

CRY

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CRY

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You are now starting to leave eyetracks on CRY 173, April 1964, produced up to a point by Wally Weber and F M & Elinor Busby, taken from that point by the Cone Company of Seattle, and return-addressed as of Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle, Wash, 98104. Despite Terry Carr's attempt in F&SF to combat inflation, CRY sells for five (not seven, Terry) for \$1 or 7/-; single copies go for 25¢ or 1/9 or contributions including published letters, or (a few) trades, ahahahahaha...

Decimal currency and checks payable to Elinor Busby; that 12-fingered Sterling stuff to John Berry of Belfast and points west. Oh, it's lazy out...

CRY is published bimonthly these days, and the copy deadline for our next issue, #174 for June (I can hardly wait) is May 15, 1964. Rain or shine.

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conducted by Wally Weber

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These people cut these many stencils: Wally 20, Elinor 8, Buz 3

Wally Gonser and Burnett Toskey are expected for the Assembly Party such as it may turn out to be; Wally Weber gave the lame excuse that he was going to some bash in England. I expect he is just putting us on...

My apologies to the U of Wash Library. I see I overcharged you folks a cool six-bits for your 1964 sub. I plead not guilty by being thrown into shock when you took Mrs Beatty away from us, so that I regressed to our longterm \$2 rate before we went bimonthly. I'll try to remember to adjust this next year. OK?

As usual we are trying to do everything all at the last minute [which drives me nuts; what's your excuse?]. Wally says he'd rather cut and run off TAFF-ballot stencils than just sit and chew his fingernails until Wednesday when his dogsled leaves for the over-the-Pole trip to England (actually he's going by way of N--Y---), so don't waste all this virtuous energy of his. Vote the inclosed TAFF ballot. ATomize TAFF and go around all week feeling like one of the Good Guys. Teacher will give you a gold star and even your psychiatrist will beam at you. And besides, it's really a very very good idea.

Further along in here, as usual, you will find invaluable commentary on all the gripping issues of today's taut world. Possibly. We spare no effort, since after all we have little effort to spare, after the house takes its cut. In these pages there is something for nearly everyone; why do you have to be the exception? Seriously though; I'm joking. Surrealism can be fun; send elsewhere for the free pamphlet on "Fun For The Whole Family With Poison Ivy". It's worth every cent.

Summuu our best letterhacks took issue with my wonder at how vanVogt's hero in "The Violent Man" could have "struck a single, incapacitating blow with the knife". Generally they figure he knocked the guy out with the hilt. I was not specific enough in quoting. Previously. AFTER this blow, "Mai straightened slowly" and in a dazed way asks a couple questions. Our hero says "If you stay real quiet, you'll be all right" and then he "helped the man back to his chair". Then the victim of this blow sits quietly while our hero takes several minutes to get the hell over the frontier out of Red China. I must say that ~~that is some~~ fine single incapacitating blow of that there knife, when it is stated that it is not to be a killing strike, even in after-effect. Again, I welcome all comment. After all, if it possible to tag a guy with a knife so as to paralyze him without killing him, this is something that every redblooded American boy needs to know. Right now around income-tax time, particularly.

Well, I tell you what: if you won't complain about the way I wrote this page at the last minute, I won't complain about the way you read it. Fair is fair.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

viewed from under a ladder through a broken mirror by Wally Weber

Friday the thirteenth fell on Friday today, and in less than a week I will probably be in Ella Parker territory. If you expect me to be coherent for two pages at a time like this, you are sick indeed.

Never before have I poised on the brink of such ~~disaster~~ adventure. Usually I have some idea, no matter how vague, as to where I am heading or what I will be doing a month in the future. But my prognosticator didn't simply become vague when I asked it about the TAFF trip; it committed suicide. I have no idea what to expect from the next five weeks.

Really the future shouldn't be all that mysterious. After all, I've been to conventions before; I've visited fans before; I've been in England before; I've even been away from my job before. "Why, then," I ask myself (I've taken to mumbling to myself quite a bit these last few months), "Why, then, do I feel this peculiar anticipation -- this sense of wonder -- this feeling of facing a Great Unknown?"

Usually my search for truth is interrupted at this point by somebody nearby who complains, "You're mumbling to yourself again." But I have pondered enough about the matter so that when I ask myself that question now I can answer with confidence, "Be damned if I know."

It must have something to do with being a TAFF representative. I have the feeling something should be expected of me. Maybe I should learn to juggle or swallow swords. What's a TAFF representative supposed to do that he wouldn't ordinarily do? Anybody know? Apparently TAFF consists of giving somebody \$600 and telling him to go to a convention and have a ball. With \$600, what fan wouldn't? TAFF representative or not, a fan has instincts, and money like that can produce only one reaction.

Perhaps we'll find out. But Friday the thirteenth has been a looong day. The days have been getting longer. I noticed it soon after I had my airplane ticket, my smallpox shot, and had repacked my suitcase for the third time. Some joker at work cut the voltage on the clocks a little more each day, and today the timepiece was running strictly on Thursday's inertia, and there was almost none of that. By noon I had to empty the wastebasket of fingernail clippings. I was already the shortest-fingered draftsman at Boeing, and I had over five hours of time to put in, measured by an unpowered clock yet.

As a matter of fact, today was proclaimed "Torture Weber Day" among my evil associates. A favorite pastime of the fellow at the next desk, for example, was to gain my attention and say, "Tick." This would make me look at the clock. Then I would chew my fingernails some more. Then I would go down the hall to the restroom and wash the stumps. Then I would go to the other end of the building to see if the clocks were running any faster there. Then I would go to the next building and drink some water. Then I would come back to my desk and calculate the distance between Seattle and London in centimeters. Then I would notice the fellow at the next desk trying to get my attention again. Of course he would succeed. He would then say, "Tock!"

Unnerving as it was, it was not half as irritating as when I would look at the clock after all of this had gone on and find that only one second had passed since he had said, "Tick."

Perhaps time would have gone faster if my bosses had given me some work to do. You'd think that with all the draftsmen around me hard put to do the work required of them, they would have something they could give me to do. To be fair, they probably have their reasons. Perhaps my last few drawings have been a bit hard to work with, what with my converting important dimensions to pounds and shillings, and inserting remarks such as, "Don't forget the TAFF ballots," among the drawing notes.

Burnett Toskey plans to go to Europe, but he doesn't seem to have my problems at all. He was over at my place two nights ago (I can scarcely remember back that far) when he was running off his SAPS zine. He was telling me about the Beatles contest he entered.

Apparently the object of the contest is to make up as many words as possible out of the letters in the name, "Beatles." Being methodically oriented (I'm not familiar with the religion, but Toskey is methodically oriented) he proceeded to go through his 1942 edition of Webster's unabridged dictionary and put down every conceivable word he could find that met the requirements of the contest. As I recall, his final list which he sent in contained over 370 words.

He isn't even worried about winning. As a matter of fact, he left out four of the words he had found just to give somebody else a chance. I think that if he does win, he gets turned into a Beatle. I'm not sure Burnett has thought about that.

We, here at CRY, opened a time capsule recently. I'm not certain where we found it or how it came to be interred, but at any rate it revealed some rather interesting if dated CRY letters. One of them I used to start off the letter column.

The letters were from Rich Brown, D. A. Latimer, George H. Scithers, Bruce Robbins, and Phil Harrell. They were all dated during the summer of 1962. (Oops, I even overlooked another one, from Sharon Towle, that almost got put back into the capsule for another couple years.) They were the usual letters of comment or subscriptions, but we don't know quite how to handle the subscription from George Scithers. They were in checks, totalling \$2.94 endorsed over to somebody named "Eleanor Busby" that were originally written to George by other fans.

I suspect that one will go back into the time capsule. Did we really have a subscription price of \$2.94 in the summer of 1962, I wonder?

Getting back to TAFF (my mind is always wandering back to that) there has been some discussion about the publishing of the resulting trip report. We talk about it around here just as though we expected me to survive the trip. The idea of serializing any report in a bi-monthly schedule is not completely appealing. On the other hand, cutting down the size of the report to fit in one or two issues of CRY would be dangerous; somebody's name would be bound to get left out.

My tentative suggestion (even I discuss it as though I expected to survive!) is to write and publish the report in all its full-length glory, and put a digest size version, say ten or so pages, in CRY. The full-length version could then be sold at an outrageous price, suitable for financing my trip to LONDON in 1965.

But right now I am not going to worry about such details. In less than a week I will be in Ella Parker territory, and all other worries are petty by comparison. I expect you readers to have everything worked out with a satisfying solution awaiting the return of my remains to the States.

Okay if I comment on last issue's lettercol? I haven't been operated on lately, so I'm otherwise a bit short on topics of conversation. Buz always says, "Why don't you talk about science fiction or fandom?" But the truth is, I read very little science fiction nowadays, and my appetite for talking about fandom is quite satisfied by the long discussions that go on around this house.

Davidsons: Delighted to hear from you both. I'm also very glad to hear that Grania likes her CRY Letterhack Card (be proud, Don Franson), and that both Davidsons are Jane Austen buffs. People, let me tell you of works, which, however inferior to Jane Austen's would probably be enjoyed by most of her fans: "The Watsons," by John Coates. (Jane Austen's fragment, rewritten and finished by John Coates. It may seem sacrilegious to rewrite Jane Austen, but he did it partly so that the breakoff point would not be obvious.) "Pemberley Shades," by D. Bonavia-Hunt. (The Pride and Prejudice people, about three years later--by the way, there's another P&P people story, but I have never re-read it because I don't remember the name of either author or book--in any case, it was not quite as good as "Pemberley Shades.") "The Semi-Attached House" and "The Semi-Detached Couple," both by Emily Eden. (These are not Regency--they are probably William IV. Emily Eden was a woman of talent, not of genius, but none the less she was temperamentally akin to Jane Austen.) "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. (William IV in event, Victorian in writing. None that I have read of Mrs. Gaskell's other books are nearly so congenial to the Jane Austen fan as "Cranford.") Probably you are familiar with these books--if you know of others of like nature, I'd appreciate hearing of them.

Avram, you say "Would that Jane Austen had written sixty books and Anthony Trollope, six!" You must not put down Anthony Trollope; he wrote some very good novels. It's true that none of his novels are perfect, and all of them, even the best, have long dull prosy passages. But his best novels show a keenness and subtlety of vision and warmth of feeling which make them worthy of being read and re-read; and his characters, many of them, are people one can really think about, as if they were flesh and blood. Trollope's writing style at its best was sensitive and good. Much of the time it was not at its best: it was insensitive and prosy. But he was very seldom insensitive to human motivation. His awareness of human motivation was very fine indeed.

If he had written only six novels they would probably not have been very good. He only learned to write good novels by writing bad ones first. And he didn't rewrite much--he didn't come from a rewriting family, and Conscious Artistry was not in his picture of the writing career. He would not have been a writer had he any other way to make so much money. But he was a happier man for being a writer, because as a writer he exorcized so much of his childhood miseries. His father, for example, whom he regarded with pity, fear, love and dislike, appears in book after book in every conceivable guise: Mr. Kennedy, the mad M.P., Plantagenet Palliser, the prime minister, Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate, Louis Trevelyan, the jealous husband--for just a few.

Jane Austen could never have written sixty books because she was a rewriter--which was perhaps unfortunate. I think she rewrote all her books except "Persuasion" and would probably have worked on that a great deal more had she lived longer. But who could wish a word of "Persuasion" changed?

Mae Strelkov: All human beings are incomplete. You show an unusual degree of completion in that you are able to admit that you are incomplete. Most people are so terrified of their own lack of completeness that they reject the idea utterly.

Terence A. Bull: I didn't say that Heyer was of the quality of Jane Austen.

But the two women do have in common irony, humor, and a certain gentleness of approach. Another characteristic which they share, which I hadn't thought of before, is that both admire people who can cope. In "Sense and Sensibility" Elinor, by the use of a little address, pleased Lady Middleton and gained her own ends at the same time, and she constantly smoothed over Marianne's careless rudelessnesses. In "Pride and Prejudice" Elizabeth found out whether Mr. Darcy was to be expected at Pemberley, and knew just how to cope with the hostilities of Miss Bingham and Lady Catherine. Fanny, in "Mansfield Park", eased her sister's situation at Portsmouth a good deal, and was an excellent companion to Lady Bertram. Catherine Morland was a very young girl, but she took a long trip by herself quite capably. Anne Elliot, in "Persuasion" was a positive jewel of copefulness, as is brought out over and over again throughout the entire book. Well--Georgette Heyer's characters are similarly capable.

It's apparent, Terry, that you have read some of Georgette Heyer's crummier books, as well, perhaps, as her better. Put the crummier ones out of your mind, won't you? One mustn't hold an author's immature efforts against her.

As for Alfred Duggan whom you recommend, I've read only his "Conscience of the King" and "Devil's Brood." The first I disliked very much. Its quality I will admit--but it's not the sort of quality that appeals to me. I don't ENJOY books where the protagonist is a villain--no matter how understandably so. The only thing I liked in "Conscience of the King" was at the end, where the King says that he really thinks his son is very fond of him, and it seems so strange and so pleasant.

But "Devil's Brood"--a non-fiction history of Henry II and his family--a liked intensely. Just a day or two ago I read "The Conquering Family" by Thomas Costain. Same family--and essentially the same picture. But it's interestingly different in emphases, and in facts too to some extent. I suppose historians at best can only approximate the truth.

Some of the differences are: Costain hints that Henry II might well have been the natural son of Stephen--Henry's mother's deadly rival. I don't believe Duggan suggested such a possibility. In Duggan's story, Henry II sent his signet ring to his dying son in token of forgiveness--in Costain's he did not. Duggan hints that King John quite possibly killed his nephew Arthur with his own hands--Costain accuses Arthur's jailer. Duggan and Costain disagree as to all manner of picturesque detail, but both agree that Henry II was a superb king and great lawgiver, that Eleanor was a woman of forceful and interesting character, and that their offspring, if somewhat horrifying, were interesting people too.

And while I'm talking about books--Buz will kill me, he hates me to talk about books all the time--let me mention "The Late Lord Byron" by Doris Langley Moore. This gives some insight into the problems of historians and biographers. Anyone who has ever read Lord Byron's letters and the usual sort of biography of Lord Byron--Andre Maurois', say, must have been struck by the fact that there were two Lord Byrons. The one shown in the letters is an active, thoughtful sort of person, kind, fond of his friends but not sentimental about them, proud but basically unselfconscious; a man who was unusually susceptible to women but who really did not like very many women very much. Andre Maurois' Lord Byron has scarcely a family resemblance: he is a vain, posturing egomaniac. Doris Langley Moore explains how the essentially false picture of Lord Byron came to be: he was a most lied-about man. There were several liars, with different motivations. Lady Byron desperately needed the world to know that she was Right, and that he was utterly and hopelessly wrong. Trelawny lived, to some extent, for years upon what he could remember or make up about Byron, and he made up mostly unpleasant stories. Leigh Hunt was equally false and malicious. Byron had protected himself against slander after death as best he could, by writing his memoirs, but they were destroyed and for a very curious reason. Lady Byron naturally wanted them destroyed,

but she would perhaps not have been successful had not Hobhouse, Byron's executor, also wanted them destroyed. And why did Hobhouse want the memoirs destroyed? Because Byron had made a present of them to Tom Moore, telling him to let the elect read them, and Moore had not shown them to Hobhouse! Doris Langley Moore suggests that if Byron had asked Moore to show the memoirs to Hobhouse first of all, the world today would be the richer for what was in all probability a most delightful book.

Byron had forgotten Hobhouse's jealousy. He knew that Hobhouse was jealous because some years previously Hobhouse had thrown a snitfit about Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog. But since Byron was not himself temperamentally jealous, the emotion wasn't real to him and he forgot to make allowances for Hobhouse. Hobhouse was not a cad; he was a decent and honorable man and a loyal friend. But he was also a very conventional man who never examined his own motivations, never recognized and combated his own jealousies, and consequently he was capable of behaving quite irrationally for years on end.

Byron was not a saint. No doubt he behaved very badly to his wife--his liver was disordered (probably from injudicious dieting) throughout his brief married life; and Lady Byron had masochistic tendencies which would bring out the worst in any husband. Very likely the scandals which Lady Caroline Lamb fed Lady Byron (all the while protesting to Byron her great love and loyalty to him)--some homosexual relationships and incest with his half-sister, Augusta--were true. But Byron was a man who grew in mental/emotional/moral stature as long as he lived, and the real Lord Byron was the Byron of the letters, and not the mad bad Byron of old-fashioned biography.

Ella Parker: Is it long enough from the death of the president that I can talk about it quite casually? I have all kinds of random thoughts about it.

(1) Ruby said that he killed Oswald because he felt so sorry for Mrs. Kennedy, and if Oswald had come to trial she would have had to testify, and it would be too great an ordeal for her. But Mrs. Kennedy has all the guts in the world, and while it would have been an ordeal, she could have coped with it handily and would have preferred to. The one person in this world who really benefited from Ruby's killing Oswald was Marina Oswald. Imagine her agony had her husband been brought to trial! In a hostile country, torn between her loyalty to her husband and to a common sense realization of right and wrong! As it was, Oswald died, she buried him, she grieved--and people showered her with money and kindnesses. She was photographed at church last Christmas Eve. It was the first time in her life she had ever been able to go to church on Christmas Eve, and she was quoted as saying that she'd never been so happy before. By the way--Betty mentions that Jacqueline Kennedy "is a truly fine example of what upbringing and breeding does perform." Well, I'll agree that Jacqueline Kennedy's behavior at that trying time (and always) was absolutely and entirely impeccable, and one couldn't possibly admire and love her more. But Marina Oswald in another very difficult position, and without Mrs. Kennedy's advantages, behaved in her own way equally well. She never put her foot wrong--very much unlike her hideous and loathesome mother-in-law.

(2) Mrs. Marguerite Oswald comes through as the monster of the century. We've all read in the papers about how someone from the New York public schools wanted to arrange psychiatric treatment for Lee, but she got all huffy and said there was nothing wrong with him, and took him away. And we've read about how Lee was filled with bitterness and hate because his mother had had such a rough time during the depression. But he was born at the tail end of the depression, and shouldn't have had any feeling about it at all unless his mother had kept on talking about it long after it was over. So then after the assassination she states that she and her son will go down in history. And on the one hand she refuses to believe that her son did the killing, and on the other she rebukes President Johnson for not wanting her writing to him by saying that he should remember that it was

only through the grace of her son's act that he became president. Oh, she's a terrible woman. But it's only fair to remember that just as she poisoned her son, so she was poisoned earlier by someone else. No one was born evil--or so they say.

(3) After Kennedy's assassination various well-meaning folk urged Jacqueline Kennedy to change her clothes, but she refused, and when she returned to the White House with her husband's body she was still wearing her bloodsplattered pink suit and bloodsplattered stockings. I found this deeply moving. When she put those clothes on she was a happy wife--she would take them off as a widow. She postponed the breaking of one small link with the happy past. Further--she hadn't brought mourning with her. Until she could change to black, her pink suit marked with her husband's blood was the truest mourning she could wear.

(4) I don't know how widely it's known abroad, but everybody in the United States knows that every American president since 1840 who was elected in a year divisible by 20 has died in office, though not necessarily in that term. Just a week or two before the assassination there was a picture of Kennedy in the paper, laughing at the jinx, and saying that he had every intention of living through the presidency. But a woman I talked to later said that she had seen, previous to the assassination, an article in the paper quoting Kennedy as not being quite so skeptical of the jinx, turning to someone beside him and saying, "I wonder if they'll get me in church?"

After the assassination someone remembered that Kennedy had been asked if the presidency had made him happy, and he had said that the Greeks had defined happiness as the fullest use of one's abilities in a constructive direction, and so he could say that being President had made him happy. But Kennedy hadn't wanted to be president; he had wanted to be a writer. After his brother Joe's death he was doomed to the presidency by his father's implacable will, and he went forward to meet his moira valiantly. The whole story from the beginnings of the Kennedy family through the two assassinations is like something out of Greek tragedy, and it makes one feel intensely alive to know that events so much larger than life size can still happen in our mechanized and overpopulated world.

Charles Smith: You make me feel a bit wistful when you mention the BBC produced Shakespeare, "An Age of Kings." That's been appearing on the television here, but unfortunately on the educational channel which we can't get--there's a big hill between it and us.

So much for the lettercol. You know it's you--published and unpublished both--who keep us going, don't you?

Let me tell you of my latest addiction: Beatles. I watched them twice on Ed Sullivan's program and was deeply impressed. So now I have two of their records which I play every day except weekends, listening carefully to every note and gazing fondly at their faces on the record jackets, in a state of utter Beatletude.

By the way, I had never watched Ed Sullivan before, and I was flabbergasted to see how precisely like MAD's version he is. It was uncanny--he was practically talking in balloons. What a creep he is!

We inadvertently missed the first program the Beatles were on. On their second program they were informed by Ed Sullivan that Richard Rodgers, one of America's Greatest Composers, was an ardent fan of theirs. The boys exuded polite disbelief, and I felt that they felt that Richard Rodgers was just putting Ed Sullivan on, and poor ol' Ed was too stupid to notice. But then Mitzi Gaynor came on, and after she had sung a song carefully abjuring the melody, the rhythm and the words, I felt that Richard Rodgers probably does love the Beatles. He probably feels that there is a great deal to be said for singers who write their own material instead of rewriting his.

Elinor

Last week I rushed home and informed my family rather nonchalantly that I'd got a record player. This remarkable revelation, so I thought, was regarded with a mixture of grunts, snorts and yells of derision. I had intimated such a possibility for some time (at least five years) and as it was also All Fools Day my family tended to consider I was merely making a rather tiresome jest at their expense. But I had the last laugh. I told them to come into the kitchen and displayed the machine. Actually, I hadn't seen it myself--but I'd chosen a nice blue leather-upholstered one in the shop--and two broken thumb nails later, I'd got the crate undone and there it was.

The colour scheme was/what I had picked out--instead of delicate blue, the lid was a sort of bewildered dun brown, and the body of the machine was encased in thin-textured leather of fantastic aesthetic appearance, rather like a series of small poached eggs on a Toskey shirt. My wife, showing rather poor taste in front of the children, immediately donned her sun-glasses, and the two children, now firmly convinced it was a hoax, rushed back to Yogi Bear on TV.

This was shattering to my morale.

My motivation for procuring the record player had been almost purely unselfish. True, I liked classical music (so called), but more important, I had decided it was my parental duty to do my level best to bring a mite of culture into the Berry household.....so that my children could go into the world firmly convinced that the works of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov were equally as good (if not better) than Rock 'n Roll, Calypso and the Cha-Cha.

I opened the lid of the record player and looked with awe and pride at the efficient machinery waiting to pulse with life within.....this brought the family back on my side, it was A FACT, the miracle had HAPPENED--IT WAS A BONA FIDE RECORD PLAYER!

"Play something," said Kathleen.

Those of you who know me realise that I have certain deeply rooted psychological blocks. I am single minded to the extreme. For five years I had planned and saved to buy a record player--it was almost an obsession--it WAS an obsession--no matter what the cost, I was going to get one. So engrossed did I become with the eventual possibility of possessing a record player that the true purpose of owning one had receded from my mind, until I had become convinced that the beginning and end of the matter was simply to own one.

Now, Kathleen's request had thrown a completely new aspect on the joy of ownership!

"I--er--"

My wife was so astonished that she took off her sunglasses and looked at me in perplexity. "Don't say you haven't bought any discs for it?" she hissed.

"No I have not," I said. "I've been half a decade making supreme sacrifices to save up my pocket money for a record player, and now you spoil the tremulous thrill of having got it by being mundane and sneaky and asking me to play something on it. D'you want my blood too?"

I was deeply insulted.

"Besides which," I lied, "I planned for your to go to the record shop down the road and buy some records for it tomorrow."

This had a salving effect, as I had envisaged. I carried the machine like a baby to the bedroom, laid it down on the floorboards with reverence and care, and spent a couple of joy-filled hours compiling a list of what I wanted my wife to purchase on the morrow:

Samuel Barber-- Adagio for Strings Tchaikovsky-- Serenade for Strings

Donna Diana-- Reznejec Rachmaninov-- Variations on a Theme

Tchaikovsky-- Violin Concerto of Paganini

Mozart-- Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

I gave her what I considered to be sufficient money to make the purchases, and looked forward with considerable delight to actually playing them on the

morrow.

I thought about the rapidly approaching pleasures throughout my hours in the office the next day and on the spur of the moment telephoned the Reverend Jeremiah Roberts, the Methodist Minister. We had recently joined the Methodist Church, and he had come round to introduce himself one evening, and during the ensuing intellectual conversation I had elicited the information that he didn't play Canasta but he did like classical music.

I asked him if he'd like to come round that night for an informal concert on my new record player--and he opined he would be delighted----

Several chaps in my office had record players, and from one I borrowed Tchaikovsky's 6th Symphony, The Pathetique (how well I recalled hearing it played on Toskey's hifi set in his new house in Seattle) so that I could give the evening's performance a suitable climax.

So with the borrowed sheaf of symphonic records I raced home, and dived into the bedroom. I clutched the record player like a newborn child and tiptoed gently downstairs.

My wife and children hadn't returned from the record safari, so I decided to play the first movement to get the hang of the mechanism.

Mechanisms always bewilder me.

TV is all right, because you just turn a switch, but anything which requires the slightest, even elementary fiddling about always puts me in a state of befuddlement.

I had thought that all that was required was to plug in and turn a switch, but all sorts of arms and levers and knobs stared at me.

Understand, the only record player I'd previously had experience with was my father's, a charming thick mahogany box with a big horn, and the words and music were on small round cylinders. I vividly recall a technicolour illo on the horn, depicting a white dog listening with cocked ears and bent head at sound emanating therefrom. All that was required was to crouch in an alert stance and turn a whacking great handle--and if the musical evening lasted for more than a couple of hours, we lay round the room like wet rags whilst the wavering strains of a Harry Lauder pop sank into oblivion.....

Now I saw, in one inside cranny alone, a dial which indicated four numbers: 16--33-45-78. My Pathetique records were 78, and the instructions were that the 78 stylo was to be used for 78 records only. This was clear to me. But the only other stylo had LP on it. I had heard of long-playing records--but I couldn't visualize that 16-33-45 could all be LP's---this was but one instance of my innocence.....

I popped next door and borrowed a 45 rpm disc from the student living there--- I think the record gave a performance by a certain Bunk Johnston---although the disc was for experimental purposes only, I do recollect it was some sort of jazz.

I played the disc through, and then sat back to watch the delightful synchronization of mechanical movement as the stylo arm returned to its cradle. It did return to its cradle, and I was just about to congratulate myself on my superb purchase, when the blasted stylo arm jumped up from the cradle again and onto the record and more flippin' Bunk Johnston. I was mesmerized.

After seven renderings of Bunk doing his nut, I sensed that I was doing something wrong. It would have been simple to have switched the electricity off, but that would have been a retrograde step.

During the eighth encore, I decided to experiment, and damn the consequences. I moved the control lever to REJECT and back again to its normal MANUAL position. This put me one up, I considered, and it did seem to me that the delicate mechanism inside pondered over its next step. The stylo arm wavered to its cradle, and for some seconds something seemed to strain--and I sensed the victory of mind over matter--and then--irrevocably--a ninth Bunk Johnston.....

I switched off in disgust, and back to the instructions.....how I longed for

a nice simple handle to turn.....

The Reverend Roberts came in.

It was just after 8 pm. I wondered where my family had gone--probably to her mother's. At least I had control over the 78 rpm side of it, so we sat back and had earfuls of the Pathetique. At the end of each disc I switched off, turned the disc over, and switched on again.

Halfway through the last movement of the Pathetique, Diane and the children came in--she said excitedly that after shopping--and she displayed a pile of discs--she had gone to her mother's for tea, and sorry she was late.

Now, of course, with a pile of records at my disposal, I knew that the stylo arm could whizz backwards and forwards ad infinitum.... I pulled the discs from the packets, stacked them onto the spindle, put the lid down, drank coffee my wife brought in, and smiled knowingly at the reverend.

"Your favourites, sir," I said. "I remembered especially that you liked Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, and it's amongst the ones I told my wife to buy this afternoon...."

I caught the Reverend's coffee cup as it rebounded off the ceiling...unfortunately, he didn't catch mine.....the contents he did.....but not the cup.

"Dearheart," I cringed, after he'd borrowed an old coat of mine and staggered to his car, a broken man, "why the hell didn't you tell me you'd bought Jailhouse Rock and all the rest of this moronic collection of juvenile trash? I hate to think what the sermon will be next Sunday night--I might even break a life-long rule and go and listen--and as for his opinion of you..."

"It was a matter of finance," she explained nervously. "For example, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto would have cost 30 shillings (\$4.30) yet for the same price I got "Don't knock the Rock"- "Jailhouse Rock"- "Wooden Heart"- "Tonight is so right for love"- "And the heavens cried"- "I'll be down to see ya in a taxi, honey"- "Boogie Woogie Beat"- and--"

"Don't remind me of that last monstrosity," I sobbed. "There he was, holding his coffee cup with right little finger rampant, his lips pursed expectantly for the delightful opening strains of the allegro moderato, and what happens---seventy six trombones blast out like devils berserk and this idiot breaks out with a blatant shriek of "Don't you rock me, Daddy O"--ghod, I'll never forget the way the Reverend's both eyes suddenly switched to look at each other in complete and utter incredulity...."

"I'm really sorry," she said, "but instead of those classics you wanted, I've got over twenty pops, including the top ten, six Elvises, six Anthony Newleys, four Connie Francises and two...."

"Phillistine," I hissed. And then I pondered. "Ah well, if you've got them I may as well listen, if only to gauge the tonal resonance...."

Frustrating, wasn't it? And me all set for a classical evening with the reverend--most damning to my prestige.

Honestly, some people are selfish!

John Berry

1961

HWYL ANNEX (Genuine Certified End of the Page Filler)

Al haLevy stopped by our house last Tuesday, on his way home from Israel. He had a great time there, and we enjoyed hearing about it. He showed us a number of things he had brought back from Israel, and after dinner he made Arabian coffee and brought out dates and halvah, and showed slides of Israel (a most beautiful and fascinating country), and then we sat around listening to Al's Hebrew folk singer record and eating more halvah and talking about Middle East politics and the War for Independence. Israel is now far more real to me than it used to be. Elinor

WITH KEEN BLUE EYES AND A BICYCLE...

No doubt you've heard by now that the Pacificon II Committee got a little nervous about one of the Con's members and asked a lawyer if it were safe for them to keep him on the Roster. He said it wasn't, so they didn't.

And no doubt that's not the way you read it elsewhere at great length, for the predictable turmoil has ensued, and it looks like a hot summer.

I'm not a lawyer. Neither am I a member of the Committee, sharing their labors and their risks, legal, financial, or what have you. Nor am I on the spot in the BArea to evaluate this whole thing firsthand for myself. But if I were in the Committee's shoes at this point, I would most certainly heed and act upon the professional advice of a competent attorney rather than upon the emotional reactions of a few fans who are neither legally-trained nor [and more important] in the position of sharing one iota of the Committee's risks and responsibilities. I have always noticed how easy it is to be a hero when you're not under the gun.

I cite that no sane individual with much experience of and in fandom would ever voluntarily open the door to all the shouting and raging that is inevitable in any case of "expulsion", unless it seemed to be absolutely necessary. And the current Committee is about as sane [barring the fact that they are on the Committee in the first place!] and experienced a crew as you are apt to find anywhere. So without arguing every detail or complaining that these people, none of whom are me, didn't operate precisely as I (with the benefit of hindsight) would have done, I assume that the Committee is doing the best it can and I am going to stay off its back. And, to steal a line from Buck Coulson, I advise you, out there, to do the same. For one thing, the boys do have a WorldCon to put on, still...

I suppose some comment is required on MINAC 12, in which Ted White sees "a campaign of furtive hate" where I see mostly the compulsion of unfortunate circumstances, regrettable but what you gonna do, like. The problem seems to be that Ted's universe does not allow for circumstance, honest error, or honest disagreement, where his emotions are touched. To Ted, everything he doesn't like seems to be deliberate, purposeful, often underhanded and occasionally malign. When an active publishing fan gets all that mad at the world it surely does make a lot of commotion in the microcosm we inhabit; I do hope he gets it off his chest soon.

For example, I took exception to Ted's smear in MINAC 11 [to the effect that Wally's "backers" by means of "less than aboveboard tactics" sewed up all Britifandom so that Ted couldn't find any UK nominators for TAFF]. Citing a few facts (in LOC) I wanted a retraction. Les Gerber's exemption of me personally from the charge was not what I had in mind, either; rather, I found the overall charge unacceptable, so by Ted&Les's choice we'll discuss it here rather than in MINAC.

The basis of Ted's insulting remark was that Les [his campaign manager] wrote "at least 5 or 6 well-known fans" in the UK, asking them to sign for Ted, and all 5 or 6 were for Wally. This was after the original nominating deadline, which Wally's nomination had met-- during the 60-day extension in which both Marion Bradley and Bruce Pelz found nominators. It strikes me that a fella who comes late to the show looks pretty silly insisting that it has to be a Vile Plot when he can't find seats, particularly when a couple others had no such trouble.

I made two main points to Ted and Les. First, that nominations and voting in the UK hardly indicated that the area was "sewed up" for anybody. Second, that if Wally's "backers" had mounted an all-out campaign for support (rather than the mostly low-pressure campaign we did run), this would hardly have been "less than aboveboard". I mean, none of us are named either Alphonse or Gaston and there were several months of nominating time available before any candidate got on board, so I don't see his beef. Heck, the last day of Southgate, right at the start of TAFF nominations, a paper was circulated for signatures to "sew up" as much support as possible for Terry Carr. I signed it gladly, and Ted White took it back and went on to collect more signatures. I trust I have made my point, and that you'll all forgive me for using this example rather than the Convention beef to illustrate Ted's current mode of reaction to things he doesn't like, for your evaluation.

Last week (March 10) Seattle voted down a proposed "Open Housing" ordinance. Although I don't agree in general with the coercive principle involved, I voted for the proposal and am sorry to see it lose in this instance, because for one thing it is going to touch off a new wave of civil rights demonstrations [which reinforce the image of the Negro as some sort of mass Threat], and for another I am getting damn sick and tired of feeling guilty in the presence of Negroes.

The outlook is not good around here. We don't have a real mess, and at this point something like the "open housing" thing could have relieved a great deal of tension so that maybe we wouldn't have to have a real mess. But along with the defeat of the ordinance, candidates for the City Council were elected or defeated according to their views on the matter; the mayor, also, though at least we did get the competent but arrogant man instead of the fuggheaded arrogant one. But it's obvious that nothing can or will be done on this housing bit for nearly six years; a shift in election dates puts this Council beyond recall for that period. And I hate to see what this will drive the more militant civil rights partisans to do about it, and the reactions that will come of that. The feelings of our Negro minority at this point are something to make one shudder, I expect.

Among the civil rights groups here, only the moderates can have any hope of achieving anything at all in the next few years, and unfortunately they are the ones who will not be listened to, right about now. It'll be all ACTION, man, and that is a doomed cause with 20,000 people trying to buck 500,000 by being Tough.

I don't say it's Right; I say that's the way it is. The housing proposal got about 50,000 votes For and about 112,000 Against; add it up for yourself.

I've thought about this as a tactical problem from the minority side, being intrigued as always by tactics as a science and better yet as an art. At the moment there are two bright spots to work with: a voluntary exchange program among the schools, which met with good results in the High Schools this year, and a semi-official city program to establish an "open housing" listing service free of charge (or nominal) available to buyers, sellers, and realtors who wish to operate outside the compulsive "closed housing" system now saddled by mutual fear upon the real-estate people as a group. Note well; this proposal is one to aid and encourage voluntary action; no one has to use it. As a matter of fact I think this deal would actually accomplish most of what the ordinance was meant to do: if you figure the proportion of whites who voted for the ordinance and who will be selling or renting houses, against the number of Negroes who are in shape to try to buy a house outside the "central district", I wouldn't be surprised but what the ordinance might turn out to be unneeded in practice except as a morale factor.

Longterm measures: I'd recommend that in "educational" work the emphasis be shifted from the dramatic to the ho-hum approach. Every time a Negro appears on the teevee it is a Race Drama and he is the hero and saves the child; this is just working on emotion, and emotion is a flipflop thing. I say, put this Negro actor in the play just as a person for a change, not especially better or worse than anybody else. This crap we get now never lets the audience forget that this guy is different. It may sell soap but it'll never sell the Negro as an ordinary guy to be accepted according to his behavior, period. So I say that if you want to sell the public on accepting this fella, don't present him as a focus of conflict all the time. He is 15% or so of the population; show him as 15% of the cast and simply being accepted without a lot of razzmatazz. In fact I should think it would pay off to concentrate on rather bland characterizations for colored actors in our great big world of TV, for a while. Sort of the 3rd lead in the play, y'see?

And on panels. Negroes always appear as Negroes and usually discussing the Race Problem. I think it would produce a much better reaction from Mr Average Nudnick to see this spade cat show up and talk about something entirely different, without either he or the rest of the group ever mentioning race at all. Just the novelty would be awfully refreshing, for a change. Think it over, though. What really sells anything: precept or example? So I do favor the Cool Approach.

But this, I am afraid, has been an essay on utter futility. These jokers are not going to play it in any wise cool. I do wish it could be done differently.

This is your very last chance to send fifty dollars to the Beer Fund. -- Buz.

as told to Wally Weber

RICH BROWN HAS UNUSUAL FLEEBL

A2C Richard W. Brown, Box 26, Hq 36th ComSupGp

"..and let no fans put us under..." APO 132, New York, N.Y.

...which probably isn't a greeting, but it does get me out of trying to think of the usual rich brown type of fleeb1 fleeb1. I wonder how many people remember that those words are associated to me; that without me, they might never have fallen into existence? What fannish ghods, I wondered often, could have deigned to inspire the hand of Boyd Raeburn to invent those syllables, those exquisite expressions, those towering pinnacles of fannish worth, and yet deign that they die in obscurity? Perhaps, this time, it will share the same boat with Courtney. (Anyone who remembers the circumstances might think this is all sour grapes; but, actually, I think of them now as I did then; I find it...well, spellbinding, I guess.)

I keep trying to tell myself not to rave at things that are merely good, so that when I come across something that is worth raving about I'll have something left to rave with. Sylvia White's cover is a very fine thing and deserves more raves than I can rant at the moment. I should probably say that she has done better -- in FAPA -- and she has -- but mostly appreciated here is the combination of good shading plate and line work, both.

Steve Tolliver deserves some sort of prize for his letter.

There Will Be No Beans In Coventry,

rich brown

[Sorry to see you re-enlisted in the Air Force, rich. But what I want to know is, how did you get the post office to back-date the cancellation on your envelope the way they did? --www]

RICH BROWN GOES AWOL

430 E 70th, Apt 18, NYC, New York

Hey there!

I'm out. Aha. I'm out. Ahahahaha! I'm out. I'm out. I'm out I'm out I'm out I'm out I'm out I'mout I'moutI'mout. Yes. Finally. I am (in case I haven't told you) out. After only four years, two months and fifteen days. Four miserable, interminable, soul-wrenching years; two back-breaking, heavily sweated, mind-warping months; fifteen unbearably nauseating, unbelievably unceasing days. It was easy. Sure. I did it standing on my hands. (That*s why my knuckles scrape the ground.)

Ethel Lindsay: I thank you for the information concerning the Eng..er... British Government. I must admit it sounds good; but, then, so does the US, and I'm still Unhappy (to put it mildly) about some of the goings-on. If I could take what you said here on face-value alone, I would now be packing my bags, or at least saving money, for my trip to Eng..er..Britain. Unfortunately...unfortunately, I have heard a few rumors which discourage me. The rumors? Oh, just something about throwing ol' Lord Berty Russell into jail for leading protests in the Nuclear Bases the U.S. is putting there in Britain. "On the whole," you say, "the right of the individual to be an individual is still widely cherished." Sure. It is in the USA, too. While we ignore the fact that Negros are human beings and throw them into jail if they demand their guaranteed rights, over there you throw your finest intellectual (and undoubtedly one of the greatest men in the world) into jail for advocating what he considers sanity.

Bob Lichtman: You find it sad that I don't like People? I think you misunderstood my remarks. There are people that I like. There are even people that I love, but pretty damn few. But most of the people I meet, day to day, are stupid. I can't stand stupidity -- ignorance is bad enough, but excuseable in that some people are limited in what they can learn. Stupidity, which occurs among intellect and ignorant alike, turns me off. So I don't like people, generally. Most people are stupid.

Betty Kujawa: Betty, we can go on all night (read: through the next twenty CRYs) citing examples to each other. Wanna bet?

Paul Williams: I'll agree with you -- anyone who would suggest that people with less money should be taxed higher, to teach them to go out and thrive, and richer people should keep all their money as a reward for making it, is indeed asinine. However, in order to be fair with myself, I must contend that I made no such suggestion and, further, that the first time that suggestion came to my attention, it was under the by-line of one Paul Williams. I said that taxation was unequal -- it amounted to punishing men of ability for their ability. The ideal solution would be to abolish taxes (the Government would bitch, of course, but let 'em work for a living!). Though ideal, I admit it isn't practical, so the next best thing would be to tax everybody an equal amount -- is 75% too much, I wonder? This was what I had in mind when I wrote what I wrote about taxes. So, sirrah, learn to read. Or I'll point my finger at you, shout the Magic Words, and your head will crumble inward upon your pipe-stem neck.

Roy Tackett: Bah, humbug, there's no inconsistency in my thinking. 29 million people -- That's Not Too Many.

No, seriously, it is. Because, 90% of everything being crud (people included), that means two million nine-hundred thousand Good People dead, at the very least.

What's round and purple and puts out forest fires? Smokey the Grape.

Hoping You Are The Same,

rich brown

[Look at the good side, rich. If we kill off everybody, nine out of every ten corpses will be an improvement. --www]

HARRY WARNER JR. DISILLUSIONED ABOUT SCITHERS
Dear Cry:

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,
Maryland, 21740 Feb. 16, 1964

The newspaper for which I work is running a 30-day series on how a local electronics expert tries to survive after cutting out cigarettes. Buz is proud because he is smoking only half as much as formerly. There is that survey by UPI showing a drop in tax revenue from sale of cigarettes. But nowhere do I find a fanzine publishing something that can't be found in mundane places, regarding tobacco, and this is definitely extraordinary because of fans' preference for doing things just opposite from the rest of the public. Why aren't fanzines filled with articles on the proportion of the population that died back in the centuries before men began to smoke? Why has no fanzine editor offered me a moratorium on letters of comment for his next three issues if I will provide him with a 30-page description of the agonies that I undergo attempting to break myself of my lifelong habit of not smoking? Where are the learned fanzine articles on how tobacco advertising is directly derived from fandom? (Example: that brand that speaks of separating the men from the boys but not from the girls. That is precisely what Laney wanted to do.)

My comments on the John Berry article have changed since I mentally frame them 48 hours ago immediately upon reading The Quay Message. I intended to say that there was no point in attempting to forestall the ways of fate in the person of George Scithers. Both fate and George are completely capable of handling things as they intend to treat them, I planned to say. If John had changed into a small budgerigar that night, Scithers would have recognized the transmogrified individual and would have changed him back, I was about to claim, confident in Scithers' complete control of any situation. Then I got a letter from George. Something that had happened the night before in Frankfurt had left him confounded, and he was appealing to me for help. He'd gone to the opera, couldn't make heads nor tails out of it, particularly because the stage consisted of two large turntables that kept revolving unpredictably, and wanted to know where he could find a scorecard or something. There goes another illusion. I have just three of the things left

now, and I certainly hope nobody comes up with proof this March about the non-existence of the Easter bunny.

Wally's plan is ingenious, but it won't work. I have discovered the entire secret of the prozines' circulation and the state of science fiction in this country. Research into sales figures of the prozines, the population explosion in the United States, and the prevalence of a certain nauseated look on the face of young men has made my discovery irrefutable. Every young man at some time during adolescence buys a science fiction magazine, reads it, and is so sickened by the trash it contains that he never buys another copy of that title again. Thus, the prozines' circulation is tied in inextricably with the number of males who are saying goodbye to puberty. It is conceivable that the facts of literary life will begin to enter the national psyche as an inbuilt instinct in the growing boy and they will no longer make that purchase and that will be the end of the prozines. I won't mention the absurdity of the opposite occurrence, in the form of readable fiction in the prozines suddenly springing into life.

Renfrew has lived a sheltered life if he didn't guess how Vogt's hero got out of that situation. He grasped the knife by the hilt with the blade pointed toward himself as if he were about to commit ~~Harry~~ harikari, and instead poked his fist with the hilt protruding slightly into the bad guy's belly. Probably the procedure was adopted to save the bad guy from the extra effort of straightening up, since this occurred while he was bending to pick up something.

Before my two hospital stays, I used to be bored frightfully by any narration of trips to the hospital. Now I find them the most fascinating sort of reading matter. I wonder if wards have the same connotations in modern big cities like Seattle as they possess in decadent little mudpuddles like Hagerstown. The ward in the Hagerstown hospital is the method of making sure that the people on the wrong side of the tracks stay there without the nuisance of running steel rails and switches through the hospital. Curiously, the same social stratification doesn't operate at the other end of the scale: even the wealthiest and most prominent people usually go into semi-private rooms, with the private rooms reserved for the individuals who are really in terrible shape or contagious or otherwise best alone, no matter what their stand in life. I'm glad that Elinor came through the event so easily and I must write to her and ask how one goes about hospital stays that last only two days.

In the letter column: I find it disturbing that some people are wailing over rules about identification cards while others are making ecstatic noises over their Cry letterhack cards, neither group guessing that there is a connection between the two and that the United States will suddenly become the first police state founded on letterhack cards. Ella Parker misses the point when she speaks of coming back to fandom after gafiating to find me gone. When will she realize that my failure to be gone is the reason these gafiated fans can't bear the thought of returning to find me still saying the same things from the same direction in the same tone of typewriter?

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

[If you would care to try breaking your habit of not smoking and would write up the results, I think we could use it in the May issue. We're always a little short of material in odd-numbered months. --www]

GEORGE SCITHERS REPORTS

USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York NY 09757

Dear Cry, et al.:

15 January 1964

Just a note with some random thoughts, stirred up by a recent visit to Great Britain (& North & South Ireland).

Wally -- Ella Parker is lurking in wait for you!!

John Berry thinks I am a hoax.

Walt Willis doesn't -- he bravely waited for me at the Railroad station in Belfast, clutching an Analog and divers other fannish symbols (no propellor beanie,

however), in spite of the fact that my postcard was unclear as to just what date I would arrive. We had a pleasant hour or so talking and looking at the sights of Belfast of a foggy evening before my boat left for Glasgow. And John was one of the more interesting sights.

Also dropped in on Ian McAuley in Belfast, Archie Mercer in Bristol, and was sumptuously fed by the incomparable Ella for several evenings in London. Took her to her first Ballet too -- she was delighted -- she had feared she'd be bored, and she wasn't. Also saw a whole swarm of other London fans at one of the Friday evening meetings at Ella's -- and I'm horribly sorry to say I don't remember them all.

Through Scotland by train -- it's a lovely country -- I can say no more until I've really seen it -- walked through it. I did walk up from Waverly Station (just beside the Sir Walter Scott Monument, of course) in Edinburgh up to Edinburgh Castle. The Castle is still occupied -- there are troops garrisoned there. The Crown, Sceptre, and Coronation Sword of Scotland are at the castle. Around the walls of the regalia room are the coats of arms of the ancient Kings of the Scots -- Robert, James, David -- here is visible proof that Scotland was a separate Kingdom. Proof too are the coats of arms set in the castle outer walls, for there is the old arms of Scotland, flanked by horses -- the single lion of Scotland, rampant -- instead of the triple lion of England.

Another thought -- if a more ornate hackard were given for WAHFs than for successful letterhacks, then there would ensue a competition to see who could write letters so long -- or so bad -- that they would qualify for WAHFs. A cross-croggling thought, eh wot?

Yesht protect thee from the same,

George

[Ella -- lurking in wait?? Uh, I've just decided -- I'm not worthy of winning TAFF so I don't think I'll go after all. --www]

GRETCHEN SCHWENN SENDS AN AUTHENTIC MESSAGE

Dear Wally,

You may have forgotten the Westercon, but I have not. You promised, the night of the party in the Convention suite, to take me with you, if you won the TAFF election. Don't you remember? You wanted to prove to our English cousins that we were just as advanced as they, and you suggested that I go with you to help with a Biblical allegory upon debarking from the airplane. Recall now, I was to wear three wax magnolias, like the ones on the tree in the suite, and you were to wear green and yellow paint. I was to stand with my arms in the air, and you were to twine yourself about me -- the Serpent in the Tree of Knowledge. If you don't remember it, Wally, all those other people at the party do.

And, by the way, when you send my plane ticket, how about sending along a fur coat? I don't want to catch cold on the trip, and three wax magnolias aren't much cover.

Yours,

Gretchen Schwenn

This is an authentic message to Cry.

[Ulp, I've just redecided -- I don't deserve this either. I'm going to England, or any other far-off place, as soon and as alone as possible. Gretchen, you and all those other people at the party should know better than to believe anybody who is green and yellow and has a forked tongue. --www]

DICK ENEY RELATES LAUGHABLE INCIDENT

417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria 7, Va

Dear CRY:

4 February 1964

I will tell FM Busby how to strike a single, incapacitating blow with the knife that will immobilize and helplessly your victim yet still -- you can hope, -- heal up later. The baddie is stooping over to pick up a gun, you say? Right. You got a proper grip on the knife, thumb toward the blade, right? OK, snap the blade

briskly to erect & vertical position and as baddie reaches low point of stoop you bring the pommel of the knife kneatly kdown on his occiput.

It's as good as brass knucks, any day.

Was Laughable Incident here couple of weeks back which CRY should know about -- well, at least pass it on to Don Franson. Last December (7th -- should I have realized it was ominous date?) we had big fur-covered Nationwide Test for National Security Agency, which is the code, cipher, & intelligence analysis outfit out at Fort Meade. I got a pretty good score and was invited in for an interview and sent a batch of forms to fill out, one of which was Security Clearance thing on which you list all sorts information like every school ever attended including Sunday School, all residences back to 1937 or date of conception whichever is earliest, and all organizations of which you are now or ever have been card-carrying member. Well.

Came date of interview and the official type gave me a big greeting and started flipping through the papers I'd brought. He was chatting merrily along about Public Spirit when he ran into my organizational memberships and read what I'd started the list off with, "American Civil Liberties Union."

You never saw a smile turn so sick-looking in your life...

Well, he braced up manfully and took another shot at it. Unfortunately the next thing listed was "DC Chapter ACLU" with note that I published and contributed to their newsletter (just another of those things fans get into through their familiarity with duplicating machines). His face turned grey and his hands started to shake, but he went on, perked up a little at some of the other organizations, and then turned the page to the fan groups. I knew what was coming, so I fished in my ahndy first-aid pouch and when he read that my hobby was amateur publishing I caught him before he hit the ground and crushed an amyl nitrate pearl under his nose.

Presently he sat up, wheezing a little, while I massaged his heart, and expressed the opinion that a super-top-secret place like the National Security Agency which even the AEC considered strict about secrecy would, uh, probably, er, not appeal to a person of extrovert characteristics. (I didn't laugh. You mustn't excite a cardiac patient.) He cast a glance at the list of memberships and shuddered, letting the sheet drop from his nerveless fingers.

"Christ!" he shouted, "did I see what I thought I did?" He snatched it up again and pointed a quivering fingerbone at the last line, where I'd noted: CERTIFIED CRY LETTER HACK. (Of course I capitalized it. What did you thing?) "Why, this...this...this is IT! What we've been looking for all along! Dr. S., we've got one here (this to the intercom)...bhy ghod," he exclaimed, with a phoney attempt at a fannish accent, "we've been looking for a CRY Hack for years!"

"You're looking for CRY Hacks?" I asked suspiciously. The fake attempt at fanspeak had put me on my guard.

"Certainly, certainly!" he enthused. "Why, anybody who can read the CRY OF THE READERS every other month is a natural for an easy job like forecasting the operations of the Kremlin and Peking! Err...you've got your CRY letterhack card on you, of course?"

I blanched. I'd never thought I'd need it here, so I left it in the Safe Deposit Box. He wouldn't accept this excuse, though, claiming that if I left the building, now I knew the value of Cryhack cards, I'd be able to forge one for myself. Eventually we admitted the impasse and dropped the whole idea, at least temporarily. I thought, though, that you'd better know about this incident. Otherwise you might not know what to make of it when you start getting subscriptions and letters from Over There. I advise Don to see about the possibility of making up some CRYhack cards in Cyrillic characters, Just In Case. We don't want to impair national security, you know, and I think that the government will Catch On if anybody tries to get security clearance on the basis of a card that says "Certified Cry Letterhack" in Russian.

Hoping you are the same,

[! --www]

Dick Eney

ROY TACKETT HAS A CRUSADE 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107
 Howdy people (you, too, Wally), 5 February 1964

Good ol' CRY arrovled the other day but it seems to have disappeared. I'm not sure whether some sneaky aliens have invaded the house and made off with it, or somebody from the House sneaked in and made off with it. In any event I shall be forced to rely on my (haw!) memory to do any commenting on CRY number whatever-itwas. The one with the cover by Garcone. I think it was Garcone. Maybe it wasn't. But it looked as if it was or were as the case may be.

Lemme see now, ol' Wastebasket was carrying on about Fifth Fandom and all like that. Gee, Wally, I wish you hadn't wasted that in good ol' CRY. It more properly belonged in FIVE BY FIVE, the official magazine of Fifth Fandom.

Liquor by the fifth is quite high here.

Ah, yes, I remember it well: the old letter columns, those sparkling letter-hacks, those wonderful words. Now and then someone even mentioned the stories. I remember the great crusades to get the babes off the covers -- or perhaps it was the covers off the babes -- and trim the edges and all like that. EUREKA! I have a crusade for, er, ah, say, folks, just what fandom is this anyway? No matter. I have a crusade. It is to put those sexy uncovered babes back on the covers. What the SF field needs is something to attract attention and make the casual newsstand browser go for the zines. Now I recommend increasing the size of the magazines to, oh, what we used to call pulp size. And we've got to change the names, y'know. Get something catchy. I mean you pass the newsstand and you see -- if you can find it, that is -- a li'l ol' magazine -- about the size of a paperback-book -- called GALAXY. GALAXY. Or ANALOG. Or WORLDS OF TOMORROW. Or IF. Now I ask you, what kind of names are those for good ol' scientifiction magazines? We need a name that jumps right out and grabs you. Picture it -- a bright yellow sunburst spread across the cover and there in big red ragged letters the title -- what would be a good title? -- ah, yes, the title STARTLING STORIES. Man, that grabs you. Then the cover ill -- ya got a busty babe almost wearing some futuristic-type costume -- and a big brawny bum with a Buck Rogers disintegrator gun that shoots red rays at a, yes, at an alien monster. Yes. A monster with multiple-faceted eyes. A sort of bug-eyed monster as it were. This will grab all the monster fans who come in looking for the latest issue of the official journal of the Fantasy Foundation or Famous Monsters or whatever that thing is that Forry put out. (Whatever it is, it sure isn't VoM, but I wish it were.)

Buz mentioned Jack Vance's THE STAR KING. Yes, I enjoyed it, what there was of it. It seems to be about the regular size of what GALAXY calls a "novel". That is a novel designation for those split-up short stories. I would like to see the yarn expanded. But I doubt that it will be. Some fascinating characters there: Dasce and his two assistants, the Star King, Gersen. Yep. Quite good.

Emsh's cover illo of Dasce -- or should I say cover miniature? -- is excellent.

CotR. Hmrrrrrr. Difficult without a copy of CRY to refer to, however I note that tyrannical, heartless, Wally Weber didn't even put me in the WAHF. But that's OK, Wally, old thing, I am dispatching messages to Ella and Ethel and a few other Britifans who will know what to do about you. I suppose it will be cheaper for TAFF to pay your way back as freight, will it not?

Let me tell you about speedometers. I was driving home from work in my ancient Dodge when suddenly the speedometer needle zoomed up the dial -- 50, 75, 100, past 100 and back around again and again. The needle finally became just a blur as it sped around the dial. I, of course, have been trained to believe the readings on various instruments. Naturally, I had to believe my speedometer. A quick calculation convinced me that I was doing several thousand miles per hour and still accelerating.

I was last seen heading towards the Hyades at several times the speed of light and figure on beating Joe Gibson and his fat-bottomed spaceship there by several hundred years.

Roy

[Don't forget to write. --www]

IAN MCAULAY GAINS FREE ISSUE

Illyria, Sandyford, Co. Dublin, Eire

Dear Coterie,

27th February 1964.

This very morning CRY 172 was deposited in the Illyrian letterbox, thereby rendering me late for work. Having been somewhat, or even more than somewhat, neglectful in my comments for the last couple of years, it pleases me that I am at last aroused to utter some remarks in your direction.

The first of these remarks may be primarily of concern to one Wallace Wastebucket Weber, whose dignified handling of the sordid realities of the average CRY letter column has often kindled my awed admiration. And if that doesn't get me a free issue, nothing will.

Anyway, my congratulations on his Taffdom to the aforementioned WWW, and I hope that he will have sufficient time to spare on his trip to spend a couple of days in Dublin. This invitation, of course, presupposes that you will survive your encounter with Ella.

I am fascinated by Mae Strelkov's letters to you. Especially this office of the Galactic Brotherhood that never opens; obviously all the flying saucers are landing at this wine producing settlement and the aliens are getting too drunk to come into town and open the office.

I discover some comments by Betty Kujawa with which I do not agree. Granted that there is such a thing as courageous behaviour and also granted that Mrs. Kennedy showed courage and dignity to a high degree after the events of November 22nd, what on earth or elsewhere reason is there for saying that such attributes are due to "breeding"? There is evidence to show that things like longevity, good health and resistance to disease can be inherited, but I have yet to see any that shows that dignity can be inherited. Anyway, I am not much impressed with the notion of taking the example of Jacqueline Kennedy's behaviour in her bereavement and using it in an attempt to bolster up the idea of superior and inferior classes. I thought that in America "All men are born equal".

The rest of CRY I liked too. Like I always do. Don't change it.

See you,

Ian

[We're all born equal, but some of us, like us Wastebuckets, get equaler than average as time goes on. --www]

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV'S POST OFFICE HAS STROKE Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba,
Dear Cryers: Argentina February 25, 1964

We've had another strike of sorts in the post-office, so the new CRY will reach me too late to try to answer it.

This is an Alice-in-Wonderland country, I realize more and more each day. I took it for granted, formerly. But now -- trying to borrow a "modern" attitude from you Cryers, I begin to see things here with astonishment, as though through your eyes.

Take yesterday ... On Sunday (23rd), the woman of one of our peones, came home from one of those "Carnival" shindigs at a nearby boliche, and had an awful quarrel over the drunkenness of her eldest, she'd had by her first employer when she started working as a servant years ago. In her fury, she ran out of their room cursing, and dropped dead. Yes, actually dead. What makes it the more tragic is that her own mother had also cursed so furiously (when she learned of her child-daughter's first pregnancy), she too had dropped dead like that. Which means, the lad is the cause -- indirectly -- of both his mother's and grandmother's death by rage.

When the poor thing dropped in her tracks, the peopn came running for Vadim, my husband. They all do ... thinking he's a magician, perhaps, because he has a natural gift for diagnosing sudden ailments. The peopn came murmuring, "My woman seems to have difficulty breathing!" We know their daughter is asthmatic, so Vadim took along both heart-drops and asthma pills. But of course, the instant he got there, he realized it was not just difficulty in breathing. She wasn't breathing at all!

Well, Vadim sent her down anyway, in a car, and at 3 a.m., he was woken by the driver, with the glad news they'd brought the body back in an elegant box. So on that gloomy note, we faced Monday morning.

It was soon evident that the peones and their families planned to have a real wake. In their rather empty lives, the only pleasure is eating, drinking, and seducing and getting seduced. One other joy exists: an occasional orgy of grief. So I'm sorry to say, yesterday was a real orgy, with not a detail of horror missing, too. It was a hot day, and -- in the little, closed schoolroom -- everybody crowded in, amid the flowers and candles, and sat around and laughed and wept and whispered and had hysterics, and drank as well. All the dignity that should accompany death was missing, and that -- I assure you -- got me down. I deplore the fashion in wakes, in Latin America! And the body itself (visible through a glass window) began to puff up too, in the heat. Why must people make such a ghoulish thing of a natural occurrence, that happens to everybody, anyway?

They wanted to keep that body around another day or two-- but Vadim managed -- miraculously -- to convince them that they should take it down to a distant cemetery before sunset that same day. They got back by 9 p.m., and today, everybody's recovering from the binge, my servant included. She has a few days' fun to recover from -- for she never misses a dance during "Carnaval," and had come home at the same time as the deceased, from the same fiesta, so she hasn't slept for days. She does take cat naps, of course, during her sprees (while her little daughter watches the babies at home). But her naps are in the arms of passing drunkards, while her own hubby sleeps soddenly on the main-road.

What do you do with people like that? I tried the first year, desperately, to help them -- interest them in something else than drink and dex. But they don't read -- they can't, you know -- and have no interest in learning how to. They simply took me for a busy-body and a fool when I tried to encourage them to go in for the sort of things they used to do nicely (their ancestors, at least) ... folk dancing and singing, for example. But they lack the heart by now. Nearly five centuries have passed, and an awful lot of mixing has gone on, so the pure, lively strains of original, native tribes (some of them true geniuses), can scarcely be recovered so easily. Perhaps the first solution would be to build houses that keep assassin bugs out, and set up really first-rate schools, so country kids would be challenged and encouraged to use their own heads to think! Sarmiento -- a 19th century President and educator -- tried so desperately to lift the standards of the poor in just this way. But even his memory is not appreciated today as it should be, and many a time I've seen the better-class folk sniff and snort when he is mentioned, I don't know why.

This coming fall, I shall specialize in my research on the destruction of the Andean Calchaquies -- most brilliant and unknown of all native tribes, and unconvertable, due to their loyalty to a strange, draconian deity. But when I finish that job, D.V., I plan to make a thorough study of Sarmiento, reading (and translating for my own files) his vast works. He was a most gifted and prolific writer!

I think I told you I was trying to write a new history of southern South America. I may never manage it, for the more I discover, the more I still want to find out. Take one example: Father Carvajal, who accompanied that first Amazonian expedition and saw all those qureer white, beautiful women leading native tribes in resistance to the Spaniards! For me, they were extra-terrestrials too, fitting in with the same picture elsewhere ... Pay Zume of the Guaranies; Viracocha of the Incas, and all the rest... Anyway, Father Carvajal next shows up as the mentor of the first expedition to the Land of the Calchaquies (northwest Argentina), with a guy I rather like (Nunez de Prado), in the 1550's. By then Carvajal was one-eyed (from an Amazonian arrow), and his paradoxical behaviour with Nunez, who tried to protect natives from Spaniards, is what sparked me to continue studying every last thing I can discover about the Calchaquies. The genocide was completed by the middle 1600's by the way. They were totally forgotten until modern archaeologists discovered just recently their tremendous civilization, as visible in their great

stone towns on hilltops everywhere.

Fidel Castro (or his twin), a week ago, came walking over the hills with wife and two small children, and he wore the famous beard as well. They asked for hospitality, after their harrowing experience, camping on the top of the ridge, besieged by dreadful hurricanes and lightning bolts, under a tiny tent that almost flew away. His wife and he were sweet kiddies, the new, raw generation of Latin America. He paints, and earns his living working in bronze. They have brilliant minds, and there's not a subject they haven't read up on and reasoned over. Naturally, they didn't acknowledge openly their approval of Castro ... but we've met the type so often, of course. Rebels against the "Old School" and the "old ways", they feel anything would be better than for life to continue here, as is.

Their life-stories were fascinating. More, they'd heard of the mysterious Lli-phi-Haqques of Lake Titicaca, who are also more like "starmen" than humans (as per legends, root-words in native languages, and surviving "mysteries" .. like the "bird of light" still glimpsed, and maybe one of their pets). To give you my full reasons for this conviction would fill a book. But anyway, from this new couple, I gleaned much first-person data, for they'd met the supposed descendants of this "crew", when up near Bolivia.

But what really enthralled me was their mention of a recent discovery -- a plane flying in from the Antarctic saw in the Patagonian Andes (where the enchanted City of Linlin was supposed to be, perhaps), a queer, enormous patter of carven roads, in the form -- they said -- of a sun-dial. I wonder if it has anything to do with the enormous engravings in mountain-sides, at Nasca, Peru?

Now, more gossip: Remember my taling about the office in an arcade, called "Galactic Brotherhood -- Welcome to the Men from Space"? When Vadim finally managed the trip to Cordoba, and I dashed there (you bet), the shop was already vacant again, and an optician across from it told me they were queer folk, mixing with no one, though they did have someone to open the shop occasionally and attend the public.

I felt I'd missed the "space-boat", you know, and was rather crushed! I tried to do some sleuthing, as a friend has his notary-public office on the first floor. He looked furtive when we discussed the matter, but promised to check up with the landlord. And he still hasn't. The landlord, he says, is a "suspicious chap" and surely wouldn't rent an office to "fly-by-nights".

Meanwhile, no more saucers appear anywhere, in these parts. How empty the sky does seem of late!

George (that's our 25-year-old eldest) flew in on Saturday from Buenos Aires. He told me he'd heard an hour-long program on the "Radio Nacional" of Buenos Aires, by a guy proving Spacelings have been guiding man's policies for milleniums. He quoted from the Hindu sacred scriptures, the Bible, and modern occurrences, as well.

It must be disconcerting to any hypothetical Space-race, that humanity just doesn't give a damn. What we want is Monsters from Space, ready to eat us. That would cater to our natural belligerence, and give us an adrenalin thrill! It's horrible to think of patient, superior folk, tactfully tutoring us in an inconspicuous way for milleniums!

Okay, I promise I'm closing. Anyone of you still feel like a member of a Hive? Now, now, no stinging!

Love,

Mae

Same Evening:

Miracle, today's mail brought CRY 172.

Avram Davidson: If I told you all the reasons I admire Mexico, it would fill a book. I admire Uruguay for the same reasons. But -- living in Mexico as you do -- I'd not go on record in public re my love of Mexico, as you might refute me, pointing out its faults you glimpse personally.

Grania: Yes, that Hive idea backfired, and I'm still licking my wounds -- er, stings! But I don't fancy "nests" and "group or expansive love" either. What's that? Nonetheless, I'm curious enough to beg for more information on it all. It's news to me...

[From what you've mentioned about your servants, Mae, I think we should be asking you for information. --www] [Good grief, I thought you were finished, but I see you still have another page to go. And after I promised myself not to interrupt letter writers until they were through... Ah well; carry on. --www]

Terence A. Bull: Re our president: don't ask me for comments. On politics, I try to be dumb. As for the elections that got him in, I was puzzled by them too. But the guy himself seems a dear, though not a dynamo perhaps.

Ella Parker: No, my typewriter wasn't in my cheek. I really do believe in extraterrestrials.

I am homesick for England right now, after reading your remarks. Very homesick for sane, serene England! I've not been there since I was eleven.

Art Wilson: What part of China am I from? Szechuen, Shanghai (and a year in Tzingtao). Szechuen, I was born in, but left at 8 months. Harbin is one place I've never been. Vadim was there, yes. Maybe the Krupnovs knew the Strelkovs? I squirm at your "happy every-day street scene in Hongkon". So two coolies fought each other? Wouldn't you feel like hitting the nearest fellow mortal at times if you were a coolie yourself, frustrated by all your fellows everywhere, and with never a chance to climb to a life of dignity and peace? As for calling each other turtle-eggs, I thought it was "turtle-belly" that was the lowest swearword available! (Vadim says "turtle-eggs" is correct. You win!) While on the subject of turtles, did you know my mother was reared in an inland walled Chinese city (Huchow), and she wore Chinese clothes and her dad grew a real queue. They were Baptist missionaries. Well, and the haunted house they owned there was called "The House of the Turtle-Eye". I, as a girl, in Chapei, outside Shanghai, lived in another, but nameless house, also haunted (with a past, when it was a bandits' lair), and I call it now in my thoughts, "House of the Dragon's Eye", because I always felt I was a "pawn" offered by my parents to China's Dragon, so they could save Chinese souls. Result: I love China's Dragon still, loyally. A fair exchange! But if one looks at life as a Yin-Yang "whole", one sees good and evil as but two facets of the same "perfection", and doesn't stew or fret, but merely seeks to attain a balance between the two. China's "middle-road". But I will not discuss China again.

Warmly,

Mae

[Are you finally done? You're sure?? Talk about gabby women... OH NO! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!! --www]

BETTY KUJAWA LEARNS TO FLY???

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Ind.

Wally dear;

Monday, Feb. 10th, 1964 (whatever happend to Jan.?)

We give England W.W.Weber and they give us the Beatles.... Double retaliation? Well England has survived the Blitz, the Buzz-Bombs and the Baatles....they can take it, they will survive, I just know it.

CRY 172 was The Rob Williams issue, eh? Actually I feel sorry for the girl with the whip. She simply couldn't stand the sound of the patter of little feet around the house one minute longer.

Buz and I in personal letters have been nattering about smoking and quitting smoking. I'm not about to stop. Not all, not each and every smoker dies of lung cancer. Like the saying goes, everything you like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening. Within ten years I'm expecting some 'experts' to tell us all sex is baaaad for us as well; either that or the government will find some way to tax us on sex activities. That must irk them right now, not being able to make a buck on it.

Good....Toskey planning to rent car and tour England. Since this is what we

intend to do someday (when and if they ever get toilets in their gas stations and something similar to our motels scattered about the land, that is) I pray Burnett, Boy Traveler, will tell us all about it in CRY or in SAPs upon his return.

Avram and Grania; by now most of us have heard that the Davidsons have lost the expected baby...I can empathize, only too too well. I've been through this more times than I care to recount. And as Avram said in his most recent letter to us Kujawas; "You can't shake a sound apple from the tree until it's ready." Is true and Mother Nature in this type of thing is always right and wise; that has been my consolation in times past as well.

How do you pronounce Dennis Lien's name? "Line"? or "Lean"? or what? He's certainly developed into one of the best of the CRYhacks of all time, is not so?

So has Mae Strelkov....she's giving us a regular treasure-house of informational sense-of-wonder goodies issue after issue, bless her. Methinks that bit about the Galactic Brotherhood is fascinating and amusing....I envision a kind of N3F deal here.

Is this some fan-hoax? Terence Bull? I note his name can be transformed into 'terry-bull'....'terrible'?? And I wonder? Is he for real or isn't he? In any event real or no he endorses Alfred Duggan.....good man, Terence whatever you are.

Must ask Ella something right here.....she's equating solitude with loneliness.....I just don't buy that.....I've been lonely in the middle of too many crowds in my life to go along with this. Don't feel being bored and being lonely always go hand in hand. Most boredom comes from a poverty of spirit, a poverty of the soul or the heart, says I. Internally induced mebbe, while some loneliness is inflicted upon us by external circumstances over which we haven't much control.

Charles Smith should be told that His Julie (his and Tom Purdom's) his Julie Harris is knocking 'em dead on Broadway playing the role of June Havoc in Marathon '33.

Well kid....I did learn to fly the plane...and to land it as well...the next day, the very next damn day, Gene sold the single-engined Bonanza for a twin-engined Apache.....which means, of course, I have to take more instructions on how to handle this one. Gene had to take lessons and all and then pass the FAA-Government test and get his official Multi-Engine Rating.....it will amuse you to know that as of now he is officially qualified to fly any plane there is. SAC bombers, your own Boeing 707s, anything..... well...except for Ella Parker's broom, of course.

You are a son-uv-a.....scissoring my loc on the banning of Irishmen here, you dirty dog of a Weber! Or did you desire more letters from Ireland, north and south? At my expense, dammit Wally, okay so Walt and Madeleine and Ian will be writing in.....and all offended by me.....I hope you will do me the courtesy of explaining further to them as to the whys of So. Bend's aversion to the Irish? Dirty dirty dirty trick.....mutter, mutter...

What is Art Wilson's profession? He is a pilot? Didn't grok till now that he piloted planes....I thought he was on ship! Art, you say you won't fly with amateurs, huh? I'm hoping you aren't putting civilian pilots in that category, she says with cocked fists and chip-on-shoulder. My husband has been flying for almost 5 years now....he has over 1500 hours in the air....he has his Instruments license and his multi-engine license and believe you me, Arthur, I'm much happier in a small plane with him flying it than I'd ever be sweating out any commercial flight.

Speaking of flying I'd like to get my hands on the idiot that designed the control panel for the Apache. Landing-gear light dead-centre and blindingly bright....panel lights for night-flying completely inadequate. Also Beechcraft and Piper should be forced to include toe-brakes for the right-front-seat.....I had to learn to land the plane and to let it roll and roll and roll till it stopped. I was also advised on what to do if I didn't have enough runway, 'ground looping', may I never have to avail myself of that in an emergency.

Art would be amused by the ploys dreamed up by pilot-pals when we realized that if Gene was stricken he would fall forward onto the wheel making us nose-dive

.....one gal suggested a hangman's noose about Gene's neck during flights, rope running back to pulley....if he got sick I'd crank and crank till I heard a loud 'snap-crrrack'my instructor opted for a nice ejection-seat; I'd just push a button and zip-zoom-whoosh, out he'd go!

As it was in the Bonanza I really seriously couldn't have elbowed a 260 pound Big Kuj back off the controls.....not and hold the wheel, disengage the lever and swing the wheel to my side of the plane. Hence I am happy that we've bought a bigger and safer two-engined plane.....it has, you see, seats set in slot-tracksthey can be slid way back-----and easily.

You have yourself a time in England, hear?

Bye, bon voyage, Aloha Wally W. Weber...

Betty

[Nice of you to forgive me for getting you in trouble with the Irish, Betty. And thanks, too, for for donating the travel-tickets for my TAFF trip. I hear the Titanic is the best ship in the Atlantic. --www]

TOM PURDOM GETS USED TO NEW SURROUNDINGS 1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7,
Dear Elinor, Buz, Wally, everybody: Pa. February 2, 1964

We have a baby due in April, so we've just cut my study in half with a big thick bookcase, in order to make the other half of it a nursery. Since it always takes me a little while to get used to new surroundings, I guess I may as well inaugurate the new environment by writing a Cry letter instead of something \$\$\$ serious.

I found the Star Kings a little disappointing, too, Buz. I came to the conclusion it was because at the end the villain was so far from human in his motivations I couldn't really feel any satisfaction he was dead. And then, too, he was eliminated so quickly, without any final battle or great encounter. You hit on an additional reason I'd have to include with mine. There was just too big a buildup in the first installment for what can be done in a fifty-thousand word novel.

Ella's back and that's nice, but her comments on the race situation provoke me to do exactly what she complains about -- add a little more to the writing on the question. I don't know how it is in England, but over here we're going to all these fantastic lengths because many of our people still don't know there's a problem, and don't care if they do know, or are unwilling to go the lengths necessary to end the problem. I work in a segregated office myself. I came back from the March on Washington wondering what effect it had had and I was gratified that the attitude in our office had changed from a spectrum of hostility to feeling it was a good thing to a spectrum of grudging acceptance to feeling it was a good thing. Eventually a Negro may yet work in that office. If one is hired, it will be because of the demonstrations, the Freedom Rides, the pressure put on Congress to pass the civil rights bill, and the tons of newsprint and the hours of television coverage all these activities have evoked. We're engaged in a struggle to radically change one aspect of our society, and all we can do is put up with some of the boredom, keep plugging, and hope the job will be done before we all get sick of the whole subject.

It's annoying, but I guess it could be worse. All I want is to turn over to my children about twenty or thirty years from now exactly the kind of nation you describe, a nation where a person's skin color will be ignored, and where they'll be free to pick whatever friends they choose, and marry whom they choose, and compete for jobs and housing and education on a fair basis with everybody else in their society.

I've just been re-elected president of the PSFS. Once again election day came around and Hal Lynch and Will Jenkins were unavailable.

As for other exciting events in my life, I seem to be committed to watching the birth of the baby when it comes, and I'm running for Democratic committeeman from my division here in Philadelphia's Eighth Ward. Both the baby and the election will be around the first or second week in April. I'm looking forward to

the baby. I need somebody my age to play with.

For those who collect fannish remarks, you might enjoy one my wife made recently. I showed her a thing I'd been writing and after she read it, I asked her the crucial question about its value. "Does it arouse your sense of wonder?" I said. "It makes me wonder," she said, "if that man is going to get away from those things." In that one sentence I feel she captured the essence of a whole school of science fiction.

Tom

P.S. Two elephants were strolling through the forest. "Do you know why the human can't charge through the jungle?" the first one said. "Okay," the second one said, "why can't the human charge through the jungle?" "He'll get a flat tire." And they both raised their trunks in the air and let out a loud trumpet and then they fell over and rolled on the ground, flattening the grass and several slow natives, in their amusement over the latest in the series of human jokes which has recently been delighting the elephant community.

[Tom, I hate to be the one to have to tell you, but after that Post Script of yours I'm convinced even your baby will be too old to play with you. --www]

SGT. R. F. SMITH POSTULATES FANNISH WEB Sgts' Mess, 1 COD, Bandiana. Victoria.
Dear Cryfolk: Australia. March 1st, 1964

For the benefit of disbelievers, COD means "Central Ordnance Depot", and who would believe in Amecameca anyway, Avram? It sounds like a hillbilly from Arkansas groaning about wanting to go home. So there; "in yer boot," as my fellow military kammeraden might retort..... I'm still ashowing movies, but tv is making deadly inroads in my patronage.

When it comes to the smoking panic, I'm one of those who is just "muddling along", Buz. Only time I ever really "cut down" was after I returned from Japan, and found out that paying the tax on smokes was expensive. A pack and a half a day man am I.

Berry was not quite as enjoyable as usual, and maybe its because I ain't ever had a "suprise" visit from any fan. Crotch crotch.

Rob Williams was very funny.

Avram: I was never in an Amenities Company; wasn't enough of us misfits to make up a company! We were, I guess, similar to the US Special Services, but on a much smaller scale; organising the military's entertainment and sporting activities. Now I'm one of their "field" workers, operating a large cinema in this country area. Big deal.

Mae: Maybe you could look upon Fandom -- or at least, the CRY Fandom -- as a web, a gigantic, tenuous web instead of a hive? Individuals, often many thousands of miles apart, connected by their enthusiasm, their interests, etc? And you can do a lot worse than confining your fannish reading to CRY alone. Oh, Mae, don't allow the "group intelligence of mankind" to do your thinking for you! Anyway, I think your letters indicate that this isn't so.

Terry Bull: Fans as individuals are -- more or less -- complete; the characters in More Than Human were unable to exist as individuals because of their peculiar "talents" (with the exception of "Baby" they were pretty human, though), and therein lay a well-written story -- which science fiction fans can, and did, appreciate.

Hey! All together now, CRYfolk: W E L C O M E B A C K T O G O O D
O L D E L L A P A R K E R!!! (And impudent remarks from the newer members of our $\frac{1}{2}$ (oops)party line about "who the heck is Ella Parker?" will be severely trod on) Seriously though, Ella, I think you have described just what CRY is to us addicts -- a room party at a convention.

Art Wilson: Hiya, Art -- first time in CRY, ain't it? How about sending me a copy of SCATALOG? Don't take any notice of these bearded types who doubt my existence -- send it anyway. 'till the next CRY,

[Bob, I don't think your web-theory will stick. --www]

Bob Smith

JAMES R. SIEGER SAVES KNOTS

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

Dear Cry:

Wis. 53150

February 4, 1964

I nearly gave up CRY when I started HWYL and came to those words of Unspeakable Depravity and Sadism, "Let me tell you about my operation." So what happens? No blood and guts, no Intimate, Revealing glimpses into her plumbing, just a rather interesting description of her hospital acquaintances. Whew. But PLEASE, next time start such a story with a different sentence.

Davidson & Lien: My beard hairs do so tie themselves in knots! I've saved some samples. That's the trouble with a kinky beard, the hairs get all tangled up and combing pulls them occasionally into knots. And how does Avram solve this problem? Does he have his wife hang onto his beard to straighten the hairs? Or home permanents....???

Thine:

James R. Sieger

[Sill, of course Avram doesn't go around with Grania hanging onto his beard. In Mexico help is cheap; Avram has a maid hired to hang onto his beard. --www]

F. WILIMCZYK WANTS AN EQUAL RIGHT

447 10th Ave., New York, NY 10001

Dear Crys:

Feb. 7, 1964

Re Equal Rights: I am for Equal Rights for men. I am sick and tired of having women elbow their way past me when I'm standing in line for a bus, or trying to get a cab. Let women stand in line and wait their turn, I say! And it's been too damned long since a woman took me to a movie or to dinner. I'm also for Equal Rights in the courts -- I've seen too many guys saddled with discriminatory divorce settlements to have any illusions about who the second class citizens are in such situations.

I am particularly in favor of Equal Rights for artists -- here, I'm on shaky ground because I'll have to admit a personal bias, but nevertheless it seems to me that an artist should be able to earn as much as a secretary.

I would also like somebody to supply me with an airplane, so I could learn to fly.

Regards,

Frank

[Uh, you say you are personally biased about equal rights for artists and imply that you have no such bias concerning equal rights for men? Maybe you can learn to fly without an airplane. --www]

KEVIN J. DILLON MEETS THE LIGHT BLUE CRY

Box 4440, G.P.O. SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Waw, and F.M. and El Busby,

AUSTRALIA.

10th Feb., 1964

This effort comes via a loaned light blue Cry 171 from John M. Foyster, whose scheme it may well have been to stop me writing to him too often.

Forgive me if it's nothing like a full comment, since I'm at this stage on the fringe, and I plead overwork, of course. I've recently inherited, you could say, the job of Librarian-cum-Secretary of Futurian Society of Sydney, due largely to Graham Stone, our Ex., leaving for a new job in the National Library at Canberra. Which may be a place where fanzines should go, for the record, but I'd rather any came to me. All this leading up to my asking for a listing on anyone's w.l. for l.o.c. on Zines. Of course, I'd appreciate a spare zine or more anyone can spare.

Berry, El Busby and Waw I liked, following Atom (for TAFF), my favourite ezap artist. Most of the letters I found fascinating after a long dry spell of not seeing much recent fan-fare except for help from JmB.

Friday night's B.I.S. time with "The Engineer in Space Flight" which I hope to see, and 2000, which different ages would like to see, and My Favourite Martian. Here we see it without commercials. And with this summers end (to us) come the Beatles! Need I say more, except Run, Gafia lives!!! All help gratefully accepted!

[I'm sorry, but we need all the help we can get ourselves. --www]

J. E. POURNELLE EXPRESSES AN OPINION

Until 1 April: 7831 5th Ave. NE, Seattle 15, Washington

AFTER APRIL FIRST, UNTIL I FIND AN ADDRESS: Dr. J. E. Pournelle,
AEROSPACE CORPORATION
San Bernardino, California

Dear Crystaff,

This will be my last letter from Seattle, as those who attend Nameless meetings know. It has been very pleasant here, but the Country Club comes to an end; now they are going to work me. I seem to have managed to convince one of the non-profits that I am worth more than I was to Boeing, so off to it. It has been nice. I may even keep up my Cry letter-hacking.

You know, I keep seeing this nonsense about "every man has a right to his own opinion, and to express it, and advocate it", or that what the schools should encourage is a "questioning, critical attitude" toward everything we know, or in other words, "epistemological relativism". For some reason, there is a new wave of this disease going around.

Well, I serve notice that I don't accept it. Furthermore, if somebody, for example, gets a new religion which states that electricity doesn't work, and if you have faith you can stick your finger in the light socket without harm, and if he comes around and expresses and advocates that opinion to my three-year-old, I am going to stomp his head in, with or without the use of weapons as the occasion demands. And, when you come right down to it, I don't really see the difference between the opinion that that bottle of poison won't hurt you, or that the light socket is harmless, and the opinion that certain social poisons won't hurt the body politic. Hell, if we haven't learned anything in several thousand years of civilization, what's the point of it? And it seems to me that the social order ought to be able to protect itself against social poisons and their advocates every bit as much as I protect my home against physical poisons and their advocates.....

'Bye Now,

Jerry

[If you think you can get away with this by merely skipping town, Jerry, you have failed to reckon with CRY's far-flung circulation. --www]

RICK BROOKS NEVER FORGIVES

R. R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

Dear Triple Double-You:

I'm never gonna forgive you. You take the only line from my letter that isn't one hundred per cent honest truth, and jerk it out for the world to see.

It's been a long time since I saw a Bergey-type Captain Future cover. It's a sad thing that a guy who saved the Solar system too many times to mention (and the universe a couple of times) can't get any better job than looking after dumb animals.

Goal Number Three should be in the library of every fan, but Alexei Panshin said it better in Yandro.

By the way what the hell happened to the Short History of World War Three? It looks surprisingly like a blank page to these tired old eyes.

Yours,

Rick Brooks

[At that, you were looking at the expanded Short History. Have you tried to find The Readers Digest version? --www]

PHILLIP A. HARRELL STICKS IN PLUG

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23509

Well, C*Y*R --uh- C*R*Y!!

Feburarararararara Oh skip it.

CRY (The fanzine as believable as Tinker-Bell) came today. With a sneaky postman and a Ground-Hog. They both saw their shadow, so I guess that means we'll have fifteen more years of CRY and 60 more days of Weather.

I loved Avram's comment on "Zoogles tie beards in Knots" and I had this picture of Avram working on a copy of F&SF and this little Zoogles coming up tapping him on the shoulder and when he turned around it grabbed his beard and tied it in a dozen knots and ran out of the room.

I'm glad to see Don Franson is still on the Job with the CRYLHCards after all I went thru to get them going again.

Well, I guess I've written enough sterling prose for my C*R*Y worlds bestest Fanzine (and about this time I'd like to stick in a plug for YANDRO FOR THE HUGO... It's never had one you know... Strange I feel myself fading GREAT GALLOPING GHU WHAT HAVE I DONE!!!) Oh well, till next issue.

Best

Phil

[Yandro indeed! I hope I pulled your plug in time to keep loyal CRYreaders from becoming confused. Good grief, Yandro! --www]

GUY H. DORSEY JR. READS KARSEY'S CRY 6320 Newburn Dr., Washington 16, D.C.
Allo, people there at that li'l ol place called CRY.....

Well, friends and neighbors, I've got to end this pretty soon, so I'll say that whilst at the convention I didn't see Murray (Will F. Jenkins) Leinster once, and he was supposed to be guest of honor.

GUY

P.S. Quit sending my CRY to me with Guy H. Karsey, Jr. on it. It's DORSEY!!!
[You give Karsey back his CRY, you hear? I'm glad to learn the DisCon committee took measures to prevent the Guest of Honor from meeting a thief like you. --www]

MIKE McQUOWN TILLS LITERATURE BANK 308 S. Franklin Blvd Apt 7, Tallahassee,
Dear CRYpeople, Florida 32301 9 Feb 64

Number 172 received and noted. Comments hereupon:

Cover: didn't care too much for the artwork, but the idea was cute.

I didn't care for a Short History of WW III, by Nowland Voyde - the characterisation was thin, and the plot almost non-existent. Mr. Voyde obviously tried to cover too much ground in a short story.

I do believe John Berry must have had egg on his face about the meeting with Scithers - if it really happened that way... I think I'd be suspicious if Berry claimed to be Berr.

Wally Webber's idea for saving s-f is amazing. To preserve the national quality of literature, the government has started a literature Bank, much like the Eisenhower Soil Bank. I just made a hundred dollars by not writing a novel on juvenile delinquency; next month, I'm going to not write my first s-f short story, for which I'll receive three hundred dollars, enough to go to LONDON IN '65!

So now Rob Williams brings us the scoop on Mary Batson. I've often suspected something of the sort. What I want to know is, is it true THAT LOIS LANE AND LANA LANG ARE REALLY RED SPIES? Rumour has it that this is the reason why Superman has never married them.

Gospozha Strelkov: yes, you have stirred up a hornets' nest; fans do pride themselves on their individuality.

So your husband grew up in China, presumably of Russian parentage; what fantastic children you must have, with such varied linguistic and cultural backgrounds to draw from. Were any of them born in China, or all in Argentina? Have they absorbed any of the languages in your family?

Art Wilson: the tag of Misha was hung on me by a girl in London many years ago -- her father was born in Ryazan. I speak the language gratis the Air Force, but not too colloquially -- realise the diminutive form of the name, but didn't know it had the extra connotation of 'Teddy-bear.' Rather inappropriate, since I'm about as cuddly as a piece of rope. I went to school at one time on Marylebone High St. about four blocks from Keeler's flat in the mews. She would have been about twelve at the time.

Much love to the whole crew, and a tear for the rotten ole world,

Misha - Mixail - Miguel - Michel - Michael

[The ole world isn't really rotten. It's just a little soggy from all those tears being shed for it. --www]

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG DOESN'T REALLY REMEMBER Norrskogsvägen 8, Stockholm K
Dear Box 92, Sweden 19.2.'64

Naturally we think ATom is the only worthy choice of the TAFF-ers, and naturally he is the only one we Europeans dare send you. At least he can kill you in his cartoons when he's back. But why have nobody sent me any TAFF-ballots? And why was there no HUGO-ballot in my CRY? And why haven't I even got a questionnaire for who is who in fandom? I think there is some conspiracy going...

And why are there no inside-illustrations? I remember back in '60 and '61 when there were always lots of illos by ATom and Adkins and that wonderful conreport by Terry Carr which had all those illos by Ray Nelson and...

(Well, no, I really don't remember; I've bought the Fanzine Collection Of The Late Sture Sedolin, you see. Though he refuses to sell his FANACs and his HABBAKKUKs. Anybody got 'ny FANACs or HABBAKKUKs to sell? Or, for that matter, all CRYs up to issue 171?

Well, gotta stop here. Will put in some moeny to make sure to get some more issues of your fmz. I LOVE fmz, you know.

Carl Brandon

[That Sture Sedolin sounds like a tough character to deal with. --www]

DON HUTCHISON MENTIONS CENSORSHIP 730 Ontario Street, Apt. 1017, Toronto 5,
Ontario. CANADA March 4, 1964

Must say that I liked the definitive biography of Mary Batson.

Censorship: (who mentioned it? I don't know; somebody did -- I think. Or was it some other fanzine?) Personally, I dislike the authoritarian stand that man is fundamentally evil and therefore must be protected from himself at all times, BUT I find myself becoming fed up with drugstore racks filled with semi-depraved pocket book titles, and movie houses booked with tenth rate films that reflect the crassest morality our society has to offer.

It seems to me that the fussbodies spend so much of their time worrying about experimental works that they ignore the really dangerous items. For example: because of the success of the "Mein Kampf" documentary feature, some other producer came out with a "sequel" combining live newsreel footage of the abominable horrors of Hitler's camps with new sequences purporting to show S.S. officers stripping clothes off femal victims. The "victims" were Hollywood starlets but the newsreel footage was of the actual, heart-wrenching atrocity films. It was a final indignity which I found to be truly obscene.

Cordially,

Don Hutchison

[Uh, you don't remember the name of that film by chance? I'd like to know -- so I can avoid it, of course you understand. --www]

RICHARD O. MANN PICTURES POSTCARD 131 Belt Road, APO 845, New York, N.Y. 00604
Dear CRY, babies: March 9, 1964

Berry says, "I'll explain why later, but to the postcard." There are two possible interpretations for that satement; but since John didn't explain why later to me, I am forced to imagine the ludicrous picture of a grown man with a postcard in his trembling hand, explaining to the postcard why he thinks it is a hoax. I wonder how much of that famous Berry wit was wasted on that unappreciative postcard.

Ah, yes. I found out the hard way about fandom's goals. Especially the one where everyone wanted to remove pictures of sexy girls from prozine covers. When I bought some very old STARTLING STORIES from one of the hucksters, I got magazines with big, enticingly-contoured holes cut in them. The sexy girls being removed from the prozine covers, no doubt. I imagine that that would be a stf collection worth having!

ATOM for TAFF

Richard Mann

[Watch for our forthcoming article, written by John Berry's postcard. --www]

DENNIS LIEN DROPS SF; READS COLOURED COMICS Box 23, Snarr Hall, Moorhead State
Dear Fifteenth-Year of Publication People, College, Moorhead, Minnesota

Avram Davidson: That was only a two-page letter, and how could you lost it?
Welcome back, anyway.

Alas, I no longer have the time nor the money to read even the Mag of F&SF.
It held out longest of all -- by over a year -- but in the end, it, too, fell.

James Saiger has Twenty Days To Go...

Ella Parker on "the coloured question." I notice even the U.S. comic strips
are getting in their licks. A war comic (and a good one), Sgt. Fury and His Howling
Commandoes recently had a plot based along this line -- a bigot named George
Stonewell finds himself in Fury's squadron, which of course includes an Italian, a
Jew and a Negro.... Of course you've heard Playboy is looking for Negro Playmates?

If the Royal Shakesperian Stratford-on-Avon Players come to Seattle or any
other towns wherein CRY readers who may see this letter live, DON'T MISS THEM!!!
They presented "The Hollow Crown, a Royal Revue" here at MSC and I can't recommend
them too strongly.

Aloha,

Dennis Lien

[Are the RSSOA Players as good as Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandoes? --www]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG wrote two letters in addition to the one that sneaked into
print. He wants to type stencils for CRY. How come none of you other readers
thought of that? TED BALL changes his address to 3, Ruskin Buildings, Millbank
Estate, London S.W.1, England. Nice money, not all of it sticky, came from rich
fans like LARRY CRILLY, ROBERT P. BROWN, E. E. EVERS, MIKE DOMINA, JAMES WRIGHT,
VAN SCYOC, BOB CHAZIN, BARRY KENDRICK, JOHN BOSTON, J. K. KLEIN (who has finally
decided to stop cadging CRY from Frank Prieto, "who is hard to get hold of to cadge
from"), and PHILLIP SALIN, who is too tired to argue. STEVEN WALSH also sends nice
crisp money, only he believes Terry Carr's column in the April '64 Magazine of
Fantasy and Science Fiction, so he is expecting two more issues than he is going to
get. Mr. Walsh may be bigger than I am, but next week I will be at the lack of
mercy of Ella Parker, so why should I care about the future?

from: CRY
Box 92
507 Third Ave.
Seattle, Washington 98104

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