

CRY

October 1963

Number 170



"...and when we get to the leader... /
you out with the Blaster, and - POWIE!"

Here is CRY #170, the October 1963 issue of fandom's Bimonthliest Bimonthly, edited and published by Wally Wally and F M & Elinor Busby, but hiding behind the sneaky mail-drop at Box 92, 507 1st Ave, Seattle, Wash, 98104. CRY sells for \$1 the five issues (or 7/- sterling from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland); single issues for 25¢ or 1/9, for the nonce. The way we lose money best is by giving contributors free copies of the issue in which the contribution [published letters included] appears. A prominent New York fan vociferously feels that the contributor should also get for free the next issue with the comments on the contribution. We disagree, and since we are paying the bills around here and he isn't, I guess you know who wins that argument.

Elinor tells me we also have a Trade Policy; you take that up with her, see?

Copy deadline for CRY #171, Dec 1963, is November 15th. All clear on that? Oops, that Wally WEBER up there (interruptions abound, like). Wally Weber for T

All right, knock it off back there; time for our List of CONTENTS:

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Stencil-cuttery: Wally 22, Elinor 10, Buz 3.

All artwork in this issue is by Arthur (ATom) Thomson, who is for TAFF-1964.

Repro is by the Cone Company of downtown Seattle, with special kudoes to Sylvia who runs the machine [and swears she actually reads every issue-- how about that?] and Phyllis who keeps our accounts straight and who is just back from Europe.

You may recall how awhile back we were frustrating the University of Washington here in town, in its desire to accumulate a collection of CRY via subscription. Well, Miss or more likely Mrs Charlotte Beatty of the UW Library has recently insinuated through our wellknown resistance to redtape and actually obtained a sub for the University, that creature of The State. Well, when we give up, we give up all the way, so now we are trying to help this good lady rack up a full collection of CRY for as far back as can be done. Libraries, as you may know, are interested only in complete years or volumes of publications. We have, by some scrounging, piled up one stack complete from #146 (Jan 1961) to date. But our supplies of earlier stuff are very spotty indeed; there's lots of it, but it is not uniform or perhaps consistent. So it seems that our best source of possible fill-in copies is those of you our loyal subscribers who either are not completists or who happen to have a few duplicates here and there. So beginning next issue, we will list the issues needed to fill out the year we are working on; likewise, it will be nice if you will list the pre-1961 issues you can bear to part with, when you write in; then we will drop the first offerer a card to send in his spare copy and receive in return an added issue on his sub (2 for #135, same as when it first appeared). We will try to fill out 1959 and 1960 (123-145) first.

I see we have gone over the [6¢] postage limit this time. Oh well, give the canary another seed; live it up. Once in a while, that is...

And the Selectric just now went out on strike, so back to the Olivetti 44 to remind you about Bill Donaho being Treasurer for Pacificon II, the 22nd Worldcon, to be held at the Leamington in Oakland next Labor Day weekend. \$2 membership (\$1 o'seas) and \$1 registration, as usual. And to say that if you do not have your copy of the Goon Goes West, send us \$1.25 and remedy this lack. And that it is Wally Weber for TAFF-now, & ATom for TAFF-1964. OK?

And now I will get out my trusty screwdriver and see what the insides of the Selectric look like; it never hurts to look before paying. -- Buz.

DISCON REPORT

interpreted by Wally Weber

After the robed fellow in the black dunce cap broke up the deCamp-Leiber sword duel, George Scithers called the Twenty-First World Science Fiction Convention to order. The program was on time.

George admitted he was the chairman, and pointed out several of the committee members, no doubt for blame-sharing purposes in case anything should go wrong. Then, without further ceremony, he introduced James Blish, the first official speaker of the convention.

Jim compared British book reviewers with American book reviewers, and the Americans came in second best. Jim's speech progressed to the point where he was describing the extinction of the few remaining good science fiction book reviewers in the United States, and suddenly a catastrophe struck the program. Perhaps the thought of extinct reviewers made him ill, or perhaps Jim decided a graphic example of a reviewer becoming extinct would add to his speech. Whatever the reason, Jim turned pale and had to leave the platform without finishing.

For the first time in the memory of fankind, a convention program was ahead of schedule.

Bob Silverberg and Ed Emshwiller were scheduled next. Unfortunately Emsh had expected to be required at a later time and apparently hadn't cared whether book reviewers became extinct or not, so he was not present to uphold the artists' end of the conversation.

If I had been the chairman at that time, I would have called a recess and gone off to cry until Emsh was found. George Scithers failed to ask my advice, however, and immediately took the opportunity to show off his ability to turn a setback into an advantage. First he asked Fritz Leiber to take Emsh's place in the discussion. Fritz also failed to ask my advice; he accepted. Then, while Silverberg and Leiber carried on the program, George rounded up Emsh and ended up with a three-cornered discussion on the program instead of the original two.

The discussion was a lot of fun, consisting primarily of anecdotes about things that went wrong, such as cover stories being printed in the wrong magazines, or being printed in the wrong issues of the right magazines. Bob described a competition that went on between artists and writers, with the artists trying to paint situations too impossible to explain and the authors trying to use the most improbable explanations. Randy Garrett was admired for once having gone to the point of explaining the cover artist's signature.

The author-artist discussion finished with the program still well ahead of schedule and the convention committee still neglecting to seek my advice. But even George Scithers knew better than to try to find Ted Cogswell ahead of schedule, so he reached into his magic hat and pulled out Katherine McLean and Lester del Rey who were to give impromptu speeches on whatever they wanted to talk about.

Katherine took up the subject of Utopias. In the 1930's, she said, people were looking forward to a mechanized utopia filled with pushbuttons. By the 1940's they were getting some of their pushbuttons and it began to look like there wasn't going to be any place for people, so they turned to the idea of a large, centralized government to run their utopia. Since the 1950's, however, a decentralized government has been looking better to utopia planners. Katherine summarized her talk with the warning, "Consider carefully what you want because, by God, you're going to get it!"

Lester del Rey took over then and talked about conformists. He decided a conformist agrees with himself whereas a healthy person argues with himself. He went on to complain that science fiction had ceased to argue with itself -- that science fiction was no longer a splinter group but had merged with mainstream literature. He ended up not caring what kind of utopia we aimed at, just so science fiction became a splinter group again.

By this time Ted Cogswell was ready and the program was back on schedule. Ted had with him Gordon Dickson, Jim Blish (looking healthy again -- perhaps Lester's

talk had made Jim argue with himself), Fritz Leiber, and L. Sprague de Camp (the latter two apparently were friends again). Ted explained why he had all the help; he had a three hour spot to fill and he only had two hours and fifty minutes of his own material.

Actually he had only thirty minutes to fill, and he filled it by having each of the authors read something of their own works (except Fritz, who recited from memory). The pieces were all short and poetic in content if not in form. None of them were the type of thing I enjoy -- not a pratfall or a pie-in-the-face in the lot -- but the idea of the authors seriously reading their personal brain-children appealed to me, and I enjoyed it for that.

After the other authors left the platform, Jim Blish remained and finished his interrupted speech. He described how British reviewers of science fiction books work at their jobs much more painstakingly than American reviewers. He suggested that if American reviewers did not improve, prozine letter columns should be revived. He intended, I am sure, that the letter columns provide authors with useful reader comments rather than that they be a method of destructive retaliation against editors who publish poor reviews. Jim drew applause for a suggestion that John Campbell start discussing fiction instead of editorials.

I felt better at this point because the program was now running twenty minutes late, but the introduction of notables and the auction that followed the end of Jim's speech were shortened so that the Larry Ivie and Dick Lupoff talk on artwork in prozines and comic books was disgustingly close to being on schedule.

Ivie and Lupoff were equipped with color slides as visual aids to their talk. Larry was careful not to mention Virgil Finlay's name while spending a good portion of his time despising the artist. Larry did mention Calvin Demmon quite often, though. Calvin Demmon has nothing to do with science fiction artwork, but, so Larry claimed, Calvin Demmon was paying 10¢ for each mention of his name. (By the way, that will be 30¢, Calvin Demmon -- oops, I mean 40¢.)

I wasn't prepared to be interested in comic book art, but Dick Lupoff is a sneaky speaker. I ended up regarding his part of the program as one of my favorite sessions. At the end, Dick denounced readers who took comic books too seriously as being sick, and wanted no blame for the growth of comic book fandom. When one comic book fan in the audience reminded Dick that the arguments against taking comic books seriously were essentially the same as those used by critics against taking science fiction seriously, Dick endeared himself to the rest of the audience by stating flatly, "They're those sf-critics are wrong."

Willy Ley came next with fascinating information on man's effort to find out what goes on at other planets. Willy seemed to think we are sending a machine out to do a man's job, and that the science fiction pioneers had the best plan all along -- send a man out to see.

Saturday night was the costume ball, which I didn't attend, so if you didn't see it yourself that's your hard luck.

Sunday afternoon Dick Lupoff was back on the platform introducing us to ASTRO BOY, a TV cartoon character made in Japan. Astro Boy was really awful, and kind of fun. Two other movies were also shown; an experimental thing by Bhob Stewart, in which the genius himself appears with his foot behind his ear, and a Dantes Inferno scene from some picture I hope I never have to see.

L. Sprague de Camp followed with a report on a visit he made to Lady Dunsany, Lord Dunsany's widow. He did a very good job of recounting, and I was satisfactorily entertained despite my lack of interest in Lord Dunsany's stories.

The major event of the day was the banquet, which was scheduled for two o'clock. I was early for it, having learned that George Scithers meant every minute of what the program booklet said. Ruth Berman started a SAPS table right in front of the speakers' table, so that's where I settled. We shooed away a few non-SAPS, but after a while we relented, particularly when Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell sat down. Bruce Pelz was there to make it an official SAPS table, however, and Dian Girard and Ed Meskys made us five SAPS out of ten seated. I suppose it was really a half-SAPS table.

Isaac Asimov was toastmaster, and he introduced Murray Leinster, the Guest of Honor, like an old enemy, with the stress on the word, "old." Isaac was quite deliberate in pointing out how long Murray had been writing science fiction. As for Isaac's own age, well, as I recall he put it as being in, "the latter days of youth." After Murray's speech, which consisted of a kind of scrapbook of miscellaneous notes, observations and jokes, Isaac presented the Hugo awards.

That was a scene to witness. Isaac built his whole presentation around the fact that, though he had been the presenter of Hugo awards many times, he had never been a presentee. It was not that he was jealous, you must understand, but he did mention how it would gladden his heart in these latter days of his youth if only the award winners would trip and break their lucky necks on their way up to the podium. He presented Hugos to Phillip K. Dick for, "The Man in the High Castle," to Jack Vance for, "The Dragon Masters," to Roy Krenkel for artwork, to Avram Davidson for Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and to Dick Lupoff for Xero, and he did so with hilarious lack of grace. He then went on to present the committee awards, one of which went to P. Schuyler Miller for excellent reviewing. The other went to... went to... Well, what could dear old Isaac Asimov say? He just sat down with his first Hugo and blushed. He didn't even have the presence of mind to trip and break his neck.

Later on in the afternoon, L. Sprague de Camp, Isaac Asimov, Leigh Brackett, Willy Ley, Ed Emshwiller, and Fritz Leiber put together their opinions on what an intelligent BEM ought to look like. You wouldn't believe the problems they ran into. Leigh thought an intelligent BEM should at least be functional, which the Hollywood types were not. Willy and Sprague were forever being accused by the other panel members of being too logical when they argued against the plausibility of certain life forms. There was an argument on kinds of intelligence. Everyone agreed with Fritz Leiber when Fritz asserted an intelligent form must be beautiful, but then they couldn't agree on what constituted beauty. It wasn't long before the audience was butting in to the argument. If Lester del Rey didn't think science fiction argued with itself, he must have changed his mind during that panel.

The next event was Seabury Quinn. He looked as fragile as an ancient scroll, and he had to be helped to the microphone. His speech was short and included a description of two stories. Life the previous day's session where Ted Cogswell and his crew read poetry to us, it wasn't the content of the speech I enjoyed so much as the fact of it.

After a break there came the business meeting. Forry Ackerman presented the E. Everett Evans Big Heart Award to James V. Taurasi for chronicling the history of science fiction in Science Fiction Times. Sam Moskowitz presented the First Fandom Award to Doc Smith, and everybody stood up and applauded Doc speechless. Doc has this effect on science fiction fans. Janie Lamb was next, presenting a \$20 check from the N3F to TAFF, thereby giving Ron Ellik the opportunity to put in a commercial for TAFF. Howard Devore presented the Hugo Committee report and suggestions, which were accepted by vote, and put in a plea for technical help. Anyone who knows anything about a "Lost Wax" process for making castings (I think that's what he said) might write to Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn Heights, Michigan and gloat about it. Steve Schultheis presented his compilation and clarification of convention rules, and these were accepted. At least the next convention will be able to tell what rules they are breaking. The next convention, by the way, was given to the San Francisco-Berkeley-Oakland-Burlingame-with-help-from-Los-Angeles-and-other-areas crew, with no struggle at all. Fandom is just a goddamn Co-op these days. J. Ben Stark bravely accepted. The next convention, known as PACIFICON II, will take place September 4, 5, 6 & 7, 1964 at the Leamington Hotel (Franklin and 19th Streets, Oakland, California), with fees as usual (\$1 overseas, \$2 non-attendees, \$3 attendees, make checks payable to Bill Donaho, mail to PACIFICON II, P. O. Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, California).

You know, I think it takes longer to tell about that business session than it took to hold it.

The editors' panel consisted of Cele Goldsmith, Fred Pohl, A. J. Budrys, and John Campbell. They presented various arguments as to why writers should send stories to their particular publications first, with A. J. Budrys winning the competition in a hurry. A. J. works for \$PLAYBOY\$ now. All the editors insisted they did not want stories slanted to their publications. They all want to get out of the various ruts they are in, which they can't if authors insist on sending in only those types of stories they know from experience will sell. Well, that isn't quite how they put it, but I think that was the general idea. John Campbell told us the last genuine breakthrough in science fiction was Doc Smith's Skylark story. The rest of the panel was taken up with an audience participation free-for-all about breakthroughs in science fiction.

The last panel of the evening was made up of Juanita Coulson, Ted White, and Don and Maggie Thompson explaining how to put art on stencil. Their job was complicated by organized yells from some sort of fraternity convention next door, but they did admirably, concluding with an on-the-spot demonstration by Juanita that lasted until I don't know what time.

Monday noon the convention started out fresh again -- as fresh as it could considering it was the final day of the convention. Alan Howard, L. Sprague de Camp, Sam Moskowitz, and Dick Lupoff talked a lot about Edgar Rice Burroughs. Dick Lupoff reported on some unpublished Burroughs manuscripts that will soon see print. The panel was accompanied by fraternity yells from next door -- I wondered if the fraternity had stayed up all night to save on room rent, or whether they were playing back recordings made the night before.

The next panel was fraught with fascinating insights into the secret home lives of editors, authors and artists. Ted Cogswell had induced, by means only an Isaac Asimov would care to speculate on, the wives of Fred Pohl, Bob Silverberg, A. J. Budrys, and Ed Emshwiller to tell all. After all this inducing, however, Cogswell didn't show up, so George Scithers had to moderate (if that's the word) the panel. It seems that authors are messy, editors are worse, and artists are indescribable.

There was a small delay at the beginning of the next event while Forry Ackerman presented another award. The award was presented to Ted Sturgeon, but since Ted was not attending the convention, the trophy was given to Hal Clement for delivery to Ted. I believe Forry called it a "SPOF" award, but that doesn't tell me a thing. Hal seemed suspicious of it, and would only state that, since he was used to working with classified information, he knew when to stop talking. Very mysterious.

Hal and P. Schuyler Miller then had a discussion of science fiction as a mental exercise. I'm not certain they ever made up their minds, but they had a mental exercise discussing it at least.

George Scithers called all the current and ex-convention committee members up to the platform after Hal and Sky were done, and I'll tell you I was a little apprehensive about it. I wondered if they were going to put us executive types out of our misery with the old blindfold and firing squad trick, but when I saw we were outnumbering the audience, I felt better about it. Actually it turned out to be a kind of gavel presentation ceremony where the new convention committee could see the ruins of once-vital fans who had served on committees in the past.

The final programmed item of the convention was skit, and such a skit it was. The cast included Judy Merrill, Randy Garrett, Fritz Leiber, Gordon Dickson, H. Beam Piper, Katherine McClean, and Don Studebaker. The script writers were not mentioned and it is possible the cast was making up the story as the play was presented, but it was great fun. And it was a fine finale. Background music was provided by Sandy Cutrell.

As for statistics about the convention, there were approximately 800 registered and around 600 attendees. 442 fans were at the banquet. I don't know how many fans J. Ben Stark signed up for the next convention, but I seem to remember Don Ford having membership number 222.

Now of course I realize you will someday be able to find out all about the program I have just described in more accurate detail from the proceedings which the DisCon will publish, but you're insane if you think I'll tell what went on at the parties.

THE WESSEX MORRIS DANCERS

by John Berry

The Wessex Morris Dancers were scheduled to perform publicly at 7:45 PM, 23rd July 1963, on the sea front at Lyme Regis, Dorset, England. Save that the participants were men, I knew nothing of the ritual, but with the thought that it might make good copy for my CRY column, I duly expressed to my family a natural desire to further my aesthetic education by taking up a position of observation at the time and dated stated.

It was raining, as only was to be expected, but the unflagging (no, that's the wrong word, as you'll read later) zeal of this most accomplished troupe more than made up for the inclement weather--an interesting fact, this weather problem, because for the last week, until 7:45 PM on 23rd July 1963 it had been the hottest and driest weather for years, and the leading Wessex Morris Dancer attested to the fact that a by-product of their dancing was an assurance that by tradition they would bring good weather.

When the sarcastic cheering had died down, he presented his artistes. Six dancers and two men armed with fiddle and accordion (I hesitate to call them 'musicians').

The dancers' dress was worthy of note.

They wore cricket trousers (a sort of creamy white), white shirts and straw hats. Around the knees and down to the ankles they wore brown gaiters to which were attached numerous small bells. There were also bells attached to various other parts of their persons, but my interest was directed more to the intricacies of their dancing than to less important items of apparel.

The chief Morris Dancer took the whole thing damn seriously. His minions were out for a laugh and a bit of a titter, but he was most sincere, especially with his potted histories of the origins of the various dances, and with the announcement that an upturned straw hat would be shortly circulating amongst us, wherein we could show our abundant appreciation.

The first dance was once I thought the dancers weren't too keen about, and no wonder.

Each dancer picked up a massive wooden staff, and held it in his right hand... each left hand delicately poised on the waist, in the accepted position of effeminacy.

The accordion and fiddle agonisingly ploughed into life, and the Morris Dancers tottered about to the quite undecipherable basic rhythm, presuming there was one. After some preliminary skirmishing, they attacked each other with the staffs, beating out a tattoo which was ragged but persistent. It seemed a point of honour to hold the staff with both hands only about nine inches apart, and it was this small space which was to be resoundingly struck. One neo dancer received several cracks on his fingers and it was only a severe frown from the chief which stopped his obviously keen decision to bring his staff down sharply on his partner's head, and then vamoose with speed.

With clouds of steam and pantings of breath, they eventually cast the staffs from them, and the chief then gave us the thrilling news that but for the judicious research by a certain Cecil Twang in 1905, we wouldn't otherwise have the pleasure of witnessing the following gem in their repertoire.

The dancers, with a flourish, each whipped out two white handkerchiefs. One was held in each hand by the tip, both hands were raised above the head, and waved, like a man with a stutter sending semaphore. At the same time, the artistes commenced a circular jog-trot, knees raised in rather a sprightly fashion, head held back, each visage bearing a look of profound pride and sense of achievement; whether it was theirs or Cecil Twang's I never did find out.

We left, after dropping a couple of low denomination coins into the urgently thrust-forward straw hat.....

It was still raining half an hour later....the Wessex Morris Dancers Fair Weather spell not having as yet asserted itself.

We had left them, and chosen the sanctuary of a rain-shelter half a mile away, and contented ourselves with the harmless pastime of watching innocent holiday-makers eagerly wending their way towards the Dancing Display, their eyes alight with the thought of pleasures they were missing, and which pouring rain threatened to prohibit.

Our attention was diverted (at least, mine was) to a lovely girl in a bikini who was trying hard to make up her mind whether or not to enter the brine, which was relatively calm but exceeding pock-marked. She was only a few yards away, and I was willing her to tarry a while, and then, in my semi-hypnotic state, I somehow thought I was back in Germany again, on a hillside where sheep, with bells tied round their necks, were bent on making their nightly tryst with the shepherd... and then I was roughly jolted to reality.

The Wessex Morris Dancers, on the prowl, had spotted us, and realizing that we formed the nucleus of a crowd, immediately swung into handkerchief-waving action at our feet.

By this time, sweat was dripping down their faces, allied with rain, forming a sort of 'Niagara' fresco down their faces.

We sidled furtively away.....

We were fated to meet them just once more.

An hour had passed, during which time we'd supped somewhat austere on chips and lemonade.

It was dark, almost 10:30 PM. We crossed the promenade, and blessed if we didn't come across them again. But this time there was something almost ethereal about them, damn near eerie.

The high wall of the prom turned at right angles, and above the apex was a bright fluorescent light, shining downwards. Just at this spot, and it was completely deserted, the gallant Wessex Morris Dancers were giving a final exhibition.

Gone was their jaunty air, the previous exuberance which had coloured their previous performances. Now they were exhausted and soaking wet....the knees could scarcely lift sufficiently to bring the bells into action, their heads were bent downwards, and the handkerchief-waving reminded me somehow of the crew of a life-boat signalling for succour after a couple of months adrift in the Sargossa Sea. They seemed almost like marionettes controlled by a manipulator suffering from pending arthritis.

True, their faces lit up when they spotted us approaching, and with a rare burst of activity, one dancer detached himself from the group, whipped off his hat and raced towards us. Maybe, as he neared us, he recognised us as having previously donated to the cause, for a shaft of disappointment flickered across his wet face--his sunken eyes dimmed like a cigarette burn on a corporation omnibus seat as we confirmed that we'd already subscribed.

I wished I'd given him more lucre as he staggered towards his cohorts--something pessimistic seemed to pass telepathically from him to them, and they just sort of petered out--I couldn't stop to see their final agony as they returned towards Wessex, from when they presumably came.

But they had the last laugh.....it's still pouring with rain.

John Berry
1963

H W Y L

by Elinor Busby

This is the last time that Buz and I are going to mention Wally Weber's candidacy for TAFF. Buz might say something in SAPS--I don't know--I really don't remember SAPS publication dates anymore. But as far as CRY is concerned--this is it, gang. The hour of decision. The day of doom. If you haven't voted in TAFF yet, now's your chance to vote for Wally Weber. We are even enclosing TAFF ballots for the purpose, although you will note that we played fair and did not fill in the name of the candidate for you to vote for. It is physically possible to use these ballots to vote for any of the candidates. But we trust you. We know that you will use these ballots (if you have not already voted) to vote for Our Hero, yours and mine, WALLY WEBER.

But we must admit that all the candidates are good ones. Whoever wins, we wish them the best of luck and happiness on their British trip.

I know it's sort of cheating to grab subjects out of the lettercol to talk about, but you'll forgive me this time, won't you? Warren deBra asks why conventions are held on Labor Day weekend, and whether this doesn't inconvenience fans with children.

Conventions are held on Labor Day for two reasons: In the first place, it's always advantageous to have a holiday in one's vacation time--it extends it by a day. More important, for some mysterious reason (probably the fact that parents are getting their kids ready for school) Labor Day weekend is about the deadest time of the year in the hotel business. When we were first approaching the hotels about the Seacon we discovered what a terrific advantage this gives science fiction conventions in negotiation. We'd go in and see the manager, and we'd talk about our science fiction convention, and we'd unveil to them the fact that the registration fee would be \$3, rather than the \$35 or so for a sales type convention, and that consequently we wouldn't have large sums to deal with and couldn't pay much (if anything) for our convention hall and meeting rooms. The manager wouldn't be very enthusiastic about this--until we mentioned the magic words: "Labor Day weekend." Believe me, Warren, it made all the difference.

The difference is less needed now than it was ten years ago, and I expect it to be needed less and less in the future. Once upon a time, hotels even after they had accepted science fiction conventions had very poor relations with them. Buz remembers how at Portland in 1950 the Multnomah Hotel broke up fan parties in the middle of the afternoon even--and Buz was on the wagon at the time and hadn't thought the parties noisy. And Jim Webbert remembers how, after the convention in San Francisco in '54, he left the hotel to buy cigarettes and was not allowed back in, and when Evelyn Gold protested the manager was rude to her. These things happened. I think I'm right in saying that Cleveland, in 1955, was the first convention to have really good relations with the hotel. The Hotel Manger liked the convention and treated it warmly, and the fans were in ecstasies. In '56 and '57, relations were at best, I believe, indifferent. I wasn't there, of course. In 1958, the Hotel Alexandria not only liked the Southgate convention while it was being held, but remembered it so tenderly that they sent Anna Moffatt a Valentine several months later! (I guess it might have been Anna Moffatt that they remembered tenderly.)

Since 1958, so far as I know, conventions have had uniformly good relations with hotels. The Hotel Leamington, in Oakland, having hosted one Westercon was eager to host another, and was then delighted to get the Worldcon for '64. The Hyatt House, in Seattle, was very eager for the Hyatt House in San Francisco to get last year's Westercon, and that Hyatt House would have liked next year's Worldcon (but its convention facilities would have been too tight a squeeze).

Since 1958, so far as I know, every hotel which has hosted a science fiction convention has wanted it back for itself or another hotel in its chain. I think that word is getting around that science fiction fans are not a bunch of freaks

What do fans with children do? I don't know. I think that fans with children are a relatively small proportion of convention-goers, and I think this is true for two reasons: First, children are expensive, and most people with children can't afford to go to conventions. While young fans may go on a shoestring, and sleep six or eight in a room, married couples can't quite do this. Nor are they apt to walk all over town looking for a 19¢ hamburger. A convention can quite easily cost a married couple from five to seven hundred dollars. If little Suzy is having her teeth straightened, this money may just not be available.

Second, fans with children tend to be much less obsessively interested in fandom, and just as it would cost them much more to attend a convention so, in other ways than financially, it costs them much less to stay away.

As years go by the average age of the science fiction fan is increasing, and I guess that the proportion of fans-with-children is increasing too. Probably the proportion of convention-going fans with children is steadily increasing. And as the conventions are winning more and more whole-hearted acceptance from the hotels, the Labor Day weekend date becomes less and less essential. So the date might be changed. But I doubt very much that it ever will be. Fans are passionately fond of all their fannish customs, and the holding of the worldcon on Labor Day weekend is one of the most deeply rooted of all fannish customs.

Conventiongoing fans with children often take the kids to the convention with them. The kids like the conventions too, and I think it's nice for them to have one last blast before school sets in.

Send
Water
Wast

— Vote Wally
— for TAFF

CASE HISTORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE

by Rob Williams*

1/29/63

Chelsea, Maine

To: Darrell John Slinger
Jose, New Mexico

Dear Dee-Jay,

Remember the Deroes? And those caverns?

Well, you'll never guess what Shaver is up to now... He's selling rocks!

Rocks which he claims are "pre-diluvian artifacts." He further claims that there are pictures and literary records embedded in these rocks. Why don't you stake your claim on some rocks like that? I know I am!

I don't know the whole story first-hand, what I do know was passed on to me by someone else. I hear Shaver is really going at this thing in a big way and that there are mail-order brochures and ads to be had from him for the asking. So why don't you send off for same? I have. It should be worth a thousand yaks! Maybe I'll run the ad in my fanzine STFables.

Then too, when we get the details on how to run this rock racket, maybe we can cash in on it ourselves. I've got everything I know on the lookout for ~~rocks~~ Pre-Diluvian Artifacts, I mean. Take my advice, get your spade out and go rock hunting! What have you got to lose, except your mind?

Sincerely,
Chet

2/2/63

Jose, New Mexico

To: Chester Davis
Chelsea, Maine

Dear Chet,

The world is full of nuts. They parade for me daily up and down the streets. And at night the tv tube offers up its phantom distillation of the very essence of mankind--alas, nuts, every last one of them.

Small world, I was going to write you about this latest Shaver Scheme. I'd already gotten a brochure.

...and do you know what? He's not even selling the rocks themselves. He's selling photos of rocks! In glossy black and white prints or in color slides, yet! As I understand his pitch, you have to look at the picture in a certain way (and, of course, there's the usual proviso about not everybody being able to see them), and then you see pictures of prehistoric cuties--(he's playing the sensual angle pretty big in his come-on brochure; but, come to think of it, it's not too sensual since he describes these Civilization's Dawn Babes as being covered with fins and gills...ugh! this has something to do with their being able to live under water).

Naturally I sent off for a photo. At first I couldn't see anything but a fuzzily photographed chunk of gunk. So I took it up the street to show to a buddy of mine and, mirabile dictu!, he sees something. The way he tells it, it's sorta like Esther Williams with no clothes on, only covered with scales.

Under his tutelage my eyes are becoming acclimatized and I'm vaguely beginning to see something that resembles Annette Kellerman's kneecaps. But shoot! That's not what I call sexy!

Ha ha!

Best,
Dee-Jay

*Based on an idea suggested by Alfred McCoy Andrews

2/13/63
Chelsea, Maine

To: Darrell John Slinger
Jose, New Mexico

Dear Dee-Jay,

I might have known that you would be on the preferred customer mailing list of anything like that! I've gotten my brochure now and Man, it's the swingiest!

That bit you wrote about the revelations-in-rocks at the end of your last letter was amusing. Ha ha, yourself.

But now let's be SERIOUS. You're treating this thing with far too much levity. What you need is a Shaver Appreciation Course. Kind soul that I am, I've started a fund-raising campaign to have you shipped bodily to Amherst, Wisc. to see Richard the Rock-Headed. I'll bet he can help you see things in the rocks in a jiffy!

How 'bout that?

Sincerely,
Chet

3/1/63
Jose, New Mexico

To: Chester Davis
Chelsea, Maine

Dear Chet,

Me in Amherst? I see it all now:

I find Shaver trudging to and fro along the lonely streets of Amherst, crying out "Rocks, rocks! Who will buy my rocks?" He clutches his grimy little rock-basket to his fevered frame as he sees an officer of the law approaching.

The policeman accosts him. "What's this I hear about you runnin' a Salacious Stone Set-up?" he asks.

"Pity!" cries Richard wretchedly. "Oh, have pity on a poor old rock merchant."

"Pity? It's pity you're wantin' now, is it?" I whisk off my policeman drag and stand revealed as that upholder of justice, Honest John Slinger. Shaver cowers. "Indeed, it's no pity you'll be getting from me," says I. "Where was your pity when you husted the rock collection from the Amherst Geological Society?"

"Deroes take you!" shrieks Shaver, "how did you find out?"

"It's the full punishment of the law you'll be getting. Come on now, I'm runnin' you in." Defeated, Shaver offers me his wrists.

As I start to put the cuffs on him, my eyes by happenstance fall upon his rock-laden basket. I drop the cuffs to the sidewalk and reach for the lump on top of the heap. "Anthracite?" I ask.

"Bituminous," Shaver replies, glancing at me speculatively.

"It's a beauty," I murmur.

"It's nothing. Merely something I stumbled upon down at the City Product's coal bins," he says craftily. Then he adds, in his oiliest tones, "Ah, I see you have an eye for the rare, the exotic, the sensual, the lovely...."

"Well....." I say, blushing not only at his astute appraisal but as well at the swarthy temptress who winks insinuatingly at me from the briquette's depths.

"You may keep it. A gift. For the gifted."

His compliment eventually winds its way into my beauty-sodden senses and I turn to protest modestly.

He is gone! "Wait for me! Take me with you, Master!"

But he is indeed gone; I search the streets for him in vain, gathering up pebbles and bricks and gravel and stuffing them into my pockets..... Now, is that what you want to happen to me, Chet?

Hey, you know--I just re-read what I wrote and it's kind of funny. You know I keep pestering you to run something of mine in your fanzine STFables. Why don't you print that? Huh?

Best,
Dee-Jay

4/6/63

Chelsea, Maine

To: Darrell John Slinger
Jose, New Mexico

Dear Dee-Jay,

Excuse the postcard but I'm in a rush what with the deadline for STFables #18 hot on my heels and exactly zero stencils prepared.

I might run your Shaver-parody--maybe in this ish or the next. Can't say for sure--I'm kind of crammed with material right now. Keep in touch. More later.

Sincerely,
Chet

6/2/63

Jose, New Mexico

To: Chester Davis
Chelsea, Maine

Dear Chet,

I can't understand it; my Shaver parody wasn't in #18 or #19. It will be in #20, won't it? After all, you promised. (Well, practically). I wouldn't harass you like this, but I got three different rejection slips in the mail today. One from F&SF, one from ATLANTIC and a return from WARHOON. My self-confidence is beginning to be shaken. How 'bout bolstering it, what say? It'd be a break if I got in a high-quality 'zine like yours.

Anxiously, Dee-Jay

6-15-63

Chelsea, Maine

To: Darrell John Slinger
Jose, New Mexico

Dear Dee-Jay,

Promised? Huh-uh, not even practically. I said maybe and might. (Naturally I didn't make a carbon of that postcard, but I'm certain that's what I said. You know how my memory is the talk of all fandom.) But when I re-read what you'd written, it dawned on me that nobody except me and thee would know what you were talking about with all that Shaver jazz.

However, if you want to rewrite the bit and put in enough pertinent detail to enable the reader to make head or tail out of your "Shaver parody," I'll reconsider my decision.

Let me know.

Sincerely, Chet

6/18/63

Jose, New Mexico

To: Chester Davis
Chelsea, Maine

Dear Chester Davis,

Return my Shaver parody to me at once. I don't even want it in your hands; it makes me sick to think that something like that--one of the best things I've ever done, something I could make my mark in fandom with--is in the hands of a person as unappreciative as you.

You're just like all those other editors and publishers, rejecting classy stuffy like I write and then printing crud like the junk you've been running in STFables. I didn't want to hurt your feelings before, but your fanzine stinks, you may as well know it. I wouldn't even want something of mine appearing in your neofannish hacky rag. Your editorials are an abomination, your letter column is soporific, your authors are all grade school morons, that pukey orange paper you print on is cheap, your ink is watered down, your address labels are pasted on with flour and water, your staples fall out, your wife's got crooked teeth and your ditto machine is illegitimate. And I never even bother to read your crud zine anyway.

I got seven rejection slips today.

Truly, Darrell J. Slinger

7/5/63

Chelsea, Maine

To: Darrell John Slinger

Jose, New Mexico

Dear Dee-Jay,

For Ghu'sake, don't be so melodramatic! I can understand the strain you're under and I forgive you all your intemperate remarks--seven rejection slips in one day! Wowee!

I keep telling you, Dee-Jay, if you're not even ready for the fanzines yet, how do you think you're going to make the prozines and slicks? It just doesn't figure. You're only making it hard on yourself by trying.

As for your "Shaver parody," I look around the house for it and it's not here. Either I or Laurie (and she forgives you, too) must have thrown it out. (Oh, I rue the day!)

But, in any event, it's not in my hands anymore so that should satisfy you. Let me hear from you, after you cool off.

Sincerely, Chet.

7/14/63

Jose, New Mexico

To: Mr. Chester Davis

Chelsea, Maine

Dear Mr. Davis,

Enclosed is my STFables Sertified Subscriber card. I won't be needing the silly Triple-Es thing any longer. You may consider this my last communique to you.

So you threw away my Shaver parody letter, huh? Just remember your own words: "Oh, I rue the day!" Well might you rue it.

I have just sold my first novel to Harper & Bros. "Law Low the Water Mains, Plumber!" is due for release on their Fall lists.

Already Artzybasheff has been here to take sittings for my portrait to be on the September 1st TIME. Pete Martin has had his tape recorder here. Dorothy Kilgallen has been ferreting about for dirt on me. And AMERICAN HERITAGE is offering munificent sums for any personal memorabilia concerning my humble self. They are interested especially in letters. Particularly letters done in my last period before this; which, as you well know, was my Shaver Period. Of course, now that I am out of my Shaver Period there will be no more. This makes such pieces that might still be in existance doubly valuable. You're sorry now, aren't you? Suffer!.....

DJS/eg

D. J. Slinger

Encl.

8/4/63

Chelsea, Maine

To: Miss Margaret MacNulty, American Heritage Publications

New York, N.Y.

Dear Madam,

I am having Wally Weber forward a copy of this issue of CRY to your New York editorial offices, in accordance with the terms of our telephone agreement of Aug. 1st. As nearly as I can reconstruct it from my photographic memory, this is the content of the letters that passed between Slinger and myself prior to his "discovery." You may consider this as a legal release from me to reprint this entire correspondence. The check should be made payable to Mr. Chester Davis and not CRYCR

In reply to your other question: While rummaging through my wastebasket, I did find the postmarked envelope that Slinger sent his last letter in. I consider it an authentic piece of Slingeriana and I could not let it go for less than \$750. If you are interested (and if you're not, I have a buyer in Sauk City), that will make the grand total of the check \$8,250.00. (By the way, I understand that Harpers only paid Slinger \$5,000 for his book--is that correct?)

Any further service I can be to you, I would be only too happy, etc.

Sincerely, Chester Davis

--Rob Williams

WITH KEEN BLUE EYES AND A BICYCLE.....

Once again we mount our trusty velocipede, sharpen our lance, and aim for the whites of their fried eggs. The DisCon is over, and Wally Weber [for TAFF] informs us that it was mostly a Ball. We feel saddened but unusually solvent for this time of year. At this time we should thank Mr. Richard Eney for his fine work in composing the CRY ad in the DisCon Program Book; he called us on the phone at the last minute [we had goofed out, you see] and offered to do up an ad if we wanted one. We gave him a free hand and he used it. Of course we blush a little to see a CRY ad containing phrases like "Focal Point" and "Top Subscription Fanzine"-- we would never have dared say so, ourselves, but if this is Mr. Eney's opinion, we will not argue with him in his present delicate condition [any WorldCon Committeeman is in a delicate condition for at least a year afterward]. Except to say that "appearing regularly for the past four years" is about 5 years short; before 1955 CRY appeared less regularly but more often.

Mr. Eney informs me that DisCon rumors have 3 more fannish marriages breaking up. I don't know about two of these, except that one of the fellas is not married at all, but the 3rd one happened to be [he said] us. Well, I suppose it is like they always say-- the husband and wife are always the last to know...

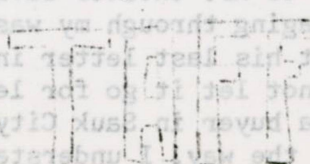
I was sorry to see the demise of The Celebrated Flying Frog of Contra Costa County, produced at Berkeley by Andy Main and Cal Demmon; Cal went to New York and Andy to Illinois, and there went a good snappy little zine, too. In fact, I like the idea of a small frequent fanzine such as Frog, Starspinkle, Axe and Fanac in their respective heydays, etc. Elinor and Wally and I were discussing the possibility, the other day, of CRY's mutating in that direction. It would work something like this: biweekly, or perhaps twice a month, each of us would produce two stencils filled with whatever we chose from our own little brains or those of others, making a 6-page snapzine and rotating the chores of front-page logo and back-page mailing-instructions between us. It sounded like fun at the time, but somehow I doubt that we'll ever make such a drastic change, from a sort of generalzine to a strictly personalzine, even though we could nearly break even at a sub-rate of 15 for \$1 or 3-for-1 on current subs. Comment?

Congratulations to Dick & Pat Lupoff for their Hugo for XERO, for 1962. Which leads into discussion of a book received in today's mails from the SF Book Club: "The Hugo Winners" edited by Isaac Asimov. The book is also out in pb for 60¢, but I do not know whether the pb version includes Dr. Asimov's introductions to each story, which are priceless. A list of all Hugo winners through 1961 is appended, and the book contains all less than novel-length fiction thus recognized; 9 tales in all. PhilConII, 1953, presented the first official WorldCon awards, but Clevention, 1955, began the Hugo Awards which have been presented at each subsequent Con also. Categories have varied widely, more so than I had realized until I saw the listings all in one place.

For reference: fanzine winners have been as follows. 1955, Fantasy-Times; '56, Inside; '57, SF Times; '59, Fanac; '60, CRY; '61, Who Killed Science Fiction?; '62, Warhoon; '63, Xero. Eight in all, and only Taurasi has book-ends to date, among fans. Pros such as Emsh, Heinlein, and Campbell are of course something else again, for repeating as winners.

wally
weber

FAR



Dianetics&Scientology Dep't: On Tuesday Sept 10th, a Mrs Norma Johnson of this city filed for divorce against her husband Russell E Johnson on the grounds of "extreme cruelty", according to our local free press. The bit seems to be that they were attending classes at the local Scientology center or "church" as it has been known since late in 1953 when L Ron Hubbard decided he would like to have a religion as well as a science, and that Mr quit but Mrs wouldn't. So on Tuesday evening Mr Johnson [it says in the papers] walked in on the local Scn Wheel, a Rev Wm Fisk of my onetime acquaintance when he was not yet a Rev, and discarnated him with one shot from a .380 automatic, thus making a double-deck headline on the front page of Wednesday's "Seattle Post-Intelligencer".

Since a .380 automatic is neither the punchingest nor the most accurate handgun available, Mr Johnson seems to have gotten some good out of Scientology, at that, to do in the Rev Fisk with just one shot, that way.

But the reason this news item interests me, probably a lot more than I have been able to make it interest you, is that the victim, whom I met about twice, back in 1953, is one of the few people who have ever seriously tried to kill me. And since someone else stopped him on that occasion while I was still trying to get my feet untangled, having been caught completely offbase by his psycho outburst, now we will never know whether he could have done it, or not.

Hooray For Strong Unions Dep't: I am perennially pissed at paying experts' wages to incompetents, purely because of "union scale". Or even incompetents... I was interrupted at the ~~conflu~~ stage, last line... ANYWAY, the latest instance concerns a defroster hose on my 1960 Lark; consonant with Detroit manufacturing philosophy, this hose attaches up under the dash where only an octopus could reach handily and only a trained gecko could both reach and see. Awhile back this hose came loose and put the defroster out of action on the right side of the windshield. I reached and stretched and scrabbled and cursed and said the hell with it and had the high-paid experts fix it for me. Big deal; the repair did not last hardly at all. So today I took a good look at the construction of the hose itself. It is a double cloth tube with a spiral of spring-wire between the two layers. Vibration works the wire loose from the cloth, and spirals being what they are, the tube wiggles off its connection eventually (no restraining coupling is provided, and indeed I do not see how one could be installed). I tried several times to get this hose onto the connecting flange, but the wire spiral fought back and was obviously going to shuffle loose at the first chance. So I took a good look and cut off the loose wire, turned the double layer of cloth up inside the tube, and worked that configuration down over the flange until my outraged neck and shoulders made me forsake the position of attack. I think the damn thing will stay put now for a year or two, following my 10 or 15 minutes of actual constructive work on the project. But what bugs me is that I paid the certified experts about five bucks to fix the thing, and these skilled experienced types who work with these cars (and their deficiencies) every day for a living, did not and never do take the elementary precaution of noticing just what the hell they are working with, and how it will behave under operating stresses. Another example is the union-scale carpenters who did such a rotten job of putting a roof on the 1959 addition to this house; it is still not wholly safe and leakproof. Whereas Burnett R Toskey and I in 1956 put a new roof on the FenDen-- the one and only time either of us ever worked much with roofing-- and that roof has not leaked a drop in over seven years. Mind you, I do not go to condemn inevitable errors. I just get goddamn sick and tired of paying top wages for them, is all. And how say you, there-- hmmm??

And I do believe that that is all that we have to say to each other for this time. -- Buz.

MY SON THE APE MAN

by Kala, the She Ape, as told to
Will J. Jenkins

(Editor's note: This story was not actually "told to....." The manuscript was discovered in an empty cage in the Ape House of the Philadelphia Zoo.)

My name is Kala, the She Ape. I was born in the jungles of Africa and expected to live the normal everyday life of an ape in those jungles, but was I fooled by the fickle finger of fate.

My reason for writing my story is to tell you about my son the Ape Man. Tarzan was given all the love and affection he needed to become a well-adjusted normal Ape. We all loved him, even though he was a little different from the rest of the tribe. We tried to ignore the fact that he was practically (you should pardon the expression) hairless. I, personally, would not let him play with any of the other children, who might try to make fun of his infirmity. Incidentally, I have heard it rumored that Tarzan was not really my natural son. This is a gross canard. A damned LIE!

Where does this Edgar Rice Burroughs get off trying to start a story like that? If I had a good Philadelphia lawyer I would sue him for every coconut he owns. I refer you to Tarzan's own words, after he met that shameless hussy (sob!) Jane Porter: "My mother was Kala, the She Ape. I do not know who my father was."

Jane Porter, AARRGH! Why didn't she stay in her own jungle of Virginia or Baltimore, or wherever the Hell it was, instead of coming to Africa to ruin my son, the Ape Man? Tarzan was coming along fine; he had been made King of our Tribe, was third Vice-President on the Board of Directors of the local Dum-Dum Committee. And I had even picked out a nice Mate for him, a girl of fine Ape family. Why he had to go off with that skinny female of the Goyem (ed. note: Goyem is probably Ape language for a person not of the race of Apes.) I'll never know.

Ever since he went off with that hussy I haven't seen or heard from Tarzan. The least he could do is send me a Card on Mother's Day. I would like him to visit me and bring the children. That's not too much to ask--is it? Of course not. Another thing, I worry about him, I wonder if he is getting enough to eat and enough rest, and if he is taking care of his health as he should.

I know he is busy fighting the Bad Guys. But if he comes home for a while I will make sure he takes a glass tea, then kills a Nazi; I mean a Commie. I will say to him, "Tarzan, take a glass tea, kill a Commie, eat an apple, kill a Commie, have a nap, kill a Commie." And all like that.

I allowed myself to get captured by Flank Buck and Cryde Beatty, hoping they would take me to Civilization and jungle where my son, the Ape Man lives; but I spend my time in this silly Zoo and never get to see Tarzan.

Tarzan, my son, I love you. Come home--all is forgiven.

(The rest of the page is not legible, being badly water-stained. Question: Do Apes cry? I guess they do, if their child has forgotten all about his ethnic heritage. wj)

--Will J. Jenkins

Wally Weber for TAFF

ATom for TAFF

Pacificon II in '64

London in '65

Who wants '66? Who needs it?

C R Y O F T H E R E A D E R S

stifled by Wally Worldcon Weber

DONALD FRANSON WONDERS WHY

5643 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91606

Dear Wally,

August 5, 1963

I received CRY #169 today and wondered why the label didn't have a number on it, as I hadn't contributed to CRY in ages. I thought that maybe you had printed my Westercon report, given to you verbally. But no, you had printed your own, and didn't even use my line, "After 2AM nobody says anything intelligent." Then I saw you had printed a letter of mine, written in June, 1958. Well, thanks. I don't really mean to semi-freeload on CRY with these short letters, but someone's got to write them.

If Phil Harrell puts out bogus CRY Letterhack Cards, I'll sue him for \$75,000,-000. These are Patented. None genuine without the original fading rubber stamp ink. They will all fade out altogether at a specified time, differing with each holder. If you notice one day that your CRY Letterhack Card is blank, you will know it is the Time. You'll pull out this blank card, say at a convention, and fans will turn away, look through you as if invisible, and not write you up in their con reports. If you don't believe me, look at the back of your Cry Letterhack Card. Maybe for some of you the back has already turned blank, and has nothing on it but pencilled telephone numbers. Consider this a warning and mend your fannish ways. I know the exact date when each of you should draw that blank card and have to Leave Fandom, but this can be changed. For Phil this date has been moved up, unless he withdraws his threat to put out fake Cards. As soon put out a fake Laney Certificate of Fuggheadedness!

Roy Tackett just discovering that Cry of the Readers is like The Vizigraph? I was almost run out of CRY for saying that back in '58. It's true though.

Yours,

Don

JOSEPH L. GREEN STRICKEN WITH NOSTALGIA

2504 12th Ave., Hillview Trailer Park,
Belle Fourche, S.D.

Dear CRYgang;

What has happened to "The Minutes," by WW Weber? Under Article Six, Section Four, Paragraph Three of The Constitution That Shall Be Nameless, and I quote: "All persons, human and otherwise, who shall at any time successfully pass the Unnameable Initiation, shall be members of The Nameless Ones for life, regardless of their inclinations to the contrary."; (punctuation like this is the despair of those editors so unfortunate as to receive material by yours truly /and have you heard "The New Frontier" by Frankie Laine? It's playing on the stereo now, and it's strictly space-opera stf. Name of the disc is "Call of the Wild," and it also includes two beautiful fantasies, "Swamp Girl" and "Girl of the Wood"/ but so long as I send return postage they manage to survive) I am, therefore, still a member of the club, and under Article One, Section One, Paragraph One (b), I demand my rights. A report! You smug fatcats, basking continually in the glowing warmth of an active local fandom, can little conceive what exile to the wilderness has done to my fannish central organ of the vascular system of animals. (Never use one word when six will do as well, not where the wordrates are low!) How I miss those exciting Thursday Nights! The slow Gathering-Of-The-Clan, the report on each member's exciting activities of the past two weeks, the glittering sparkle of fannish wit, darting through the air like foils with the buttons off, jabbing and defending with precision and verve, the beloved old jokes, grown better with each telling (We have a two-headed secretary!) The Bone Which is the Symbol of Unearthly Power, The Smooth, Logical Flow of Nameless Business under the urbane leadership of the current president, the many organized worthwhile activities (Oahspe! Ah, Oahspe, Oahspe, Oahspe!) such as the famous Nameless Charity drives, (In memoriam, a Nameless president who couldn't take it.) the faultless reporting of the honorable secretary, a Two-Headed Wally, One Head a mathematical genius

without parallel and the other a Gonser, the sublime faith of the membership in its elected officers and the always happy acceptance of the honorable secretary's always accurate minutes, the indescribable orgies after the formal meeting, in those dens whose Address Shall Not Be Given Lest Young Hearts Be Contaminated, the quiet peace of the drive homeward through Highway 99 traffic, the collapse into bed, content, surfeit, glutted, exhausted with an exhaustion smacking of indulgence beyond normal human ken. (So?) Ah, I remember it all. And someday, when I tire of living out some half-baked stf author's dream of placing ICBM's in Hardened Underground Launching tubes with an automatic control system which will fire fifty at a time over the Northpole into enemy territory, I shall return! Back Home, to the sunny skies and pleasant climes of Seattle, to the welcoming embrace of active fandom (thinking especially of you, Elinor) to that busy tumultuous life where anything can happen and probably will (Honey! Honey, come to the door! Wally Gonser has a new car and he and Doreen Webbert are running away together!) to those worthwhile collaborations with fellow keen minds which I so badly need in order to turn out my deathlessly beautiful prose, (always properly punctuated, of course) to all that makes Fandom As A Way Of Life so very very worthwhile.

Congrats to you, Busbys, on the well-earned honor accorded you at the Wester-con. And How can I vote for Wally for TAFF? Does it cost (shudder!) money to vote? If so, to whom, since I can't make DisCon, shall I (be still, my fluttering heart!) send it? ((One dollah to Ron Ellik ---FMB)) [Better yet, all the money you can scrape up to me, direct; don't bother with the ballot. --www]

I enjoyed the last Cry extravagantly, as always, mostly the Con reports and the fannish faces on the cover. We, The Green People, plan to make the next con if at all possible.

See you there?

Joe Green

ETHEL LINDSAY REPORTS ZIPPY WEATHER

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton.
Gt. Britain 1.Sept. 1963

Dear Cry c/o WWW,

I have decided that now Elinor is in OMPA my trade line to the Cry had better be through you. I don't want you getting any steely look in your eye/s and crossing me off the mailing list. For one thing..Cry regulates the weather around here. Only you had it foxed last time. The injunction was to "zip" and the weather didn't get the meaning clear--so it zipped in every direction. I wish you would watch it..

Such a lot of purty pictures on Cry 169. Except poor Cal Demmon of course -- he couldn't possibly be feeling as bad as he looks in that pic -- I hope!

I hope that either John Roles or Ken Slater get their hands on a copy of this CRY. That article on book dealers ought to please them no end. Mind you I don't think they will learn anything from it. Both look to me like having a head start on that wily dealer that Rob Williams describes. He wasn't so very wily really, I bet I could have got the better of him.

Elinor has published her speech herself. Oddly enough it could almost dovetail into the speech I didn't make at the Chicon. Here is one of my sentences -- "But one thing we all have in common -- we all love to read, and if you love to read you will never be lonely and you'll never be bored." But then all the time I notice Elinor saying things that I've been thinking for years.

I see Rich Brown is asking how things are over here in England. I suppose, like nearly everyone else he means in Britain... Anyhoo (as dear Betty would say) it sounds as if he wants me to explain the Magna Charta to him. That is our equivalent of the Bill of Rights; written in 1215 it still preserves many ancient liberties. We are also safeguarded, as I understand it, by our Common Law. This is unwritten, established by custom, usage and precedent, and not by statute. Our law isn't perfect (whose is?) but it's in pretty good shape, thank you Rich. And you wouldn't find any school children saying it was unBritish to implement any of our rights. There are gaps of course, but on the whole the right of the individual

to be individual is still widely cherished. It's only this past week that I read an extract from a Social Science worker's speech. He was describing two old ladies who insisted on living in appalling and unsanitary conditions who yet remained healthy and happy. He maintained stoutly that they had a right to do so. It was the most heartening remark I had read for some time.

Betty's letter and the remark on your new postal code reminds me I've been thinking I bet knowing the right code will soon be a minor status symbol around here. Already I've got it off by heart that LA is 900..but am still lacking the chance to toss the knowledge out casually.

Well: now I've got to write a letter to George-all-the-way-Charters who has just sent me the second copy of his fanzine. What does CRY think of competition coming from First Fandom like that? [If George-all-the-etc. is so much competition, let's see his Hugo. Nyah! --www]

Ethel

WILL J. JENKINS RISE AGAIN
GREETINGS
from the Grave*
to those who shall remain
Nameless:

402 South 17th Street, Phila. 46, Pa.
9 August 1963

I hope you folks are still tending bar at the same old address (but if you're not and you don't receive this letter just disregard it...okay?)

It's been some time since my subscription has expired, and I have since moved; so I don't know who is running CRY now. But, like Ol' Man River I trust it is still rolling merrily along.

Bestest regards,

Will J.

*Reminds me of the time I was in Hospital and George R. Heap came to visit me, not knowing I had been released that morning. George told me later, "I saw a man dressed in white sitting at the foot of your bed; he told me: 'You seek Will Jenkins. He is not here. He is risen. Behold the place where they laid Him.'" Thank you, St. George, you Dragon Killer of Rochester.

BOB LICHTMAN REGRETS DEATH OF DR. WARD 6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif
Dear CRY: 6 August 1963 90056

That's a lovely photo-cover on #169 and I don't agree for a minute with Elinor that these are lousy pictures of Jim Benford. These are pretty good pictures of Jim Benford. However, that picture of Greg Benford is pretty awful. He looks, from the expression on his face, as though he has a mouth full of lima beans.

It is real strange, but I don't remember Elinor taking that picture of Jim, Calvin, Sue and I in Don Fitch's room. Was I drunk or something? Anyway, thanks, Elinor, for footing the bill on this photo-page, even if Pilgrim Press still insists on putting photographs on pebbled paper so that you can't see them clearly close up.

I liked all this Westercon report stuff, but I can hardly say much about it since I was there, like, and this shoots the drama of reading about it later.

Liked Berry's and Williams' stuff pretty much, especially the latter's.

Rich Brown: It's sort of sad that you don't like people. Maybe you know what you're missing, but perhaps you've never been around really Good People for a long period of time. I don't mean fans, necessarily, either. In fact, I mean only selected fans in the context of Good People, and many, many non fans all over the place. Look around once you get out of the army.

Harry Warner: CRY wan't very good during 1957-58; its best years are in 1959 and early 1960, and from then it's gone somewhat downhill and leveled off to what it is today. DRY now is better than in 1957-8 but it's been far better between now & then, like.

Gina Clarke: Private fortunes may be "mighty nice" for those that have them, but they're not so nice for the people that inherit them. I know a girl whose family is richer than the proverbial jew banker (except her; she's been disinherited for various reasons) and all the kids are messed up. None of them want to hold a job because they know that the minute they turn 21 they will come into piles and piles of money which they can invest with the aid of the family broker and turn into more piles and piles of money.

Betty Kujawa: Did you see an article on Mauldin in Post or Look recently? It was funny as hell. He said in the article that sometimes he gets bored with the day to day routine of being a political cartoonist and so he signs his cartoons "Mauldin" but no one even notices.

Too bad Dr. Ward is dead. Now Ella won't be able to contact him and get beautiful women like Mandy Rice-Davies on the pay-as-you-go system for London male fans. The London Circle is poorer for the loss.

Best wishes,

Bob

JAMES R. SIEGER OUT TREES TOSKEY S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis.

Dear Shatterers-of-Illusions: August 7, 1963 53150

I don't believe it. That couldn't be Betty Kujawa. She doesn't look the slightest bit like Tugboat Annie. No buck teeth. No huge muscles from slapping backbones into pieces as she bellows "Howja do." Fake, I say.

What surprised me about Berry was that he didn't have what I thought every Englishman had: a pocket knife. Twisting off twigs, yet. Why didn't he try biting them off?

Speaking of Berry, I recently re-read THE GOON GOES WEST, and two things puzzled me. (1) What's so unusual about Toskey having 27 trees on his property? I toddled out and counted 36 trees on our lawn...and by "tree" I mean anything with a trunk at least as thick as a telephone pole. But then, I suppose that an effete squirt like Toskey (all these Westerners are effete squirts) wouldn't be able to stand the attentions of more than two dozen beautiful dryads.

(2) Berry needn't have been embarrassed at drying dishes that have been put in a rack intended to eliminate the need for drying. I've had to do it for years; my mother insists that they have to be dried, newfangled inventions or no. [Berry was probably embarrassed by the idea of doing woman's work; never catch us effete squirts out here doing a sissy thing like that. --www]

I'm afraid I've never encountered booksellers of the type Rob Williams meets. And paying through the nose for a 1946 FFM? Is he nuts? I could tell him about dealers (like J. Ben Stark) who'd sell him mint copies for 40 or 50 cents.

I'm much intrigued by this Chief Red Feather. I've never heard of any oriental being adopted into an Indian tribe, let alone elected chief. What tribe, anyway? When did it happen? [I think it was the Blackfeet Indians who were in desperate need of somebody to launder their socks, but I suppose I could be wrong. --www]

I think Elinor is right about the racial unrest being a good, not bad symptom. Ditto regarding censorship; most of the real nasty "Victorian" prudery was in the early years of the century, when the old way had already started to crumble. In a 1913 COSMOPOLITAN a doctor spoke of the hush-hush attitudes towards sex of their Victorian forefathers, in a way that implied that it was already dying....whilst that famous cartoon of a bluenose dragging an unfortunate woman into court: "Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child," appeared two years later. And I've got an 1870 HARPER'S which has very detailed illustrations of bare-breasted Indian women. (Re that article, I might mention that though this was right in the midst of the Indian Wars, the author mentioned the Conquistadores and wondered sarcastically whether it was the Indians or the Spaniards who were more "civilized". And nary a word about "Noble Savages" either.

Yours,

James Sieger

WARREN de BRA POSES

Rt. 2, Box 595A, Pensacola, Fla.

Dear F. M. and Elinor Busby:

August 24, 1963

This is to say that with D. O. Volenty I will be in Washington over the Labor Day week end, and along with my first hopes of being able to go were my hopes of meeting you. Dashed to earth by #169.

This is also to ask a question. Schools, in this area, have started September 3rd, for as long as I can remember (I don't mean 9/3, I mean the first day after Labor Day). I have never fathered a child, but I have raised many and this year I leave three teenagers to take care of our house, feed themselves; and two girls to get themselves started in the 11th and 12th grades.

Question: Don't all schools start then? I have seen children at other conventions (I sweet talked Willy Ley's daughters, very serious they were, into giving me their autographs at the San Francisco convention) and wondered why they weren't starting school. (Gad, 1954, Ley's daughters are grown women now.)

If you have any children to care for, Labor Day week end is a bad time to go far from your home town; so what's the answer to my question?

PLEASE, I am really not asking for an answer, just posing the question.

Warren de Bra

BETTY KUJAWA BRIGHTENS UP WWW

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana

Dear Judge Weber, Your Honor;

Wed. Aug. 21, 1963

46614

Brighten up Weber; just think I won't be at the Discon nor the '64 Con nor the London one....now, doesn't that make you feel a hell of a lot better? Three weeks before the 1964 Convention we will be out in the Bay Area on our way to Reno for the Skeet Championships...luckily for you I can hardly stay over 3 weeks nor fly home and then fly right back again for our Con. You've been saved, kid, thanks to the National Skeet Association.

See last weeks issue of LIFE magazine with the write-up (humorous) on Mensa? The report made them sound like a high-brow branch of the N3F. Methinks their meetings-conventions would be far livlier with Buz and more fen present....this gang sounded plonkier than an Elk's picnic.

So how do I go about thanking y'all for allowing me on a CRY cover? My husband has been a member of the Blackhawk Indian Tribe these past four years and Joe told me he had Indian ancestry so you got one Chief, one brave, and a squaw there.

Especially pleased to see a photo of Poopsie on the cover...all through the Con I kept trying to figure out a way to steal her (who wouldn't?). She's an exquisite child.

Doggone it I still can't tell Greg from Jim Benford. Greg I talked to at some length and later I was about to carry on more of the conversation when I realized I was looking at Jim. I suppose they are both used to that sort of thing by now.

Though I didn't come home with Poopsie I did get the George Barr cats and they are being framed for our livingroom. You can imagine the envy they have caused among our cat-loving friends. [I can also imagine their reaction if they saw Poopsie being framed for your livingroom. --www]

Oh, got a tearsheet from Jay Kay Klein with the news that the Chicon Photo-annual should be reaching me today or tomorrow....the page he sent as proof is magnificent as it includes the one pic I was praying someone would catch on film. I refer to picture number (you should excuse the expression) 69.....Wrai, Betty, Buz, Elinor, and MZB all in a row as prim and devout as a church choir....we look like we are just about ready to rise and sing hymn number 453.....eh? And in #71 is a stunning shot of Boyd Raeburn and #64 has an especially fine one of Elinor smiling (and Ethel in background looking smugly pleased about something. Since Ballard is sitting next to her I have my suspicions, frankly.)

I noticed you censored your con-report more than somewhat....cleverly you avoided the final days altogether so that No One Would Know....nor did you reveal your courageous bravery the night you sat in the dark for 2-1/2 hours watching the German moon-rocket film with Ruth Berman on your right and Betty Kujawa on your

left without screaming even once nor bolting for the door...that took g-u-t-s, Wally. You are tougher than you look.

Should I reveal what did go on while we were locked in the art-show room judging the art-work? But you should have mentioned the final evening (Sunday night) when the Wrestling Match took place! Never in all my born days have I seen such avoiding tactics! You didn't hit her once!

It was a good good Con. I am all for small Cons at motels. Especially Cons with Joe and Robbie Gibson and Len Moffatt and Don Franson in attendance. Gene had a ball as well thanks to that little blonde air-lines stewardess who came to our door with the zipper of her dress jammed.....Gene, Len and Joe would have had far more fun minus Robbie and I, I know, but we were looking out for Anna's interests, I kept saying.

I'd like to state here and now how much I enjoyed the company of Don Franson; here is one very funny guy (and I mean funny ha-ha). His quiet wry little side comments at various moments enriched and enhanced my Con no end. Don is a Special Person in my books. And then there was Elmer Perdue...and if Gene ever loses his job we are Moving West and moving in with Elmer....god bless him...and his ties.

Oh say, Ted Johnstone got that Lovecraft artifact idol I drooled over....is Ted still alive? You have to sacrifice to that evil lil object daily, you know.... I hope Ted hasn't goofed and missed a day. You, uh, haven't heard of his dying a horrible-hideous death recently have you? ((No -- not recently. --FMB))

Say did I ever thank you for returning that personal article I left on the floor of the Flight Lounge when I left you there Sunday morning at about 5:45 a.m.??? Don't know how I could have staggered off leaving that there and it was awfully sweet of you to pick it up and keep it for me, dear.

Lets see now...better reply to Irate rich brown, right? Correct, Mr. brown, neither of us can know what it's really like to be a Negro. We can ask Negroes of course....and thereby get answers from individuals as no Negro can answer for his entire race, nor could either of us for ours. I have asked one gentleman who was born in Northern Mississippi.....he moved here, he said, for the benefit of his children first, for their opportunities in better schooling and because they can attend Purdue or Indiana University here in his new home. Second reason was for better job opportunities which he found and for far better housing and for the Right to Vote and have his vote count..... which it really does in this location.

I'm sure you can find Negroes who would far rather stay back there minus (at present) the schooling for their children, minus the job and the housing and the voting because they find the bigoted hatred of the Ross Barnetts of the South more attractive than the hypocrisy of the average northern do-gooder.

I asked my friend how he felt about that. He felt the comparison was not as similar as you seem to and that his kids and his future and his voting power far far overshadowed we northern hypocrites (as would I) .. so perhaps it's all in our sense of values? If this angers you, I am sorry, Sir. The Negro people I know right now are more interested in attaining their Public (Civil) Rights than private or social rights or in joining any Friendship Clubs and Mutual Admiration Societies with white Americans....the private or social ones we all have to earn...every ruddy one of us, and in the pecking-order of human behavior some never do get 'accepted' or welcomed genuinely into neighborhoods, and that goes for me and you and Weber and every human alive, and it's something you can't legislate or pass into law (without resorting to some kind of science-fictional brain surgery, that is). No worthwhile person in my ken (of any color) is too concerned with that type of rejection as we all, to some degree, are guilty of some form of it. Would I want my daughter to marry a Guy Lombardo or Lawrence Welk fan? No I would not! (And that won't make a boo of a difference to my daughter...so there we are.)

Gina: What's the name of that movie? Mondo Cane? In that you'll see the guy paint pictures with nekkid wimmen as paint brushes.....say by the way have you or Norm read this new satire novel? Hell can't find the title now..it's about an Eskimo poet who is brought down to Toronto as the 9 day wonder of the arty set ..

hear it's a blast...know what I'm talking about?

I see by the FAPAZines that you two jaded Canadians had innocent young Boyd Raeburn up to your digs and corrupted him...got him d-r-u-n-k and all that.... shame! Contributing to the delinquency of a Colonial, thats what you did! You and Norm have to remember these unsullied-by-civilization aboriginals are no match for decadent North Americans....please.

Fancy in fact the difference between Boyd's school graduation celebrations and those of Wild Living Dennis Lien! Sheesh!

Mae: More more more of same please?? More info on the pre-columbian paintings in the grotto, huh? Go see all these things for us quick before they are all 'restored' by your Government....such a frightful thing to do!

Nate: Shucks honey --- Vashon Island's football and basketball players watching the telly....if they is underage by gum then the parents can ruddy well switch off the tv sets (or remove tubes) during study hours.....I bitch at modern parents who let kids run the house and make the rules. Folks have liquor in their homes (majority do, I mean) and surely the kids aren't given free access to that, are they? So let's see some parental authority shown. Snap off that television set, sez I. Though in some instances I'd druther see the athletes watch tv and learn a little something or anything as I don't see football or basketball practice as baeing the end-all for American Youth (blush, and this coming from an Indiana-home-of-Hoosier-over-Basketball Girl).

You know, maybe Virgin Birth is possible, Nate! Possible and pretty dern dull.
Bye....

Betty

PAUL WILLIAMS AND HIS BRIEF LIFE
Perpetrators of crocodile tears:

163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass. 02178
August 21, 1963

Your cover photos are very good (but where's ATom -- he's been missing from two covers in a row!) ... for once everyone looks pretty much as you'd expect them to from reading their stuff. Greg Benford even looks like Himself (Void-type joke). Everyone in Cotr will be saying, next month, how pretty Poopsie Ellington is...

Fie! Another set of ghod people who won't be at the Discon! It looks as though I'll have to journey to the west coast next summer, since all those peoples are too lazy to journey here. This is all probably an eviel plot by my grandparents, who've been trying to get us to come to Oakland for all of my brief life. (My brief life... doesn't that bring tears to your eyes, though...)

I am not sure just how definitely the cons affect not getting mail... Sid Coleman tells me that he attends practically every con, and it takes him at least six months to recover fannishly, and to start getting interested in fandom again.

Excellent Berry this time. Like, I was there, in that tree (not really) for a while there, and I don't know about John Berry but I was sweating. Incidentally, if you have a Ridiculous Lines Made Ludicrous By Typos Dept, you might enter in it: "'Gooness gracious me, Kathleen'" Or was that intentional, a plug for the Goon?

If you must know, Buz, it seems to me that the only logical way to make the almost-but-not-quite masquerade winners happy is to mention them in con reports (as you did) so's everyone will know; and it always helps to tell them, while you're there, how good they were. Every ego boost helps.

A nice speech, Elinor. I wonder: can you go back to fandom? A number of people seem to have done it recently, but have they really come back? I was croggled to see William Sykora active again... at the Chicon even Don Wollheim didn't know what had become of him... but all Sykora has done in fandom this year is "publish", not edit, a weekly single-sheeter. And imagine some old-time fan trying to come back to Fapa... he'd have to wait six years! Do you suppose Jack Darrow, say, could really re-enter fandom now, and be satisfied with it enough to stay in? An interesting question, to which I have no answer, at present. It seems to me, though, that returning to fandom might be not unlike your next door neighbor's return to the island on which he was born. It wouldn't be the same. To the returner, it wouldn't be fandom.

Gee, the other day I was all croggled to get a real honest-to-god Cry Letter-hack card in the mail from Don Franson. Gosh. Ask Don Franson, will you, what E.C.C.C.H. stands for? I'm sure he's dying to tell.

I see Rich Brown is mad because the Germans bombed Coventry. It figures.

Rich Brown: I don't think the average northern do-gooder is too serious a problem to the civil rights movement (or call it what you will); he may be hypocritical but at least he's doing something. It's the average northern, period, who is holding up the works; we have a friend, for instance, who says he's "bored" with this whole civil rights business... it doesn't interest him any more; he thinks they've overdone it. Martin Luther King will have to soon figure out ways to combat people like our friend who claims that there's nothing wrong with Negroes except that they aren't well-educated, and as soon as they get educated, and are as smart as the average white man (hmmm) there won't be any problem.

A Boston paper recently said that there are currently "less than a half-dozen" Negroes in Belmont. That's true enough; the exact figure is 0. There are no Negroes in Belmont, and even in Cambridge a Negro has a rough time finding a home (even tho the town has a great many Negroes in it already). In the south one may live in a repulsive atmosphere of hatred... but here in the north it's almost as bad, in a different way. You know, people have got one hell of a job ahead of them ... they have to save themselves from people. It isn't going to be easy; it sure isn't going to be easy...

Rich Brown, again: Your remarks on income tax are extremely asinine. You suggest that people with less money should be taxed higher, to teach them to go out and thrive, and richer people should be allowed to keep all their money as a reward for making it? And you seem to feel that you end up with more money if you're poor and in a low-income bracket, than if you're rich and in a high-income bracket?? That if you earn enough money the government will take \$1.10 on every dollar?

I hope Gina Clarke has a good supply of plain, brown envelopes.

Enus till nest time, what?

Paul

HARRY WARNER, JR., WRITES LIBELOUS STATEMENT 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,
Dear Cry: Maryland. 21740 August 11, 1963

This front cover gives me a sense of vague familiarity that took some running down. These people look like the ones that you see at a newspaper meeting or even in a college class of journalism students. This is a libelous statement about someone or other, but I will swear that there is the same tendency toward intellectual foreheads for the women and beady little eyes for the young men. Journalism is a badly overcrowded occupation just now and there are entirely too many fans (i.e., there are so many they publish more fanzines than I can find time to read and write comments on), and I'm sure that something cataclysmic would occur if we suddenly discovered an innate kinship between the members of the two groups.

I liked the con reports. The only thing with which I cannot find a chord of sympathy for vibration purposes is the occasional proud reference to getting to bed at such a late hour in the morning. Undoubtedly this feat does make most individuals feel proud of their endurance and their difference from the early-tiring mass of humanity. But my working hours tend to encourage this kind of bed-time as a standard thing: during an unbroken stretch of just over two weeks, I didn't get home on any working night until after 2 a.m., and it was usually an hour or so later until I got to bed. Now, if I do manage to get to the DisCon, I certainly intend to slough off the bourgeois habits of my daily living for these rare few days of life surrounded by fans. But how can I manage this with regard to bed-time? Getting into bed at 9 p.m. will do the trick but I'm afraid that the confusion may be so severe that the other fans won't have an opportunity to follow my line of reasoning. At least I'll be the freshest fan at the all night parties when I get up around 3 a.m. ready for the new day.

John Berry brought back quite a few memories about pussywillows. I have the impression that the plant's preference for squalor in its environment is worldwide. They were something to watch for in the early spring behind rotting boards in backyard fences in the worst part of town or poking themselves out of piles of corrupted old automobile tires in vacant lots. Next February, I intend to look for them, and I have a premonition that I won't find any until they actually produce their fuzzy little buds because I've forgotten everything about their appearance except for the name-giving characteristic itself.

Hagerstown hasn't had a genuine used-book store for many years. The old fellow who used to run one here was constantly in and out of jail for various events involving women and booze but he was totally unlike the typical used book dealer immortalized in fanzine articles like this one. He put the price he wanted for a book on the first blank page and held to that price. All magazines were tossed onto shelves above which was a sign telling the price of those in each tier and he often let quite old, rare items go for the standard price on the theory that this created satisfied customers who would buy more of the recent issues. I can't think that the dealers are all as bad as they're depicted in the fanzines. The only real specimen of the legendary type that I've encountered was in a Harrisburg store, since gone out of business. Even in New York City, I've found quite honest and fair dealings and some unexpected bargains, like several of the very scarce early issues of High Fidelity in a large, conspicuous establishment for a dime each.

Elinor's talk deals with much the same matter that I tried to describe in my introduction to A Sense of FAPA. There aren't many subcultures in the nation that have our fandom's advantages of lack of basic changes in nature and disregard for ages. I could get some of the comforts of fandom by joining the Masons, for instance, but I've noticed that in the local lodge there are two or three cliques with very little mingling: the young, the middle-aged, and the old. In fandom, nobody even stops to think that Bob Tucker is almost 50 and that Rich Brown has just become 21. Both seem to have existed forever.

You can tell Ed Meskys that fannish acquaintances can get together even without Cry. There's a girl from Düsseldorf spending a year in Hagerstown under some kind of Christian youth exchange program and she has been exciting everyone she meets here by explaining that she knows me, although we haven't yet met. It seems that she knows a German fan who knows me. My reputation for a way with females, somewhat tarnished by my many years of bachelordom, has perked up considerably among people who learn that I'm known among teen-aged girls in Germany.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV REVISITS CRY HIVE Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba,
Dear CRYERS: Argentina August 22, 1963

Your July CRY hasn't reached us yet, but yesterday I had the great delight of an unexpected note from Betty Kujawa. The dear girl wrote that she'd just seen that particular CRY, and approved of my letter, and if you please, she's sending me four books I was coveting, and which don't even exist in this country. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and touched by the way you people are.

Did you ever realize that these fanzines are a new form of communication in the sense that a fanzine is a sort of "group-letter"? I see it as a very promising sign of what Man will be like in days to come... a wider understanding ... a sort of "gestalt" communion that widens people's experience greatly, and prevents narrowness of mind.

The phenomenon you've developed is extraordinary; it reminds me of a hive of bees. Have you ever watched them? One bee, for instance, takes the center of the stage briefly ... talks the hive's lingo (did you read in a recent Scientific Monthly they have dialects, as per the hive?), does its dance, while all the others watch intently; then it steps aside, while the others render a verdict. If they consider the performer a phony (scientists tried this out using a "robot" bee),

they'll try to sting it to death. If they approve, they act accordingly. There may be a Queen Bee deep in the hive somewhere, sure, but she doesn't interfere with the "Mind" of the Hive. She just lays eggs, that's all, quietly, and is but a "Womb" in a sense, not any sort of "Mind".

We science-fiction fans have fed on enough rare, wonderful new ideas and postulates, to see that there's a future ahead for homo novo, and we believe he will appear. And couldn't he be a new creature altogether ... a social being, capable of sharing (telepathically, and in other ways), the moods of all his fellow men, and even their genius? I certainly acknowledge myself enriched to be one of the "Hive" of CRY!

Fancy aside, I believe with all my heart that the only hope for our species in the future, is to learn not only to live together, but to feel and thing together, complementing one another in a great intimacy, that is above and beyond anything physical as we know it yet. And I believe things are working in that direction. Did you read CHINA by Felix Greene (a Ballantine pocketbook)? Being China-born and reared, myself, I assure you it stirred and thrilled me. That's how the Chinese are like. They lack the "I - me -- myself only" outlook that developed amongst us Westerners through that abnormal preoccupation fostered by Christianity to "save your soul", no matter if the rest of the world chooses to go to Hell. A Chinese, all alone, would feel in a vacuum. Their joy (as I recall it, and apparently it's still so), is to share the joys of all their fellows, en masse. There is no happier sight than an every-day street-scene in China ... such a "Hive" of laughter, industry and philosophy, and color! It is a pity we Westerners took that side-road of "Me-me-and-God-only!" Because you can't know God if you're so concerned with "Me". You'll find God so much more quickly, if you seek Him in the hearts of your fellow man.

Changing the subject -- I think in my last letter I mentioned that I loathed Conquistadores. About thirty books later (all in Spanish, some very old and rare, from the Sarmiento Library at the foot of our hills), I begin to develop more than a sneaking liking for them ... I love 'em, believe it or not. It all started one Sunday afternoon when we went for a drive, and the doddering old caretaker (descendant of some bygone slave), showed us the Patio de la Reduccion in the ruins of Santa Catalina, and even pointed out the places where natives and African slaves were "reduced" by gifted means ... torture! That started me delving into history at last, to see if it could possibly be true. Alas, it was true! From our Twentieth Century point of view, the depths our ancestors fell to are abysmal. When sanctitude is compulsory (or else you end up in the bonfires of the Inquisition at Chuquisaca and Lima), subterfuges are the order of the day.

Reason I now love Conquistadores is, they're so human. I found out that they got their comeuppance around 1570, when the Spiritual Conquistadores took over instead. The "last Conquistador" was a guy called Aguirre, "First Lance of Chile", whose lance always had more "blood than wood on it". A brute, yes, but look how he ended, once he'd "reduced" the Indians of Argentina's first real town, and divided them up as slaves to all the settlers who couldn't do the job for themselves. He was hauled up before the Chuquisaca Inquisition, and -- on his knees -- he recanted, repenting. Perhaps the most engaging crime our poor Aguirre had to abjure was his boast that he felt he was serving God's cause by producing mestizo children on all sides. He duly abjured, on his knees before Father Juan de Sosa, apostolic notary public. He was then permitted -- though only with reluctance on the part of his captors -- to return to Santiago del Estero on parole. But alas -- no sooner was he back than he tried to get even with all the spies and malicious reverend gossips who'd sneaked on him. So they naturally had to arraign him again, and this time the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition was not so lenient.

But the biggest find I've come across yet (delectable), is the story of early Asuncion, Paraguay -- sourly called "A Mohammedan Paradise" by Archdeacon Centenera who got stranded there by accident in the 1570's. Not a Spaniard of worth with less than 50 lovely, intelligent young Guarani brides. And the pappies loved them.

They killed each other, stealing nice new wives, who supported their new husbands from across the seas, adoringly; planting, weaving, cooking for their handsome, sexy hubbies! And when the old dads died, all the wives gathered around weeping, and the tender farewells were indeed touching. How'd you like to die, if you were a Conquistador, surrounded by 70 adoring young brides ... not to mention another weeping harem on your country estancia?

September 4th, 1963 (I nearly wrote 1563, for that's the Century I've been visiting!)

Your CRY (July) just came, and brother, it looks good. [That's interesting. We didn't publish a July issue. --www] Or maybe it's just that after the big doses of Father Lozano and all the other reverend historians I've been perusing, CRY obviously is superior and more up-to-date! I shall take a day off and read CRY on a binge! Then back to the grind, for I mean business. I'm setting myself up in business as Prescott No. 2. Nobody's yet tackled the poignancy of the Conquest (Physical, Martial and Spiritual), nor how it affected a series of native tribes I'm crazy about. So I shall have a try! (Physical means sex -- the Conquistadores never missed a chance with a damsel!)

Though the angle that fascinates me most is the three-century-long stubborn search by priest and prophet and potentate, in search of the "El Dorado" of South America, called "Linlin", and which was seen by many an eye-witness and impresses me as having been an extra-terrestrial outpost of space-farers, as per all the descriptions. They even had blast-offs that the worthy Jesuit seekers decided must be "cannon" of large size, being fired!

If I ever sell a book though, I shall take my holiday at one of those Conventions of yours, and see all the pretty people in the lovely pictures on the cover of CRY 169! And admire em all and simply listen and not say a word (garrulous though you may suspect me to be!) And take a ride in Betty K's plane, if she's game, and I'm game! Me, I'm scared of heights! Highest I want to go is Potosi, Bolivia, one day -- 4,000 odd meters, to have a look at the formerly most fabulous city in the Universe, beside the legendary "Silver Hill".

Oh, dear WWW! The guy came to whom you sold the map -- a funny-looking foreigner indeed -- must be a yanqui. All he tried was to sell me subversive material (wanted nothing from me). So I gave him a free meal in exchange for the most interesting document, loaded with names of his co-workers, and right down where the letter "W" comes in the alphabet, was someone named WWW! [Bruce Pelz will do anything to get rid of extra SAPS mailings. --www]

Blessings and love, children!

Grandma Mae

ROY TACKETT BLANCHED 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New
Hail to thee fellow CRY-slaves: Mexico 87107 4 August 1963

I removed the staples. I blanché. "What is wrong?" my good wife inquired. "This," I gasped, staring in horror at the cover, "this isn't good old CRY. This is FAMOUS MONSTERS."

Tell me, do the Benford boys normally list to starboard that way or was perhaps the camera tilted? [The camera was tilted. Actually they are wine-seekers and list to port. --www] No matter. At conventions one expects that lists of one sort or another will develop. They seem at least, to be on their feet.

Gee, Buz, I wish you hadn't reminded me of the sterling merits of Wally Weber in the TAFF race. If we all send in only a half-buck do you suppose they'd buy him a one-way ticket? [At the DisCon there was talk of sending four candidates halfway. --www] But it is good to consider his sterling merits for, after all, he is going to a country where sterling is the very foundation of the national wealth. In the case of ATom we shall have to consider his paper qualities for in this country paper is the foundation of our national economy.

Let us consider this matter of lack of mail after a convention. One reason

might be that after the hyper-activity of the convention the attendees are burned out and need a month to recuperate; or it could be that they are enclosed in a rosy glow for a period of a month or so that takes the place of other fanac -- it being at the end of the period that the booster shots of postal contact are needed; or it could be simply that they lost all their stamp money in a poker game.

"Five Nights At Burlingame" was quite amusing and had many points worth considering. Consider the comment about Forry being converged upon by devoted Monster fans. Now this is, indeed, a point to ponder. Not being prejudiced I have no objection at all to Monsters attending stfcons, provided, of course, they are stf fans. On the other hand, if they are fans of Monsters with no other interest in stf then what the hell are they doing at a stf convention? Egad, are we to be inundated by howling hordes of monster and comic fans? The thought is shuddery. There is, however, a solution, and that is, of course, for the truefens to conduct missionary work among these fringe creatures. Be of stout heart and fear not but go thou forth among the monster and comic fans and convert them to the true way.

Incredibly Old Rich Brown: You are incredibly inconsistent. You indicate an extreme dislike for people classifying 90% of them as crud and then bemoan the fact that 29 million or so have been killed in a couple of wars. If you dislike people then you shouldn't really care how many are killed in wars of various types.

Dennis Lien: I will grant that you are crazy or something. So?

Gina Clarke: If that faith-healer down your way is reaping 40 grand this year from the local population then he is no nut. I will not comment on the local population however.

Mae Strelkov: An interesting and entertaining contribution. I agree about the Conquistadores; they were certainly less civilized than the people they destroyed. Speaking of which, old Crygang, if you have an archaeological bent I recommend to you FAIR GODS AND STONE FACES by Constance Irwin. Irwin takes on the "no contact before Columbus" contingent in this study of middle America. Her purpose, she says, is not to persuade anybody but to present, as objectively as possible, a few elements and riddles that are unanswerable if one holds that America was completely isolated from Old World civilizations prior to 1492. Irwin then presents her few elements and riddles by the carload.

The fact that the Aztecs welcomed the Spaniards as messengers of their white, bearded god Quetzalcoatl, "the knowledge bringer", is, of course, history. The legend of Quetzalcoatl was ancient among the Aztecs -- they got it from the Toltecs. The Toltecs picked up the Fair God from the Maya. And the Maya?

In tracing the progress of civilization in the Old World one arrives eventually at the Sumerians. In the New World, says Irwin, one arrives eventually at the Olmecs who inhabited the area around what is now Vera Cruz. And when one arrives at the Olmecs one arrives at one of the damndest conglomerations to ever mystify an archaeologist.

Olmec carving depicts features that are Semetic -- with beards --, Negroid, and other characteristics of the Old World. A couple of thousand years before Columbus.

Irwin points out that there was a people in those days who could have made the journey across the Atlantic to Middle America... the Phoenicians. Quetzalcoatl could have been a Phoenician captain who through happenstance was blown off course while heading up the West Coast of Africa and ended up in Mexico instead of the Mediterranean. The winds and the currents are favorable. And he could have made it back to Phoenicia by following the Gulf Stream until he was back in familiar waters.

Irwin speculates that the Phoenicians could have introduced civilization into Middle America; that pre-Columbian architecture, art, culture and religion all bear a striking resemblance to that of eastern Mediterranean.

It is interesting speculation and certainly the Phoenicians were capable of it.

Hoping you are the same,

Roy

BILL WOLFENBARGER DOESN'T MAKE IT 602 West Hill St., NEOsho, Missouri
Dear Wally, September 10, 1963

I, Weber, was not able to make it to the Discon. Nearly every fan I KNOW has gone and returned from the Discon....every fan but MEMEJUSTME!

Have yaall read the novelet in the FaSF annish.... "They Don't Make Life Like They Used To" by Alfie Bester? A crying shame. If you've read it, that is. It was the craziest piece of sf/f I have EVER read, without exception. The thing is literary as hell, I suppose, but should have been pubbed in HARPER'S or ROGUE or something.

Yours,

Bill W.

[In case you readers wonder why Bill's letter is so short, it's because I cut out the parts refering to a short piece of fiction he contributed to CRY that went as follows:

THE GHOST

BILL WOLFENBARGER

The tall white-thin ghost washed itself against the wind.

The wind was strong, and rising stronger. The ghost was planted firmly, as it was swayed both left and right. The trees in the apple orchard had lost most of their leaves and apples just before. The ghost had appeared from nowhere, it seemed. It had not stirred from its spot.

The menacing melancholy rushed up against the House With Lights. The winding wind pressed the night closer, and the night froze, afixed to the House With Lights.

The House With Lights inside was a gay, quiet place. As it had been before. But now, not like before, as the wind from outside thudded and the night became the blackest and the deepest the inhabitants had ever known, two small barefoot boys with close-cropped heads heaved eyes out the window. The night and the wind made them shudder (huddling and looking together) and as they saw the ghost, they shivered quite equally as well. The two boys could not speak. They Wanted to. They Wanted to in a way they could hardly comprehend. What they wanted to speak, what they each wanted to say, was something more than the both of them. They wanted to comment upon the ghastly, almost-electric manifestation, but were completely unable to because they were human beings.

They stared a long and frightful time at the tall, slim-white figure of a man, strained into a ghost, who was washing itself in the wind and in the night in the apple orchard, where the two boys lived.

THE END

As you can see, the story fragment was unfit for publication in CRY, so we threw it away and I cut all references to it from Bill's letter. --www]

SGT. R. F. SMITH PUTS HIS NOSE IN c/o 1 COD Sgts' Mess. Bandiana. Victoria.
Dear Wally: Australia. Monday. 2nd August 63.

Hmmm...just goes to show how long it's been since I last stuck my nose into the CRY pages -- I didn't even know you'd gone bi-monthly; dear Elinor was handling the letter column when I sorta "semi-gafiated"; and, now you allow bums like Foyster within the once hallowed and sacred pages of the letter column! Gad.

Please take note of my new address above, which is mainly responsible for my lack of activity over the last few months. I'm back out in the bush again, and after just over two years in the wild city of Sydney it ain't good! Still, the good soldier is adaptable. Har.

Lotsa new names (to me, anyway) in the letter column, and possibly the most interesting letters, to me, were those from Mae Surtees and Gina Clarke. (A certain skinny Australian who dwells in some place with the unlikely name of "Drouin" is probably snorting: "Ha! That figures -- they're both females.") I could almost see that trigger-happy female Artist at work!

I can appreciate how Mae feels about the "Conquistadores" -- back in far off days I tackled a course titled "History of Australia and the Pacific." I ended up writing almost a small book on the treacherous Spaniards and what their greed had done to the great empires in Mexico and Peru! My instructor apparently didn't share my enthusiasm because a rather sarcastic but kindly note came back attached to the papers stating that my obvious hard study and research was most commendable, but he hoped, sincerely, that I would not devote quite so much time and energy on blasting all the tyrants I'd meet as we progressed through history! Oh well. It still fascinates me, and if I ever get my library uncanceled... So if that was a "history lesson," Mae, let's see more, huh?

It appears that used-book store owners are pretty much the same brand of fish all over the world, if Rob Williams' experiences are any indication. I've struck 'em like that in England, Australia -- yeah, in Japan, too. As far as I'm concerned, it's cheaper and less frustrating to stick with dealers who mostly conduct their business via the mail -- like Dick Witter in Staten Island, who is almost "one of Us," like.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

MADELEINE WILLIS HAS HORNED CUCKOO 170 Upper Newtownards Rd. Belfast,
Dear Elinor, Buz, Wally, Northern Ireland 9/9/63

I love your photocovers. Elinor and Bert are to be congratulated on this latest one. Yes, Miriam Knight is beautiful, and charming, too.

I wasn't really surprised to hear that John Berry was in an enigma. These secret societies are spreading rapidly here. Ask him to tell you about his adventures while collecting credentials to join the Dile Emmas. [Dile Emmas??--www] Those horns really look great over the old cuckoo clock.

Buz' con report was nice, though condensed. I loved Rob Williams' article. And I wish I had heard Elinor's speech in person.

A propos D. Lien, he left out one of the most important things which happened to him during the last few months. He became a subscriber to Hyphen. Hyphen is delayed because we are waiting for a delivery of U.S. size paper. The change in size is to accommodate the 26 stencils cut by Walter for Axe and returned from the Shaws.

Love,

Madeleine

DENNIS LIEN, BOY HYPHEN SUBSCRIBER R.F.D., Lake Park, Minnesota 56554
Dear Triple-Threat, August 7, 1963

Ahahahaha. Photographs. Of real people, yet. (Er -- they are real, aren't they? I always thought Betty Kujawa was just a rumor.) Worst of all, no funny captions. You're slipping, folks. (I'll admit "Greg Benford" is sort of a funny caption, but you could do better if you tried, I'm sure.) All right, I'll give you funny captions. Top row: "We can't wait for Sinatra; will the meeting of the Clan please come to order?" 2nd row left: "Remember, Wally, this whole hotel will turn back to a pumpkin at midnight." 2nd row middle: "Our group had 32% fewer cavities with Chief Red Feather's Kickapoo Joy Juice-flavored dental floss." 2nd row right: "The conventions are becoming hobbit-forming." (Stolen from F&SF). 3rd row left: "Who said Shirley Temple's Story-Book was cancelled?" 3rd row right, "Help send these boys to camp (before they finish off all the booze)."

Wally, you were on the wrong side on that Donaho panel. Today's science fiction magazines don't interest this (neo)fan much. Like I only buy the "Mag of F&SF" these days. The rest are boring, hacky, and (mainly) \$.50 (except "If" which makes up for its lower price tag by being even worse than the others).

This may be as good a time as any to disclose something, to wit: fans remind me of people. That is, I know Lake Park people who strongly remind me (or vice

versa) of Greg and Jim Benford, Joe Gibson, and (drool, drool, slurp, drool) Betty Kujawa. Now I think all this proves Heinlein's theory in "They," namely that these are the same people and that everyone in the whole world is perpetuating a Great Hoax upon me and trying to make me believe that there are other people in the world whereas really I'm the last one and the rest of you are just a bunch of nasty old aliens, led by the Great Glaroon, engaged in this hoax solely to keep me sane (you're not succeeding, are you?) for your own purposes. See, there is just me, a few thousand robots, and thirty or forty of you aliens, running ahead of me, setting up the robots, dismantling and mantling the cities and landmarks I visit, etc. As I remember, in "They" the hero (me, in other words) discovered this Gigantic Plot (bigger than "Carl Brandon," even) by cleverly noticing that it was raining out the front window of his house, but not out the back window (someone had Slipped Up). Well now, I'm sitting at the back window of the house writing this, and (Ahahahaha), It Isn't Raining!!! Wally, I've unmasked you; you're the Great Glaroon!! There is no such person as the Busbys, ((There are, TOO....tick, tick, tick -- FMB)) or the Coulsons, or Ron Ellik or Betty Kujawa or anybody else. Now stop fooling around and make it start raining!

Someday I'm going to write a CRY article on how to fool bartenders into serving you even if you happen to be only 17-6/7's years old. Do you demand contributions be pre-typewritten or do you also accept good old longhand? Expecially if it's accompanied by good old bribe-money? ((We don't accept handwritten money. -- FMB))

Hwyl: er -- doesn't Calvin Demmon have 3 arms and 3 legs? It's hard to tell, kind of, on this picture... let's see, four divided by two twice ...

Please print this name somewhere: Richard Mikkelson. Ahahahaha.

Question: I've heard that in 11 states 18-year olds can legally buy 3.2 beer. If anybody knows which ones, will they please tell me? And what's the Canadian situation?

All right, where's Avram? Where did you hide him? Sniffle -- we want Avram!

Gina Clarke: I don't think those artists or the faith-healer are nuts -- mainly cause they're all making money. If they were really doing it for art's sake, or just for the fun of raising people from the dead, then they'd be nuts.

Alright, Weeber - Webber you know good and well I didn't spell it "Fathod," that's pretty farfetched. Just for that, Bruce Pelz for TAFF!

Donald Franson: As for minutes -- of any type of meeting -- Heinlein did it once and for all. See Tunnel in the Sky, page 160. "Hizzoner called us to disorder at half-past burping time. The committee on cats and dogs reported. No cats, no dogs. The shortage was discussed. We adjourned and went to sleep, those who weren't already." After that, what can you say? Woof?

Ohillip Harrell: Please send me a copper cryletterhack card.

WAHF: Ed Meskys has nothing on me; I've never met any of you CRY maniacs. Or any other sf fans. I went to see K. Martin Carlson twice, but he wasn't home -- both times.

Gadzooks, an eleven page letter. I WROTE AN ELEVEN PAGE LETTER! Migod I'm exhausted.

Dennis "Spiderman" Lien

MIKE DECKINGER SUSPECTS WILLIAMS

14 Salem Court, Metuchen, New Jersey

Dear CRY,

8/13/63

Much as I enjoy photo-covers, I can't conceal the small regret that one of your Clever and Witty Staff Members didn't recaption the photos.

In less than three weeks I'll be boarding a Greyhound and, after securely shackling my luggage to the seat next to me, I intend to relax during the four hour trip to the DisCon. The uncertainty of railroad conditions at that time has pretty well convinced me that bus would save doubt and worry, as well as money.

Public transportation invariably develops some sort of snarl each time I plan on using it. I wonder if perhaps my actions are being observed and whenever I prepare to use a public conveyance, a mysterious overseer springs into action and inaugurates some form of delay.

Anyone who undertakes to capture a specimen of flora with a name like "Hazel Catkins" deserves all the mishaps he gets. Especially if his name is John Berry.

I wonder if Rob Williams might not be someone else who's found it convenient to submerge his identity beneath the Williams byline. He writes in too knowledgeable a style to be a neo. Once previously I questioned an identity; that of the erstwhile Mr. Dean Kickensheet whom I declared to be a nom de plume for Bruce Pelz. Subsequent events convinced me, however, that Dickensheet was the real person while Pelz was the phony. Both of them are completely unaware of this revelation, however, and continue to exist as two separate individuals.

Was there another version of 1984, where Winston Smith doesn't give in at the end? And why, John Foyster, is that necessarily the unhappy one? I would think that an ending in which Winston Smith maintains his ideals, and refuses to recognize Big Brother through all BBs inducements is much more optimistic than Orwell's original ending.

Sincerely,

Mike

WILLIAM DEECK! LOOK! LOOK! IT'S WILLIAM DEECK!! 8400 Potomac Ave., College
Fat Ones: September 7, 1963 Park, Maryland 20741

Many a winter -- pleasant ones for you, I'm sure -- have passed since my last letter. What prompts this was your advertisement in the DisCon Program Book bragging about frequency of publication. Being a natural-born jinx, I thought perhaps I could put a stop to that by becoming a subscriber once more.

After my last furtive fling at fandom, in which I continued as a fringe fan (to really make things alliterative), I began dabbling in politics. Much to my dismay, I discovered that the idiocy of politics is trite and uninspired, quite unlike the fresh and naive inanities of fandom.

I would have returned sooner (so count your small blessing while you can), but in a burst of enthusiasm unequalled since I wrote my first letter to Startling Stories, I burned all my correspondence and fanzines. Would-be friends and I toasted marshmallows over the merry conflagration, while a great burden was lifted from my shoulders and from what is laughingly called my mind. I say from my shoulders because I used to carry the stuff around with me wherever I went and thereby could watch it carefully. I was, of course, fearful that people would discover I was a nut, albeit a fringe nut.

Now, carried away by nostalgia -- or masochism, if you prefer -- and having your address once again -- I have decided to renew my subscription to Cry. I am even enclosing money, which should make up for some of your grief.

Temporarily sincerely,

Wm. Deeck

Encl: \$1, worth approximately 44 cents

PHIL HARRELL IS A TRUE FRINGE FAN NOW
Greetings to the Lower Nation from the
CRYman in far off exotic regions of
Eastern Ontario:

P.O. Box 3372, Postal Station C, Ottawa 3,
Ontario, Canada Aug. 9, '63

Just call me the poor man's Avram Davidson, or a Short Dick Eney, or a Tall Norm Clarke, or a regular Bill Morse. Mainly cause I'm growing a beard. Actually it's just that I'm not shaving now days. One morning I got up, looked in the mirror, and said, "Ahhhh what's the Use?" and haven't shaved yet. Recently I managed after six weeks to scrape together my life savings and go get a haircut. Well, my hair was somewhat long like unto two inches on the back of my neck and so I put on my dirty clothes sloppy shoes and went down to get my hair cut looking mainly like

Crime inc. and when I walked into the Barbershop people began to stare and stare and stare and stare so I looked back at them ~~shifted my shoulder holster and shot them~~ and said in my best criminal accent, "Don worry I only rob Barbershops on Mondays." Actually it doesn't look any worse than if someone hit me in the face with a sack full of long, dark-brown fuzz....not only that it itches.

My goodness you sure missed a good bet when you didn't caption those cover pictures there so I'll do it for you starting at the top and going from left to right:

- 1) "That Licshtman plays Dirty. It was my turn to tell her I was Weber."
- 2) "Alright, who stuffed the lightbulb in my Trumpet?"
- 3) "Hey Wally, the Chief finally perfected his woman repellent."
- 4) "Sorry, I can't pay you now for the laundry I lost; I'm a little short this week."

*W*O*W* THAT'S PATELLINGTON!!!!!! Uhhrumph pardon got carried away there. Back to captions:

- 5) "...and after Wally rejected me I met your father. Now in a few years you'll have a chance."

- 6) "Well, I warned you Phil Harrell mixed a weird drink -- say this room's tilting, isn't it?"

best,

Phil

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN IS OFF THE STREETS Box 2954, Florida State University,
Dear CRY. 7 Aug 63 Tallahassee, Florida 32306

Well, I have this to say about the Trimester system -- if you can stand the heat, and can afford it, it is possible to get through a few months sooner with the whole schmear. Chances are, however, you'll either end up with a nervous breakdown, heat prostration, or merely go broke a few years sooner. At any rate, it keeps the students off the streets.

Comments on cover: the noonday demon never looked better; Ninhaua, Chief Red Feather; who're those two flighty types with you, Chief?; the Rider of Rohan never looked cuter. Apparently the Westercon consisted mostly of drunks and pretty girls -- or, maybe, some pretty drunk girls?

Rich Brown has made a point on the racial issue, and a good one.

Betty: This Profumo business is one of the most damning examples of the damage that can be done by an irresponsible press. For the sake of the country, the affair should have been handled much more discreetly. It's also a crime that Ward should have been driven to his death by the condemnation of those who were in no position to judge his motivation. Hell, if he wants to pimp, and do a few people a favour or two, okay -- he shouldn't have got tied up with the Russians, though -- that was very indiscreet.

Mizpah,

Misha

DAVID T. KEIL, A COLLEGE MAN WITHOUT A DORM
Dear Cry,

General Deliver, Student Union P.O.
University of Arizona, Tucson,
Arizona

Please note the new address, Cryhacks, note the new address. I am now a college man, and I have not even got a dormitory yet. Two weeks before I arrived here, I was informed that the obligation of the University was to the students of Arizona, and, being from New York, I would have to live in a rooming house for at least the first two months. I have always had a phenomenal gift of luck.

A short while ago, I was very pleased indeed to receive my CRY LETTERHACK card, and I venture to say I am hooked to Cry, even as is Phil Harrell. But I received the card from Don Franson, which puzzled me. I know that Cry used to be the Oo of the "Nameless Ones" fanclub, but I didn't know that Don was connected with it. An explanation, please? ((To put it simply: you're WRONG. --FMB))

I have extolled the writings of John Berry in the past, and I continue to do so. Besides Walt Willis, I can't think of too many fan writers who can sit down like Berry does and write perfectly delightful articles on trivial subjects. I hope he continues to write for CRY.

Sincerely,

Dave Keil

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

P. F. SKEBIRDIS, who remarks, "Ghad... the "Golden" years of 1957-58. How many can really remember those years when C*R*Y held sway. It was THE fanzine to end all fanzines. I really don't think that any fanzine in history printed more crud per issue than the 57-58 C*R*Y." ROB WILLIAMS changes his address to 420 South 4th Street, Elkhart, Indiana; I guess the book dealers ran him out of his old home. WALTER L. FOXWORTH, ARNOLD KATZ, JAMES ASHE, RON WILSON, IDA IPE, RICHARD O. FARRAR, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (now there is a pseudonym if ever I saw one), TOM GILBERT, and FRANK WILIMCZYK send all kinds of money. And Elinor is going to need it, because THE PILGRIM PRESS (another pseudonym) sends her a bill for \$18.25. HARVEY FORMAN changes his address to 1214 Disston St., Philadelphia 11, Pa., and wants to know what happened to CRY #168 and 169, as if we would have any idea. DONALD FRANSON, Secretary, Exclusive Coterie of Certified Cry Hacks (E.C.C.C.H.), sends us a listing of 299 people(?) who have had letters in CRY up through the August 1963 issue. With a little luck and some ambition, we'll print the list next issue.

And now it is time to creep back into my little padded room before the guard finds out I'm gone. My cellmate (over on the left there) has a message for you to ponder on until next issue.....www

Wally
Weber
for Jaff!

from C R Y
Box 92
507 Third Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

That number after your name tells you how many issues we think you have left on your sub. If there is no number after your name, you got a free issue and fouled our records up something awful.

Cram this carefully in the mailbox of:

Poul Anderson (S) /
3 Bas Palomas
Orinda, Calif.

