming. Now I wince when I hear him poking around the mailbox, and usually put off an hour or two the necessity of going out and seeing how many letters are there demanding answers and how many fanzines want material and good grief, another 89-page fanzine to be commented on.

Buz brings up something that irks me inordinately: the tendency for most sf novels today to deal with the fate of an entire society or group of conflicting societies. This must be the modern equivalent of the old Hamilton school of writing in which the story wasn't worth writing if at least an entire solar system, preferably a substantial portion of the galaxy, didn't run the risk of annihilation. I think that perfectly good novels can be written without involving the fate of the contemporary government. Novelists can write about individuals and how they are affected by future events. There's no power clique that says that those individuals must hold the fate of worlds in the balance by their actions.

Terry Carr achieves a minor miracle in this issue, by retaining my interest in a subject that has begun to bore me to death, the alleged new trend in fanzines. But I hope that this is the last treatment of the subject for a while. Maybe I should reprint a few VOMs or Futurian War Digests for those who think that something new is happening.

There are a couple of flaws in Ruth Berman's arguments. One Hugo now goes for something much more ephemeral than fan productions: professional dramatic presentations. The Fan Commendments aren't totally suitable as a surrogate because any poll taken by a fanzine is subject to eccentricity in the results because of the natural inclination to give a high rating to the person to whom the ballots are sent.

It's good to see that Elmer Perdue exists somewhere outside of FAPA. One weird dream involved him, while I was in the hospital and was killing time by falling into dozes at all hours of the day or night. I was telephoning to Elmer, and when he picked up the receiver with his usual "God speaking," I replied: "This is Alexander Graham Bell. What hath God wrought?"

I'll have to write to Tom Purdom and find out how this Philcon thing works. I went to the 1960 event because I had a long weekend sandwiched around that particular Saturday, making it possible for me to do more things in the big city than just be around fans. A quick check of the calendar indicated that the 1961 Philcon will again fall on my long weekend. This long weekend occurs only once every six weeks, for reasons too complicated to go into at present, and the odds against its coinciding are considerable. Particularly since Tom mentions in this same letter Julie Harris, whom I saw in Little Moon of Alban while in Philadelphia last fall. I hope that I get all Julie Harris fanzines. I've even honored her by naming my IPSO publication Harrison's, although that is also partly in tribute to a famous British fanzine character and partly a mnemonic device, to keep my fanzine titles in two ayjay groups sounding alike.

You should get Ella Parker to bring a few budgerigars from British fandom along to introduce to the Nameless bees. Then we would really learn the facts of life about world fandom.

Yrs., &c.,

Harr/ly Warner, Jr.

JAMES BLISH AND THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE CRY
Dear Mr. Weber:

P.O. Box 278, Milford, Pike Co., Pennsylvania
10 June 1961

Thanks for CRY #150. Much of it was incomprehensible to me, but that is normal for one of my advanced age and inability to breathe while reading. I'm not even sure I'm addressing the right person, since this magazine doesn't seem to say who its editor is. (I realize that I'm supposed to know.)

And I'm afraid I'm going to have less to say about the ROGUE MOON bit than either you or Mr. Busby (somehow I disbelieve in Mr. Pemberton) may have expected. To begin with, I have very few objections to the points Busby makes, which in fact seem to be restatements of what I was trying to say. My failure to communicate to him might partly be explained by the fact that my review was cut to appear in F&SF; for XERO, for example, I supplied a little more detail on the madness of the characters (pointing out, for instance, that the role Hawks forces Elizabeth into is that of his mother). But it doesn't seem to matter much, since Busby's own analysis of the characters makes them seem as insane as mine.

As to whether or not the novel is about "man against nature" and "modern warfare" (Blish) or "man against himself" (Busby), I see no grounds for quarrel here. It is about all those things, and more; as in any finished work of art, the reader doesn't strike bottom the first time he dives into it, or the fifth (and I speak with conviction, having read it five times now). In fact, my own review seems to say that the enemy is ourselves; am I wrong in thinking that this is only syntactically, not substantially different from Busby's view?

I did completely miss the final irony -- that Barker M's final insight is going to be of no use to Barker L -- and I'm more than grateful to Busby for pointing it out. It is experiences like this that convince me that a good many failures of communication between a book and its audience come from simple inability to see what is right there on the page. I count myself a close reader, and yet I missed this one.

Finally, I will query "the difficulty...in determining that we are taking from the book the same things Budrys put into it." This is a phantom issue. The object in criticism is the object before us, the book itself, not the author's intentions which can never be known in full even by the author himself. It isn't what he intended that concerns us, but what he achieved; all else is mind-reading and inadmissible. (Somewhere else in this CRY there are several shafts aimed at Alfie Bester for reviewing the author instead of the book; this, I concur, is a Sin.)

(Parenthetically, I am at liberty to find Connington loathesome if I like, just as Busby is to find my reaction excessive. I worked for a Connington for three years and any hint of such a character in my vicinity now makes me jump three feet. Had I not known better, I would have guessed that Budrys had drawn his character directly from my ex-boss.)

Tom Purdom on "The Man Who Sold the Moon" makes excellent sense; a fine example of close reading, indeed.

Cordially,

James Blish

P.S. The enclosed six bucks is for Seacon memberships for me, Virginia Kidd, and William Atheling, Jr.

((Thanks for responding, you and AJ both [AJ's letter comes next. --www/]; with this further discussion, it does seem that there is less difference between our views than I had thought--and also that you have me nicely out onto a couple of limbs there where I got carried away on symbol-differences and "Whose View?" I guess Connington would be pretty loathesome to work with, at that; I simply found him much less hard to stomach as a fictional character than some others who really turn me sour, and an utter saint compared to real-life characters such as -- oh, Eichman & Co., for instance.

Of the CRYstaff listed in #150 I suppose that Wally Weber, Elinor, and I probably could be said to edit CRY -- if you call this editing. CRY seems to put itself together using us as slave-labor; we just try to keep it from getting too greedy about pagecount.

Renfrew Pemberton is every bit as real as William Atheling, Jr. --FMB))

MR. BUDRYS HAS SOMETHING TO ADD

631 Second Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey

Dear Buz:

June 7, 1961

What I have to say about Rogue Moon can be summed up like this: It's the book I wrote. I spent five years on it, from start to finish, and I didn't turn it in until it was the way I wanted it. I don't know how good that is; I thought it was worth doing. I've been mistaken in that thought before this. I don't know what's in it, beyond what's down in black and white; that was the part I worked on. Until it was finished, I had no opinions on the messages, if any, worked into the overt story; nor do I yet have any opinion on the sanity of the characters. Some of the people in it seem to be able to set goals and attain them. Some of them would rather hide from the actual shape of reality. That's all I know; what I thought the book was about was how people differ in this respect, and, to some extent, why; what I also thought the book was about was about an attempt to get a man through a genuinely alien artifact. It may be that the human inability to grasp the inhuman forced me to feel, even while I was writing all this down, that the thing must be understandable somehow, even if only as a symbol, or as a reflection of some part of the human spirit. Thus:

'But why must you climb the mountain, Mr. Mallory?'

'Because it is there.' (And I know that I know it is there.)

Climbing Everest is on the face of it useless. But not climbing Everest after having become aware of its existence would be to deny all that is Douglas Mallory, and so Everest becomes a symbol of some interior feature of Mr. Mallory, and thence of Man.

But all of this is conjecture. It seems to me that a book either stands on its own two feet -- or, rather, on its 60,000 words -- or else nothing the writer can say afterwards can retrieve it. Either the book is in some way satisfactory or it isn't.

It seems to me that much of the disagreement between you and Jim Blish is a disagreement over tastes, and on that I'm no more fit to serve as a judge than any other third-party reader would be.

As far as some of the technical deficiencies go, I'll take the blame. There are things in the book that I would now do differently. But I would do them to the same effect.

It's not a matter of the book's being essentially beyond reproach; it's a matter of my not being able to see any other way to do that particular story. Boiled down, this means that if something serious is wrong, I just plain don't know any better, and anything I might have to say about it is off the point.

There's one matter of fact I can straighten out. What you make of it thereafter depends on you; Jim Blish made quite a lot out of it, I know, but he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't thought it worthwhile to do so. (See, we're all sincere people -- this absolutely ruins any chance of our finding out the truth.) Anyhow: there are two airlocks. The choice is not between breathing and not-breathing. And Hawks M never knew which choice Barker M made.

And, look -- I'm very pleased to see these tangible proofs that someone has read the book; furthermore, that someone cares about it. I figure this is all a writer can ever expect, and isn't likely to get very often. It's perhaps because I'm so warmed by all this that I feel like a churl for not straightening out whatever it is that needs it, but for the life of me I just plain can't. I'll throw in a quote from Hemingway. That's always impressive:

"Read anything I write for the pleasure of reading it. Whatever else you find will be the measure of what you brought to the reading."

I don't much care for any comparisons between me and a talented man. Who wants to be a loser? But every once in a while he says something it would seem arrogant for me not to agree with, and that's one of them. I love sitting around and talking shop with other writers, and with critics. It seems to me that technique and literary examination are both topics worthy of some attention. But when I sit down to write something, it's such a struggle to just get the right word to follow the first word that I try not to let my attention wander. My powers of attention need every break they can get.

((That 2nd airlock does change things; had ^{Bests,}
Barker matured enough to live & be useful there? ^{aj}
--FMB))

MSgt L. H. TACKETT REVISES HIS TELEPORTING BULLET THEORY

USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm),
MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac, c/o Fleet
Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Whatever you are,

The latest bundle having just arrived from Albuquerque, I find myself with six pounds (actual post office weight) of assorted fanzines -- and not a Dynatron in the bunch. Ah, but there are two CRYs. Or is it CRYs? Anyway, there are two of the things.

It's sort of late to say much about #150. Tom Purdom's article on "Harriman and History" was excellent. I do hope that you can ~~prevail~~ prevail upon him to continue with his analysis of the Heinlein stories. This sort of thing is a pleasure to read.

Buz, your description of sheep, or the herd animal in general, hits close to being a description of the great American public. Said public seems to tend toward mindless mass actions and huddling together for the warmth of "security". Said public will also blindly follow a leader without once inquiring as to the eventual destination.

#151 is sort of thin, except for the letter column. No particular comment to make except, perhaps, to Avram Davidson (may his eyebrows increase). I realize that my suggestion that the Jezail bullet possessed the ability to teleport was rather ridiculous. Further study of the Sacred Writings has convinced me that the bullet was actually some sort of miniature machine which was tunneling through the good doctor's flesh. Watson refers at times to the fact that the wound was throbbing and this throbbing could only be the result of the machine's engine revving up as it encountered a particularly dense bone or muscle.

And if the readers really want to know about Japanese fandom they can read all about it in Dynatron 6. (I wonder whatever happened to Dunatron 5. I haven't seen it yet.)

Roy

Iwakuni, Japan
15 July 1961

/Roy also mailed us a picture out of a newspaper showing a recent cave-in of 5th Avenue in downtown Seattle, and he asks if we aren't carrying our explorations of Seattle's underground just a bit too far, but if he thinks we're going to print anything describing the city's disintegration as the Season approaches, he's out of his Master-mind. --www/

GREGG CALKINS HAS A GREEP OF GROTCHE
For CRY-eyes:

1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah
15th day of June 1961

Bet you didn't expect to hear from me again so soon, did you? But I decided it was about time I grotched a little about the Hugo ballot. I have only one grotch but it's a whole greep of one -- namely, Poul Anderson's "The High Crusade." I thought this was one of the lowest spots in aSF's downward trending curve over recent years and easily the poorest serial they've run since the author's "Bicycle Built for Brew" or whatever it was some time ago. That one I couldn't even finish -- I struggled through the crusade, however, and like many of the original participants, wished I hadn't. If this one wins the award I think I'll join Redd Boggs in his opinion of the whole affair.

The other selections -- those I've read -- are good but not exceptional. I enjoyed "Deathworld" but it really wasn't much of a story and had a decidedly thrown-together ending. "Rogue Moon" was powerful but too undeveloped throughout. "Venus Plus X" I felt was really a relatively poor story but is getting a lot of points because of the well-handled sex theme. I haven't read "A Canticle for Leibowitz" in the collected version but from what I remember of the scattered F&SF novellettes it should be the best work of the five nominees.

The point being, of course, that none of the stories above are really worthy of a Hugo...not if the Hugo really means anything in terms of value. It it's just to be an annual award, like the Oscars, and you have so many to get rid of each year, why then I guess you have to dispose of them somehow. In looking over any of the several lists that have from time to time been compiled on the best several dozen sf stories of all time, I'd hesitate to put any of these titles on those shelves on an equal basis.

As a matter of fact, I can't really picture either of the Anderson nominations. Poul, who has written some of my favorite fantasy and science fiction ("Three Hearts and Three Lions" and "We Have Fed Our Sea") has, I feel, done some extremely poor work recently. It just goes to show how objective these things are.

Maybe I'm just turning into an old grouch? [To the contrary, you are still fairly young. --www/ For instance, another favorite author of mine, Leiber, wrote the excellently excellent "Conjure Wife" and then turned around and wrote "The Big Time." How can such startling about-faces be satisfactorily explained?

I can't even understand them with reference to GM Carr, who apparently possesses an even more infinitely varied capability for reversals of character...although perhaps in her case it is more easily explained as a difference in character between GMC in person and GMC in print. She is a puzzling person, at least to me.

Good answer to Wollheim, Buz, and just about as succinct a description of the Heinlein wolf/sheep designations as I've seen. And as correct. I, personally, feel that is exactly what Heinlein is saying.

best,

Gregg

JOHN BAXTER AND THE UNFAIR HUGOS
Dear people and F.M. Busby, Esq.,

P.O. Box 39, King St. P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA. 18th June, 1961

Long ago, I gave up asking how come I keep getting issues of CRY now and then -- with inscrutable Oriental resignation, I just open the envelope or unlatch the staples, look down at the magazine quivering in my hands and mentally write off half-an-hour of that evening's leisure time, to be spent on spewing out uninspired comments.

The HUGOs....ah, now, there's a subject on which I can probably say an insipid word or two. Seems to me that, at present, the HUGOs aren't very fairly awarded, because of the fact that only Convention members are allowed to participate in the final vote. Sure, I appreciate that the Con fees pay for the statuettes, and only those who pay should be allowed to decide where their money goes to, but this doesn't affect the validity of the awards themselves. The awards are not valid because they don't represent the bulk of the opinions present in the field. The solution is, of course, for everybody interested to pay their fee and get a ballot but, as things stand, there is no encouragement for non-attendees to join the Con. They get very little for their money, and the attraction of being able to vote for the HUGOs is not much of an incentive. The best answer, in my

opinion, is to encourage more fans to register for the Con by offering them something in return for their fee. Registrants should get (1) progress reports, (2) a full report of the Con, including details of speeches, functions and the art show, and (3) a copy of the TAFF delegate's report. This is no less than their due, and anyway, the costs would be absorbed by the fees paid by overseas fans and other non-attendants who didn't get their money's worth.

John Baxter

[John, thanks for the most hilarious letter I've printed all year. -- www/

ED BRYANT MAKES DEALS WITH PUBLIC LIBRARIES
Communique to the Poor Man's Yandro:
Dear Muchedumbre Grito:

Route No. 2, Wheatland, Wyoming
June 15, 1961

Do you know why the widow wore black garters? No? Well, just look on page 41 of Dell's new pocket book collection of Richard Matheson's short stories. Cheee, levity is reaching new heights when Dell First Editions use dirty jokes. Yuk, but I did like the punch line. Puns are my favorite humor.

There is only one fitting model for an award to the hard-working faneds of Science Fiction Fandom! It's a one-eighth scale tin-plated mimeograph. To indicate further honor, indelible ink-stains may be added.

Have you seen the new sf serial by Jim Blish in BOYS LIFE? It's a bit routine -- all about energy-beings in the dark nebulae, and how to navigate an ion (or maybe it's photon, I'm not sure) sailboat -- but it's encouraging to see sf by a name author in a general mag with as large a circulation as BL.

On the contents of Cry of the Aimless #151:

HYWL was good as usual, though I'm surprised to find that Elinor found CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ unreadable.

MAIL ANIMAL was as good or better than SUPERFAN's adventures.

Ellington & Warner: Shame on you for your nefarious schemes in getting OP books from public libraries! You are immoral, unpatriotic, and besides that, there may be a librarian in the readership of CRY who will proceed to report to the Library Journal which will broadcast the warning all over the U.S. until it gets to Wheatland. Whereupon the librarians will become suspicious of my "losing" books. There is, however, an honest method of getting pbs and prozines from libraries; I have made a deal with the local public library to trade my duplicate pbs and mags for any pb or mag they have on shelves.

Arcanely,

Ed

WM. H. EVANS FEELS OF NOSTALGIA

Box 86, Mt. Rainier, Md.

Dear Cryers,

While reading this issue I suddenly had a feeling of nostalgia; for a moment I thought I was reading an issue of Spaceways. There was the same mass of inside printing, with only a few small illos to relieve the printing. True, the paper was all one color -- white -- but there could have been a change in Harry of this type. But there were the same columns, the same preoccupation on the part of the readers to have a letter -- or part of one -- published. Articles, serious and otherwise, seemed the same, but the spell was partially lifted when I noticed there was no fiction -- Berry doesn't count -- and no verse. Still, it was an uncanny feeling; I expected The Star-Treader to stalk forth, pen aimed high at Palmer.

Even the name of DAW brings back those old memories. I gather that DAW still has most of his old ideas. And, as in the past, I feel they are wrong. Buz has at least the zoo on his side. He is right in that wolves are a pack animal.

Let's face it -- Cry isn't a way-out type of fanzine; it's just a nice, comfortable fireside friend. It isn't typical of the most individual zines -- after all, with so many people with a finger in the pie, how could it be. The young fan who hears about Cry feels it must be something great -- then he reads a few, and feels a sense of letdown, because it isn't filled with the brilliant writing and verse and art he had expected. Without the background to appreciate the material, he leaves it, feeling that it is below his needs. But, actually, he has still to grow into it, still to learn to appreciate and participate

in the comprehensive discussions and material that make a solid, unshowy magazine. Just like FAPA or SAPS? where the young fan, hearing so much about what a wonderful thing FAPA is (it is, of course) rushes to join (this was back several years, you can see) and drops, in disgust, within four mailings. Where are the brilliant writings, the learned discussions of science fiction and fandom and life that he expected? Are these uninspiring 12-24 page magazines the splendid publications he had heard of? Is this Horizons! Nothing but idle chatter about the previous mailings, and ramblings on various subjects. So, he drops, without ever having immersed himself in the stream of ideas and discussions and concepts that form a multi-channeled river of communication. Later, perhaps, more mature, and expecting less, he returns, and finally dips a toe into the stream - and finds himself swimming with the rest.

I see Buz has the same mixed feelings about "Rogue Moon" I did. I thought there was a lot of good ideas and writing in it. The scenes on the moon were wonderfully handled. But, the earlier part introduced characters, and then threw them aside in an illogical manner. I felt there was too much switching sharply of motivation to be really believable; either some of the characters should have been eliminated, or the book expanded (which I would have liked.)

Berry was good. I have read better Berry, but even average Berry is good.

Purdom is very interesting - and very perceptive - in his discussion of "The Man Who Sold the Moon." He misses one or two present day figures who might be partial counterparts of Harriman (was this name based on the UP railroad man? I wonder if the subconscious took over in naming him); Rickover would be a possible mention.

If any of your readers (?) should be so foolish as to part with copies of Nos 136, 137, 139, 140, 142, and/or 143, I would be willing to part with double the single copy price. I'm feeling rich, right now.

Best, and all that stuff

Bill Evans

M I S T E R THOMAS E. PURDOM

Sp4 Thomas E. Purdom US52493990, Hq&Hq Co,
2d Med Tk Bn, 59th Armor, 2d Inf Div, Ft Benning,
Ga. July 20, 1961

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I'll bet you lose this between now and August. I know I would. Wally, no more PFC Thomas E. Purdom at the top of my letters. By the time the next Cry comes out, I will have been a citizen again for a month. Call me mister, if you must call me anything.

I thought this was a good issue of Cry, though lacking in one of your better authors. /All this time in the Army and you aren't humble yet? --www/ Berry had a good mood piece which made me glad I'm not an acti-fan. Buz and Elinor's columns were excellent. Cotr was much fun, as usual. Sometimes, reading Cry, especially Cotr, I get the feeling I'm reading Pogo. Then, the other night, reading Esquire, I got the feeling I was reading Cry. The letter column and the advent of a column by that new fan writer Gore Vidal contributed a lot to the feeling.

Elinor, I have the feeling you and I have a common trait, seeing things in Eighteenth Century images and associations. I noticed this in your contribution to Why Is a Fan? where you compared writers of long letters to the eighteenth century people who did that. I think such associations have a lot to do with how you feel about things. I know most people associate coffee houses nowadays with Beatniks. I, however, think of Dr. Johnson and Ben Franklin when I think of coffee houses and therefore going to a coffee house seems to me a very normal thing to do, something men have done throughout history.

Buz, I think your Total Welfare idea overlooks what I believe is the best way to plot a story. The tritest idea is always the overthrow of the existing system. But the best stories are those which look for the tensions and conflicts within the proposed society. This is harder, but it can give a story plenty of originality and I think it's a more meaningful approach. Nor does it mean you can't use your story to condemn what you're writing about. For example, your story might be about a bureaucrat rising to the top in the Total Welfare society. The picture given of the society as the plot unwinds could be just as cutting as the fiery speeches of a revolutionary.

In fact, it could be more cutting. I was a sucker for the film Spartacus, but I have to go along with the criticism Esquire's critic made. If slavery was that bad, why didn't the slaves behave more savagely? If they behave as decently as they do in the movie, slavery couldn't have been very brutalizing. But a story about a gladiator's rise to power, showing him killing off his best friend because it's necessary and after awhile doesn't even bother him very much, would be truer and much more of an attack on the system. The best example I can think of in science fiction is Sheckley's The Prize of Peril.

Also, this approach eliminates one of Amis's best criticisms, the built in conservative bias of science fiction. In the revolutionary story, the hero is usually trying to turn the clock back to something very much like present day society. In the other kind of story, he is trying to solve the unique problems of his own time or trying to advance to a still better form of society.

I SAW JULIE HARRIS SUNDAY NIGHT IN THE HEIRESS.

I like Geoff Lindsay's London Letter. I think it gives a New Yorker or New York Times Book Review air to the contents page. Davidson's letters get better and better. They also get longer. I guess you're paying him by the word. [That's exactly what we have been doing. Unfortunately we haven't received any letter from him for this issue; possibly he has found some other zine that will pay him by money. --www/]

Good luck to you all and may you enjoy all your fannish doings.

((But--but-- I said I wasn't mentioning the treatment I want to do on the Total Welfare idea-- remember? --FMB))

Tom

AIMA HILL WANTS INFORMATION OF A TYPE

1 Otis Place, Boston 8, Mass.

Dear CRY;

June 18, 1961

Far be it from me to discourage Betty Kujawa from the use of cliché in general, when she has it down to such an art; and in fact I agree with her that obstinate ignorance could be the only sin there is. I hope so, because that would certainly lighten some of my other worries, like, I could then claim to have the impatience of a saint...where was I? Oh yes, willful ignorance. Believe me, if I am ignorant it's unavoidable, and I wish you would give a question some room in your columns, namely what IS an N3F type? I am not resisting this information, I crave it. You don't have to give me a free copy for pubbing the question, either; you never do anyway, I'm resigned to that. When my sub runs out I'll probably resub; i'm resigned to that, too. Why, I even read the stuff. Does that make me an N3F type? What is this thing that Neffers have in common that makes it such a proud, lonely, and typical thing to be a Neffer?

Casting over various members of my acquaintance, resemblances elude me. Tall, gaunt, high-collared and distinguished Hugo is a Neffer. All the Seaconcom were, the last time I looked - you can take the fifth on that if you want to. [Thanksh. --www/] Ron Ellik is a Neffer and it cost him a squirrel tail to get back in when he tried to get funny in the hope of free dues. California's Al (Puppet Master) Lewis is a Director; I'm a Director; Jack Harness is N'APA OE - gosh, the more I find examples the less I see resemblances; there may be denizens of the Fan Hilton who are not Neffers, but that's unlikely because Bjo is a Neffer. Did you ever hear of so many DIFFERENT people in any other category? [How about the cliché, "He's only human." Now there's a type I'd like explained. --www/]

New Topic. I quit teaching English, probably permanently, and nobody would believe it until I took an interest in working as a house-mother. The first job was a junior college never mind where; I couldn't get out fast enough. The second job was also something out of Dickens, but the head house director was a retired school teacher and we understood each other fine. It was the building repairs we couldn't go, so we both quit. Then North-eastern had a temporary opening. It turned out two months' worth and I loved it - cooking for embryo engineers, you never saw such an appreciative audience. From March until nowabouts I ran a girls' dormitory with 92 girls and almost as many committees. You can't scare me with committees; one who has learned on fans is inured. Next fall I'll be Resident Head in charge of all the MIT women freshmen; 17 actually living there and a few more with relatives who can use the place for a chapter house. I feel fluttered and flattered at being thought a suitable grandmother-image for this place, believe me. I had to talk to all three Deans of Students together, and then go over the house later with two of those and the Head of Maintenance - now there IS a committee. Talk about quietly eagle eyed.

Friendly, though. I have seen a few of my confidential references, and they go on and on in favor of my character even when they can't say a kind word for my brains. The Deans warn me that these girls are all brilliant and also full of the dickens, and that also there is a fraternity across the street which... and that right next door is an elderly lady now about eighty, a Mrs. Leahy, widow of the Leahy Clinic founder, and if the girls get noisier ... and sometimes they do, they do... Ought to be almost like fandom, eh?

New Topic. There are probably Negro fans all over the country, but the fanclubs do the same as we do in Boston, let people find out for themselves and leave if they don't like it. As a matter of fact, very few Negroes are broad-minded enough to associate voluntarily with Caucasians; you can't blame them; they are too apt to hear things they wouldn't like, so unless they know to the contrary, it's natural to be guarded and avoid strangers. You'd be cautious yourself. Fighting gets no results about a thing like that. Or am I wrong? Even when there is this stone cold deepsmell, still open discourtesy is rare, and that certainly is better than no law and order.

Nother topic. Don't you just love Avram Davidson? I do. At the Pittcon I went so far as to ruffle his whiskers, but he wouldn't give me a rec, merely remarking to bystanders that, as they could see, it wasn't true that he wouldn't let ladies get near him. Why this immunity? I'll tell you why. I'm not Jewish, that's why. So it can never be. We have everything else in common: no eyebrows, no money, no figure, and no disposition. All this harmony is for naught. And it's no use for ladies-who-love-Avram to go get instructions from a rabbi, because from all I ever heard, it is necessary to be born to the Tribes, and somehow my feeling about reincarnation is mistrustful. Oh, well, there's other fish in the sea, though few so cute, that is, literatropically speaking.

Din Sassenach,

Alma

BETTY KUJAWA DIDN'T FEEL MIDDLE-AGED UNTIL 55

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,

My dear Mister Webmer...uh Weber..

Indiana Friday, June 16, 1961

Gee thanks a heap for correcting my age in my last letter! With a friend like you, who needs an enemy? It's little things like that that make fanac worthwhile, I always say.

Speaking of age, I just read the pocket edition of Bloch's thriller -- The Dead Beat -- and am seething slightly -- it did give me the horrors but not quite in the way intended. Bob has a main femme character of thirty-three referred to as 'middle-aged' -- this would have been Jake with me except he had the character herself thinking of herself as 'middle-aged', too!

And NO gal in 1961 aged 33 would think of herself as middle-aged, says I! Dunno just when others think of middle-age as starting -- I always figured it as coming around 45 or 50 or 55, even. Gene says 50 -- what do you say? [I've already said too much. --www]

Dunno if you-all at the CRY and in CRYland noticed last week's LIFE magazine (June 9th) -- but I did and promptly sent off a letter to a fine fannish cause. It's about this brand new movement -- The Webster Quimmley Society.

I wrote to its founder Prof. Dixon Gayer of the English Dept. of Long Beach State College. This is a group dedicated to middle-of-the-roadism in all things -- on tv Saturday I caught an interview with him -- hilarious guy -- looks and talks like Walt Kelly a might. He says he plans a badge or emblem that on one side is of redwood and on the other is birch...between will be a tough layer of plastic so that never the twain...also on the membership card will be printed an 'Instant Loyalty Oath' with a space for notarization, just in case anyone suspects the worst.

"Webster" was a sort of folk hero -- supposedly back in 1959 this middle-of-the-roader found himself in the center lane of the choked-up Santa Ana freeway -- caught in the maddening hurry-scurry he..."chickened out, stopped dead, rolled down the isinglass side curtains of his 1924 Essex and cried, 'Sanity and freedom!!'. Webster was a great figure of our time.

Well, by now the ATOM ANTHOLOGY is being delivered to fen here and there stateside -- and I hope all are relishing it as much as I. I feel those classic pages of the Fan Gallery are worth the dollar alone!! So many of us right there immortalised by Atom!! I flipped over the Buz, Tosk, WWW cartoon -- yuk! And that one of Wrai Ballard -- oh heck all of them

were delightful, were they not?? Did you note Boyd and Nirenberg?? And me in me airy-plane??? Dick Schultz --- what you doin' on the wing of my plane?? Hope all who are in this hear of it and order copies -- I was most pleased and tickled to be included.

Beautiful job of writing by Terry Carr in his FANDOM HARVEST this month. Hey Buz -- this morning over breakfast coffee was doing my daily puzzle from my Double-Crostics book (series 45) put out by the Sat. Review -- definition O. in puzzle 18 was..."A certain wild animal who adopts a solitary existence though naturally gregarious"....and the answer was.. 'lone wolf'. I thought of you.

Reading and enjoying the fine fantastic letters of Avram Davidson I've always imagined that he does the Crostics in the Sat. Review with a ball-point pen. I'll also bet he's a real whiz at scrabble. Mr. D. if ever you come through my little village I hope you'll drop in for a game of scrabble or some of Gene's scotch or vodka or a glass of my Glockenspiel Liebfraumilch -- just bullied Gene into buying me a case of the stuff -- love it, love it.

Ella, darlin' -- must set you right on some points here about Sammy Davis and what he can and can't do -- even with his fame and money --

No, he cannot work wherever he likes. No, he cannot live wherever he likes. Not by a long shot. I'd figure that about 60 to 75% of the public did not at all like the idea of his marrying a white girl. And had she been an American white girl the figure would have been much higher. I'm talking now about the opinions of the general public in America.

So Avram would like a nice Jewish-Eurasian girl?? I always hadda yen for American Indian bhoys, meself -- like that grand yummy amerind Jeff Chandler as Cochise -- hooo boy!

I think Wally that whoever it was that came up with that nice idea of having the Nameless Ones donate a stf/fantasy book to the public library in Flora's name deserves to be mentioned by name in the CRY. [Elinor Busby brought it up, but I really think she stole the idea from some other club. Right now we have the problem of wanting to have the book autographed by the author, but fearing that an autographed book would be just that much more of a temptation to library-looting stf-readers. --www]

But enough typos -- blame them on my advancing years -- it's hard to type when rocking in my rocking chair -- and this damned shawl keeps getting tangled in the keys -- and my corncob pipe keeps going out. Shucks.

Bye...

Betty

LEN MOFFATT REVIEWS CRY'S 147 THRU 150

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Dear CRYpubbers,

June 17, 1961

I am in receipt of CRY No. 151 (dated June 1961), but I am almost afraid to admit it, or to make any comment on the issue...

For--according to the Weber Line of Reasoning -- one should comment on the issues one hasn't received, if one wishes to remain on the CRY Mailing List.

Ah, but I must mention Nos. 147 thru 150, if -- according to your SCoalCE -- I am in to stay in your good graces; in fact, I needs must comment on them. Very well.

Now, as you are no doubt keenly aware, I have seen none of the four issues in question. However, let us turn first to No. 147, which (so I am given to understand) contained my bit of verse re the rich brown gafiation. If this be true then it goes without saying (but, being a fan, I'll say it anyway) that No. 147 was not without merit. [It..] (please, SCoalCE, no puns on the hallowed name of a great fantasy writer, and I refer not to myself, but rather to the late, lamented Abraham, who made The American Weekly one of the greatest fantasy publications of its day). [...Oh bah! Forgot what I was going to say. --www] Not, mind you, that I consider my verse a great piece of Writing (if Don Franson says "it was pretty good" I shall blush with all due modesty), but the intent, the thought, behind it was sincere, and -- I think -- moving. Whether it moved one to tears, or to the bathroom, is incidental. I only hope that rich brown HIMSELF found it impressive enough to bring his intended gafiation to a screeching halt. (Mine ears are atuned for the screech.) If I may take the liberty of quoting from my own Work: "Return, rich brown, return!"

That, I believe, should be sufficient commentary on No. 147. The other material in the issue was -- quite possibly -- nearly as good as my verse.

I might say the same for the contents of Nos. 148, 149, and 150. In fact, I will -- and that I believe should be sufficient commentary (intended to be constructively critical) on the four issues I did not receive.

I would like to suggest that the Weber Line of Reasoning be twisted back into a more practical approach, so that we may once more return to the old fashioned method of writing a letter of comment for each issue received, rather than attempting to write commentary on issues one hasn't seen, for though I believe that I have successfully done so in this epistle, it must be considered, and -- in fact -- understood, that not everyone is capable of following the thought-processes of your SCoALCE.

The fact that I am able to do this....worries me.

Nevertheless, keep smiling!

Len Moffatt

/It worries you!! What do you suppose it does to me???? -- wWorriedw/

CHUCK DEVINE WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT PALL BEARING
Dear Wally & Co,

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

July (I think)

Well, CRY arrived the other day ... well, it wasn't exactly just the other day ... more like a month and a half ago.

I suffer through what Berry described about every other month. Actually, I suffer under an extreme handicap. This house is crawling with cats & Great Danes. Tis very inconvenient to reach for a fmz to comment on and find out that one of the cats has fallen asleep on it (or sharpened his claws on it, or decided that it was too much trouble to go outside and messed on a new copy of HABAKKUK). I can't really get mad at the cats tho. One of the cats is called "Little Kitty" by Mother, and "Boo" by my sister. I just call the cat "Scab Head."

Hey Wally --- if Ella Parker catches you, do I get to be a pall bearer? /It's so nice to know I have friends in these, my final moments. Sure, Chuck, if you think you can bear it, go ahead! --www/

More Blessings,

Chuck

EMILE E. GREENLEAF, JR. THINKS AVRAM'S WILD
Dear CRYogenics:

1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

June 15, 1961

The Hugo ballot looks interesting. But I am mildly crogged at the missingness of Chad Oliver's UNEARTHLY NEIGHBORS (which I consider second best novel of '60) and McLaughlin's BROTHERHOOD OF KEEPERS.

Terry Carr good, as usual. But I'm glad I don't know any ner^vy bastards like this Oskar McSnee. I resent people dropping in on me at eleven PM when I have to go to work the next day. Teddibly non-fannish of me, I know, but I do have to sleep, y'know.

Avram Davidson gets wilder and wilder as time goes on. He hardly seems like the same quiet, reserved, introverted person I met at Detroit. If he gets any worse, he will be having plonker fights with Bruce Pelz.

Would like to tear into some of the discussions but it's getting late. And tomorrow I gotta go to work.

Emile

ELLA A PARKER MUST BE MAD
Dear CRYeds:

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London. N.W.6.

ENGLAND

May 31st.'61.

Having taken the trouble to write you on one of those airletters that I wouldn't be writing any more letters to CRY....I take up my typewriter to do just that. I must be mad! Down Wally!

This isn't going to be one of those long screeds to which Arthur Thomson objects; not, let me tell you, because I'm scared of Thomson, it's just that there are some things on which I feel compelled to comment and for lack of time the rest of the CRY must just go hang.

Oh Ghod, oh no, you don't really want us to fill in that thing on page 11, do you? You

show a most unhealthy curiosity.

Hop it, Wally, I want to talk to Doreen Webbert for a minute. Doreen: watch it, girl. Remember it was Jim you married and not the CRY. Don't let any of that mad mob catch you within two feet of the duplicator or they'll have you chained to it like a flash, and if at home you see Jim with a purposeful gleam in his eye it probably means he feels a stencil cutting session coming on; hop it, quick, out to the cinema or to buy a new hat, it doesn't much matter what you do as long as you don't hover about him solicitously or he'll have you doing the chore for him. Congratulations (belated, I know,) on your marriage.

Back with you, Weber. The cover was worth a giggle but it would have been much funnier if available at the time the appeal for Mike went out.

Ha! BuzPemb is back with us, nice. I'm sorry to see you discarding yet another title, Buz. As for Keen Blue eyes etc. It was one of my favourites.

Re your references to fan-pro relationships, Buz. I think we tend to worry about them too much. Editors and publishers of promags admit that we, the active fans, are only a small part of their readership and they aren't interested in our opinions and/or comments. But if something comes up in the SF world deserving of attention/discussion/argument, it certainly gets it. Look at the talk generated by Starship Soldiers. It could resolve into the old question of do the fans need SF and does SF need the fans; you play it according to your own tastes and opinions.

About the Hugo Awards. Many are the times we have heard the argument that the fmz which send the forms out do well in the final ballot and they don't know for sure if that is because the voter doesn't like to put down his true opinion but votes for the 'zine which sent the poll to him. I'd like to see a non-faned issue the annual poll on the understanding that the winner of that poll gets an award which would be the equivalent of a Hugo and leave the Hugo votes for pro works. The awards could be made just the same at the Annual Worldcons. So you'd have your Fanpoll and Hugopoll.

Loved Berry this time round. I think on balance I prefer his factual stuff to his fiction...it was factual, wasn't it, John?

Poor Doreen, President of the Nameless; they really have landed you, haven't they? BE FIRM with them and you might survive.

The rest of CRY was as good as usual which is the highest of praise, but I'm not writing any more now. You can tell your readers that if they are interested in having a copy, the AA is ready for the mails. Those already ordered have been dispatched and we have sold over 100 which leaves about 95 to go. On to your poll.

Best.

Ella (SCoaw. certified.)

JIM GROVES ANNOUNCES P-DAY

29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England.

Dear All

12th July 1961

Now to see if I can't wangle another free issue.

Hah Wally, P-DAY approacheth, the end is in sight; repent ye and all that sort of dribble.

But to CRY 151. John Berry's item was much better this time -- is he going all autobiographical or something? It certainly reads that way, and reads better for it as well.

Buz you shoulda known better -- I reckon everyone moreorless reacted to that quiz as Ella did, exhorting us all to answer it deadpan, and if you've ever been exhorted to anything by Ella you'd know why you got such a good response. But I forgot, you no doubt have that dubious pleasure coming, lucky you.

This "Total Welfare" of yours, not a cradle to the grave affair I hope, with a speed up in that general direction? "A final solution" to the people problem. Nope can't be that. A story along those lines would be science fact, and it's been done (in fiction that is). ((I got like a new wrinkle in mind. --FMB))

COTR

Tom Purdom -- on the scientific stuff that hasn't got into sf. Yes there is a lot, but some does get through, like "The Word to Space" from F&SF, about contacting intelligences in space (Project OZ -- pity it's been closed down) and "World in a Bottle" from Galaxy 'bout rearing germ free people. Those two are high on my like list.

"Starship Troopers" -- what I extracted from it, as I never tire of saying, were two

in number: 1/ Citizenship is a privilege and a duty, not a right, and must be earned;
2/ Conditions between living beings have always been violent and just because we don't like it is no reason for assuming that it will be any different in the future.

Don Franson -- but is fighting anti-survival? Seems to me that there are plenty of situations where it's just the reverse. Agreed it isn't a noble tradition or any of that rubbish but it is still necessary once in a while (unfortunately -- I much prefer the quiet life myself, but not to the extent of letting someone stomp all over me).

Signing off,

Jim

GEORGE LOCKE SENDS A NOTE OF . . . ENCOURAGEMENT?? Sgt Locke, G. W., 24 Field Ambulance
Dear Buz & Elinor BFPO 10, KENYA 3-6-61

I pity you meeting Ella. You'll never be the same again. But then, you met John Berry and survived him without experiencing a desire to take on the world, so you've had some basic training with which to tackle Auntie Ella.

Yours Sincerely,

George Locke

BOB LICHTMAN VOTES HIS HUGO BALLOT 6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.
Dear Cry: Wednesday, 12 June 1961

After missing two conventions -- the Westercon in Oakland and the National Amateur Press Association convention in Tucson; both of them were held over the same weekend, too -- and joining another apa, I guess I ought to settle down and see what I can say about a CRY (#151).

Maybe I have been spoiled, but this month's cover by Weber didn't impress me very much. I think I faunch for the days of not-so-yore when there were ATom covers every month, broken up on rare occasions by a Bjo cover. Call month after month of delicious ATom covers "monotonous" if you will, gentle reader, but remember that you are reading the words of a confirmed ATomaddict, one who faunches backwards everytime he looks through the ATom anthology. Twice.

I notice that the insert, "Convention Annual, Pittcon Edition," is woefully missing from my copy, but then since I already own my copy of this unusual project the loss is not too great. By way of plug or review or whathaveyou?, let me say here that while the identification of fans in the pictures could be much improved -- why not get a small panel of actifen to help you on this, Klein and Preto? -- the pictures themselves are quite interesting and when one reaches the end one is disappointed that there is not more.

Elinor's comments on the Hugo novel category are well-taken. I think I am a pretty good example of a Hugo voter who, because he doesn't read science-fiction very much anymore (about all I read during 1960 were some F&SFs and Fred Brown's The Mind Thing), has to vote pretty much by what he's heard, or by instinct. Here, for the record, are my Hugo votes, as I recall them: Rogue Moon for Best Novel; "Open to Me, My Sister" for Best Shorter Work; F&SF for Best Prozone; Freas for Best Artist; Twilight Zone for Best Dramatic Presentation; and Habakkuk for Best Fanzine. Incidentally, I am ready to join those plumping for a special category for Best Special Fan Production; it strikes me that WKSF should have gone in something like that, along with Quotebook, the several Dragons that Rotsler turned out and a few other items.

Are Eleanor of Aragon and Eleanor of Aquitaine the same person, Elinor? I've heard of the latter, but not of, until now, the former. ((Neither, until now, had anyone else -- it was a genuine First for Elinor of FenDen. --FMB))

Berry's story has a nice idea, and I agree with the idea that periodic gafia is Good For You, but it doesn't seem realistic enough. I mean, all this seems to be happening in a period of somewhat less than two months, and that's hardly enough time for the flood of fanmail from numerous mailing lists to begin to cease, much less dozens of new fanzines to spring up around you. I mean, some people around here who completely quit general fandom over a year ago are still getting fanzines now and then. Besides, I find it difficult to sympathize with Berry's main character. I mean, after ten years in fandom he should be burned out, down to membership in a couple of apas, one of them FAPA for sure, not publishing monthly, deeping up a monstrous correspondence, and all this with a wife and kids.

Howcome his wife hasn't left him before this??!

Terry's dialogues, like unto Platonic ones, are interesting, but I choose to restrict my comment to a line from Homer Aquanill, "Fandom is too limited." This is too true. I suggest that fandom is too much of a paper world to attract people to it for very long in a serious way, without serious harm to their life-as-a-whole. Here I am speaking, I should point out, of fandom as a phenomenon, as a set of esoterica all put down on paper, not as it involves individual fans. On another level, that is not really fandom but merely social intercourse, fandom is not particularly limited; or, rather, it need not be. Social life in a group of People, who also incidentally happen to be fans can be a lot of fun. But still, associating only with fan people can be limiting, too.

Ella Parker: I wish you, and others who put down Esprit, would show me examples of where the people who write for it stand back "exclaiming at themselves for being serious in a fanzine!!" I mean, I don't find it that way at all. I find some of the topics being discussed a bit dull, but then there's this aspect in anything.

On the note that we enjoyed the minutes, thus ends this letter. It's too hot to type. And we had a thunderstorm this morning in which a fisherman in Redondo Beach got fried.
Grok!

Bob

DONALD FRANSON GETS DEEPER INTO FANDOM
Dear Cryrockets,

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

July 9, 1961

It was a pleasure meeting you Seattle people at the Baycon, and if I didn't say goodbye it's because I never say goodbye. Andy Main was going around shaking hands and saying goodbye to people, but I think it's better to just disappear -- then you have the memory of smiling faces instead of sad ones. I never enjoyed a convention more -- actually it was the only one I attended since the Solacon, and I wasn't very deep in fandom then.

There's something almost magical in conventions, especially if you are a fanzine fan and meet old friends face to face for the first time -- and find they don't recognize you and shake hands with a polite expression -- then when they do find out who you are their faces light up -- it's heart-warming. With the Busby's it was only a minute -- Elinor saw the Cry I was holding and asked if I wanted to subscribe -- but with Wally Weber it was a ten minute operation, with Bruce Henstell and I making him play "Twenty Questions."

I've recently read Laney's memoirs and was interested in his unsuccessful attempts to get away from fandom -- finally mundane work forced him to let it all slide. This doesn't work with me. I'm working overtime, so I don't have time to keep up with my project to gafiate, and I get deeper and deeper into fandom. I can't make it to the Seacon, sorry, so I go to the Baycon as a substitute, find I'm elected Secretary of LASFS, attend the N3F meeting and buy a N'APA bundle from Jack Harness, so I have to join N'APA and run for director of N3F, and Donaho hands me another large HABAKKUK and I buy about 100 stf magazines to read from Ben Stark and Elinor asks "how come you haven't read Cry yet?" and Miriam Carr tells me I'm silly and she's right.

Elinor's column is good, but Elinor in person is fabulous. John Berry's little tale sounds like it might be autobiographical -- almost, anyway. Buz, stf has always been hard to fit into the problem story -- all the old-time visits to another planet had to bring in phony action, like a war between races on the planet interfered with by the earthmen -- this was Smith and Campbell's chief plot, a concession to the obvious demand for "action." Then there's the old earth-is-in-danger-and-no-one-can-save-it-but-hero plot, and so on. It is a lot of work to put plot and action into stf, in addition to the stf idea itself, but it is necessary to maintain suspense (with editors.) Terry Carr: So many fans are plugging some cause these days that it seems like Fandom Is Just a Goddam Lobby. Ruth Berman is right; let's forget the fan Hugos. Avram Davidson's letter is wonderful, and so are the rest, but who's got time to comment on all this? I'm trying to go gafia, remember? I'll have to cut my carbonzine down to twenty pages or something. Rich Brown, you are a fake-gafiate. Real gafiates don't buy fanzines, they sell them.

Yours,

Donald Franson

BOB SMITH LOSES HIS FANNISH ADDRESS Cpl. Smith. RF, 1 Amenities Unit, Victoria Barracks,
Dear CryEds: Sydney, Australia. Thursday 11th May 1961

Please note change of address. The Lone Fan of Puckapunyal -- remembering Elinor's ominous suggestion that he take the place with him or else -- is dragged screaming and blubbering away, and a bright fannish flame dies in Puckapunyal only to appear elsewhere.

Cry 149: The "Minutes" for March 2nd almost had me fooled, and there is no doubt they are much more interesting when wally weber stays away. What an imagination!

I didn't particularly care for Pt. 3 of "Anatomy of a Fan-Feud", either.

Avram Davidson I thoroughly enjoyed. How about some more?

Pt.2 of the BOYCONrep was good. I would be interested to know if that innocent, Bob Wilson, scuttled for the nearest door after finding out about fans and fanzines, or did he recklessly pursue his enquiries further...anybody in his right mind, of course, would have XXX XXXXXX XXXXXXX XXX...

"Serconville" really broke me up.

Thanks to Elinor for all the fan characters (no, no! I don't mean they're "characters" ...) she described. Well, I put Science-Fantasy on my Hugo ballot. It has published some good yarns over the last year, and deserves a place.

Methinks Donald Wollheim takes the idea of successive Fandoms too seriously. I'm inclined to disagree with his suggestion that present-day Fandom(s) is built solidly upon those Big Name "king-pins". I don't believe in the "numbered" Fandom theory any more than Don Wollheim does, but it's just "Fandom" to me -- maybe with a small "f", too.

Rob Williams' "Psycho" was a little gem, I thought.

Ellington: Why do fans get the impression that army life is so damn funny it should be written about? I have been slung into the local military hoosegow twice in the last few months because Major Ratbaggy doesn't like the sound of Cry; and although this gave me an opportunity to contemplate my navel without interruption and further my study of dirty limericks, I didn't consider it humorous...

Groves: Do you mean that this Geoff Lindsay doesn't exist? This is all so confusing.

You know, when I first commenced reading Cry about two years ago I seem to recall that the 'zine was decorated with scads of cartoons inside...whatever happened to that kind of Cry?

Cry 150:

24th June 1961

I like the idea for a separate series of fan Awards. The symbol could be something like a tiny model of a Gestetner or A.B.Dick, or summat... Maybe the Iron Maiden would care to be the original?

Berry was great fun this time round. I think he really shines in these shorter pieces, and should stay away from lengthy, split-up writing. "The Goon Goes West" was different, of course.

Interesting item on mixed marriages and their problems, Elinor. My wife is Japanese and we have never had any religious differences in eight years of marital bliss. This is mainly because neither of us felt that our religious beliefs (which are pretty vague, anyway) were that important. Living in a small town, as we did for a time, there is the inevitable staring and curiosity, but I imagine it's nowhere near as bad as it would be for negro/white couples.

Les, old mate, you can be immortal and thrown in jail.

Avram Davidson: Actually, the Australian would say "Woop Woop", not "Woof Woof". His favourite name for some far-away, mythical place is the "Black Stump". Like, "yer the biggest galah this side of the Black Stump..."

Roy Tackett: Careful, boy; you're getting awfully "fannish" in the Cry letter column these days. You should have written that up as a...er, story for the 'zine.

And that will have to do you Cry folk for this issue -- after all, I covered two pages with poll answers, yer know...

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

==36==

PHILLIP A. HARRELL TELLS WHY HE IS A FAN

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

June what? 1961 (it may be the 14 but since Friday the 13 came on Tuesday this time I can't be sure.)

I got to thinking of my life before I was a fan and the "Why is a Fan?" in my case is, before Fandom and in mundania, all my life was Loneliness with noise. The noise being a few of the youngerfolk that lived around me, and the reason I say loneliness with noise is that I found more times than not I was talking at them and not to them. But the fact of the matter is if I had left them I would have had to go to the other extreme of the 45 to 50 age group and I didn't feel quite that old yet. I had been trying to get in fandom since I had first heard about it back in '46. During 1950 I tried even harder. I would read accounts of this con being held at that place and write and never even get a reply back. After I was discharged from the AF I made a concentrated "Fandom or Bust" effort culminating in my letter to AMZ. I had had several ads in the Classified section of Amazing but that had done little good; the only thing I got were offers to buy my Stf books. The only person that seemed even halfway a fan was a Joe Fletcher that wrote one letter but that was all. In most of my replies I answered only "Are you a Fan?" but I never got a second letter from most of them, and those that did answer asked, "What kind of a Fan do you mean?" and I figured if they had to ask they weren't one. I wrote to F&SF and asked them the new address of WSFS and they told me to write Taurasi at college point, N.Y. which I did three times but never heard a word. Then I wrote to several zines but that also met with failure, possibly because the zines had folded. Now it was getting into late '59. I decided to write another letter to AMZ. This one was a ploy from start to finish. Don Franson, Bless him, was the first to really do something good about it, altho Clay Hamlin wrote directly to me and was therefore my first Fancontact, with Ed Meskeys a close second and Janey Johnson right beside him. I think I can safely answer, "Why am I a Fan?" with a Heartfelt and enthusiastic "Because I LOVE it." And to use a saying I heard somewhere, "I think therefore I Fan."

Remind me to tell you of the Joys of graduation sometime. I mean to tell you it was twice as much fun as our Christmas Play, and you remember that. The most fun part was when they couldn't find my diploma and I had to stand up there waiting two hundred years while they found it. Fun. Or the robe they gave me that was three sizes too big and the cap two sizes too small. I don't have to go looking for things to happen to me; they come looking for me....sigh.

Fannishly yers,

Phil The Graduated Bem

MIKE DECKINGER COMMENTS ON #150 COVER

31 Carr Place, Fords, N.J.

Dear Wally and you other slow cry-people,

6/17/61

Before I gorget, let me convey my admiration to Steve Stiles from drawing such a marvelous likeness of me on the cover of #150. Of course those who have met me will testify that I wear glasses, my eyes are not quite the size of fried eggs, my mouth is generally not dtawn up into an asterisk, I have a neck (debatable but true), and I am still the recipiant of only one crumbled up Ry-Crisp cracker from Alma Hill who was so kind as to heed Buz's advice a few issues back.

The trouble with most mixed marriages today is that they are a unification of two habitually antagonistic entities: men and women.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

JAMES R. SIEGER CHANGES ADDRESS

S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis.

Why is Cry called Cry? Cry of the Nameless is a true fannish name, but Cry makes one tgubj of a beatnik poetry magazine, or the house organ of a Johnny Ray fan club.

6/24/61

This here is a note that, starting yesterday, we have a new address.

No, we didn't move; the Post Office did. Kindly send CRY to that new address; nobody ever told me about it until the last minute.

James Sieger

FRED GALVIN COMMENTS ON #146

840 Algonquin Avenue, St. Paul 19, Minnesota

Dear Wally Weber,

July 4, 1961

This is a loc on Cry #146. I've heard that that's what you're supposed to do with fanzines -- write letters of comment. I don't recall hearing anything about when I'm supposed to write this confounded letter of comment.

On page 3 you remark that it's too bad Ellick and Eney can't both be sent to the British convention. I suppose that by now somebody has pointed out that you probably could send both to Britain, for not much more than it would cost to send one of them to Britain and bring him back.

I enjoyed "Fandom Harvest", the "A Canticle for Leibowitz" review, and the "Progress Report" cartoon. Speaking of "A Canticle for Leibowitz", I wonder just what plans the Catholic church has made for reorganization after an atomic war, and if anyone knows about this? Has it been decided where the cardinals will meet to choose the next pope if Rome is bombed, i.e., has New Rome already been designated? Or has somebody already been designated to succeed the Pope automatically?

Fred Galvin

EDMUND R. MESKYS SHOWS CRY TO MARK WALSTED

723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

CRY 150:

Another good Cry and as usual Purdom is the best of the ish. Now that he's out of the Army, I hope he still has time to keep the articles coming. In fact, I'd be ecstatically happy to be able to wangle one out of him for Polhode.

I showed this ish to Mark Walsted, who works with me here at the Institute for Space Studies, & he had a few unkind things to say about Wally. (Well, not really, but he was displeased with his mention. He ssz he doesn't go to stef movies or to beastfilms, like never -- not even to the Time Machine -- and rarely goes to mundane movies.) Said he might get around to writing a note some day stating this. [You mean to say that he's so far gone, he's planning to start writing letters to fanzines now? Tsk, tsk. --www/

CRY 151:

Mail Animal: good Berry. Some of his recent stuff was a bit below par but with this he is back there. Oh, how true that story is!

Straw Man: excellent.

Where's the off!+! Purdom article? You cheated me! I want my money back!

I kinda agree with the sentiment against a fannish Hugo. The polls, etc, are enuf, but how about re-phasing the top one so that the top few places in each category could be announced at the Worldcon banquet?

Scientifictionally yours

Ed Meskys

LENNY KAYE HAS BETTER BERRY THAN CRY??

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Wally (man, what a gasser.)

061761

#151 had arrived. I quickly turned to the CRY OF THE READERS thinking to myself... "Wally had to print my letter. He's not that fuggheaded to not print it." But you were...

In fact, I wasn't even going to write you until I saw that cool egoboo for me in Larry Crilly's letter and I figured that since you left it in there, you aren't that mad at me.... And for your info...(even tho I don't like to brag...heh-heh) MY Berry story is much better than any you've run yet, except the GOON GOES WEST. The only other thing that comes close to it was this piece in #151.

Salaam Aleichum and some such rot;

Lenny

and now we present that famous-throughout-Crydom group that...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

LAWRENCE CRILLY doesn't believe "Open to Me, My Sister" should be eligible for the Hugo. "In Farmer's 'Strange Relations', the story is credited with having first appeared in Satellite for June '59 as 'The Strange Birth.'" If so, it makes me quietly proud to know I helped make it possible for an ineligible story to have a chance at the Hugo; it

seems so democratic. BRUCE ROBBINS wants his "Convention Annual - PittCon Edition Jay Kay Klein (insert)" that was listed in #151's table of contents. ETHEL LINDSAY reports she is sending us Scottishe and Haverings, and adds, "I am also sending you Ella Parker, but please don't retaliate --". Does that mean we get to keep her? A paralyzing thought. RICHARD BERGERON sends us lovely money and reports that he is recovering from the last 50 paged Warhoon. JULIAN WOLFF requests, receives, and acknowledges permission to reprint "The Case of the Doped-Up Doctor," by Avram Davidson, in The Baker Street Journal. DAVID WILLIAMS of Normal, Illinois, who calls himself, "The world's only Normal fan," thinks the Progress Reports aren't worth \$2, and feels that with only con memberships voting, the votes would be faaan-slanted. DAVID ETTLIN writes to say, "Please announce in the next ish of CRY that I am gafiating until August 30," but he doesn't mention which year. MIKE McINERNEY tells us, "I'm one of those neos who are disenchanted by the CRY. Partly it is the money, and partly it is the fact that all ishes of CRY look the same no matter how different the contents may be. Why don't you put some illos in to brighten up the pages?" He also complains about the Hugo ballot not having the same number of choices in each category. DICK KUCZEK subs with the dollar he owes the Columbia Record Club, and he hopes the finance company doesn't take back his "The Wonderful World of Jonathon Winters" record. FRED HUNTER subs with a dollar he bought from a non-English-speaking seaman. COLIN FREEMAN says he is Jewish but will probably marry a gentile if he marries at all -- he doesn't know any Jewish girls. BRUCE HENSTELL, VIC RYAN, FREDERICK NORWOOD, GERALD JOHNSON, FRED W. ARNOLD, FRANK WILIMCZYK, BELLE & FRANK DIETZ, FREDRICK GOTTSCHALK, JOHN HOWALD & PHIL JASKAR, and GARY ULLAKKO send us loot.

TOM PURDOM sends us his new address, 3317 Baring Street, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvannia. He also sends us two more articles and hopes to have another one done by the end of the year. ELLA PARKER sends us another letter, this one enclosing a clipping of Seattle's 5th Avenue cave-in. Roy Tackett sent it to her. How many of those newsphotos did you send out, Roy? And where do you want to meet the Seattle Chamber of Commerce Lynching Committee that is this very moment on their way to you?

It is time to depart to the local milk bar for my usual CRY-cure. If any of you don't have anything better to do, you might drop in at Hyatt House this Labor Day Weekend. I plan to meet Ella Parker there, since I can't seem to find any way out of it, and you might get in on the reading of my will at the business meeting. Who knows, I may have bequeathed the COTR editorship to you.

--- www

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