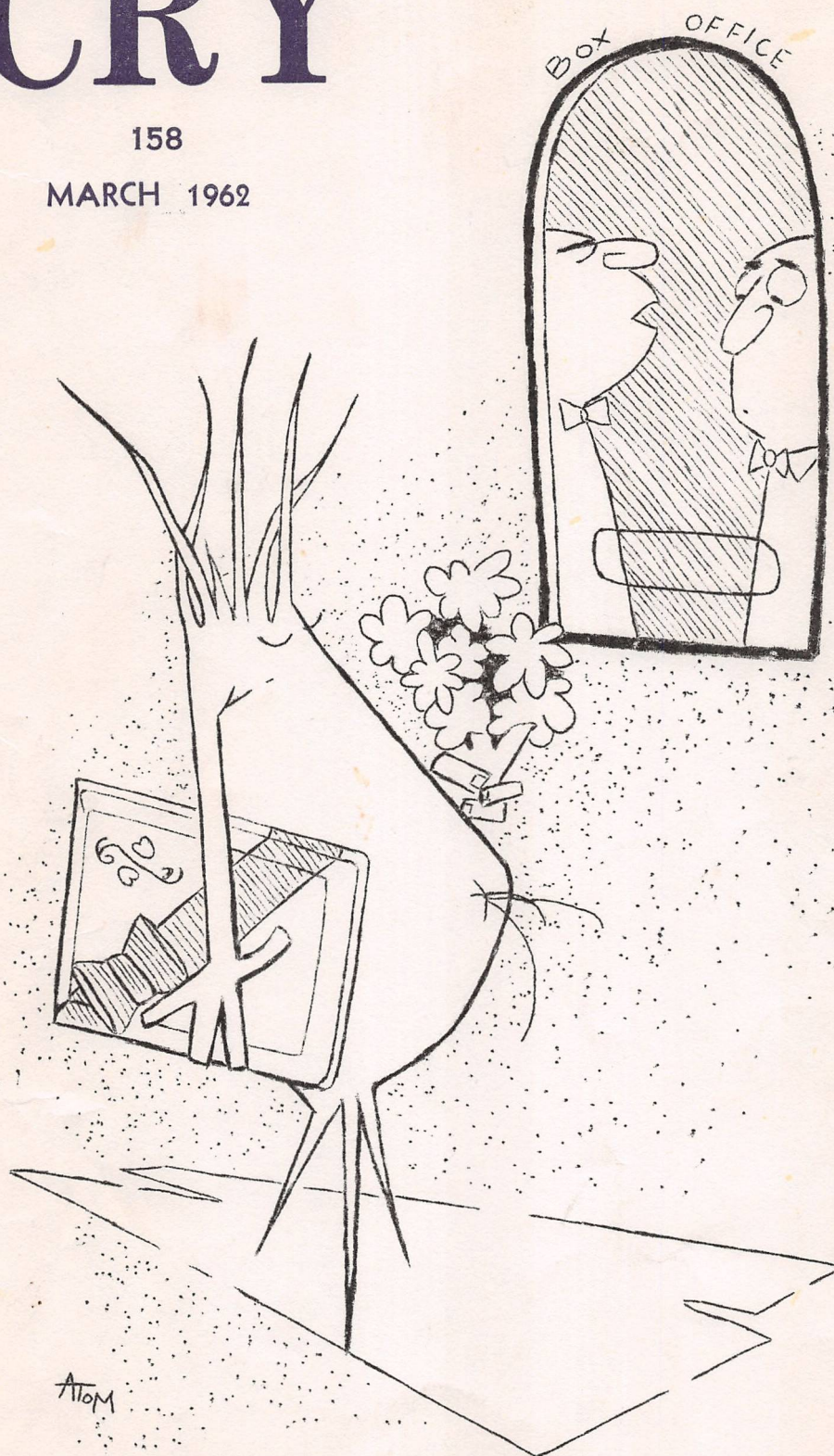


CRY

158

MARCH 1962



Atom

"SAYS, WILL HE GET TO SEE MISS JULIE HARRIS
AFTER THE SHOW?"

1941-1942
1943-1944



1945-1946

1947

CBY

This magazine is published monthly except for July and September, as a good respectable money-losing hobby. Just so it doesn't get too respectable, we charge 25¢ per single issue, \$1 for 5, \$2 for 12; UK equivalents (to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N Ireland) are 1/9, 7/-, and 14/-. Checks sent to our local maildrop (Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash) had better be made payable to Elinor Busby if you ever expect to balance your checkbook again. Or receive any CRYs.

Contributors (including letterwriters who make the grade) breach our fiscal policies and get a free copy; also, upon occasion and subject to the Elinorial whim, we trade free copies with the publishers of other amateur magazines devoted to the field of fantasy and science-fiction. All right; now you tell one.

People keep telling us that we should Name Our Staff (hi there, Joe Gibson!), so I will nerve myself to inform you that as of this moment, Wally Weber, Elinor Busby, and F. M. Busby have done work on this issue. Tomorrow, CRYday, the CRYday gang will gather, additional members being perhaps Burnett Toskey and Jim Webbert. Wally Gonser is not expected to make it-- shifting into Serious for a moment, I regret to say that Wally G will enter into hospitalization tomorrow evening for diagnosis and treatment of a circulatory problem whose easiest solution will be a section of plastic artery in the left leg; a lot of Best Wishes certainly wouldn't hurt any.

Let's look at the ever-lovin' Contents of the issue, now...

Cover by ATom (with Multigraphed logo by Tosk if it doesn't snow too much)	page 1
Page Three	Buz 3
Ella Is No Heroine	Harry Warner, jr. 4
Ingrcupsville	Jeff Wanshel 7
With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle...	F. M. Busby 8
Minutes	Wally Weber 10
Grand Larceny	John Berry 12
Pandom Harvest	Terry Carr 14
Hwyl	Elinor Busby 16
CRY of the Readers	Wally Weber, conducting 19-38

Really loaded with Art Credits this time, comparatively:

ATom 16 31, Harrell 32, Wanshel 7, Weber 19, Smith 35, Zuber 15, Termin 8.

People cut this many stencils each: Weber 22, Elinor 12, Buz 3.

I have no idea who will be at the crank tomorrow: see above and help me guess.

Dep't of Usurping the Legitimate Functions of the Newszines: So Christine Moskowitz is suing Ted White for \$75,000 for the 2 passages quoted from FAPA by Att'y Seitel. That is something over eleven hundred bucks worth of damage to professional reputation, and personal harrassment, attributed to each mimeographed distributed copy of that FAPazine. For what it's worth, I hereby affirm that neither Chris's professional nor personal reputation were damaged in any way by our perusal of our copy of that zine of Ted's, because (1) I don't recognize Ted as a medical expert (even if I hadn't known he was referring to the off-the-cuff peyote articles in fanzines), and (2) I recognize the hyperbole of interpersonal insult when I see it, in a continuing exchange, and take it as no more than that. In fact, the only thing that has hurt the Moskowitz reputation in this house in recent times is this silly \$75,000 lawsuit. So there is something over \$1,100 you can knock off the tab right there, SaM. You are a good man and I like you in most respects, but enough is too much, right now.

There are people standing in line to be taken apart in these hallowed pages this time, but I got to thinking that maybe most of you are bored by the whole bit, and besides we ran out of space. Why, sometimes a fella can hardly tell just which Name to Name Next. Joe Gibson? John Baxter? George Willick? Terry Carr? Bjo? Otho? Grag? Norm Metcalf? Our Regular Contributors? Mike Deckinger, whose contribution was cleared for publication but is not to be found at this moment? Oh, I tell you...

Murray! This page is finished; now we can cut out to the bar. Support EVERYTHING! ((Yike! Next issue published onna firsta the month, precisely.)) --Buz.

Ella Parker is not the heroine of this article. That should be understood from the start. The real subject's identity will not be clear at first, because I must begin by talking about Ella.

With two minor exceptions, everyone in fandom met Ella Parker or was visited by Ella Parker or underwent both experiences simultaneously last fall. I have told briefly in FAPA about her visit to Hagerstown, but it is necessary to go into additional detail for the purposes of this article.

My belief that fans should wear some inconspicuous although unique identification symbol was strengthened by what happened during the first moments of Ella's presence in Hagerstown. I had a complete set of instructions from her on how to go about meeting her at the bus terminal, and it did not occur to either of us that there would be difficulty in recognizing one another. I had seen a snapshot of Ella and she knew that I am thin. I reached the bus terminal on time, parked opposite the funeral home across the street, knowing that I would be in the midst of a slow trip to a graveyard if I stayed there until late that afternoon, entered the terminal, and saw Ella descending the stairs that lead to the ladies' room. I went dashing as far as I dared after her, but she kept going, a little faster. I retreated to the top of the stairs and waited ten minutes. Ella appeared, got halfway up the steps, saw my beaming face and outstretched hand, and turned back as quickly as if she had suddenly remembered after all this time her original purpose in this side excursion. This time I had a longer wait. It stretched out so interminably that I began to wonder if the feminine accommodations in this building might possess a back door and another means of returning to the world in general. I poked around the terminal, trying to find such an auxiliary exit, suddenly fearing that Ella might have been taken ill down there. I knew that terminal illnesses are the worst kind. I was on the other side of the large room when Ella suddenly squirted out of the stairway, through the waiting room and out the door as violently as if she'd been a gob of toothpaste in a tube on which Bill Donaho had just sat suddenly. She was inside that funeral parlor across the street before my decaying reflexes had taken me three steps in her direction. At this very moment, I heard, faint as the horns of elfland faintly blowing, a voice from the other direction, saying in decisive tones: "Four twenty-three Summit Avenue, driver." The taxicab man had just finished burying his vehicle with a mountain of luggage and was pushing into the last fragment of space a woman who looked even more like the snapshot than the one I'd been pursuing. I threw myself in front of the cab and got it stopped that way. Ella had been waiting on the loading platform for me. Why hadn't she seen me? She took one good look and said: "You must have been turned sideways."

While on the subject of Ella, before I get to the real purpose of this article, I want to confess to an interior nervousness that had been causing me to twitch frequently during the days before her arrival. I am not a Night People like most fans. I work only until midnight and usually get to bed not much later than 2 a.m. Such bourgeois hours are embarrassing for anyone in fandom. My fears revolved around the danger that Ella would get a bad impression of me: I was certain that I would show signs of drowsiness long before the time when fans normally start to think about ending their conversation for the night. I had tried to get a good night's sleep the preceding morning, to be fresh and rested, in order to prevent this shameful admission of my oldfogey way of life from becoming evident too soon. It was mid-afternoon when Ella arrived in town, and all during our first hour together, I took frequent stock of my vitality and wakefulness. It felt as if I could continue chattering until a little after the next dawn, which I felt wouldn't be too bad a showing, and I thought that since Ella had had a long bus ride, she probably would want to get some sleep before the next meridian in any event.

You can imagine how I felt at 6 p.m. when Ella yawned in the most delightfully foreign way and asked if I'd mind if she went to the motel and got some sleep. Like the autobiography that flashes through the mind of the drowning man, I visualized in that instant of disillusionment every article I'd ever read about the invariable failure of fans to need sleep before the sun has gotten a substantial distance above the eastern horizon. I might add hastily, to avoid a libel suit, that Ella telephoned me around midnight of that same night, reporting that her night's sleep had done her a world of

good and would I please come and pick her up and give her a better look at 423 Summit Avenue? Five hours later, I suppressed in unskillful fashion an incipient yawn, Ella immediately expressed regret that some fans can't take late hours like others, and I took her back to the motel, returning home for my night's sleep which I began by falling into my breakfast coffee cup.

A great deal of nasty misinformation has been written about Ella's baleful influence on mechanical contrivances. Before I reach the major purpose of this article, I want to emphasize that my automobile did not break down or fail to function at any time during her stay in Hagerstown. It was hours after she left when the radiator suffered a crack that took two strong men three days to repair, the engine temperature gauge stuck at 212 degrees and hasn't budged since, the carburetor was pronounced by mechanics to be senile, dry rot attacked the rubber hose that prevents the cooling system from getting thirsty, large quantities of blue smoke began to surround the auto whenever it went into motion, and I found myself making a left turn every time I pressed the brake pedal. Similarly, the tape recorder functioned beautifully during her stay in Hagerstown, and the repair shop tells me that they think they'll be able to get repair parts by summer for the breakdown that occurred the next day.

Ella had with her a tape which impressed me mightily. She had received it in Seattle, from the London crowd. It was apparently unrehearsed, and the most fiendish piece of impromptu deviltry that I've ever heard on tape. It began with cheerful chatter about what had happened since Ella left, then someone started on a topic from which he was immediately diverted by the others in shocked manner, and a moment later Ron Bennett, I think, let slip a statement about the disappearance of Ella's favorite ATOM illustration. To explain this, the crowd tried to minimize the damage that Ella's bete noir among British fans had done on the night of the big party, then it was necessary to explain about this party just in case someone should send her an exaggerated narrative about the accident to the Gestetner. This went on in growing climax for about 600 feet before it ended in a complete orgy in what was supposedly left of the Penitentiary. Ella laughed like mad at it, too, but I keep wondering if this wasn't the real reason back of her failure to return home as soon as she'd originally planned.

I'm sure that there is a motel operator five miles from Hagerstown who is still puzzled. I had great difficulty, that first evening, making him understand that Miss Parker was staying in the room which I had reserved for her and that I was not planning to be in the same room. Such unorthodox masculine behavior had apparently not been experienced before at this motel. I made things even more difficult by insisting on leaving my own name and address at the desk, so I could be notified in case there should be some kind of accident or illness involving Ella. Without using those precise words, the clerk tried desperately to explain to me that the phony name and address that I had given him would be useless if he wanted to notify me. Finally he decided to humor me when I kept insisting that just this once, a man was giving his true name and address at a motel and wasn't staying there. He shook his head doubtfully, and asked for Ella's full address. I asked if he intended to write to Scotland Yard about such crazy goings on and he shook his head. "No," he said, "I thought we might put her on our mailing list for Christmas cards." For all I know, he probably did. He wouldn't believe me when I insisted that there would be room for Ella inside her motel quarters after all the baggage was stowed inside.

Ella's visit did me a lot of good. It gave me practice in the use of the spoken tongue, which long isolation from fans has caused to grow a trifle rusty. I also received numerous insights into the life, culture and habits of fans on both sides of the Atlantic. No hunter who had brought down a six-ton hippopotamus with a Deringer could have been prouder than Ella was over her success in meeting Redd Boggs. Nobody is more confident in her ability to cope with difficult situations than Ella, but I think that even she had entertained private doubts about her chances of conquering the hermit population of two states, Minnesota and Maryland, on the same trip. I noticed a faraway look in her eyes every time I mentioned the name Bill Danner, and I'm quite sure that Kennerdell would have lost its freedom from fannish visitors if Ella had been able to locate a dependable compass to get her started in the right direction.

I wrote a letter to Ella, as soon as she left Hagerstown, telling her how much I had

enjoyed her visit and hoping that she could come back again some time. This letter was timed to arrive in London at just about the moment of her return home. An anticlimax resulted, when Ella showed up at the Philcon two months later and had to admit that she hadn't read my letter yet because she hadn't gotten around to getting home to read it. I suggested that she should come back in 1962, to make possible a renewal of the delight that she had brought to fans all across the continent.

Ella won't be able to make it, which brings me to the subject of this article. I would like to write twelve months from now another article, telling how much pleasure lots of fans, including me, got from meeting a visitor from England, a woman who has a fantastic ability to make friends quickly, a fine conversationalist who has worked her heart out to make fandom a good place to be as publisher, writer, correspondent, and local club member; a fan who might never visit this country under any other circumstances, one who can be depended upon to produce gladsome echoes of the delights that she will perpetrate in person when she later writes an account of her trip; a woman ~~who doesn't cause automobiles to break down.....~~

As I was about to say, Ella Parker isn't the heroine of this article. Ethel Lindsay is the real subject, because my message is:

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF!

Harry Warner, Jr.



7
INGROOVES VILLE



I'M ALWAYS
HAVING A
GOOD
TIME



MOST FEN ARE
INDIFFERENT
TO FANDOM. I'VE
BEEN ACTIVE
SINCE THIRD
TRANSITION.



LOVED
EVERY
MINUTE
OF IT.



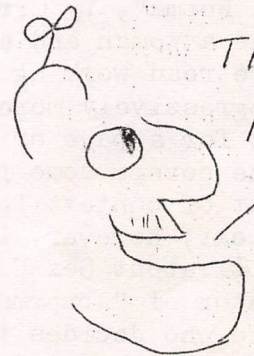
SEEN NEWSZINES COME -
SEEN THEM GO. SFTIMES,
SF NEWSLETTER,
FANAC, SKYRACK,
AXE - I ALWAYS
TRY TO GIVE
THEM NEWS.



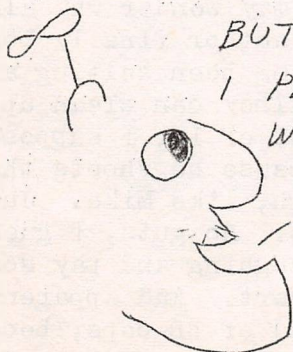
THAT'S BECAUSE
I KNOW HOW TO
CONFORM TO
THE GROUP.



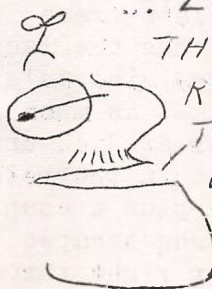
I CHITTER-CHATTER
WITH THE FANCLUBS.
TELL 'EM GAGS
ABOUT THE CRAZY
GOSH WOW FANZINE
FANS.



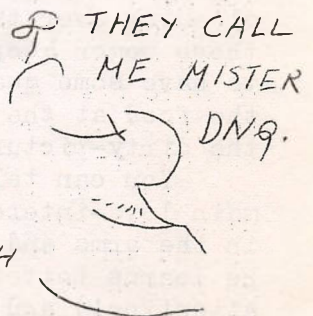
THEY EAT
IT UP



BUT THEN
I PLAY BALL
WITH THE
FANZINES,
TOO.



... LIKE I TELL
THEM WHO'S
RUNNING FROM
THE FUZZ &
WHO IS
SLEEPING WITH
WHO.



THEY CALL
ME MISTER
DNQ.

JEH +
TWANSHE!

With Keen Blue Eyes

and a Bicycle..... by F. M. Busby or another fella of the same name

It could be said that this one really ought to be a Pemberton column. But ol' Renfrew, rakehell though he might be, would never stoop to doing a column on the subject of this column, so I guess I will have to handle it by myself.

And the subject of this column is Sex Novels.

Now by Sex Novels I do not mean the occasional heavily-sexed paperback from Ballantine or Ace or Signet or Bantam or even (Gawdelpus) Galaxy-Beacon. No. By Sex Novels I mean those books which are produced by publishers such as Vega and Novel and Merit and Nightstand and even (glurp!) Fabian-- publishers who produce only Sex Novels, and nothing else. Lacking the byline, you can distinguish these books by the crummy covers-- amateurish drawing in vigorous two-color; raunchy photographs that attempt to exaggerate the endowments of double-breasted models; and the most Godawful blurbs this side of Male Guts Magazine (and dibs on that title, fella). Awhile back, you could also tell a Sex Novel because it was pioneering the 50¢ tab while the legit publishers were nerving-up to break the 35¢ barrier for mediumsize.

At hand are 5 of the genre, if you can call it that: 3 from Novel, and one each Merit and Vega. Previously I'd read one Nightstand and one other Vega. All by courtesy of Joe Green who recently sold one to Novel, but not one of the three at hand--- for which I imagine he is as grateful as I am, seeing how bad these 3 are.

Depending on who pulls the political strings in your area, you may or may not have these publications on your local news stands. So just consider that here you are reading a public-service item (jeez, what a spot for a typo that'd've been), in that now you can see what you may have been missing. And to abort a punchline in a hurry, the answer is: not much. Unless you are a worse creep than I thought.

"Abnormal Norma", by Orrie Hitt (Spoonerisms, anyone?), Novel Books, 60¢, 160pp. Blurb: "She was a woman and a half-- figuratively and literally!" Our hero(?) is a James M Cain retread working out of the Split-Level Trap. In between the times he is getting progressively more involved in crooked insurance-sales or detesting his wife, he stops for a page or so to get the hots for this blonde nextdoor (who is a brunette on the cover; some things never change, do they?). The publisher has taken one passage out of context to quote on the flyleaf and thus hint at exotic obscenities; in context, however, it is mostly just sweaty and somewhat grotesque. Thus we learn Rule #1 about Sex Novels: read the flyleaf and put it back on the stand.

The narrator of "Abnormal Norma" is saved from committing Norma's murder for her by his wife who decides to quit being a lush and a compulsive spender and go live poor-but-honest I kid you not, so he comes out a lot better than he deserves considering the bad company he's been keeping. Such as the author.

"Nympho Lodge", by Jack Lynn, Novel Books, 50¢, 128pp, imitation Spillane but the narrator (first-person, same as the previous job) is more of a sex-athlete than ol' Mick ever tried to foist off onto the public. The reader may wonder why all these women keep climbing this fella's frame, and I guess the author finally began to have some qualms himself, so he has the lady-masochist having been salting all the food at the joint with an aphrodisiac so's she and the bellboy can clean up in the dirty-picture racket, which makes as much sense as the rest of it, I suppose.

You can tell that the narrator studied under Spillane because he shoots the main love-interest at the end. Not in the belly-button, though, like Mike. Just in the arms and legs (all of them) plus a couple miscellaneous. No guts, I guess. He learns better, though, because she escapes (dammit, stop laughing and pay some attention!) and he has to shoot her right through her black heart. And apparently this time he has loaded up with high-powered .22 shorts instead of BB-caps, because she stays put until the end of the page for a change. The blurb on the flyleaf of this one is geared for connoisseurs of mutilation, but once again it does not hold up in context. Lesson #2: don't eat at motels recommended by Jack Lynn, or you will have a bunch of real fliplid females pointing guns at you. Among other things.

"Fantastic Seduction", Con Sellors, Novel Books, 60¢, 160pp: imitation PSYCHO. The front&back covers, and title page, say "autobiography as told to.." but overleaf is the "any resemblance .." bit in fine print; somebody fairly goofed, but it is hardly important in that the autobiography of a secretive person who dies violently and suddenly is just a little bit unlikely anyhow. This one is told in the first person by a fearful young lady and in the third person about a card-carrying sadist who has been all out of tranquilizers since he was eight years old, and shows it. The girl has lots of nice sex and the fella has lots of vicious sex in between his knife tricks as described in considerable detail for apprentice sadists. About halfway through the book you see the punchline coming but there is more disbelief in the way than the informed reader can bring himself to suspend, so you try to hope that it won't be quite as ridiculous as all that, but you lose-- this fella and this gal are two schizophrenic halves of the same maniac-- don't argue with me; go argue with the author; it's his 60¢. The windup? He kills her, naturally.

The blurb reads, in part: "..nothing on earth can do justice to the shocking, unique sexual, superbly written explosions you'll gasp at on every page of this book--there will never be another quite like it..." I really do hope he is right on that.

"Love Addict", Arnold Marmor, Merit Books, 50¢, 128pp: imitation of whoever is writing the grade-B Spy Stories lately, hardboiled variety; this one is spiced(?) up with such a continuous series of frequent miscellaneous lays that it gets ridiculous, if it weren't already. Actually it's not too bad a start toward a grade-B spy tale; the author has all the gimmicks and now needs only to learn how to put them together in believable fashion. You can tell he is an amateur, mainly because the characters are always leveling with each other at inappropriate times; I suspect that this was an abortive attempt at excess sophistication in the field. Told in 3rd-person, the story bulges its characters just slightly into 3 dimensions, like cardboard that has been left lying out in the rain. One of these days this guy may write a good Spy Story, though, if he keeps it up and rations his hero to sex just once per chapter.

"Campus Iniquity", John Foster, Vega Books, 50¢, 152pp, and the closest of the lot to being a straight novel of any sort. Third-person protagonist is unscrupulous ambitious college professor (Tosk will have to read this one). The pattern is cut from Elmer Gantry and Nightmare Alley but the hero had a pull with the author and comes out smelling like a rose at the last possible minute. Just for a change, he only makes it with 3 girls or women: one suiciding nympho, one Bad Woman for most of the book, and one Good Woman toward the end; nice for him, anyhow, that the author decided that maybe Crime Does Pay sometimes. Despite the crummy cover, this is not so much a Sex Novel as just a book with sex in it that couldn't find a better market. However, it is still a Sex Novel by the following criteria; stay tuned.

Sex Novels, then, appear to be mainly stories that just did not make it in the regular market for whatever field they happened to miss. Some of them are very obviously jazzed up with superfluous sex passages; others already had plenty sex. But perhaps the saddest part of the whole thing is that Sex Novels are really not sexy at all; instead, they are dreary, for the most part. The author was not writing anything he felt; he was writing a sex scene because the publisher needed it. So if you can identify with the author's pet creep at those points, you don't feel the hots for the blonde at all; you feel temporarily sidetracked from the crummy problems of the original story but hardly enchanted by this lull which you know (from previous chapters) won't last anyhow. And how hot can you get for a cardboard blonde when you yourself are cardboard, identificationwise?

Also, a large number of Sex Novels are actually anti-sex; all the sex takes place during the Transgressions Period and is dutifully regretted later. One hell of a note, I'd say. The least a Sexbook publisher could do, is not knock it.

The one good one (except for the imitation-Huxley ending where the author pulls the rug from the hero by killing everybody just when things go well) was a Nightstand job dealing with a batch of wild bohemians; at least they came through as people.

All I hope is that I haven't somehow inadvertently started Tenth Fandom, here. --Buz.

M I N U T E S

by Secretary Wally Weber

FEBRUARY 15, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The February 15, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at the new residential location of the Most Honorable Secretary-Treasurer just south of the Seattle city limits. Although the meeting violated the same county, state, and federal regulations as is expected of Nameless meetings, no city regulations were broken at this one.

The members made a short but careful inspection of the house's foundation before venturing up the stairs to the living quarters, and all members were appraised of the fact that the center of the house was supported by a tree stump. The plan of naming the residence "Treehouse" soon gave way to the more accurate name, "Stumphouse."

Upstairs, Official Coffee-Maker Wally Gonser discovered that the thrifty Secretary-Treasurer had saved the coffee-grounds in the coffeepot from the last time it had been used. Estimates by the members guessed the time to have been shortly after the Season, although measurements of the amount of mold suggested that the pot hadn't been used since the club was founded in 1949. While Wally Gonser destroyed the rare cultures in the pot by boiling them in a mysterious solution of his own devising, the other members speculated as to why the Secretary-Treasurer-and-keeper-of-the-coffeepot has never been known to drink coffee at meetings of the Nameless Ones.

Vice President Gordon Eklund, whose uncalled-for attack on the Secretary-Treasurer in his illegible fanzine, Bramble Bush, has shocked those few fans who have been able to make out the words, opened the meeting at 8:55:50 p.m. He was content to let it go at that, but Doreen Webbert belabored the point that everyone expected more of a Vice President than that. Gordon reluctantly consented to having the minutes read. The minutes met with the usual disapproval of the members, who wouldn't recognize true Art if Nancy introduced him herself.

About this time, John Timmis, the Secretary-Treasurer's evil landlord, appeared to direct the program for the evening. The program proved to be even more unusual than the coffeepot molds. The program consisted of all the members pitching in and moving a refrigerator from downstairs up into the kitchen. It was an exciting program. You could tell that by the way beads of perspiration broke out on Mr. Timmis' brow as the large refrigerator teetered on the top step before crashing safely in through the kitchen door. The program ended somewhat anticlimaxically, if you can imagine such a word, with John replacing the basement wall behind which the refrigerator had been stored along with the remains of what he laughingly referred to as "the previous tenant." We knew he was just kidding us about the remains, however, since the bones of the right arm belonged, we are almost positive, to G. M. Carr.

Back at the meeting, volunteers were tasting the first coffee to have oozed from the reconditioned coffeepot. Wally Gonser was the only one who swayed perceptibly after taking a sip, although it is only fair to point out that he had been the only one to try tasting the coffee while standing up. Ed Wyman mused over the possibility that it must have been Irish coffee to cause Wally Gonser to Slant so. The fact that the coffee was turning everyone who tasted it green seemed to bear him out, and nothing would have pleased the members more than to have had Ed borne out about that time.

Virginia West volunteered her house for the next meeting.

Mention was made of the passing of Gertrude Carr as noted in a recent newspaper obituary. The address given did not agree with the address of the G. M. Carr we all knew and hated, but we could not help but think of the skeleton in the basement.

Virginia West volunteered to have the next meeting at her place, and this time the Secretary Treasurer put her offer into the form of a motion, just to be neat. Virginia admitted she didn't have anything in the way of a program planned that would be as exciting as moving a refrigerator, but we could burn berry bushes in a washing machine if we liked.

By this time Wally Gonser had recovered sufficiently from his coffee test to be properly horrified that Ed Wyman should be suffered to live after his uncalled-for pun

about Slant and Irish coffee. Wally's ingenious mind came up with an ingenious method of dealing with punsters, however, and he revealed his plan to the members. He suggested that members be fined for each pun they utter. The proceeds from these fines would be kept in a special fund, a "Pun Fund" it could be called, and when enough money had been accumulated, a party could be financed with it. It was a clever plan, the sort of idea that could come to only a superior intellect such as a Seattle area fan. It was the greatest contribution to the world of communication since Russia invented the telephone.

Wally Gonser put his plan into the form of a motion, which Doreen seconded. A lot of puns began to pollute the atmosphere as Ed Wyman and others sought to relieve themselves of all the puns they could before they became costly. This brought about an ammendment, making the fines retroactive to the moment the original motion was stated. The ammendment also set the amount of fine at 5¢ per pun. The ammendment was passed, thus placing the life's savings of several of the members at the mercy of the outcome of the vote on the original motion.

The vote was a spectacular 4 to 4 tie, and it was up to Gordon Eklund to break the tie. His nerve broke instead; he recessed the meeting at 9:49:50 p.m. in hopes that Jim Webbert would eventually arrive to cast the deciding vote. Just in case the meeting might fail to reconvene, however, he had the vote on the motion pertaining to meeting at Virginia's home taken before the recess. That motion passed with no argument.

Jim arrived during the movies, so the meeting was reconvened at 10:20:20 and the final vote was counted for the Pun Fund motion. Jim voted in favor, which would have passed the motion had not one of the members whose family fortune was at stake suddenly brought up the point that the Pun Fund motion had been made after the motion to meet at Virginia's had been made, but before the first motion had been voted upon, thereby making the Pun Fund motion out of order, invalid, not binding, and not very legal.

Thus ended the Pun Fund. The members turned to the screen where Ed Wyman partially redeemed himself by showing slides of Baycon and Seacon, and the meeting never did get honestly adjourned.

Exceedingly Honorable Secretary-Treasurer
Wally Weber

MARCH 1, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The March 1, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at 221 E. Newton, located on the side of a cliff in the heart of snow-bound, icy-streeted Seattle, Washington. Vice President Gordon Eklund opened the meeting at 10:26:35 p.m. long enough for the motion to be made, seconded and passed that the next meeting be held at Stumphouse. The meeting was adjourned at 10:28:20 p.m.

Previous to and following the meeting there took place a conversation of great variety, with the most interesting subject (that is, the most bloodthirsty subject) discussed being Wally Gonser's plan to retire to the Burien Hospital on Cryday evening, March 4. So far as can be determined at the moment, Wally's left foot neglected to resub, trade, or contribute and so blood has ceased to be circulated to it for the last several weeks. Wally's doctor has become quite excited about this, and has two plans for reviving the gafiating member. If neither of these plans work, that end of Wally Gonser will have to be dropped for lack of activity credit. Any APAn can tell you that, with waiting lists being as they are, this is a serious matter, indeed.

Other topics touched upon included Volkswagens, highways, Joe Green's famous time travel story, Mazda lamp calendars, cartoonists and artists, model airplanes, radio controlled flash units, cats and what they will or will not eat, horse meat, chocolate coated ants and grasshoppers and bumble bees, the deadliness of people-bites, false teeth, titanium's corrosion resistance as compared to beryllium, resistance of nylon to acids, the feasibility of using teflon for water faucet washers, the age of the stump at Stumphouse, the definition of a pun, dictionaries, filk singing, life in and out of Firlands, Tolkien, the Chamber of Commerce, composition shoe-soles, and Project Artshow publications.

Incredibly Honorable Secretary-Treasurer
Wally Weber

GRAND LARCENY * John Berry

* * * * *

"Well, we may as well go up and introduce ourselves, gentlemen. Dick, it's room 797J. Gerald, push me into the elevator, will you? Thanks."

Gerald Topping, young, close-cropped hair, with acne scars on each cheek, pushed the silver-haired man into the elevator and wheeled the chair around to face the door. Dick Ogilve followed. He was in his middle thirties, mature and confident. They were silent as the elevator hummed upwards for a moment or so.

Topping pushed the wheel-chair through the door, along the silent soft-carpeted corridor, looking at room numbers. Ogilve followed, looking from right to left at the silver-plated room numbers....

"Ah, here we are, gentlemen," said the old man. Ogilve smiled, knocked on the door. A middle-aged woman answered it, looked at them with raised eyebrows.

"Is Mr. Toskey in?" asked the old man.

"Professor Toskey, you mean," she sniffed. "Is he expecting....?"

"We have an appointment, madam," hissed Ogilve. "Tell him Mr. Weber is here."

"Oh, Mr. Weber, why didn't you say so...please come in."

The chair was wheeled into the luxurious room. The carpet was pale blue, and the walls were painted a subtle pastel shade of lilac. A walnut cabinet in the far corner, illuminated by two spotlights, drew attention to Professor Toskey's academic prizes, including the Nobel Peace Prize and the Pulitzer Prize.

"Professor," they heard the woman shout into an adjoining room, "Mr. Weber and two friends to see you."

It was pathetic and yet somehow inspiring to see the hunched figure stagger in, the thickly veined hands unsteadily gripping two walking sticks. The Professor was bald, and his eyes, as wrinkled as a lizard's, shot anxiously in the direction of the cabinet, as if to ensure that his lifetime treasures were still on display.

The meeting of these two great fans after more than twenty-five years was so poignant that the two young fans turned away. Toskey dropped the sticks and almost fell into the wheel-chair. They asked after some of the more memorable CRY letterhacks, and then Weber took on a more serious note.

"But to business, my dear Burnett. You've checked again....there can be no doubt about it.....it's missing."

"Yes, yes....it has gone....my one great prize. It is no secret that it was the direct cause of my being awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Literature in 1987....."

"You don't mean.....?" echoed the two young fans in bewilderment.

"Yes." The Professor sobbed aloud and unashamed. "My autographed copy of CRY 763." .

The issue of CRY was fabulous for many reasons. It had over 1,180 pages, twenty fotosheets of CRY readers over four decades, a forward from the President of the United States (Jack Spear) and the cream of CRY articles from the very first issue. It had been an issue to commemorate Toskey's withdrawal from fandom. Two thousand of the issue had been run off. They were all numbered, and copies were fetching a fortune. The British Museum had offered \$10,000 for an autographed copy, and that was the rub. Just eight issues had been autographed by the CRY gang over the years, each of whom had, since the year 1987, become a world-known figure in his or her own particular field. Elinor Busby had bred the world's first talking dachshund. Wally Weber, whose autobiography, "I was a Teenage Template Farble Buffer," had become a world's best seller. Jim Webbert, whose ability to duplicate and make scrambled egg at the same time had even been televised on Venus. F. M. Busby, Professor of Crifanac at the Burbee-Laney Institute, whose name was spoken with awe wherever and wherever Crifanac was discussed. Otto Pfeifer, Head of the FBI. Wally Gonser, inventor of the psionic collator. And the eighth signature was that of G. M. Carr, symbolic because she had originated CRY all those many years ago. Each of the eight CRY fans had his own copy, numbered from 1 to 8, autographed by each other....

Wally Weber ran a gnarled hand through his silvery locks.

"I've seen the FBI report," he said quietly, with a certain air of confidence in his voice. "The rooms were empty on the 23rd (that was last Friday), between 5 and 6 pm,

and during that time entrance was effected by a pass key and the CRY stolen. The thief didn't know where to look, and many of your fanzines were scattered all over the floor. The thief wore gloves, and the FBI has no clue to his identity. Are those the facts as you know them?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Toskey. "They could have taken anything, even my FLABBERGASTING file....but CRY 763....it was priceless. I couldn't even get an insurance company to cover it.....the premiums would have been monstrous.....aw.." and he sprawled on the carpet, frothing at the mouth.

The nurse, tut-tutting, picked him up and carried him to a scarlet divan. She pressed a bottle to his nostrils, and he heaved for a moment or two.

"S-sorry," he breathed, tears rimming his eyes. "Er, who are the neofen?"

"You're years out of date, Tosk," said Weber with a wry smile. "Dick Ogilve and Gerald Topping here are two of the BNFs of the day. I invited them here because they'd never met you, they were both passing through town, and I knew it would do you good to see fresh fannish faces."

Toskey beamed, and momentarily forgot his great loss.

"Dear boys," he crooned, "now that you know where I live you must call whenever you get the chance. I can tell you all about the good old days when I used to crank out CRY...ohhh.....boooo hoooo.....my precious CRY 763....."

"You'd better go, gentlemen," soothed the Nurse. "Sometimes he gets violent...you know how it is...." and she led him away into the bedroom, and Weber and the two young fans wiped tearfilled eyes as they turned away.

Downstairs, the icy wind outside the Biltmore made them bow their heads.

"I don't live too far away. Would one of you push me home?" asked Weber. He allowed a raucous cough to shake his thin frame.

"Er..well, yes, I can get a turbo to the air field down Main Street," muttered Dick. He didn't sound too happy, but it was a privilege to push Wally Weber's wheel-chair.

Twenty minutes later, Ogilve handed the wheel-chair over to the doorman. "Good bye, Mr. Weber," he said gaily.

"Just a moment, Dick," said Weber. He asked the doorman to step away. "If you haven't returned CRY 763 in ten days' time, the FBI will be around to see you. I don't know how the British Museum will take it, but that's your worry. You know I'm not bluffing, don't you? Good evening."

He called over to the doorman, and was wheeled into the foyer of his hotel.

Ogilve stood still.

The jaw muscles under his ears worked up and down, like a cow masticating, but the bovine look of contentment was replaced by a mask of pure hatred and frustration.

He walked away, looking at the mosaic sidewalk.....

TO: Mr. Otto Pfeifer

F.B.I.

Washington

FROM: Wally Weber

Seattle, Wash.

RE: Larceny of CRY 763

Dear Otto:

I have successfully solved the mystery of the missing CRY. It was a BNF named Dick Ogilve, who's been active for eight years or so. Actually, I had narrowed down the suspects to just two--Ogilve and a nice fan named Gerald Topping. You see, I still get all the current fanzines, and by noting rumors in FANAC, AXE, and the others, I knew that Ogilve and Topping were in debt, both had bank accounts in Pusan (where the British Museum sent the check for the copy of CRY 763) and both had recently advertized the sale of fanzines in the world's leading newspapers. But I didn't know which. I found out tonight. I asked them both to call on Toskey with me, both said they had never met him, and didn't know where he lived, but when I asked Ogilve to take the elevator to Room 797J he pressed the button to the 29th floor without hesitation.

Care to sub to my new fanzine MIASMA?

Best,
Wally Weber

Terry Carr

I am not the type of person who ordinarily goes to sales. Anyone who knows me can probably tell you that I detest shopping, regard Christmas and birthdays as dark days, and sometimes wish my friends would never get married. Boy, do I hate shopping.

But anyhow, yesterday Carol and I went to a sale, and though it wasn't her birthday or anything like that I bought her a present....an expensive one, at that. A necklace, twenty-four-fifty pricetag.

You see, it wasn't an ordinary sale. It was a sale of Surplus Egyptians Originals. The necklace is 4,000 years old.

It happened like this. A few days ago Pete Graham called; he said he'd gone up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to look at their exhibits of ancient Greek art and while he was there he ran into this sale. "They're selling scarabs and some pottery and jewelry and so forth--all ancient Egyptian stuff."

"Urk," I said. "How much?"

"Well, it depends. The jewelry gets a bit expensive--from twelve dollars on up to fifty or so. But they have all sorts of stuff that's cheaper....a whole lot of shells selling at 25¢ apiece, for instance."

"Shells?"

"Yeah, shells. You know, seashells....ancient Egyptian seashells."

"That doesn't grab me," I said. "Shells are shells."

"Well, they have a lot of other stuff. Necklaces and all."

"What are the necklaces like?" Carol asked.

"Well--" he waved his hands "--most of them just look like macaroni. Colored macaroni, on a string. They're not very fancy. Some of them are nice, though--but they're more expensive." He thought a minute. "All that ancient Egyptian stuff, on sale there. Why that's fantastic."

"Not as fantastic as all that," I said. "The Metropolitan has the second-best ancient Egyptian collection in the world--second only to the one in Cairo. And let's face it, the Egyptians were making jewelry and scarabs and so forth for three thousand years before the birth of Christ....that's a long time, and it figures they might have turned out a surplus."

"Yeah, well, you might go up and look around," he said, and we said we just might. And we did, yesterday.

The first thing we did when we entered the museum was make a beeline for the Egyptian exhibits. We'd been there once before, a couple of months ago, but that day they'd closed shortly after we'd arrived and while I'd run from the bust of Rameses II to the Hatshepsut sphinx to the beautiful miniature statue of King Sahure the guards had shooed us out. Hurried and harried, I'd turned at the door and snapped, "You have no ka!" (The ka was the ancient Egyptian near-analog of the soul.)

Yesterday, though, we had plenty of time to tour the exhibits and we saw them all, including the tomb of Peryne, lord chamberlain in the Fifth Dynasty (2560-2420 B.C.), which has been totally reconstructed in the museum. And when we'd seen the exhibits I asked a guard about the materials they had on sale.

I didn't really know what to ask him--I mean, I seldom go to sales of ancient Egyptian work--but I finally just said, "I understand you have a sale on Egyptian materials." I halfway expected him to say, "Yes, it's down in the bargain tomb," but instead he just nodded and pointed to a showcase down the hall.

We went there, and sure enough there was a whole lot of stuff there. Most of it was fairly dull....broken pottery, those damned undistinguished little seashells, some extremely lacklustre scarabs, several faded statuettes, etc. There was a real bargain in Neolithic chipped stone....they had a dozen or so at 50¢ to \$2.00, great stuff if you like that sort of thing. (All the prices were round numbers, by the way; no Neolithic arrowheads at \$1.98.)

Most of the jewelry was dull, too. The thing is, the ancient Egyptians weren't that goddam good at ornament, at least for my taste. Most of the exhibited necklaces we'd seen

had been huge and bulky, fine workmanship but gaudy. Large balls of gold strung togetherthings like that. The necklaces which were on sale were not so fancy, of course; these were mostly simply bead-work, and by damn most of them did look like colored macaroni. But there were a few nice ones.

These were more expensive, of course. They were done in faience, an artificial material of brilliant turquoise blue. It was a less expensive material than gold, of course, but it was also less gaudy and, in these necklaces at least, used more delicately than most of the gold-work. These were probably not the former property of Egyptian queens and princesses, as so many of the pieces of jewelry in the exhibits were, but instead had probably belonged to court ladies of one degree or another. They had all been restrung, of course, the original strings having decayed with the passage of time, and new clasps had been put on....clasps modelled on ancient Egyptian originals.

Carol found one that she loved....one of the delicate blue faience pieces, of course. It was from the Twelfth Dynasty, c. 1900 B.C. We had it brought out from under glass and looked more closely at it, held it and weighed it in our hands (so light!), and asked if they'd take a check. They would, but they'd have to hold the necklace till the check cleared (yesterday was Sunday). So we wrote them a check and got a receipt and left.

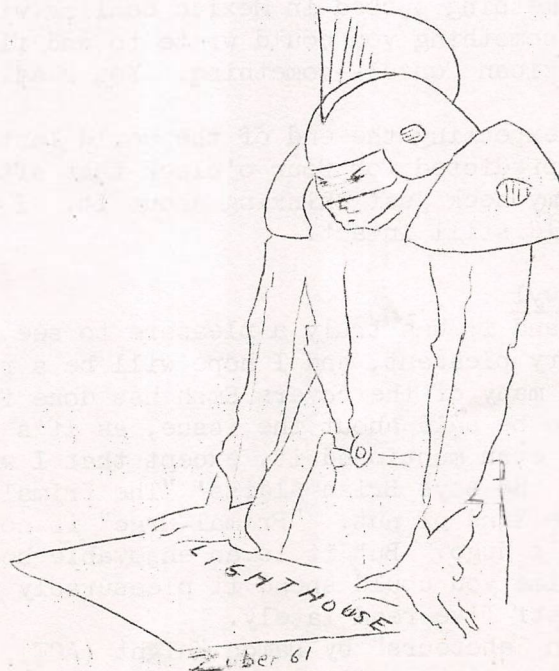
Last night I called Ted White and told him about it. He was mildly fantisted. "I don't know which is more intriguing," he said, "the fact that it's four thousand years old or the fact that you paid twenty-five dollars for it."

"You have no ka," I muttered.

But you know, maybe he's right. After all, for twenty-five dollars I could have financed a nice thick issue of LIGHTHOUSE, with first-class bond paper and photostencilled illustrations, maybe some in two or three colors, fancy headings and envelopes to mail out the issue. Twenty-five dollars would pay for a real nice LIGHTHOUSE, I betcha.

But who'd read it four thousand years from now?

--Terry Carr



H W Y L *

CRY 157 revisited

Elinor * Avram Davidson: Our heartiest congratulations on your marriage. Also,
 Busby * our best wishes for health, wealth, happiness, long life, and many (or at
 * * * * * least what you consider an appropriate number) small Davidsons. We would
 never have reproached you even the tiniest bit in the world for not writing if we had had
 any idea that you were busy getting married.

Tom Purdom: Are you going to stay at 1213 Spruce Street for awhile? I DARE you to
 move again!

Stephen F. Schultheis: Don Day was up here last summer before the Seacon, and told
 us quite a lot of the inside story of the Norwescon. Apparently the Portland club pulled
 a switch and more or less went gafia before the con instead of waiting until afterwards.
 Don said that it was he who wrote all the letters that resulted in Portland's getting the
 bid, but he got the bid in the club's name. At the club's first meeting after being
 awarded the convention, they voted on a concommittee, and Don was not thereon. He said
 that he really didn't care at all, because it had been getting the bid that interested
 him, and not putting on the convention. But a few months before the convention he found
 that nothing had been done on it, so he took over and with the aid of Juanita Sharp, put
 on the convention. Don said one thing that comforted us immensely, and that I think all
 concommittees should take very much to heart: "It is impossible to put on a bad science
 fiction convention." I feel sure that he is quite right.

Harry Warner: By "positive rebellion" Lindner does indeed mean useful rebellion, but
 he can't say so now on account of I'm pretty sure he's dead. When did he die? What did
 he die of? Did he commit suicide? If so, why? If any reader remembers the circumstances
 of Lindner's death, I wish he would mention it. It is so frustrating to semi-remember.

Bob Lichtman: "Even the stencilling was better than the usual CRY norm." Boy!
 You'd better approve the stencilling of that one--it took me three evenings. (About three
 hours altogether--one evening's work is probably an hour.)

Phil Harrell: For CRYsake, Phil, do try not to build your crystal palaces in the
 air with the snows of yesterday. You can't expect 'em to hold up properly that way.
 Use fresh snow.

Nancy Shriner: You will have to go to Mexico City to see good bullfighting. Unless
 you want to go to Spain, of course, which would probably do just as well. I'm sure there
 are magazines or papers or something pubbed in Mexico dealing with bullfighting, but what,
 I don't know. There must be something you could write to and find out. Tourist Bureau,
 or Chamber of Commerce, or Mexican Consul--something. You read Spanish? How good, how
 goodly good.

Ethel Lindsay: We were expecting the end of the world last CRYday. Toskey told us
 (laughing madly) that it was predicted for four o'clock that afternoon, and I got a
 horrible pain in the back of my neck just thinking about it. I was quite pleased when
 the day ended leaving the world still intact.

Amelia Pemberton gives it a Hwyl

The April F&SF is here, and it was truly a pleasure to see Avram Davidson listed as
 Editor. The editorial was very pleasant, and I hope will be a regular feature; and the
 Emsh cover was glorious as so many of the covers Emsh has done for F&SF have been. Apart
 from that, there's not much to be said about the issue, as it's neither Mills nor yet
 Davidson. I don't know why I even mentioned it, except that I want to take exception to
 Alfred Bester, book reviewer. He says Brian Aldiss' "The Primal Urge" is "one prodigious
 yawn." Pooh! He must be some kind of nut. "Primal Urge" is not Great Science Fiction,
 not a contender for next year's Hugo. But it is an enjoyable book. I'd rate it at about
 B-. If you have some spare time you could spend it pleasurably with "The Primal Urge."
 It's better than much of the stf I've read lately.

Lately I've read "The Sun Saboteurs" by Damon Knight (ACE). What a picture of gloom!
 It starts off with Man in a very poor position: he has got in space and found everybody
 else smarter and better than he is. So he's in ghettos on various civilized planets,
 Earth having regressed to barbarism. Due entirely to the Utter Evilness of Man, he gets in
 worse and worse position until finally he is pushed back to eternal despair on crummy ol'
 Earth. Recommended for masochists only. My rating? C-, I guess.

On the other side of "Sun Saboteurs" is "The Light of Lilith" by G. McDonald Wallis.

Buz says the science in this one is laughable. So who cares, except science buffs? More to the point, it isn't an awfully good story. Again man has got to space and found everybody else smarter and better. Certain experiments are forbidden, but Evil Ol' Man is conducting them anyhow, in hopes of getting oneup on the smarter, better aliens. Our hero who has fits of precognition for reasons it's pointless to go into here realizes that these experiments will exterminate a form of life otherwise willing and able to rescue Man when his sun goes nova millenia hence. The characters in this book are sort of nothing, but the book has some pleasant things here and there--it's not a total loss. I enjoyed picking out a couple things G. McDonald Wallis has read. She has a scene that bears a slight but unmistakable resemblance to the courtroom scene in "Have Spacesuit, Will Travel" and there are a chunk or two of partially digested "Perelandra." (I am not accusing her of plagiarism on the conscious level--we all of us are as much composed of what we've read as anything else.) My rating? Oh, I think I'll give it a C. It's not as well-written as the Knight, but it's pleasanter and more interesting.

"Rebels of the Red Planet" by Charles L. Fontenay (ACE). I read somewhere once that Charles L. Fontenay has or had a red dachshund, and I must say that it saddens me that a man with such good taste in dogs should write such appallingly bad science fiction. This is about the worst story I've ever read (but I must admit I've never read "The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch"). It is poorly written, and has cardboard characterizations--which are all that make the fantastic amount of sadism in the book tolerable at all. Rating: E.

On the other side of "Rebels" is "200 Years to Christmas" by J. T. McIntosh (ACE). It seems to me that J. T. McIntosh is the most even writer in science fiction. His stories never touch the heights, but are always well above average. I don't think I've ever read a story by him that I wouldn't rate between B- and B+. "200 Years" is no exception. It is a good solid B. I shan't describe the story. Why bother? You've all read J. T. McIntosh stories. If you've read one, you've read them all, except that if you've read one you WANT to read them all.

"The Nemesis from Terra" by Leigh Brackett (ACE) is a stinker. You remember the lovely stories Leigh Brackett used to do--"The Sea Kings of Mars," that sort of thing? She's trying to do it again in "Nemesis" but it doesn't come off. She remembers the words but she's forgot the tune. Rating: C-

"The Door Through Space," by Marion Zimmer Bradley (ACE) is much more like the good ol' romantic Leigh Brackett than is the present-day disenchanted Leigh Brackett. Rating: B-.

The other side of "The Nemesis from Terra" is "Collision Course," by Robert Silverberg. Man gets to space, finds that he, in his planet-colonizing, is on a collision course with another species of planet-colonizers who are (surprise!) neither tremendously smarter nor better than man. Man and his competitor are unable to reach a suitable compromise due to the stubborn egotism of (surprise!) the competitor. From this impasse they are rescued by the god from the machine, the Smarter, Better Aliens. Oh well. Rating: C+.

"The Three Suns of Amara," by William F. Temple (ACE) is the type of travel story that Jack Vance used to do so well. It's like "Big Planet" or like Farmer's "Green Odyssey"--it's the sense of wonder adventure bit. The only thing wrong with this book is that it's much too short. Temple had obviously hit a good vein and could have gone on for twice as long with no trouble. It's too bad he didn't. I'd rate this B-; if it were twice as long, it might be B+.

The other side of "3 Suns," also by Temple, is "The Automated Goliath," and believe me, it wasn't worth chopping "3 Suns" short for. It's hard to believe the two stories are by the same man. "The Automated Goliath" is a drab story where Man is conquered by Smarter, Worse Aliens and helped by a Smarter, Better Alien, and where people fall in love because the author says it's time for a bit of love interest to try to brighten things up. Rating: C.

"The Haunted Stars" by Edmond Hamilton (Pyramid) is pretty good. Mankind comes up against Smarter, Better Aliens. The end is a puzzle. What will Man do next? Who knows? He has been forced to look at the consequences of his ancestors' actions, at the consequences of his probable future action. Characterizations--almost but not quite. Which is to say that they don't live and breathe, and yet they are better than cardboard. Hamilton

could have done more with this story, but what he did do is worth reading. B or B-, I haven't decided which.

"The Star Dwellers" by James Blish (Avon). I understand that this story was written to refute "Starship Trooper"--if this is true, it fails in that the two books have completely different premises. "Starship Trooper" had aliens which were in direct competition with Man and with whom Man could not possibly communicate. "Star Dwellers" has Smarter, Better Aliens who can communicate with Man and who are not in competition with him at all. But this is, in itself, an okay book. It's a juvenile, and the characters are not unutterably fascinating, so it's C+ for me.

To pet or not to pet. Yeah, I'm still talking about science fiction. In "The Light of Lilith" the folk who are to rescue mankind millenia hence are unevolved little goldy-haired beasts. Men liked them, and many had the idea of making them pets. But the melans were too independent for that. They accepted help but not familiarity. It was as if their cells had already the knowledge of their evolution and while they were grateful, they could not, even at this stage, accept Man as a higher being."

But in "Little Fuzzy" by H. Beam Piper (Avon), we have little goldy-haired beasts who are of fairly good intelligence, and are not only willing but eager to become pets. They regard pethood as a means of education as well as livelihood. This is a charming book, and the reason why is because the little fuzzies are obviously the perfect pets. The sad thing about pets is that they are all dead-end. The little fuzzies are pets with a future. They combine most of the advantages of pets and of children with few of the disadvantages of either. The little fuzzies are such a pleasant wish fulfillment that I have to call this book B-, although it isn't really quite that good.

And the reason why it isn't that good is that Wallis, I think, was right and Piper wrong. Do you remember a story by Boucher a few years ago, in which three humans were stranded on a planet where the dominant race was so big and barbaric that the humans decided it would be simpler to get adopted as pets than to convince the aliens they were intelligent entities? I think they made the wrong decision. Pethood must be essentially debasing to an intelligent being, and I think the humans in Boucher's story probably found it so a few generations later, when, as no doubt happened, many were castrated to keep them home at night.

There's a similar situation in "Genus Homo" by L. Sprague de Camp and P. Schuyler Miller (Berkley). Man, thrown a million years in the future, gets put in a zoo by evolved gorillas, and gets out by proving himself intelligent. Semi-pets, they gain status when they talk the beavers into helping when the gorillas are attacked by chimpanzees.

Rating: C+.

But what does a people do, when surrounded by another species who are larger, smarter, more sophisticated, or just immensely more numerous than themselves? If pethood isn't the answer, must they submit to extermination, or slavery, or unkind degradation of one kind or another? IS pethood the answer?

Ethel Lindsay for TAFF

Buz and I sent our ballots in a week or so ago (ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF) and Ron Ellik acknowledged our votes with a plaintive little postcard saying that hardly anybody had voted yet--as of February 24 there were only 35 ballots in. So, all you Ethel Lindsay supporters, be sure and get your vote in right away. There is no point in having a first-class candidate, if one doesn't remember to vote for her. Come on guys, we want an AVALANCHE of votes for her--we want her to win by a landslide. Okay?

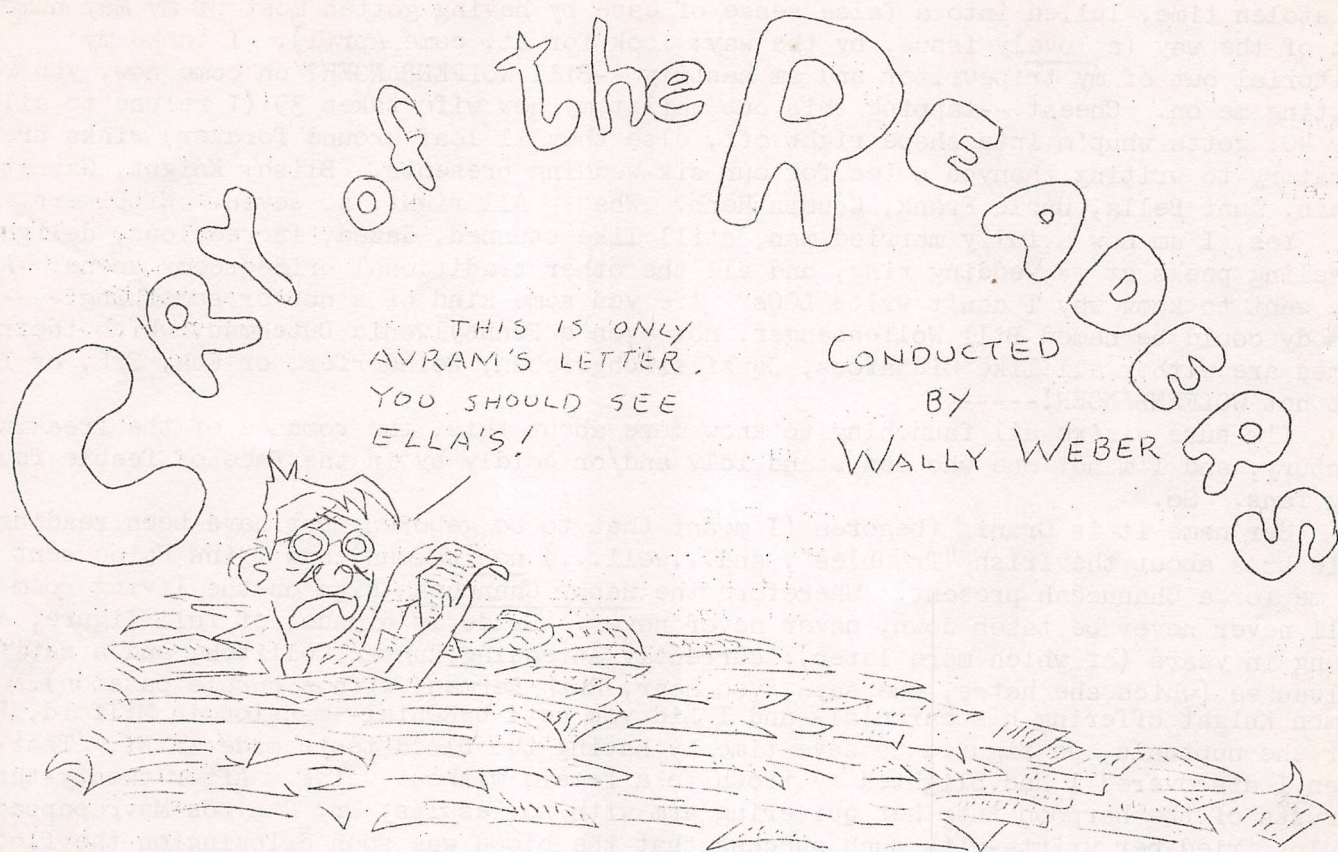
Also, Ron suggests that we support the Britcon by sending 12/6d to Bennett. This is a worthy cause, and if one joins all the British cons one gets to consider oneself an Honorary Anglofan. I think I'd do it, if I knew how much 12/6d was. I'll ask Buz. He'll probably know.

((Yes: \$1.75, on the nose. -- FMB))

London in 1965!

It's not too early for us to start thinking of all the sidetrips we'd like to make while we're in London. Ella suggested Windsor and Whipsnade Zoo. I suggest Kew, even if it isn't lilac-time. Does anybody care about Madame Tussaud's? I guess we'd better plan to see the statue of Peter Pan. We've got three years to make our lists. That's not too many.

Elinor



AVRAM DAVIDSON TRIES OLD (18) EXCUSE

410 W. 110, New York 25, New York

Dear CRYptonymical peoples,

Feb. 14/62

As I walked into my friendly neighborhood San Juan Pharmacy (No se fia--call that friendly? Humpph, as Terry Carr so aptly puts it) just aforetimes, the proprietor, - Mr. Hector Sotomayor y Bobadilla, - said, smiling and opening the cash-register, "Ah, you have come for another tube of Dr. Blenkinsop's Ointment For Quick-Stings, no es verdad?, Mr. Davidson?" "Yes," I told him, stifling many moans of pain; "Yes, Mr. S. y B., yes: I have been once more stung to the quick. Another chube of Dr. Blenkinsop's sovereign substance, and pray hasten, if you have miseracordia, man." "That will be a dollar seventy-nine for the ~~quick~~-quick-salve," he said, lightly opening my sporran and thrusting his practized hand within; "and twenty-five cents for the Economy-Size miseracordia... Come again, sir, & send my bestthanks to your friends in Seattle."

The occasion, of c., was the latest ishy of CRY. My quick is one bleeding mass of stings. Cut after cut, sneer after sneer, slur after slur. Ah well. I guess you know you aren't fooling me, not for one minute. I can see jealousy when I know it, even as afar off as Syattle, Worsh. I know who sent telegrams in steady sequence to Jos. Ferman, Gent^l, what time he was looking for a successor to Bob Mills at F&SF; telegrams, airmail/special letters, phone-calls, pigeon-posts, doctored photographs, forged tapes, phoney documents, and all that bit--intended to convince him that I hadn't drunk water in eleven years, that I had previously earned my living by making myself available to medical students desiring horrible examples of the third stages of one of the nastier diseases, that I was keeping a choir-boy in East Rutherford (N.J.), that the stories appearing under my name were actually written by Dr. David H. Keller, that I favored the nationalization of all sci-fi magazines...

I know! And mighty sickly were the faces round Third Avenoo, Seattle 4, when word came that the plot had failed, ahahahaha. So twenty-three skiddoo to yoo.

Actually, if yawl could jes see mah desk, mah cabinet, mah files--miles of unanswered letters, mountains of unread MSS, piles of unconsidered reprint material... Even your black and sullen hearts, which they would do credit to orcs, would melt. I am writing this

on stolen time, lulled into a false sense of ease by having gotten most of my May number out of the way (a lovely issue, by the way: look for it, come April). I took my Editorial out of my tripewriter and am hastily --Bill WOLFENBANGER? oh come now, you're putting me on. Cheest.--tapping this out whilst my new wife takes 39 (I refuse to allow her 40; gotta whup'm into shape right off, else they'll loaf around forever) winks preparatory to writing thanyou notes for our six wedding presents. Blish, Knight, Garrett, Klein, Aunt Bella, Uncle Frank, Cousin Herb. What? All right, so seven. Nitpickers.

Yes, I am now a fully married man, still like stunned, dazed, incredulous, delighted, stealing peeks at my wedding ring, and all the other traditional bridegroom scene. And you want to know why I don't write LOCs? Are you some kind of a nut or something?---- NObody could be named Bill Wolfenbanger, not even a Pennsylvania Dutchman, which their names are either all like Sickafoos, Ganzfleischgriegen, Deindorfer, or Ech, Erk, or Ish: but not WOLFENBANGER!-----

I'm sure yiz're all faunching to know more about this, the romance of the freaking Century, and I'm not one who can stand idly and/or coldly by in the face of feeble faunching fans. So.

Her name it is Grania (begoren (I meant that to be geboren, but have been reading this book about the Irish "Troubles", and...well...) nee Kaiman) and Djinn Faine sent her to me for a Chanuccah present. Wherefore the Happy Chanuccah sign on the living room wall will never never be taken down, never never never. Bride is blonde, of full figure, and young in years (of which more later); currently attending Hunter Collitch, and a native of Milwaukee (which she hates, she says, you hear, Ruth Berman? with a purple passion). Damon Knight offering his baronial--and I kid you not: baRONial--mansion in Milford, P.A., for the nuptials, we figured to save time by having the blood tests made in NY. That was when I discovered I had plighted my troth to a female without veins. After twenty-three thrusts of the harpoon into her quivering arm with no results, Dr. Stavros Mavropappadopoulos tried her wrist--with such success that the blood was soon dripping on the floor. Unfortunately he got so much air into it that the Dep't of Health was unable to test it.

Chapter Six

On hearing the good news that she would be required to go through the haemoglobin bit again, by poppet began screaming loud unearthlike screams, and declared that (a) she would have a religious but not a civil ceremony, (b) or she would demand marriage by the captain of the Staten Island Ferryboat, or, (c) live with me in sin; but that she would not, not, not, not, go through another bllllooodddtttesstt. So next day we went to Pennsylvania, had another bloodtest--an easier one--and trooped down to the Court House for our license. We swore that we were neither cousins, epileptic, "weak-minded", under the influence of alcohol or narcotics, or Indians not taxed. Just as we were breathing easier, the Prothonotary (County Clerk) discovered that Grania was eighteen--and informed us that at this age she couldn't be married in P.A. without consent of parent or guardian.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Her mother had already informally consented via transcontinental phone, but there wasn't time to procure documentation. So, after much poking about in the damndest collection of musty tomes (a subsidiary of Pocket Books) you ever saw--during which we learned that a married woman could buy a sewing machine without her husband's consent, and that her milch cow was free from seizure for his debts--it was agreed to try to get the court's consent to make Damon Knight her guardian pro hoc vice--for this occasion only. That ~~pph~~ ~~pf~~ ~~a~~ kindly gentleman at once began to chortle, offered to pay all expenses, and demanded to be given a full list of what he called his "privileges". This was then Thursday afternoon, the wedding being set for Sunday night. On Sat. night I had to go down to the East Side to pick up the kosher coldcuts, and had no choice but to trundle along George Willick's shopping-cart (yes, folkses, The Very Same George Willick Who: lives next door now and has come to seem almost semi-human, once we got to know him) as well as George Willick. And then to trundle it back, illegally, via subway. Then I collected my houri, and we staggered off-shopping cart, suitcase, overnight-bag, wedding dress,* etc etc--by subway. The subway, it turned out, was not working.

* but not George Willick, who came next day with Andy Main.

Chapter Ninety-One

An accident had closed it for an unpredictable period of time. So we hustled up, taxied (our scant funds scantying by the minute) to the Hudson Tube station, thence to the Erie RR at Hoboken (me heaving the damned cart over turnstiles as it wouldn't go through, losing my token, et merry cetera); arriving at Port Jervis, N.Y., c. 3 a.m., taxi to Milford. And then learned that the rabbi had been taken ill and couldn't come. Well, we finally got--not another rabbi, but four other rabbis--it never rains but it pours. Next day we began to get chickening-out messages, and thus realized we were three short of a minyan, or quorum, for the ceremony. So I was obliged to hunt up three more male Jews over the age of thirteen in the wild boondocks of P.A. And meanwhile we had to go down and see the two co-judges of the township, both laymen (oh, I tell you, Pennsylvania has some mighty queer laws!), to have the guardianship approved. Damon, meanwhile, was soothing the few ragged stumps of nerves I had left by demanding to know my intentions towards "his ward" and insisting that I had a damned shifty expression which he hadn't noticed before. "His ward" was helping out by urging me to cancel the whole gesheft and instead pledge each other under the stars or something.

Well, sirs and ladies, after a normal--that was to read "Norman" as in Rockwell--scene in the garage of Judge Smeed or whatever his name was--seamed face, overalls: the works--"You're not trying to git married in Pennsylvania becus their's something against you in N.Y., are you?" "No, Your Honor." Seamed face smiles. "All right, then." The rest of the day passed in a blur of telephone calls, Randy Garret jokes, bridal connip-tions, telephone calls, quorum-gettings, , ,

After the four rabbis had checked our Hebrew Marriage Document letter by letter, disqualified my third cousin once removed Herb as a witness on grounds of consanguinity, decided how "Pennsylvania" should be written in Hebrew, held Evening Prayers, betrothed us in Damon's library, -- the canopy was set up in the Knight livingroom (Randy holding one of the 4 poles, Andy Main another), my betrothed had her last conniption in the kitchen, and then--I having confessed my sins as required--fortunately not to the rabbis, but in private prayer--the wedding took place. I smashed the wine glash--and smashed it again for good measure--the guests cried "Mazal Tov"--the rabbis and Chassidic guests burst into song, and that was it. All of a sudden I had a ring on my finger and a wife.

Epilogue.

We had the best of both worlds. The Chassidim sang and danced around us in a circle, and then the folksingers folksang and strummed guitars. Gordon Dickson and Ted Cogswell sang and played one composed in our honor, Theodore Sturgeon performed with West Indian numbers. Damon Knight went up to bed, James Blish... I forget. I'm just namedropping. And Randall Garrett sent his fiancée back on the midnight train and stayed over night. I don't know where he slept, if he slept. There was still lots of beer, so maybe he didn't sleep. Anyway, here I am, three days married and what do I get? A CRY, complaining that I don't write to CRY...

Well, NOW are you satisfied?

Yours for marriage,

Married Avram Davidson

/How come you don't comment on the contents of CRY instead of talking about sex and religion alla time? To show you I don't hold a grudge, though, I published your letter anyway. Please notice, I printed all of it, word for word, letter for letter, except where I had to correct your spelling and grammar. I didn't cut it, or send it back to you, or lose it; I printed every word. By the way, I am sending you some extremely good stories by me to help you out with your new job. I checked 'em over real good so that if you don't have time to read them you can be safe in buying them anyway and have them printed in the June issue. They're real original science fiction stories about grulzak rustlers on Jupiter. And I sure hope future letters you write to CRY are good enough to get printed in the letter column here. --www/

ELLA PARKER RETURNS TO THE SCENE

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

Wednesday, Feb. 7th. '62

Alright, you lot; straighten up there. I'm back!

[Glad to see you back ~~in London~~, Ella. But keep it short. Avram ran overtime and we've got to keep the page-count down. --www/]

Dear CRYers:

Golly! It seems simply ages since I last wrote a letter to the CRY. I wonder if I've forgotten how? I can remember some of the rules; like, I have to make it as nearly impossible as I can for WWW to cut it; I am at liberty to insult our letterEditor or whatever he calls himself. Apart from that I hae ma doots.

By the way: for those of you who've been wondering why WWW is still with you. I couldn't think of a worse fate to inflict on him than to leave him alive -- in bad shape but alive -- knowing he had still to edit and publish (get that last bit, Weber) letters from me and you lot out there. Well, can you think of a worse fate for him?

I count myself among the privileged in that I have been in those Hallowed Halls known as the CRYden. Wally Gonser probably at the duper; WWW on the stapler (now you folk know who to blame for broken fingernails. How they can keep their minds on their work with all those books round them I'll never know. I'm pretty sure I couldn't.

Now, on to CRY. Heck, I really have had a holiday, haven't I? I can't remember the last issue in which I had a letter. No, I'm not going to look it up. Let it lie. I'll deal with the last two. Did you know that 156 would arrive just one day before the deadline for this next one, 157? Or have I missed that one, too? Damn!

Two ATom covers in a row! Do you have a monopoly? I don't know who dreamed up the caption for the one on 156 but it was brave of them. Of all the times I've seen this particular type character of his I never could think of a caption to fit.

Buz: I must be getting dopey. [Ah...ummmm. Er, guess I forgot what I was going to say here. Heh. Heh. -- www/ I was half way thru your page 3 before I tumbled why the takeoff. Naturally, there hasn't been too much about the hassle over here. I only heard of it in a roundabout way myself. Very nice but pointless. If this kind of thing goes on it could develop into a new kind of BNFship. "Have you been sued lately? No. Oh, I didn't realise you were still a neo." Maybe I could sue WWW for the things he has said about me! [Being sued would be pretty tame after having been ella'd. --www/ (Actually, it was to sue Wally I came to Seattle. I was having such a good time it clear slipped my mind! You wouldn't care to act as my agent in the matter, would you, Buz?) I miss you too. Hell, I miss all of you! [Yes, your aim was getting a little sloppy toward the end of the Season there. --www/]

Now it is complete I have read the latest Berry serial. Disappointing, is my final verdict. He could have padded it out to at least one more instalment. There was so much loving detail in the first two parts and then, one got the feeling, he tired of it and couldn't wrap it up quickly enough. John has done so much better with less promising material; this was a great disappointment, as I said. Pity. It could have been one of his best. [What John needs is somebody to show him some competition. --www/]

What! No Purdom??? When I met him in Philly he told me off (nicely), for never having mentioned his name in my letters to CRY. PURDOM, PURDOM, PURDOM, PURDOM, PURDOM. There, that should satisfy even him. Hi, Tom! Like, love.

I like the wry humour of the Piper. Glad he decided to stay with us. I hope we'll see more of them, yes????

Keen Blue Eyes enjoyed as usual. Much good sense and, what we've come to expect from it, forthrightness. If only some of these people would remember they are supposed to be members of a hobby group and not take themselves so seriously. Has Ben Jason opted out from the Fan Awards business for good or not? I've had a 'nomination form' which quotes him as still being on the committee. Most confusing. [Last we heard, Tackett and Moffatt resigned and stayed resigned. Ben Jason also resigned, but his resignation may have expired by now. In other words, we don't know either. Most confusing, just like you said. --www/ Congratulations to all concerned for becoming Dirty Pros. May they go from strength to strength. [Sorry we have to cut your letter here Ella, but we have to keep the page count down. --www/]

I used to wonder how it was possible for WWW Hey! I said your letter was cut. You'll just have to stop. --www/ to make such a mess of the minutes of what I knew to be a hard-headed, sensible bunch of fen. Having met him, I know. Blimey! He even speaks in a muddle! Ghod knows what his think box must be like. Yes, I know I'm saying he sounds just as funny as he reads. He does. Mad!

Reading Fandom Harvest I shudder for Terry. I would have chickened out long before. There's nothing more aggravating than to try and make sense out of a crosstalk act on the telephone. I didn't think he had the patience.

Having reached HWYL(pt.2) I will mention both parts together. Tidy minded, that's me. Well, that's odd. Since I got the last ORION off my hands I've been indulging myself in a spree of SF reading. Believe it or not I've dug out some old PLANETs that I have here and have been immersed in them to the exclusion of all else. Enjoyed them, too. I guess you can't be all bad. --www/ I do like your habit...well, it seems to be developing into a habit...of talking to certain of the CotRs yourself. One never knows what will catch your eye as deserving of your personal attention. Nice. Much like peeking at someone's personal mail. I know, Nosey Parker! It was wonderful to hear your voices. I played that tape just the other evening to let Ted Forsyth hear it. On the one side I have a gaggle of fans; people like, Lupoffs, Gerber, TEW, Jock Root, 4e, Avram, Donald Wolheim et al. On the other side are the phone calls I made that Thanksgiving Day. Actually, you all missed the point of those calls. It was done to give you something to Celebrate with Thanks. My imminent departure. All right, don't get het up, I'm only joshing you. The boys here think you have an 'Alice in Wonderland' voice. I swear, they have all fallen in love with it. Buz too has a heartwarming voice. Makes me want to dash out and get the first plane back there. Watch out for me; if I play that tape too often I might not be able to resist the temptation. I got you two, Purdom, Donaho, and Rick Sneary. If I'd taken time out to think I could have waited until Rick had left home, then I'd have been able to get Len Moffatt on it too. Sorry, Len. I just wasn't thinking my best that night. That is surely a souvenir to cherish.

CotRs: Doesn't Avram write the most marvellous letters? Well, really! It's bad enough having those whom I didn't meet being rude about me. "Lady Bookie" indeed, LesNi! But to have Avram come right out like that makes me wonder how on earth he put up with me hollering in his ear'ole for hours at a time. I don't know how he managed to penetrate my disguise; I left my feathered head-dress at home, too. I don't know what he has done to deserve it but, hasn't fate smiled on our Avram lately? He finds (and enjoys) fandom, he lands a job which is after his own heart on F&SF., and now, this month, he is getting married. Congratulations to you, Avram. What a year this has been for you. Fate didn't smile on Avram; it laughed in his face. --www/

Yes, I would agree with Betty Kujawa (we have another Betty?) that fans in the main are squares. In a couple of years or so those who yell loudest about not being so will be as square as their next door neighbors (fannish neighbor). Surprising it is to watch those who claim not to be square rushing to get married as soon as possible. There's nothing in the world like responsibility for making them settle down...or is it just that they feel and know they can't beat the system (society)? While they are in this hip, beat or whatever the latest term for it is, stage, I find them tiresome and can only sit back and wait for them to grow out of it. Thank goodness they lose it with their youth...at least, most of them do. Intolerant, ain't I?

I don't know how I feel about seeing Steve Stiles back in your lettercol. Can't you exercise more control than this? Ha! --www/ I can't forget he was the one to start all this talk about my venerable age way back when.... He tried to apologise for it when we met at a Fanoclast meeting but I wouldn't let him. Had I allowed him to say he was sorry I couldn't have given him the bashing he so richly deserved -- and got. I'll lay odds -- well, Avram said I was Prince Monolulu, didn't he? -- that he, like Wally, will be a lot more careful about what he says in the future. Won't you, Steve? And it was in the Bronx.

You know, if anyone else but Harry had made that statement about me, I would up and sue them. Harry I would let away with anything....and you can interpret that as you please, you hood, you. I was sitting in the hotel lobby with 4e and Jock the night before

the Philcon began. We had arrived the night before to meet and get to know the Philly fans but, hell, they are a shy bunch. In spite of numerous phonecalls, we couldn't track one of them down. While Jock was phoning, 4e and I sat talking. I glanced towards the hotel door just in time to see someone walk in who looked the living image of Harry. No wonder I saw a resemblance. When I mentioned it the next day I discovered it was him! He was in the door and up the lift before I could get off my seat. That boy moves fast when he scents danger. Now, if I'd known he had CRY in his room; there might have been a different story to tell!!!!!! I just can't visualise Harry losing his temper to the point where he'd use a gun on anyone. From fright, maybe, if someone broke in and threatened his life but, from anger? No. Half the shots fired during robberies and attempts to escape arrest are fired from fear. The funny thing about my first meeting with Harry at that bus depot (Americanism) is that I had looked at him and dismissed him as an unlikely candidate for the name of Harry Warner because he didn't look anything like he said he would. He looked too respectable to be a fan!!!!!! Now you are going to think that I imagine all fans to look like slobs. You know that isn't so. It's funny how the darndest things seem to happen to him in spite of his obvious respectability. He must be a natural for fate.

Thief, Weber!

Tom Purdom's attempts at written cockney come out as excruciatingly as a Sassanach's attempts to speak the Scots tongue; it reads more like bastard Irish. In substance his report of our meeting is true. We spent as much of that weekend together as we could and I appreciate the time he gave to me. Mind you, we had only just got started talking when it was time to go back to the Philcon. I never did get to say goodbye to him but, as Wally knows, that is the way I prefer it. Makes it almost as if we would meet again in a couple of days. /Shudder!! --www/ There's something so final and finished about goodbyes. Hate 'em. I blush, but am flattered that you would have sung for me, Tom. Thank ghod I was spared!

Well, I have seen where Ed Maskys makes right his error about the name of the boat on which I saidled for home. Don't you dare change your address again, Weber! I have friends, I'll find you. In any case, you are coming to London in '65 aren't you???? /If you win TAFF in '65, yeah, I'll probably visit London for a while around August and September. --www/ Ed sent me some pics he took of me while I was in New York and some he took on board the boat. Wasn't that nice of him? One of these days when I have time, I'm going to compile a Memory Book all for me from the pics I have. Has anyone got any pics that would fit in? I'll pay cash or whatever you ask for within reason for them. Ta. No, I haven't forgotten you, Ed Wyman. I just haven't got round to it yet. I will tho'.

Glad to hear from you again, Bob. I ve kinda lost touch with you since you took to roving all over the place. Too, I figured you had enough on your plate without having a nattering female take up time. I wouldn't go all the way with you on what you said about biographical material in fmz. If you wouldn't like details of your life divulged in a 'zine as widely circulated as CRY; inwhich 'zine would you allow it? What are the restrictions on circulations you would permit? Anything published in a fnz, no matter how small and restricted the circulation, would soon become common property. Fandom is like that. Don't let's go back into how much the DNO is to be trusted in fandom.... you've already had my views on that subject if you remember. Quite a lot too can be deduced from things one writes in letters, you know. I was surprised to hear some home-truths about myself from someone I've never met to this day. They had all been assumed, gathered from some letter I had written. What is there to be touchy about?

Hey, Nancy Shriner; did Thomee get married too? Ain't that bigamy or somethin'? Many congratulations. Late, I know but, I'm always late. I hope they don't hold my funeral until they've made sure I'm there. Don't you ever come near Scotland if that's how you treat whiskey! Disgusting.

Fandom is really getting itself a new language. Ghod help the next person to bring out a FANCY. By Avram! as an ejaculation; what's the betting we'll have fans grokking all over the place next. I can assure you, Roy, Avram didn't once mention cats when he was on stage with de Camp. /Okay, Ella, enough is enough. This is MY lettercolumn and YOUR letter is going to end RIGHT HERE!! --www/

I always like to read a letter from Don Franson. I like Don Franson. Don, why did you disappear so suddenly from the L.A. meeting I attended? I saw you go but thought you would be back so didn't say goodnight to you. A bit late now, isn't it?

Seeing Thomas Schlieck's letter reminds me; there's a fellow in Germany of whom I've never heard who claims he's going to reprint the AA! in instalments in his fanzine, of which I've never heard. Can you imagine the mess he's going to make it look? Atom and I are boiling. Damn cheek. Not a word to either of us asking permission...not that it would be granted. How can it be a reprint anyway? ATom won't be doing the stencils. Seems there's nothing we can do to stop the heel. Yes, I'm fuming.

Ulp. A letter from Fred! How do you like the idea of TWO Parkers in CRY, Weber?
Thursday, Feb. 8th. '62

I don't know what has happened to my schedule. I used to read the CRY in bed but lately I have been up and about. This is not good. The only safe way to take CRY is while lying down. This one, 156 is the monster that arrived just one day before the next deadline. What were you doing, trying to hatch them out? [It makes us look and feel kind of silly, but it sure beats typing stencils and cranking the Gestetner. --www]

Buz: Having driven many, many miles with Bill Evans at the wheel of Bob Pavlat's car and, reading of the rush you always have to get him to his train; makes me wonder, not so much how he feels about the risk of missing said train, but, how does he feel sitting there while you drive at breakneck speed? Rumour has it that a person used to driving themselves feels, well, not distrustful, maybe, but certainly uncomfortable when driven by someone else. [It can't be as bad as having a letter in your own letter column suddenly take over the editing. --www]

Elinor: I was listening to a discussion between Edgar Lustgarten and one other on the subject of bull-fighting. Lustgarten was agin' it, the other bloke No. 2. was for it on - get this - aesthetic grounds! I've never seen a bullfight, admitted. I have read Hemingway's book and saw the Hayworth film. I enjoyed both but only because it was 'pretend'. I go along with Lustgarten I'd be sick. What chance does the bull have? The Matadore who delivers the coup de grace is the last of, I don't know how many, men who have been nagging, niggling and running the bull all over the ring for hours....it seems like hours to the bull, I'll bet. This is sport??!

I don't think I agree with you that anyone no matter how self-confident can afford to be misunderstood. No matter how self-confident you are there are certain conditions under which, if you are misunderstood, it can cost you your life; it can cost you friends. Self-confidence is the most open to misinterpretation.

Berry: So-so. No doubt we've been spoiled in CRY with a lot of Very Good Berry; this makes the not-so-good hard to take. I think I would rather he missed an issue than just send you a pot-biler no matter what it does to his word-fmz count. I'd hate to be in his shoes any time, the number of deadlines he has to meet. Just the same, fewer items per year and every one well worth while would be better for him. He must be fmz-ridden.

Alright, Buz. Enlarge your experiences down at the office and you can imagine the looks I got from my co-workers when I said I'd be staying with friends when I went to America and then had to admit I'd never met most of you. Just before I left, one of them confided to me they hadn't really believed I was going until I gave notice because they couldn't understand anyone going all that way to "stay with friends they'd never met".

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. You know of course that London is bidding for the '65 Worldcon? I would appreciate any help/advice from those of you who have preceded us in this special form of masochism. Buz: I believe you put out a zine with the pertinent info; may I have a copy?

Now, once more we are at CotRs. Nancy: By the time this is published (if ever) Avram will have married his very own whiskers ruffler. I was lucky; I got to ruffle his whiskers many times. I don't suppose this consoles you any. It makes his eyes sparkle.

Tom Purdom: Fancy you meeting those folk!!!!!! Jock and I stayed with them from the Sunday until Tuesday morning. I have fond memories of Philly and environs. I've lost their address again; I must get Root to send it to me. Not to worry about your lack of brilliant repartee. It was a horrid thing to do to all of you but I couldn't give you any warning as Jock ran the gimmick up for me in a matter of minutes. Luv to Sara.

[All right, you space glotton, take the next twenty pages for all I care. I'm done trying to stop you. Just keep in mind, though, that you have a letter column of your own to manage in Orion. You'll rue the day you let this avalanche of words into CotR!www]

Oh, Don. Do you honestly believe that other fans don't give a cuss what happens to one of their number? I don't agree with you. Maybe what happens is that, the one in any kind of trouble lives on the other side of the world and what can one do in the way of practical help then? When I read of someone in fandom who has suffered a loss in the family through death I feel I would like to send my condolences, at least but, often I feel that as I am only a fannish friend/acquaintance, whichever you like to call it, that to do so might be construed as an intrusion into their private/nonfannish affairs. I then stifle the urge to write and do nothing. This doesn't mean that I'm indifferent or insensitive. If a fan is in trouble and publicizes it in fmz, then that could be interpreted as an appeal for help/advice and I'd have no compunction about chipping in with my 2/s worth. I honestly believe you are being needlessly cynical.

Oh no! Let's not bring HAMs into fandom. Don't you think this hobby of ours is already expensive enough???? We used to be content with letters, fmz etc. Now it's taperecorders. Besides, where on earth would I put a transmitter???? Squash Seth Johnson before he really gets things going.

I had a letter from an old buddy of yours, George Locke, remember him? He hopes to be back in England by March. Keep your finger crossed for him. Anyhow, most of your typing looks as if it's done that way already! Ha! Can't touch me, I'm home.

All for this time except to thank all of you for some very nice issues in those months when I was reading CRY where-ever I could find it. Lovely to have met you all. Thank you for CRY, thank you for the Convention, thank you for being you!

Happy fanning.

Love.

Ella (SCoaw Certified)

[How come you cut your letter so short, Ella? The stores run out of paper? --www]

TOM PURDOM PROBABLY SAW
My People:

1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvannia
February 21, 1962

Last month Harold Lynch and I stepped out of a tiny coffee house a block from Times Square and I saw this thin girl walk past. She had very smooth, white skin and a scarf over her head. The man with her looked big and craggy gaced and he was wearing a tweed coat and a cap. She looked like Julie Harris. It was shortly after midnight and A Shot in the Dark was at a theatre only a couple of blocks down the street. I didn't think she was Julie Harris because she looked too pretty. She saw me staring at her and looked annoyed. I can't blame her, but gee whiz, considering what an important person Julie Harris is in my psyche... Harold insists it was Julie Harris. So Harry, for what it's worth, and Elinor, and all you other fans, I hope you will be properly impressed by me from now on. I am The Man Who Probably Saw Julie Harris Walking Down Forty-Second Street.

Continuing our discussion of military service, Elinor, that was a good quotation, but I disagree with both the quotation and your inferences. I would say, "Who would forego any experience which is educational?" And I must say I found many aspects of the Army shameful. As to whether it was a crippling experience, I think it may have been, but I'm not sure just how crippling; time will tell. Nor am I proud that I "endured" it. The measure of a gentleman is not merely what he can endure, but also what he cannot endure. I am aware of some of the reasons why I endured the Army. None of them are flattering. I would have a higher opinion of myself if I had cracked. The reasons why most draftees endure the Army are apathy, fear, and the knowledge it will be over in two years. But since it was educational, I think I'm glad I didn't miss it. As I said at the time, if everyone were coming down with the plague, I would want to get the plague, too, so I wouldn't feel they knew something I didn't. For one thing, only by serving in the Army can you learn what the Army is like. Also, by putting you and others into unusual situations, it teaches you things about yourself you might never have learned and it teaches you things about the possibilities in human nature. [But now you'll never know what it is like to live a life free of military service. Nyah! --www]

I believe military service is a necessary evil. But I also believe it is not a good experience for most of those who go through it and I think it very important that we keep this in mind as we face a Cold War which may go on for several decades. There is a natural human tendency to convince yourself a necessary evil is a good thing, after all. Nor am I thinking so much here of bad effects on myself. Probably the twenty-three to twenty-five year old draftee is less harmed by the Army than the younger volunteers. All during my service time I kept observing the volunteers and wondering what effect being dumped in a place like Fort Benning during the very important years from seventeen to twenty was having on them. Does any American really believe that putting a young man into the custody of the state during those important years is the best way to form his character? I hope not. To mention one thing that obsessed me a little-- at a time when these boys should have been dating girls their own age, acquiring sexual experience in a reasonably decent atmosphere, the only women available to most of them were foul mouthed, middle aged whores.

Well, this is an interesting subject, but I'm afraid we may be boring the readers. Perhaps we can discuss it in Chicago. [To hot to send through the mails, huh? --www]

That there are limitations to my statement about writers being defense lawyers, I have to admit. You win that one. But I think this quirk of character, this impulse to defend, is usually evident in a good writer, though, as you say, he should control it and try to examine motivation as objectively as he can. But what he is doing is defending man to man, and the defense is simply to make us aware of the humanity we share with those we are judging. "let he who is without sin among you cast the first stone," is the defense I had in mind.

A good example I read recently is *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. A beautiful book, introducing you to several characters you might have a tendency to judge if you met them in the flesh. While Elinor's been reading SF, I've been reading contemporary novels, boning up for a plunge into that field. If you're looking for something to read, *Purdum* recommends *He & She*, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*, *The Middle Age of Mrs. Elliot*. Especially the first, which intrigued me because of the author's delineation of the way that people think and what they feel interacts.

Ethel Lindsay: (For Taff) I thought about you while reading the paper recently. The issue before last you mentioned that ~~that~~ guy in your class who thinks we're getting more humane. We had a strike here in Philadelphia which went on for six months, I think it was. At the end it became one of those affairs that really make union members itchy for a fight. The company brought in workers to replace the men on strike, moving the dispute from a question of wages to the question of the union's continued existence. A court order prohibited the union from mass picketing to keep the non-union workers out. The union decided to mass picket anyway and the members assembled, several hundred strong, to march on the plant. The police officials said they would enforce the injunction. Only thirty years ago that would have set the stage for massacre. This time the union leaders warned the men not to be violent and phoned the police to tell them they were coming and they didn't want any violence. They walked out with their hands in their pockets and the police met them with linked arms. A shoving match started. One cop, according to the paper, reached for his black jack and was immediately ordered to put it away. Nobody got hurt. So maybe people are growing more humane with the years. (The union eventually lost the strike by the way. Only half the union men were rehired.)

I WANT ELLA! I WANT AVRAM! WHY DON'T THEY WRITE? [They're too shy. --www]

Ruth Berman: When I was in college, the pay phone in the dorm started ticking. The guys came out of their rooms and we all stood there watching it tick. Finally one of them got up nerve to touch it. He called the operator and she said she would return my money. [My money??? --www] And quarters and dimes came flowing out of it like it was a slot machine. We thanked her and divided up the money. I think it was about eighty cents apiece for half a dozen of us.

I'm glad to see you back in shape, Wally. By Acid-in-the-Face Weber, I wasn't referring to your looks. I was referring to the feeling your comments give our readership. [You still don't look like no Greek God, buster. --www] By the way, we've moved to 1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa. It's nice to be back in town. Why can't the

United States be about a hundred miles wide? And England be about eighty miles off shore? I maintain that the center of the country is of no real importance and wouldn't be missed. The evil communists agree with you and are feverishly at work on a bomb that will do the trick. --www/ My wife argues this with me, having a sentimental attachment to Amarillo, Texas. (Come to think of it, though, we would need a place for Betty Kujawa, Nancy Shriner, and several others. But does it really take all that space to house them?)

Tom

HARRY WARNER, JR., SEEKS DAWN OF DUPLICATORS

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

February 18, 1962

You will never know the overwhelming joy you have brought to me by producing this scrawny 157th issue. I'm lying, because I shall now proceed to tell you all about it. Not ten minutes ago, I was enabled to catch up with my fanzine reading through the modest number of pages. If it had been a 50-pager, I probably would have decided to finish it tomorrow, and the mailman would have brought several more fanzines by the time I got an eye open far enough to read Gestetnering. This is the first time since the middle of 1960 that I've been up to date on contemporary fanzine reading, although there is still an impressive stack of old fanzines that I bought a while back and haven't tackled yet. I can enjoy peace of mind now when the doorbell rings, because if a fan has pushed the button, the initial minutes of our conversation won't be ruined while I try to chatter while sorting mentally through recently received fanzines in an effort to determine whether I opened his last issue or two.

Several items in this issue did not produce wordy reactions in me. I was unable to judge fairly the John Berry piece because of the unbearable increase in tension as the end approached and still there had been no clue to how this would tie in with fandom or stf.; the discovery that there was none wiped the contents of the story from my mind. Various references to the White-Moskowitz situation in this issue cause me to wonder how many fans today realize that there is no lawsuit (unless things have been happening in the past week). Things have been happening, unfortunately. --www/ In Buz' column, I felt pretty sure that his eccentric planet would fly apart from stresses of some kind or another the first time it tried to whiz around the sun after so many years of loafing far away from speed and gravity. ((So that's why comets are always so fragmentary! --FMB))

Elinor made me resolve to dig out my copy of American Notes and read it. The fanzine that the factory girlies published in Lowell more than a century ago must have been a one-copy magazine like Lewis Carroll's magazines. However, I wish I could find some publication containing full information on duplicating procedures in the 19th century. I haven't located yet a full history of gelatin duplicators. It's hardly likely that there was any rapid and clear method for making copies of handwritten documents a century ago, because so many persons earned a living as copyists. But I've run across references to letterpresses which seem to have turned out a copy of some kind or other without harming the original.

You can see the reason for my interest, I'm sure: if I can locate the exact time when duplicating devices came into general use, I can be free from the fear that I'll miss an extremely early generally circulated fanzine before that date. Now that Seattle fandom has been so successful in digging out the original of "not too many" for me, perhaps someone out there with a few minutes to spare in the library will find the information. (There's no point in my searching in the Hagerstown library. It has banned Tropic of Cancer and would fear a misunderstanding if it contained any information on reproduction.) As I recall, Art Rapp created the hectograph in Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory during 1947. --www/

Hagerstown is having blue laws trouble, and I'm sure that it's worse than the difficulties that Mike Deckinger mentions. The state's attorney is trying to enforce only the part of the law that affects drug stores and only in the large chain stores, and a lot of individuals are getting angry. The laws are quite remarkable. You can buy fruit but not vegetables legally here on Sunday, you can play baseball or basketball but not football or tennis on that day, you can buy a bottle of beer but not an empty bottle to provide milk for your baby, you can buy cigarettes but not an ashtray in which to put their waste products, and filling stations are permitted to sell gasoline but not to give you water

for your radiator. The state legislature is now considering a revision of the blue laws. The revised version, among other things, would require everyone to register his religion with the police if Jewish or Seventh-Day Adventist, so he couldn't be prosecuted for doing things on Sunday when that day has no religious significance to him. Some day, Hagerstown will become a tourists' mecca for everyone who wants to get away from civilization.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

JOE GIBSON GETS NAMED IN CRY

5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, California

Dear Wally,

18 February 62

Congrats on CRY #157, which was a superior ish in several ways, at least to me. For one thing, I definitely approve and prefer any fanzine that's less than 30 pages. For another, I've been waiting what seems like an intolerably long time to see the comments which have finally begun to appear in this's lettercol.

I've gotten quite a lot of mention in CRY's lettercol for someone who hasn't yet had a single letter published here! But then, I seem to have done a SHAGGY piece that's been misquoted throughout fandom more than any other article that's ever appeared in a fanzine.

About the only thing that hasn't been misquoted is that I deliberately insulted most fans. In effect, I said they were stupid. I said it so emphatically that some reviewers thought perhaps I was pulling their leg about the whole thing. I knew some fans wouldn't like it at all, that I certainly wouldn't be liked for saying it -- but beyond that, I didn't know what the general reaction would be. I could only guess.

Basically, I felt that fandom was ripe for some kind of explosion. I sensed that certain aspects of fanac were getting out of hand, that some fans were getting pretty emotionally worked up, that entirely too much unrest and dissension was boiling under the surface and that the situation wouldn't need much more prodding to become a powderkeg. For one thing, the amount of "DNQ" stuff floating around looked decidedly unhealthy.

Well, if I was wrong, I believed my SHAGGY article would get no more than some dry comments and a serious rebuttal or two from fans who'd tell me precisely where I was wrong -- probably needing no more than a paragraph or two to do so. Otherwise, nobody'd be much interested. I'd just have made some useless noise.

But if I was right -- if the unrest and dissension was really there, as I sensed it was -- then my SHAGGY article would hit fandom like a bomb. Furthermore, rather than causing an explosion, I would simply make myself the prime target for much of that dissension. In that event, I would undoubtedly get misquoted; I would most probably be accused of many things I didn't do; and I would certainly emerge as one hellova dirty blackguard on some fans' lists.

And I was pretty sure I was right. But the way I feel about it, right now, is that fandom's no longer in danger of any kind of explosion. Which is why I'm glad to see the comments in CRY's lettercol. Cool heads are beginning to prevail.

As for myself, I'll answer these charges and misquotes where I should -- in SHAGGY, where the whole thing started, and in my own zine. (Don't accuse me of backing down until you've read it, now!) But you may as well know that I can't get mad at any of you. After all, I invited your attacks deliberately, even with gloating anticipation, foul fiend that I am!

Joe Gibson

[Well finally you called somebody a foul fiend and then named him. --www/

BOB LICHTMAN WANTS SETH TO HELP HIM OUT

6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Dear CRY:

13 February 1962

After picking up items like the 94-page LIGHTHOUSE and the 62-page NULL-F at the FAPA assembly party last weekend, this 26-page CRY seems unusually thin. Of course, it is unusually thin-- how long has it been since there was a CRY this brief? -- but in light of the other recent fanzines it seems almost like a snapzine. And that certainly is a hell of a note.

Did Elinor stencil the cover for this issue? [Of course. --www] The linework looks so unwavering and certain that I'd suspect ATom of doing it hisownself if I didn't know that Elinor has stencilled all sorts of ATom artwork for CRY and must be getting pretty good at it. Pretty good? I understate the case. A fine cover, with a solid punchline and impeccable linework. Pretty green logo, too...

Buz seems to be talking about the end of the world, which never quite materialized though for a time we in Los Angeles were speaking in terms of the number of days left until the floods began to recede. On the day that the world was supposed to end, a bunch of us local fantypes went up to Griffith Observatory to try to see the partial eclipse of the sun (but it was too cloudy) and to see a planetarium show on the general subject of eclipses. The man who was narrating the show had a bit to say about the effect of the gravitational pull of the five planets in conjunction on our earth. "Combined, their effect on the earth is somewhat less than my own effect as I stand here lecturing," was about the way he put it. Sic transit.... [Sounds like the fellow had delusions of granduer. --www]

I liked Berry's story this time, though I found myself reading through it the first time wondering when the fannish referents were going to pop up. When I found out there weren't any (at least I didn't spot them, if there were), I re-read it and found it highly enjoyable. [So there, Harry Warner, Jr. ! --www]

I see that Seth Johnson is making unfounded accusations again. Seth, will you tell this interested reader where have appeared all these "scorching articles...from Fan Hill citing one abuse or another and painting fans as fuggheaded goons and the like"? Since you mentioned this twice during the course of a single-page letter, surely you can cite references? I've been in at least five apas during the majority of the past two years, as well as receiving a goodly portion of the general fanzines being published, and I don't remember any such "scorching articles...from Fan Hill." Can you help me out?

Only 26 pages of CRY, he said. That's not too many.

Cheers,

Bob

SETH A. JOHNSON PRAISES LASFS

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey

Dear Cry Gang;

February 16, 1962

Wally's suggestion that I say something good about the Fan Hill fans is well taken. Trouble is I don't know a great deal about them any more. I know they print one of the top fanzines in the country, have some of the best artists, illustrators and writers in fandom, conduct more local fanac and on higher level than any other fanclub I know of. I also know most of this is due to Bjo's genius for organization and inspiring people to work on one project or another. [Okay, if you're such a LASFS-lover, what have they done for us lately? --www]

Just what is a Veeblefetzer by the way? Sounds like part of the anoption gear to me. [You might be right. We'll try that next and see. --www]

Astrologers also suggested that since birth of Christ and Buddha also coincided with lining up of planets that perhaps another great avatar might have been born Feb 4-5. [I doubt it. He'd have taken His rightful place as Lettercolumn Editor of CRY if He'd been born. --www]

Berry's story was super.

Tom Purdom can't find Galaxy in Philadelphia and I can't find F&SF here. Maybe we could trade or something.

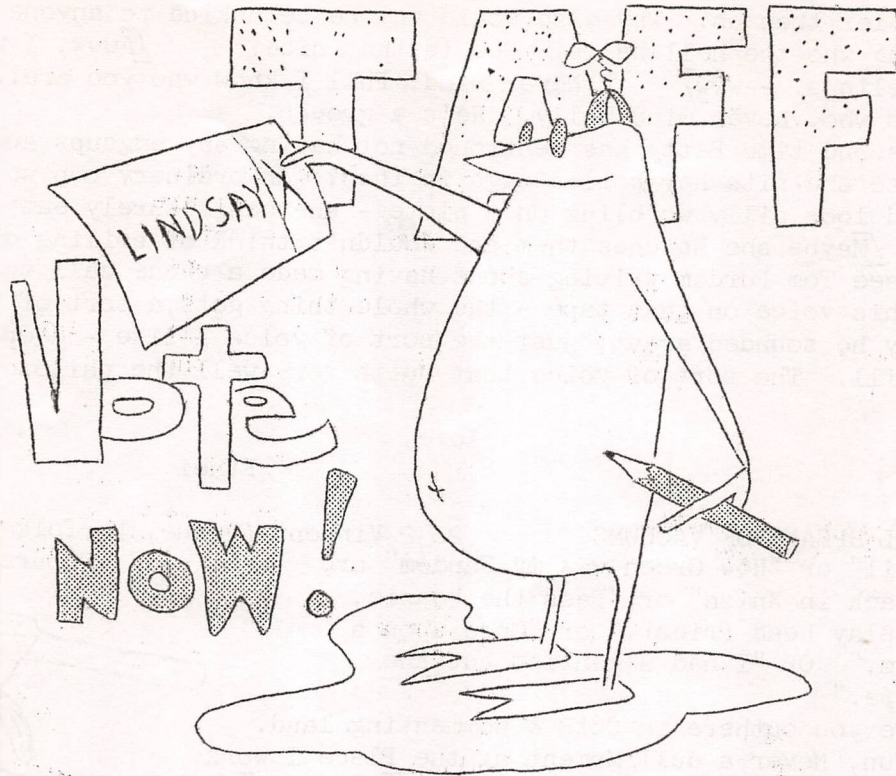
One thing about lawsuits though. A faned can slander and so forth and be read by hundreds; a BNF can get pubbed almost everywhere. But what defense has the average fan against this sort of thing other than lawsuits?

Wonder if we couldn't come up with some sort of fannish ethic as to just how far a person can go in feuding and still remain an ethical fan. That is something that certainly would stand discussion. [I don't care where the line is drawn, just as long as I can be head of the secret police enforcing the limit. --www]

Well that's it for this round. Share water with you brothers;

Fanatically yours,

Seth A Johnson



ETHEL LINDSAY WON'T DONATE TAFF FUNDS TO RAE BURN'S STOMACH

Dear CryGang, Courage House 6 Langley Avenue Surbiton. Surrey. England
Cry 156 received and I goggled amazedly at the Atom cover! I do like that neat logo supplied by Tosk.

Contents Page: All those other funds Buz mentions yes..but the one about Raeburn's stomach no! Why do you want my money for his stomach for goodness sake? As for the code..no doubt some kind SFCoLer will explain it to me.

M.Z.Bradley: I'm sure I've read of a fat elf; but I can't think where. As soon as I read "who ever heard of a fat elf?" - a picture flashed into my mind of a fat jolly elf. I must have read of him somewhere..he was sitting on a toadstool.

HWYL: Not being a juvenile delinquent I cannot answer Elinor's question. However: have you ever noticed the type who nonconforms in a conforming way? To sit and listen to someone telling his lifestory on the lines of "I must find myself" is to realise that quite a lot of the folks who spend a great deal of time asserting their individuality are really losing it in a stereotyped notion. Elinor sure makes one think the way she pops little neat ideas in here and there. Where she says that with true self-confidence one can even afford to look silly. Now: I've never been able to get really worked up at the thought of having looked silly, but I never thought that meant I had true self-confidence!

Berry: Quite a neat ending ..and my, what a lovely daydream for faneds!

Rich Brown: I frankly confess I did not like much of this, but the last lines were worth all the rest.

With keen blue eyes etc: Lots of sensible words on mooches from Buz. As he says: if someone takes advantage of their being a 'fan' then each individual should surely be well able to deal with this themselves. If they let it go on happening, well..Chinese saying.. Fool me once: shame on you. Fool me twice: shame on me! Only that doesn't always follow. You may even get some queer satisfaction in watching just how far that person will go; if you are interested in watching people that is, and trying to figure out why they do what they do.

Evialville: Hoaxes make me nervous, even in joke. I have been caught out by Ron Bennett too often.

Cry of the Readers: Now why are you all being so unkind to poor Phil Harrell?
[Because he's littler than us. Why else would anyone be unkind to anyone else? --www]
Here's Wally asking who the hell he is. Now is that nice? [Awww, I was only doing
it to hurt his feelings. --www] Never mind, Phil I know who you are..a guy that lives
in Virginia that's who..never mind Wally. He's a grouch.

That's the second time Betty has mentioned not having any egg cups and it reminds me:
what do you suppose she sits her boiled eggs in then? An ordinary cup would be too
large and it would look silly wobbling on a plate - she can't surely eat it holding it
in her hand! [Maybe she hatches them and wouldn't think of boiling one. --www]

It's odd to see Tom Purdom writing about having made a phone call to English fandom,
and having heard his voice on that tape - the whole thing gets a sort of Crybinding
feeling. Actually he sounded great; just the sort of voice I like - deep, a little slow
and full of goodwill. The sort of voice that suits very well the philosophy he mentions
in this letter.

love,

Ethel

PHILLIP A. HARRELL SPEAKS OF VACUUMS

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

"A Letter from Phil" or "How Green was my Fandom" or,

Feburary 17, '61

"Let's put Fan back in Xnish" or "Pass the beanie,
it's my turn to play head Priest." or "Once upon a
fangdom-er-fandom." Or "I had a ganzine but the
Lawsuit over there."

like Hi there you outhere in CotR & Commenting land.

Talk about Fun, Never a dull Moment at the Place I work.

Just the other day the manager got a letter. [No! --www]
Really! And he threw it away. Anyway I got it as it was
too much of a classic to let go to waste so I'll share it with
you.

"MR. R. SHEPHERD

STORE #405

Dear Mr. Shepherd:

The warehouse reports that the Kirby vacuum cleaner
you returned to them was complete with a bag full of dust
and debris.

I bring this to your attention because when the cleaner
was received, the bag had opened and when the case was opened
which contained the cleaner, the warehouse man was greeted with a face full of
dirt. Certainly the man who packed this for shipment should have emptied the
bag and returned the cleaner, the way you would have expected to get it.

I know I can depend upon you to see that all future shipments of merchandise
or items to the office are carefully packed.

Kindest regards.

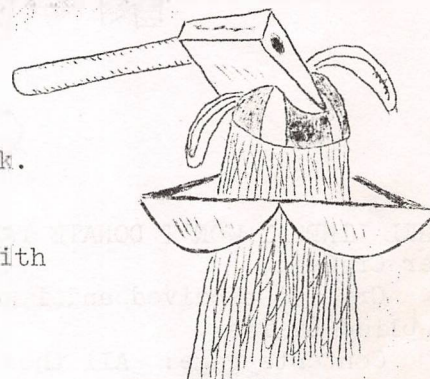
JOHN UGORETZ"

[Phil, would it brighten your day to know that Mr. Ugoretz will get this issue free for
having his letter published in it? --www]

Then there was the day I got carried away when emptying the Vacuum cleaner bag and
really shook it. After the fallout had stopped I had to dust the entire area. One thing
tho we had a clean dust bag.

I went down yesterday where I had 500 Letterheads made. It certainly is a wonderful
thing. It was made for me by Tim Dumont, and he'd do the same thing for you out there
in CRY land for the measly sum of Three bucks....that's not too much. [That's not two
deer, either. --www] He'll also have the printing done for you, but that's extra. Da
three bucks is just for the artwork. His address is "Time Dumont; 30 Munchausen Ave.;
Bristol, Conn."

Nancy Shriner has been a love of mine ever since she started saying hi to me in her
letters without any good reason. Elinor of course always has, as has Bjo *sigh* and



ALL RIGHT WALLY
I GET THE HINT

Betty Kujawa is a marvelous person as is Janey Johnson. Then there's Joni Cornell....

Uk Uk, I notice there was no ~~Phil~~ phil whatshisname in CotR this time. I knew these imatations would never stand the test of time, and then to have the nerve to use my closewell, that must have shattered the poor guy. Didn't even make the WAHF column.

Speaking about Fandom now days put me in mind of Rich browns column last time. Why I remember...PUT DOWN THAT AXE WEBBER! I'll go quietly.

Best,

Phil

PHIL JASKAR & JOHN HOWALD TRY AGAIN 8624 Haviland Avenue S.W., Tacoma 99, Wash.

WWW: The lousy trick of "misplacing several usable contributions" was just a connivance which gave you all an excuse to put a lower number after our names. We'll have you know you broke our phenomenal record of 3 straight Cry-LoCs. You could have at least mentioned us in the WAHF. We're so disgusted we won't even ~~comment~~ comment on CRY 157. Attached is a carbon of our last letter. Put out an "extra" or something. Good grief!

Phil & John

~~February~~ 15, 1962
February

Dear WW,

"No Tears for Elmer"

"Something odd has happened to Elmer. He doesn't get much kick out of science fiction any more. After some 30 years of addiction to the stuff, he finds most of it a little on the dull side.

"Elmer knows why. It's not a matter of satiety, or of knowing in advance pretty much what the story line is going to be. No, the real trouble is that actual developments have taken the zing out of fictional developments. When the President of the United States talks solemnly of the need for an all-out effort to reach the moon within a few years, imaginative space flights lose some of their excitement.

"In a way, this is sad. Elmer got a lot of fun out of science fiction, through the years. But shed no tears for Elmer. He's discovered mystery stories."

The above is a direct quote from the editorial column of the Tacoma News Tribune, (the local Pravda) appearing about a month ago. About two months ago now. chuckle.

--www/ Phil Jaskar immediatly saw RED, and in true fannish spirit fired off a letter to the editor of the TNT, one J. Ernest Knight. Said editor apparently found said letter beyond his mental capacity, for in its place in the lettercol appeared a missive from a self-styled a(nthro)pologist, who attempted to show the innate superiority of the man raised in the Northern Hemisphere. The logic ran something like this:

1. Watch the water run out of the bathtub (or W. C.).
2. Notice the water spiral to the left.
3. Mathematicians would say the water is continuously generating a positive angle (ask Toskey).
4. All things in the N. H. are positive.
5. In the Southern Hemisphere, the water would spiral in the opposite direction, continuously generating a negative angle.
6. All things in the S. H. are negative.
- ∴ 7. Since positive is always greater than negative, a man born in the N. H. is always greater than one born in the S. H. Q.E.D.

We are extremely enthused over the appointment of Avram Davidson as Executive Editor, Story Editor, and just plain Editor of F&SF, depending on whose letter we read.

FERDINAND FAGHOOT: MCMLXII

Ferdie Faghoot let his gaze rest upon the clock across the room from his throne. The hands showed 11:59, just one minute before the deadline set by his captor, the Big Cheez of Chedar. Yes, he had but 60 seconds to come up with an idea to save the planetary economy, for face certain death. The Big Cheez had heard of Ferdie's immense intellect, shanghaied him to Chedar, locked him in this sumptuous castle, and commanded him to develop an eminently profitable idea, for the planet was rapidly going bankrupt.

Ferdie was cool, calm, and ~~dry~~ collected, for he had always been able to think himself out of such situations, even though at present he had not an idea in his head.

Gerdie saw the clock tick away the last seconds before noon, and as the second hand passed the other two, he saw the Big Cheez pedalling up on his unicycle (rubber was very scarce on Cheddar). "Greetings, your Hole-iness," Ferdie carefully enunciated.

"Have you evolved an idea to help our regime make money," asked the Bearded One, "or must I sorrowfully grind you into fish food?"

It was then that Ferdie came up with his most ingenious plan to date. Ferdie leaped forward, grabbed the Imperial pocketbook, and threw it into the nearby fish pool, inhabited by two beautiful specimens of the family Cyprinidae.

"What have you done?" cried the enraged potentate.

"Watch," commanded Ferdie, and with his mental powers forced one of the fish to pick up the purse with its mouth, carry it across the pool to its mate, and deposit the leather object directly on the back of the second fish.

"This will make your world rich," expostulated Ferdie.

"It looks like a great idea, but what is it?" queried the Big Cheez, uttering a fateful straight line.

"Why, you'll make a fortune with this new process of carp-to-carp walleting," said Ferdie modestly.

* * *

The above is dedicated to Bob Lichtman, whose comment inspired us to write it, and to Poul Anderson, in whose vocabulary "barf" is permanently imbedded. Up here, it means "to spill one's cookies"; as, "I thought I'd barf." What does it mean down in Orinda, Poul?

We received our copy of TGGW only slightly damaged by the New Frontier's Pony Express. Unfortunately, some savage's knife lopped off the last few lines of page 78. Could you make public the last three lines on that fascinating page? /No. --www/

rich brown: Enjoyed muchly your proem, but the last dozen lines are especially moving.

Seth Johnson: May I quote from U. S. Communications Law, Part II, Section 12.105: "Codes and Ciphers Prohibited. The transmission by radio of messages in codes and/or ciphers ... is prohibited. All communications shall be in plain language except that generally recognized abbreviations ... are permissible." I think that you will agree that Fanglish is almost a separate language (eg., corflu, egoboo, N3F, gafia), and almost impossible for the public to decode.

"Remember the Codeine!"

Phil & John

DONALD FRANSON STARTS COUNT-DOWN
Dear Wally,

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
February 13, 1962

Last month I knocked myself out to write a letter to CRY, and you don't publish it or even mention it in the "We also heard from" column. If you didn't receive it, how come you didn't notify me that you didn't receive it? What's the idea of not telling me that you were going to be careless with my letter? Now I didn't even keep a carbon, so I can't send you the carbon. I hardly even remember what the letter contained, and it would be hard work to reconstitute it. If you get it four months from now, as last time, instead of complaining that it's four months late, just publish it. Otherwise the (5) after my name is going to be (4) (3) (2) (1) (0)...

Yours,

Donald Franson.

BOB SMITH HAS A DRINKING BUDDY NAMED "COKE"

1 Amenities Unit, Victoria Barracks,
SYDNEY. NSW, Australia.

Dear CryEds:

27 February 1962

Into ye ancient Victoria Barracks, fraught with memories and ghosts of ye old colonial days and occupation (heh) by the British Army, comes my favourite fanzine - Cry...156, that is.

Hmmm. Another of those overloaded Atom warriors. Beautiful.

I noticed that my subscription is getting awfully low these days, so expect ghodd money to appear soon. You know, there was a time when I had only one Aim in Life: to make it into every issue of Cry's lettercolumn and never pay out a razoo, but now...



"I'm gonna trade my Gogomobile
in on a Studebaker pronto...!"

Listen, Buz, I heard a good one about fall-out shelters t'other day: "Of course they have fall-out shelters in Russia, too, these days, you know - only difference is their's have exits..."

Mizz Bradley was interesting and quite fascinating, but it's been so long since I saw any elves...

John Berry's little yarn was fine, but ...what an imagination! A fanzine developing into a magazine that takes the place of Punch...Hmmm, come to think of it, there are many fanzines that I'd rather read than Punch...

Strange, but Rich Brown's...umm poetry was quite moving, although I usually don't go for his particular style at all. This

was different, and has some truly wonderful passages. If your trips in and out of gafia produce this kind of material, Rich, try it again, huh?

Ah yes, Harry Warner, fanzines are so permanent. I have in my possession eleven issues of your old Spaceways. Reading them revives my Sense of Wonder (and I'm not being smart, either). I am also pleased that you bring up this question of convention speeches. You mention that it "makes it impossible to get them all published in one place for a year or more after the convention...", and although I certainly do not receive even one third of fandom's total ampubbing output these days I would like to know when this has ever happened? (Okay, don't all scramble at once!) And, Wally, why hasn't anyone "really wanted" to publish all the speeches? [The reason I, personally, don't really want to publish all (or even any) of the convention speeches is (1) it's too much work--in other words, I'm lazy--(1.1) by attending the conventions I usually am able to hear the speeches I want to hear personally--in other words, I'm lucky--and (1.2) I have nothing personally to gain by publishing the speeches--in other words, I'm selfish. I don't know why anyone else doesn't want to publish convention speeches, although the reasons could probably include not having the facilities for publishing--in other words, no hectograph--and not being in a position to publish--in other words, no money to afford publication expenses. What's your reason for not really wanting to publish the convention speeches? --www/

Poul Anderson: I remember seeing that Italo-Japanese edition of "Madame Butterfly" in Japan some years ago. The colour was terrific, as I recall. (Also the Japanese costumes were a damn sight more authentic than any elaborate "live" version.)

Don Fitch: It's funny, you know. There are people in fandom that I've never written to, and who have never written to me, and possibly even are entirely unaware of the existence of Smith (and maybe Australian fandom, I dunno), yet I feel that all these types are my friends. Some of them, I like to think, I know better than mundane friends in this country, and I gave up trying to explain this to the normal, mundane world long ago. So somebody trots off into the world of gafia - so what? You want they should place a memorial plaque in the Hall of Fannish Fame and mourn? Fandom is fine, but because it is communication that holds the network together if someone decides to gafiate there isn't much can be done about it.

Don Anderson: So have another "sob", Don - I drink whiskey with coke...
'tell the next Cry,

Bob Smith

DON FITCH DEMANDS NOURISHMENT FOR CRY

3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif.
26 Feb 62

You beasts! You're starving the poor thing; CRY 157 came through the door in such a thin and emaciated state that I had to weep for it. Thin and emaciated and (*sob*) not of very high quality this issue. Maybe, like a person on a diet, CRY just can't be pleasant

and enjoyable unless it's big.

HWYL -- After being in the army for 2 years, I wouldn't want to see any more of it, but, like Buz, I'm sure it was an invaluable toughening experience. But this doesn't go quite far enough; it's an important part of the educational process (for educateable people); it teaches the introvert to get along with people (and that he can grow to like very dissimilar people), it teaches the extrovert to restrain his more marked excesses. And it doesn't, as so many sensitive fans fear, destroy the individual (the personality, the ego) but rather it teaches adaption to environment. The creative person, the real individualist, need not fear the loss of his identity in the service, any more than he would in any other ~~unpleasant~~ environment. He can learn to act, to play a role, to get along in an unpleasant situation -- it's a lesson he's going to have to learn sometime.

Your comments have caused a long pause and reassessment of my past two years in fandom. I'm still pausing and reassessing, but pieces are beginning to fall into place. On First Discovering It All, the overwhelming thing was the fact that people here were expressing, in fanzines, feelings and emotions of a sort I'd always kept tightly guarded within myself, never daring to utter. Now you tell me, Elinor, what I must have been blinded by optimism not to have seen before -- that some of these friendships are real & permanent, some real & temporary, and some unreal. The fault was mine; I read the intensity and permanence of my own feelings into the perhaps more superficial and transitory attitudes of others. Some of the "unreal" ones I'm beginning to see now, too -- they're not false, most of them, but rather the product of the feeling that one ought to be "simpatico" -- these people apparently convince themselves (as well as some others) that they really feel the degree of fellowship they express. And I go through life accepting things at face value. /Goody. Another fan's Sense of Wonder ruined! --www/

www -- I know who you're talking about when you warn Steve Schultheis about the fan who uses the technique of hinting without naming names, and of course the unfounded gossip he's been spreading has caused much distress in fan circles, but what can we do about it? Should I hit him in the teeth next time he shows up at a fan gathering? /A good idea. Hit a couple innocent fans, too, to keep him from suspecting me of giving you clues as to the identity of this vile person. Er...come to think of it, just hit the innocent fans and really throw him off the track. --www/

Seth Johnson may be right; on reading "one scorching article after another...from fan hill((and other sources)) ...painting fans as fuggheaded goons and the like" I wonder if they apply to me, and, by George, they always do, to some extent. But then, so does much of the praise, so it sort of evens out in the long run.

Bob Lichtman almost brings up a factor I've been noticing with increasing frequency in fandom; the tendency to say "x is the cause of y". Linder appears to do this in stating that "homosexuality is negative rebellion" and BobL points out that there may be different reasons than the simple desire to rebel - or possibly a complex combination of reasons.

The Juvenile Delinquents I've known (only a few) would all agree with Bob -- they do not consider their "anit-social" actions to be wrong; they have a strict set of moral standards -- opposed to those of society-as-a-whole, at times -- and they adhere to them.

Les Nirenberg -- Yes, Burbee does hypnotize his (not necessarily neo) audience, and I suppose his conversation must be sprinkled heavily with Burbeeisms, but they are never noticeable because he always uses them as an integral part of what he is saying. When Burbee tells a story it is a work of art; every word, the very cadence of his speech, contributes to the effect of the whole. Maybe people sometimes quote his lines in an attempt to recapture some of the magic, and maybe they descend to slogan-type ingroupishness, but then they are pseudo-burbeeisms.

Please, feed the next issue of CRY
Sincerely,

Don Fitch

GEORGE LOCKE GETS THE WORD

24 Field Ambulance, BFPO 10, Nairobi, Kenya.

Dear Messrs ~~CRY OF THE NAMELESS~~ LIA KWA AGUNA JINA,

UHURU IN 62!

At long last I am able to comment on an Avram Davidson letter - for long years, while my beard in the meantime has trailed beneath my feet, and I've just grown my third set of teeth, I have been trying. But I have failed miserably. In the letter in the DECEMBER issue - which arrived on 25 February, in case you are collecting data on the average length of time it takes a fanzine to reach its destination - he solves my problems. At last, I have a word to describe those letters. Spellbinding.

Steve Styles hasn't been to a con? I haven't been to one since several years ago, when I was innocent and unspoiled, and only took drinks in small doses. There's a chance I might get to the Easter one this year, if I don't have to serve an extra six months in the Army. I'm afraid the subsequent change in my character has made me conjure up quite a different view of a con.

I used to think of it as a place where there was scintillating conversation about science fiction, whether man would ever get spaceborn, and getting authors to autograph copies of their books you swiped from the library. Now, I think of it as a place where, at three am, I stagger about like a robot with its plug removed. I only hope that due to the intoxicating effect liquor has at an altitude of 5,500 feet, my capacity for indulging in same at sea level will have been increased.

Harry Warner - I'm afraid that the American Way of Life - as depicted anyway in the Westerns - must have moved to Kenya. Admittedly, you don't get gunslingers ambling up Delamere Avenue in Nairobi, but... Darn it, why should I waste time phrasing the next paragraph? I'll quote from an article I've just done on gliding...

"...A more imminent modification will be to the instructor's cockpit, where John Ryde has recently taken charge. John is Kenya's Wyatt Earp. He walks around with a low-slung six-shooter ((.38 Smith and Wesson)) and a poised gait - as though he were perpetually faced at twenty paces by the villain. He is the flamboyant opposite of the ex-CFI, whose revolver is discreetly holstered under his armpit.

"When John lowers himself into the long-suffering cockpit, the holster gets caught in the starboard rudder cable, which makes demonstration of perfect turns rather interesting."

The rest of CRY was its usual pleasant self, with the cover one of Thomson's better ones. The telephone article by Terry Carr was especially amusing.

Yours sincerely,

George Locke

TOM ARMISTEAD REPORTS ON KOTA

Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Wally Wobbly Weber,

"I am damned sick of never getting my letter printed in CRY" the fan with the brown hat hung low over his eyes said to me. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Since I don't have any money left, and have run out of sub units, I am going to publish a fanzine to trade with CRY!" said he. And so he did.

He called it KOTA. He said it meant Keeper of the Alberts. I told him he was nuts. And so he was. He said it was H*A*R*D work publishing a fanzine. I asked how big a circulation it was going to have. He said "one".

"Who is it going to?" I muttered ungrammatically.

"To CRY, you idiot." He couldn't spell, either.

Tom

MIKE DECKINGER EXPLAINS GALAXY'S DISAPPEARANCE

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRYstians,

2/19/62

Oh come now, don't tell me this skimpy little issue is still CRY. Why at this size (only 26 pages) it looks like the Telephone Directory of white men in the Congo.

Avram never looked better than he did on the cover. ATom has correctly interpreted the form, stance, bearing, and expression of the great man. Even the added touch of the weed-growing-out-of-the-bellybutton lends an air of distinction and refinement to the drawing.

It isn't that Galaxy has folded or anything like that, Tom Purdom. The explanation

for its absence is much simpler: the editor is ashamed of it. He's finally begun to read the stories, after urgings from several sides, and his shame has increased over the contents.

SIN cerely,

Mike

LENNY KAYE DECIDES NOT TO COMMENT

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Wally:

Gahdamn you anyway...Aside from misspelling my name, you also had the nerve to call me a *brack* Nameless one. In the WAHF column yet...Have you no morals Weber???

I've decided not to comment on Cry this time at all, except to say that the Berry story wasn't too good, and I think I must've missed the point. I'm stupid that way.

We will bury you too:

Lenny

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

ALMA HILL, who sends a measly dollar for TGGW worth \$1.25. Which 4/5 do you want, Alma, the top or the bottom? KEN M. P. CHESLIN says, in reference to "rich, I'm Going Gafia, brown...", "...as someone else mentioned, he gets in more activity going than most fen do coming." JIM KNOTTS expects a good number of fans to come to Seattle for the Fair, and suggests we give conducted tours. He also warns us of the possibility that he will come to Seattle in September to attend the UofW. DICK KUCZEK envisions the yo-yo replacing the beanie as a fan trademark. He also advocates deluging prozine editors with requests for a fan column. ROBERT B. WARWICK resubscribes after about three years of going without CRY. We received his letter the first night he showed up for a Nameless meeting in (probably) three years. GARY DEINDORFER sends us a self-addressed postcard and a list of questions to answer -- sort of a Deindorfer poll, I guess. AVRAM DAVIDSON says, "I am absolutely delighted by the beautiful ATOM drawing, laughed & laughed & LAUGHED... Kin I please possibly have the original?" We decided he needed it for evidence in a lawsuit against ATom, so we sent it to him. STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS warned Buz not to peek at Steve's private letter to Elinor, so I peeked instead. MARK IRWIN is now Pvt. Mark Irwin RA16713872, C Btry., 2nd Msl. Bn., 57th Arty., Jackson Park, Chicago 37, Ill. RUTH BERMAN says, for the benefit of Harry Warner, "...nothing in articles on pronouncing Tolkien's names because the appendices to Volume 3 tell how -- at such length that it's difficult to master, let alone expand." The following sent all kinds money: DAVID B. WILLIAMS, P. F. SKEBIRDIS (make checks out to "Elinor Busby" or we'll hit you), CHARLES FORTIER, KEVIN LANGDON, MICHAEL L. McQUOWN (from Tyndall AFB, so don't trust him), and LARRY CHARET (who heard about CRY in XERO #7). G'night, folks.....www

from: CRY

Box 92

507 Third Avenue

Seattle 4, Washington

U.S.A.

Return Postage Guaranteed

Printed Matter Only

A number after the addressee's name indicates, within the limits of scientific accuracy, the number of unsent issues left on the addressee's subscription. Absence of such a number indicates, within the limits of mystic inaccuracy, that this issue has nothing to do with the addressee's subscription.

Award this copy to: