



Leslie

Sure, might as well hang a title on it, this page that ever and always looms in the forefront of each and every issue of CRY. This time it's looming in the forefront of CRY #138, the April 1960 issue. #139 will be published Sunday, May 1st.

A traditional function of this department is to inform one and all that CRY can be reached at Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Further, we generally mention that CRY (while free to contributors—including-successful-letterhacks, faneds whose zines are reviewed herein when we run fmz-reviews, occasional selected trades, and a few people we just don't let up on) sells for 25¢ or 1/9 per copy, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, and 12 inevitable monthly issues for \$2 or 14/-. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland, handles all the sterling, bless him.

And the next joker who sends a check payable to "Cry of the Nameless" rather than to Elinor Busby; needn't hold his breath waiting for his first subscription issue of CRY. Elinor and her bank have gone "Pffft" over the last check that bank wouldn't cash... seems the bank just wouldn't believe that CryoftheNameless didn't have legal papers, and Elinor naturally had none of those. Next time, gif's the wastebasket...

This page also generally lists the

C o n t e n t s :

Cover by Leslie Walston (not a hoax-- a girrrrull)

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Stencil-cutting: Wally Weber 26, Elinor 13, Buz 8, Burbee 3.

Dupering: we have hopes for Jim Webbert, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Gonser. Wally Weber, Elinor, and I have burned ourselves out on this stencil-cutting routine, for this time, though we'll probably shape up in time for the Assembly Session.

Even As The Crank Turns (Dep't of Last-Minute Stuff): KEN HEDBERG's ^(address: Florin, Cal) letter/got into the wrong stack and missed CotR. Ken had kind words for just about everything in Cry #137, has a couple of copies of Analog on the floor in attempt to housebreak his dog "but the dog just growls and backs away", heretically doubts that Weber is perfect, grotches mightily that John Berry wouldn't rave over other scenery if he had only seen California also, and incloses 5 - 8x10 prints of Calif scenes to be forwarded to John. Signs himself "The Lored's 3rd Profit" (and I'm glad I don't know what he means).

Our cover is by courtesy of Tosk: he had it photolithed for a SAPSzine of his, and kindly had enough extras run for Cry, even allowing us first-usage. Like, thanks.

Earlier today (CRYday, Apr 3rd) Elinor and I were having coffee outdoors, me sans shirt. That's the kind of weather I like. Clouding up now, though. Tsk.

Plugs and Slugs: Have you sent in your PITTCOn membership fee yet? // MAL ASHWORTH for TAFF! // (and get that loot in to Bob Madle, hey?) // BoyCon at Boise, over the 4th of July weekend: Owyhee Hotel (with swimming pool); \$1 to Guy Terwilleger, who is moving to suburbia soon but can still be reached at 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho. and of course It's Seattle in '61!

If the PittCon business meeting votes to raise WorldCon registration fees to \$3, Seattle would handle it this way: \$2 for initial membership and \$1 at the Registrat-ion desk-- same way it was handled for several Cons after the raise from \$1 to \$2.

We sure didn't make it this time, but Cry will get back down to 40 pages yet!

If flattery, complaints, and threats all get you nowhere, TRY MONEY! --Buz -

THE GOON GOES WEST — JOHN BERRY

THE

WHITE

FURY

As we stood at the vast windows of the terminal building in Seattle Airport, the Lockheed Jet-Electra on the concrete apron below looked like a toy.

But as I approached it in the darkness, the arc lights shining on it brought forth its true size....a superb-looking air-liner, its Allison turbo-prop engines, with the square-clipped propellers, looking sleek and powerful. I've always found that aeroplanes each have their own personality. At the beginning of World War II I was an air cadet, and once had a long flight in an Avro Lancaster heavy bomber. It reminded me so much of a jovial old man hugging his stomach with good humour. A Wellington bomber which I flew in was like a goose looking for somewhere to drop an egg. An Oxford training plane resembled a bell hop having walked up thirty flights of stairs with six suitcases. The Dragon-Rapide biplane gave me the impression of a witch at 25,000 feet after discovering she'd dropped her broom. The glorious Douglas D.C.3, that ubiquitous maid-of-all-work which I've flown in many times, both in its military and civilian guises, has always put me in mind of a broody hen discovering she's lost a chick. But this Jet-Electra....it seemed to throb as it stood on the apron....it seemed to pulse with energy and anticipation, like a neofan opening a crate wherein lies a Gestetner 260. Passengers poured into it, crowds of them, and men were stuffing suitcases inside it in such volume that it seemed someone must have been throwing them out the other side! As I climbed the steps, it seemed as though I was entering the main entrance to Carrickfergus Castle....it was the first time I'd travelled in a turbo-prop airliner, and it seemed something extra special.

Inside the aeroplane, all was smartness and luxury. A beautiful stewardess smiled at me as though I was the only one aboard, looked at my ticket and told me to go forward. I wondered who I was going to sit by.....

My seat was on the right side of the aeroplane...two seats were together on the right, mine was next to the passageway, and I saw an old woman next to the window. I would have given my MASQUE file to change places, but she didn't give me the impression of being the type who would appreciate such literature.

She looked at me, and gave a weak smile. I looked at her and twitched my moustache, and then I cast my eyes round to size up the rest of the passengers, and.....BINGO!!!

She was maybe twenty three. In a Peter Cheyney book I once read of the heroine having 'a face that woulda kept a sculptor awake nights'. I'm no sculptor, but I can appreciate beauty as well as the next, and here, in the seat in front of mine, was beauty personified. She was an oriental, and on her hand baggage I saw the mystic name A. Wong. I looked at the old lady on my right, and I looked at Miss Wong in front, and I realised that my air trips were specially ordained to deny me the privilege of getting a seat with a clear un-engined view outside and the proximity of smashers inside. I wet the ends of my fingers and stroked the ends of my moustache into a seductive curl, and looked at Miss Wong's legs stretched out in front of her. Those limbs would have made Cyd Charisse call for a bath chair!

The stewardess swayed down the passageway, telling us to put on our safety belts. The engines roared into life, and in a moment or two we taxied along a lighted pathway to the end of the runway. A long line of lights stretched towards the horizon. I was leaning over the old woman, so I know.

The pilot revved up as hard as he could, then cut the brakes. The take-off was smooth. We banked round slowly, and the lights of Seattle below gradually grew smaller. I thought about my glorious week in Seattle, and blinked my eyes a couple of times as the many kindnesses I had been shown flashed through my mind. Fandom had made all this possible, and I was so imbued with the fannish spirit it would have taken very little to make me leap to my feet, raise a fist to the Heavens and shout 'I am a fan!' I don't think Miss Wong would have understood, though.

We were told we could unfasten our safety belts. The woman next to me couldn't unfasten hers. She looked at me appealingly, and I clipped it open for her. If only that had been Miss Wong, I thought, and her belt wouldn't open, and she'd b en sitting next to me. I sneaked another look at her. She was looking at herself in a mirror in a small powder compact. For an instant a brown eye focussed on me. My adam's apple hit the top of my head. I didn't look at her for more than fifteen minutes, though, I didn't want the rest of the passengers to think I was a sex maniac!

I was brought back from my dream by the pop of a cork which could only have come from a bottle of champagne. The dream wasn't much, really. Miss Wong had brought a bowl of fruit up to my room at the hotel in Fifth Avenue, and said there was no rush to go to Coney Island. And then came the 'pop', as I said, and a bottle of champagne brushed my cheek. I looked upwards, and the stewardess, the beautiful one, asked me if I wanted a glass. I pushed my cracked tongue out, and she smiled and poured the bubbling liquid into a wide-brimmed glass. The old lady next to me had one too. I put the glass to my lips, and allowed the slightest trickle to run down the grooves on my tongue. It was deeeelicious. I felt good. I FELT GREAT. A warm thrill came over me, and it wasn't only caused by the sight of Miss Wong standing up and searching for something in a bag on the rack above her head. I got to my feet to assist her, when, for the first time, I saw the passenger who was sitting next to her. He couldn't have been more than seven feet tall, most probably the stand-in for Clint Walker. His fingers reminded me of a bunch of bananas.

I took another swig of the champagne, and decided that common courtesy dictated that I have a chat with the old woman. Frankly, the real reason was because I wanted to look out of the window at the moonlight playing on the clouds below, and it seemed rather rude to lean right across her without any excuse whatsoever.

I said the champagne was nice and she said 'Ja'. She told me all about herself in a fantastic mixture of German, English and Canadian. She said she and her husband and seven children had emigrated to Canada in 1950, and she was flying back to Hamburg to see

her mother. She explained that she had worked as a cleaner in a hospital for five years to earn the money for the return air ticket. She said that she hadn't told her mother she was coming and she had a headache and could I get her an aspirin?

Another cork popped and I swung my glass up into the active service position and soon the amber liquid swirled round inside. I asked the stewardess for an aspirin for the old lady, which was duly delivered.

So O. K. I had a third and a fourth glass of champagne. It didn't go to my head, but it didn't make me feel depressed, either. I lay back on my seat and half closed my eyes. I was warm and happy, and if the pilot had come in and asked if anyone had seen the two port engines drop off I would have laughed until I cried. It's nice feeling that way sometimes. I don't want to boast, but the way I felt then I would have given Errol Flynn two hours' start.

Those Allison turbo-props, they made very little noise, and in any case, as is usual with continuous noise, even if it is loud, it is soon accepted by the subconscious, and becomes unnoticeable.....

AND THEN MISS WONG BEGAN TO WRIGGLE ABOUT.

I soon spotted what was going on. She was preparing for slumber.

Look. I don't want this chapter to pass the 50,000 word mark, and it could quite easily happen if I went into detail about Miss Wong's activities. I'm publishing a separate privately-printed addition with the full facts, so if you're interested, drop me a plain sealed envelope. Suffice to say that never in all my life did I see a pair of nylons taken off with such poise, such grace, such dignity and such utter charm. She put a fur coat over her waist, but she may as well have used the cellophane wrapper off her nylons..... and then she took her high-heeled shoes off and put on a pair of slippers. They probably came from the 'Kismet' props. She wriggled about for another ten minutes trying to loosen her unmentionables, and then sat back, satisfied. I wasn't, but with another hundred passengers in close proximity you've got to show a little finesse, so I sat down again.

The old lady next to me lay back and snored, and then the lights in the cabin went out, leaving one or two cunningly concealed 20 watt bulbs switched on. The chatter in the cabin died down, and was replaced with more snores and nervous giggles and elastic snaps and the toilet door slamming two or three times a minute.

So I settled down. I had a little trouble with my seat. I maintain they should print a set of instructions on the back of the seat in front of you. On the front of the armrest is a knob which, if correctly titillated, gently moves the back of your seat backwards to an angle which the designers wrongly presume to be the most comfortable for trying to get some sleep. From previous experience I knew that if I didn't press the knob hard enough, nothing would happen, and if I pressed too hard the passenger behind me would look like a butterfly in a showcase in a museum. I drummed my fingers, and then pressed.

The passenger behind me wasn't asleep anyway, and he wasn't so annoyed after we'd extricated his feet and given him a buckshee glass of champagne!

I closed my eyes and settled back. Miss Wong and I were walking hand in hand along a white sandy beach with the surf murmuring in our ears. "You know, John," she said, looking at me with those almond eyes, "the relief ship doesn't come for three years....."

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"Pliz. An aspirin."

"Help me up, Miss Wong," I said. "Once I get a breath of that sea-breeze I shall be all right!"

"Pliz..pliz..an aspirin."

"Thanks," I said, digging my heels in the sand. "Maybe a coconut would help me a mite."

"Pliz...pliz..I want an aspirin."

I shook my head and opened my eyes.

The old woman next to me was looking at me appealingly. Her face was green.

A grey light was sneaking in through the windows, and people were stirring. The toilet door started to slam again.

"Oh, surely," I said. I staggered to my feet and walked down the passageway to the

stewardess, who looked as jaded as Jesse Owens with his feet in the starting blocks.

I told her the old lady required attention, and I queued up outside the toilet.....

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Half an hour later, everyone looked clean and fresh. Miss Wong was putting her make-up on, and when I saw her looking at me (or my moustache) in the mirror I gave her a superior smile, as much as to say 'We know'. For a fleeting instant she smiled back, or, at least, her eyes did, and I wondered if there was such a thing as mutual telepathic dreams, but she looked so sweet and innocent that I knew she'd probably been dreaming of chop suey!

The stewardess came round with breakfast.

Well, I suppose it was called breakfast because it was early in the morning. Frankly, it was the sort of meal I'd have expected if I'd been invited for dinner at Buckingham Palace.

The stewardess pulled out a cute table from the back of Miss Wong's seat, and set a tray on it. That tray had everything on it except the chef's date of birth. The cutlery looked as though it came from the Silver Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Each item, the knife, the fork and the two spoons, were individually wrapped in cellophane. I swear the cornflakes were stamped 9 carat gold. The rest of the meal made a mockery of the tourist category by which I was supposed to be travelling. The stewardess did everything except wipe my lips with the napkin. I only had five cups of coffee in a delicate cup which had obviously first seen the light of day in Dresden. A packet of cigarettes was on the tray too, and I stuffed them in my pocket. I looked meaningfully at the old lady's cigarettes, but she smiled inscrutably and whipped 'em into her handbag which could have held a stone of potatoes. Poor old lady. She said she had a headache, and I tried to sooth her. I told her we only had about another five hundred miles to travel. I wanted so much to press my nose against the window and look at America spread out before me. I did just that. "Hope you don't mind, Madam," I said, and leaned across her and gazed in awe below me.

I guess we were about 15,000 feet high. There wasn't a cloud in sight, and the sun, an early morning sun, yet rarin' to go, added just about the right amount of shadow below to make the houses and trees stand out. Sometimes all I could see were brown fields or plains, with mebbe a deep gorge running diagonally across. Then one house, then two, then a few, then more, and soon a large-sized town would drift by underneath. It was superb. Soon, I got a crick in my neck because of the unique angle my head was being supported, and I had to resume my seat and look at Miss Wong's legs, languidly stretched out before her. I wondered how the giant next to her had managed. I wondered even more how I would have managed if I'd been sitting next to her all night.....

A voice came over the intercom, saying that we would land in half an hour.

I looked out of the window, and we passed from land to water, and gradually sank lower, until the white crests to the waves were just below us. I forced my eyes into a position they'd never been in before and saw land ahead, with a wide runway greeting the Jet-Electra.....and then we were over land, and there was the slightest bump as we hit the runway.....and we taxied to the large modernistic aerodrome buildings of Idlewilde International Airport. We grabbed our belongings and shuffled out of the Jet-Electra. The stewardess who had looked after us was standing near the exit door, and I gave her a big smile and a wink that nearly screwed my left eyeball out.

I followed the line of passengers to the building. A few yards away, I turned, set the correct distance and focus on my camera and took a snap of the 'plane....my 'plane. I have the picture in front of me now, and looking at it brings the whole trip back to me again. This sleek aeroplane had flown three thousand miles, from the west coast of America to the east, and it had seemed such a short trip. I remember we arrived at Idlewilde at 11:30 am on Thursday morning, the 17th of September 1959. I confess I don't know how long the flight took, because of the (to me) complicated time changes which come into effect as America is crossed. All I do know is that if there is a smoother flight, it's got to be as smooth as a baby's bottom.....

We were told to go to a certain part of the building where our luggage would arrive. The small trailers shunted into a roped-off area, and our cases were pulled off by coloured chaps in uniform and dumped into the middle of the arena. The technique was to shout

'there's mine', and a porter would stagger over to you with it, and you'd drop a quarter into his quivering palm, and his nostrils would twitch and he'd dive back to the piles of suitcases again.

I found I was standing next to Don Brodie, the young man who had approached me at Seattle Airport (at Gonser's instigation) as an old friend. Remember?

We chatted quite amicably, and parted. I wanted to telephone Pat Ellington. Her telephone number wasn't in the directory, and somewhere I'd taken a note of it. I sat myself in the 'phone booth (yeah, folks, in American 'phone boxes they have the snazziest little seats) and sorted through various papers until I found it.

I dropped a ten cent piece into the aperture and got my number.

I recognised Pat's voice.

"It's me," I said.

"Come over," she told me. "Forry Ackerman is here."

"As soon as I can," I told her.

I grabbed my luggage and hobbled all over the building. By a miracle I came across Don Brodie again, and he asked me if I was taking a 'bus to New York. I said did he advise it, and he told me it was cheap, only \$1.35, so I tagged along behind him to a small queue of travellers who had the same brilliant idea.

I stuffed my luggage in a recess at the back of a streamlined silver 'bus, and climbed inside and sat next to Brodie.

The journey took half an hour or so. By some miracle I had managed to get a seat next to the window, even if it was only an omnibus, and I closely observed all the features of the drive into New York. The weather, as it had been throughout my tour, was superb. Just the sun, no clouds attempting to obscure it.

It was a truly memorable moment when I saw that famous Manhattan skyline suddenly appear in the distance. Those magnificent multi-storeyed skyscrapers pointing upwards. I realised the true genius of the word 'sky-scraper'. No other word could possibly be so descriptive. There was something inspiring about that skyline. It seemed to embody the whole soul of the American people in some mysteriously symbolic way. I just sat and watched in awe as it came nearer....it was so egoboosting to look at the top of the Empire State Building and to know that I had been to the top of it and had had New York at my feet.

Soon, we were in Manhattan. The bus drove to the air terminal and we got out and claimed our luggage. I said 'cheerio' to Don Brodie, congratulated him on his part in the hoax of the previous night (was Seattle really 3,000 miles away) and wished him well.

I walked into the building, and saw it was a huge, clean collection of offices which catered for a considerable number of international airlines. I followed my nose to the British Overseas Airways Corporation site. I went up to the desk and asked if I was down for Flight 538 at 7:30 pm that same night?

The man grinned and looked down a list and made a 'phone call and said, in an English accent that sounded so out of place, yes, I was on it. He asked me did I want to book in for the flight there and then? I pondered, and then said no, I would book in at Idlewilde that night. (I don't want to leap ahead in my story. It always annoys me when I'm reading a book, and some incident happens, and the writer says, in grim foreboding, something to the effect that 'if only I could have known what far-reaching consequences that decision was to have'. But I must say here and now that I made the wrong decision, and only by a miracle did I....but I knew I shouldn't have leapt ahead in my narrative. I won't say any more, I'll just try and let you share the excitement with me, later on.)

I gripped my luggage and followed a pointer which lead me to a taxi rank. Back in the British Isles I have always been dubious about getting taxis. I always feel the driver puts the price meter onto the fast revs when I'm in a taxi, and invariably takes the longest and slowest routes, and makes ostentatious stops at traffic lights. But I had the greatest confidence in New York taxi drivers. They were cheap, and they made their one burning ambition the attempt to get their passenger from A to B in the shortest possible time. No matter if the passenger was a nervous wreck when the destination hove to, they couldn't have got there any quicker unless they'd used a matter transmitter!

I passed through a swing door, and found myself outside the building. A queue of

people were waiting for taxis. The vehicles came from the right, stopped to pick up passengers, and drove away to the left.

I don't know whether or not this has become apparent in my narrative, but I am a sort of polite guy when it comes to queueing up for anything. I take my place and wait in an orderly and sober fashion for my turn to come. I'm not really patient, but I'm prepared to wait, and my blood boils when I see ignorant people forging to the front. I've kicked a couple of ankles in my time, in the heat of the moment.

So, at this taxi rank in the heart of Manhattan, with my moustache at a flamboyant angle, and feeling pretty fine, I stood at the end of the queue and waited for my taxi.

I'd stood there for fifteen minutes when it occurred to me that, somewhere, there was a serious flaw in my technique. I'd seen literally dozens of people come through the swing doors after me, and get into taxis, AND I WAS STILL AT THE END OF THE QUEUE!

Hmmmmmmmm, I thought.

I watched closely. A little man about four feet tall with a blonde about six feet tall holding his arm burst through the swing doors. Now this man was a mild clean-living type, it was obvious for all to see. He wore glasses, was bald on top, and if I was any judge, was a professional bird watcher, and probably had a snazzy stamp collection back home. An inoffensive man, not given to violence.

And then the metamorphosis took place.

His face became a mask of pure hatred as he surveyed the people fighting for taxis. Holding the blonde in front of him as a sort of battering ram (and take my word for it, she had the equipment) he ploughed his way through the ranks and burst into a taxi which had just screeched to a halt. The taxi driver, with a wife and ten kids at home, whizzed away whilst the little man was still on the running board.

AND I'D BEEN THERE TWENTY MINUTES.

No one can say that I am not a learner.

I was anxious to get to the Ellingtons, and had the added incentive of meeting the fabulous Forry Ackerman, whose name glowed in my mind in neon lights. I'd seen him at the Convention at Detroit, of course, but he'd always been with a bevy of BNFism, and I'd only had a very brief word with him.

So.

Another taxi, the driver's face ashen with terror, whipped from the right and screeched to a halt. I don't want you to think I'm exaggerating, but there must have been twenty people of all shapes and sizes trying to get into that taxi. I stood there, my feet wide apart. I waved my luggage round and round, like a hammer thrower, and when I'd built up enough G's, I let myself go.

I sat in the back of the taxi, braced my arms against the seat, and forced a couple of persistent tryers out.

I shouted the Ellingtons' address, picked myself up from under my luggage, combed my hair and re-set my elbow and once more pressed my nose against the window to see as much of New York as I could.

The driver chatted amicably. What great ambassadors for America those taxi drivers are.

In a very short time he dropped me outside Ellington's residence. I asked him how much, and he said something fantastically small, \$1.25 or thereabouts. I gave him \$2 and told him to keep the change. I'm not usually that generous, but a chap who could take corners at sixty and get through gaps in traffic that a mouse couldn't, well, I think he had something extra special that was worthy of even a slight consideration.

The street where the Ellingtons lived.

It was wide, with masses of cars parked on either side of the road. The entrance to the apartments was made up of some stone steps with metal railings on either side. I went up these, opened a door, and found myself in a narrow corridor. I'd been there a couple of times before, and I knew the Ellingtons lived upstairs, although I wasn't exactly sure where. I staggered up several flights, took a chance, and rapped a door.

Pat Ellington answered, and ushered me inside. I tripped over a couple of cats, patted the little girl's head, dumped my luggage and camera, and went on into the far room, where a man was industriously hammering away at a typer.

He turned round, I recognized Forry, we shook hands.

This Ackerman confirmed my opinion of American BNFism. The higher you go up the scale, the nicer the fans concerned are. At Detroit, for instance, I'd chatted with Willy Ley, Isaac Asimov, Bob Bloch, Damon Knight, James Blish, Sam Moskowitz, etc., and all of them were kind and considerate, with not the slightest suggestion of superiority. As I said before, I'd only just about nodded to Forry at the Detention, but now I was able to get talking with him, and found what a really outstanding fellow he is.

Even when I joined fandom back in '54, Forry Ackerman was a name always cropping up, and for some unknown reason I had come to expect him to be on his last legs, a sort of refugee from monkey-gland treatment. I've pointed out previously that most fans fitted perfectly into the mental pictures I'd painted of them. I'd been way off with Wrai Ballard, and even more off target with Forry.

He was tall, broad, and handsome.

At the Detention I had seen a film made by the Los Angeles fans (a most excellent technicolour work) and Forry had one of the starring parts, but he'd worn spectacles and seemed at least middle aged.

But this strapping gentleman at the Ellingtons' was an entirely different personality. The spectacles were missing, and I saw a face which was like a cross section between David Niven, Cary Grant and Rock Hudson, with the finer points of each.

And there was a certain warmth about him, you felt he was really concerned about your welfare, and that the things he said were not just conventional expressions, but that he meant them.

We talked together for a considerable time.

Pat was in the kitchen, preparing lunch, but popped in from time to time.

She told me she had done my shopping. (At Detroit I'd given her some money to get an underskirt for me to take home to Diane, my wife, and an Indian costume for my daughter Kathleen.)

She said the underskirt would take up some room, and I was puzzled and she brought it in to show me.

Of course, I'm not an authority on women's underwear, but I could see this underskirt was something special. It was cherry red, and had ten layers of stiff nylon underneath. Pat brought in an empty cardboard carton, and she bundled up the underskirt as small as she could manage, but it filled the carton, a big carton, too. I tied some strong cord round it...it looked as though there was a bell tent inside.

Pat explained that she hadn't been able to get the Indian costume, but that Noreen Shaw was making a special effort to get it, and would arrive later. Pat said she had a couple of other things for me. I was mystified, and she opened a cupboard and gave me a parcel wrapped in brown paper, and an express delivery letter.

With trembling fingers I opened the parcel. Inside was a doll, a cute one with freckled face and ginger hair, a sort of miniature BJO. A little box was underneath, and this contained a pair of earrings, sort of about an inch square, made of copper or bronze with a flower painted on. There was no note inside, so I opened the letter. There was a dollar inside this, and a letter from Mabel Young and Teddy Bear Sims.....explaining that the presents were for my wife and family, the cash was for my son Colin.

I was very touched with this extreme kindness. After all, they'd both gone out of their way in Detroit, when up to their ears in Convention business, to take me across to Canada, and now they were multiplying their generosity. I felt somehow inadequate.....

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Pat Ellington gave us a meal, and shortly afterwards Ted White arrived.

Very kindly, he offered to drive me to Idlewilde in his car. He asked me what time I had to be there, and I said it was stipulated that I had to sign in one hour before take-off time, which in this case was seven thirty. It was almost three o'clock, and Pat said that Noreen wouldn't arrive with Kathleen's present until about half five to a quarter to six; they hadn't realised I had to be at the terminal one hour before take-off.

I asked Pat if I could use her telephone, and I rang through to the B.O.A.C. office at Idlewilde. The clerk was most explicit. If I wanted to be sure of getting on that 'plane, I had to be there at six thirty. Ted said as long as Noreen wasn't too late he would get me there on time.

would get me there on time.

Ted, Forry and I had a long and interesting conversation. I was a big vague about dianetics and scientology. I knew from reading SAPS that Buz Busby and Burnett Toskey didn't see eye to eye at all over the merits, and I also knew that Jack Harness (the Devil at Detroit) dabbled in it, and the name Ron Hubbard sort of figured in it, too!

Forry gave me a fascinating account of Ron Hubbard's rise to fame, and he and Ted filled in lots of details about the practical application of it. I was so interested, and we were all having a most instructive time when Leslie Gerber walked in, holding a black case in his left hand.

Les wore a shortie sort of coat with a fur collar, and he bore on his face the impish Gerber grin. He came straight over to me, handed me the black case, and told me it was my typewriter.

Just like that.

No affectation, or boasting, or egoboo-asserting, just a simple ceremony.

I sat back, and I looked at this boy. Was a youngfan ever more unselfish? Some months earlier, noting that all my stories and articles were written longhand, after the unfortunate demise of the Shaw-Berry Typer (of which many thousands of words have been written) Les had the idea of collecting some cash and buying me a typewriter and presenting it to me at the Detention. He had (so I was told by Ted White and others) sent out a printed proforma, giving his scheme, and asking for subscriptions. But also, much more cleverly, he sent my wife, Diane, an airmail letter asking if I had a typewriter, and did I have any immediate prospects of getting one? This information had come out at the convention, and so help me, I was in complete ignorance of the scheme. Diane had told me nothing. I would give a great deal to know what her reply was. From subsequent events, it was obviously the right reply, thank goodness.

Les had collected this cash, some \$23 from CRY letterhacks, and then found he could not go to the convention. He had arranged with George Nims Raybin to present me with a token of the typewriter, and to tell me, in front of the whole assembly, that I would get the typer when I was back in New York. George had obtained some more \$\$\$ as the result of an appeal at the convention, and with this extra money, Les had purchased my typer.

And in the front room of the Ellington residence, in front of Forry Ackerman, Pat Ellington and Ted White, he duly presented it to me.

What does one do on such occasions? Remember this was a boy....not an experienced fan, buy a boy certainly not past his middle teens. By himself he had thought of presenting me with a typer. He had carried the operation through despite various setbacks, such as not being able to go to the Detention, and finally, on my very last day in America, he handed it to me.

I looked at Les for a few seconds, and I recall I looked at the rest of them and shook my head slowly, in complete awe.

For my journey through fandom since 1954 had been one long conflict with typers.

Bob Shaw's typer, a later nineteenth century model, had lasted me for some 200 stories, but gradually, things went wrong with it, and the wrong things just went on accumulating. Although possibly many fans don't believe all I have written about the Shaw-Berry Typer, the fact remains that for over a year the only way I could get the platen to move was by hanging a suitable weight (two full tins of Heinz Baked Beans) over the edge of the table, attached to a length of wire which was attached to the platen. It worked perfectly, but other things were going wrong, too. Keys were pushed down and wouldn't come up again.... one day a mouse popped out of it....my son abstracted small metal components for a tank he was making, and for one period of three weeks it had been used to keep the front garden gate closed when the hinge broke.

A near relative, hearing of my plight, smugly came round one day with another rusted typer he had found in the attic. It hadn't been used since 1924, he observed, but if it was oiled and cleaned it might work, and at least I could say I had a typer even if it didn't work!

Of course, there is no need to tell you it didn't work, but I never did write about it in case fans thought I was flogging the rusted typer gimmick to death. It happened, though...

I had to cut all the stencils for my fanzines at my office at lunch time, to the

detriment of my digestion, and it is quite possible that it was as a direct result of doing this and being in a stuffy office all day without fresh air that I succumbed to that illness in May, which necessitated cutting ten days or so off my American Tour.

I've gone into detail about my experiences just to show you how positively thrilled I was at last to own a typer that looked like a typer, but not only that, worked like a typer!!!

I opened the shiny black case, and there, before me, was the nicest typer you ever did see.

It's open before me this minute, and, except for the two chapters I typed at Seattle, the rest of my story has been executed on it.

I've used it every night for months (today is the 29th of February 1960) and it has performed flawlessly. It is silent, cuts a pretty good stencil, and I cannot possibly understand how I managed all those years with baked beans, and, eventually, ball point pens.

Looking back, I sometimes think my thanks were inadequate. I was overawed by the occasion. It wasn't just the gift of the typer (although of course this was stupendous in itself) but the thought behind it in the mind of a young fan who had a passion for zaps and who seemed to rub certain people the wrong way.

Les rates high with me, anyway!

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It was a quarter to five, and I suggested to the others that I would like a final walk round the locality.....I had a few exposures left in my camera, and I'd like to get a couple of typical New York views.

Forry said he was going to a science fiction bookshop round the corner, and Ted, Les and I arranged to see him there at about five fifteen.

The three of us walked around for a mite. It was exceptionally hot, and we nipped into a drug store for a drink. I purchased half a dozen packets of various brands of cigarettes, and we walked back to this science fiction bookshop. My head was going round and round like a radar scanner as I drank in the local scenery. We stopped on the sidewalk and took a few photographs, and thence into the bookshop.

It was a fan's dream. I do wish I could remember the name of the man in charge. I took a careful note of his name for my memoirs....I'd never heard of the name before and the others looked askance when I admitted this. Forry was inside, and he smiled as we entered. Forry asked Ted to take a snap with his camera, and we stood shoulder to shoulder, Forry and I, and beamed at the lens.

I walked round the bookshelves, and bought a couple of paperbacks, one of which was Arthur C. Clarke's "The Deep Range", which, I am forced to confess, I threw aside in dismay after page 43. It helps fill up my bookcase, though.

We returned to Pat's apartment. The time was almost five thirty, and my heart started to point.

Noreen hadn't arrived. Les seemed ill at ease, as every minute that passed meant Noreen was closer. I've mention the Noreen-Gerber Incident in Chapter 3. It was none of my business, and I didn't want anything to occur which would spoil my last hour in America.

At five thirty-five Les said he would have to go. I walked down the stairs with him, and as I opened the front door, Noreen walked in with the parcel under her arm. They passed without a word, although my stomach was somewhere around my ankles.

I told Noreen I'd see her in a couple of minutes upstairs, and I shook hands with Les Gerber outside. I thanked him again for the typer, and said I hoped I'd see him again. I mentioned a possible GERBER FOR TAFF in 1966.....I meant it, too!

I stood on the top of the steps and watched Les walk away, and I returned to the Ellington apartment. Noreen gave me the Indian costume, and I packed it away. We hung on for a couple of moments in the hope that Dick Ellington would return. I wanted very much to say goodbye to Dick, as I liked him very much. His sense of humour was, I liked to think, akin to my own, and when he told a funny story or incident, he acted it, as I am prone to do. But he didn't come, and it was quarter to six, and I had to be at Idlewilde in three quarters of an hour, and then someone said that it took longer than that ordinarily, but at this time of night there would be the exceptionally heavy traffic caused by workers returning home.

"We'll have to go now," said Pat. Noreen kissed me on the cheek, and I made some sort of merry quip. Noreen said she would look after the baby, and Pat, Forry, Ted and I rushed downstairs, outside and down the street to Ted's car.

It was after ten to six, and Ted's car was parked on the far side of the road, and was completely hemmed in by other vehicles. A car was in front, and behind, with only a few inches between bumper and bumper, but worst of all, a big lorry was parked alongside Ted's car.

We were stuck, enmeshed without the slightest chance of getting away. Clue: the lorry was full of lemonade crates, and there was a drug store across the road. Ted White was furious. His breathing got heavier and heavier, and I didn't dare mention to him that it was six o'clock.

Ted blew his horn continuously, but nothing happened.

He got out of his car, and slammed the door behind him. He stood there, on the roadway, oblivious to cars rushing past him. Like a scene from the climax of "High Noon", Ted walked slowly across the road into the drug store. He came out in a moment, went next door and hammered on the door like mad.

A man in a white shirt came to the door, and Ted pointed to his car. His hands were raised to the skies. I fully expected a flash of lightning to illuminate the scene.

Ted came back and sat in the driver's seat. Oh so casually, the lorry driver strolled across to his lorry. He yawned, scratched himself under the armpits, and yawned again. Leisurely, he dropped into the driving seat of his vehicle and pretended to look for his gear lever. He gave us a sardonic grin.

Ted's neck turned beetroot red. He hurled threats and abuse at the other driver, and prepared to get out of his car again.

The other driver revved up, and slowly moved forward and parked a short distance ahead.

Ted whipped his car into gear, and shot away with the green light.....

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Teddrove fairly slowly at first, and he discussed with Pat which would be the best route to avoid the heavy traffic congestion, although it seemed from what I heard them say that whatever way they went it was going to be rough. I looked up at a passing clock, and said with a wince I was barely able to suppress that it was after six pm.

Believe me, traffic in New York at a peak hour has to be seen to be believed. It isn't so much the volume of traffic, although this is probably denser than anywhere else in the world. No, the thing that will always remain with me is the speed with which the vehicles travelled. Cars and buses and vans and lorries, bumper to bumper, whizzed along at about 40 m.p.h. And remember that Ted White had to travel some ten miles as the crow flies, and probably nearer thirteen or fourteen miles by road. There was an agonizing hold up whilst we cross^{ed} the East River. There was a bottleneck and it was just a matter of waiting our turn before we could get through.

I've praised in glowing terms in an earlier chapter the expert driving of Dick Eney, Wally Weber, Wally Gonser and Burnett Toskey. But regarding Ted White's driving you've got to remember that he was driving to as tight a deadline as possibly any fan has ever had to try to meet. He had to go at top speed the whole time, much faster than was safe or careful, and yet, at the same time he had to make sure that he didn't make even the slightest miscalculation. If, say he only touched another car, it would mean we would have to stop and argue and exchange names and addresses or send for a policeman, and I would never have caught my aeroplane.

The vast mass of cars never seemed to abate. Even when we were some miles from Manhattan (and it was a quarter past six) the roads were clogged with a continuous snake of traffic. On several occasions we had to stop for a red light, and Ted was a coiled spring of concentration in the driver's seat.

All the time it was decision, decision.....

Ted would roar on one lane, and he'd see that to his left there were fewer cars. He'd swing to the left, and then suddenly come to an obstruction, and have to wait, or move slowly, whilst, on the lane he'd just vacated, the vehicles were just a blur of movement as they swished past. So Ted had to sneak into the fastest moving lane, and he did

so when there was only just a car's length of space to fit into, and I swear that on a number of occasions there was considerably less.

Forry didn't seem to be affected by the drama taking place. I know this was his temperament, not being disturbed when everyone else was in a dither. I spat out a mouthful of fingernail every few seconds, and frequently felt to see if my stomach was in the right traffic lane. Pat sat hunched forward, seeming to will the car to go faster. Once, I recall, she looked back the way we had come.

She pointed to Manhattan.

"Look, John," was all she said.

It was that fabulous skyline....the Empire State and the rest of the big skyscrapers, illuminated by the strong sunlight, making an utterly unforgettable picture.

I looked at it for many seconds....and it seemed to me that it was only right and proper that the Manhattan Skyline, in all its glory, should be almost the last thing I should see of America. After all, to many people, it was America.

Pat looked at her watch and said it was twenty-four minutes past six, and I didn't know where we were, but I couldn't see an aeroplane, and I knew we had a hell of a way to go.

Then suddenly, we were on a wide white road, and although I still couldn't see an aeroplane, I knew we were on one of the approach roads to Idlewild....and then we passed a huge sign confessing that we were in fact entering the precincts of the airport.

More decisions.....every few hundred yards we saw huge buildings with the names of international airlines painted on them. We saw one with British Overseas Airways Corporation on it, but we knew it couldn't be the one because there wasn't any aircraft outside it...and then we came to a fork in the wide road, and Ted went straight for the apex of the bend, and I don't know what sort of Divine Intervention came into play, but he swerved to the right, and then we saw another large building, with glass walls to it, and it had British Overseas Airways Corporation on it. It was twenty-nine minutes past six.

Ted screeched to a halt in the parking lot....some hundred yards from the entrance to the building. We all grabbed an item of luggage and ran like hell.

Now I know that over the years I've built up a reputation in fandom for exaggerating. Frankly, it's a special technique I have, which has seem to have developed by itself, of stressing situations so that the full impact of what I am writing about is made obvious to the reader. But I want to explain here and now that this Ted White Driving Episode is completely devoid of exaggeration. Everything happened just as I have written it. I know....because every second of that mad drive is printed firmly on some recess of my mind, and on a CINERAMA STEREOPHONIC film, too.

And the climax, though perfectly true, is even more unbelievable.

We four sweaty, panting fans collapsed in a huddle in front of the clerk's desk at the B.O.A.C., and I looked at the clock, and the red second hand just flicked past XII as the minute hand reached the VI. In other words, to those of you who haven't grasped the significance of what Ted White had don....we reached the B.O.A.C. office at one second to six-thirty.

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The girl at the desk smiled. I said I was Berry, and she looked down a list, and asked me for my passport and ticket. I handed 'em over, she asked for my luggage, and she tied tags to it, dropped them on a conveyor belt, and away they went.

"The 'plane will take off exactly on time," she said, "and if you care to go upstairs to the Coffee Lounge, you will be told when to report to the aircraft."

I thanked her, and looked at three fannish tongues stretched out at the word 'coffee', so we went upstairs.

WE WERE THE ONLY ONES THERE.

In fact, it wasn't until after seven pm that any other passengers showed up, and I am forced to conclude, without actually seeking for evidence, that it wouldn't have mattered what time I'd arrived at the B.O.A.C. office. Of course, experienced air travellers, as long as they strolled up about fifteen minutes before take-off time, would probably have been OK. But I wasn't experienced. I didn't want to miss that 'plane. Sure, I wouldn't have objected to stopping in New York for a few more days, but goodness knows what seat

would have been available if I had missed it. I would probably have been in New York for weeks.

I kept silent about my fears, though.

I admire Ted White for his frank and open manner, and I sensed that if I'd said, "There was no need to have hurried, Ted, there would have been plenty of time," he would have let loose with a verbal salvo that would probably have melted the glass partitions.

Forry and Pat and Ted were probably thinking that the rush had been unnecessary, but after all, I had telephoned and been told that it was imperative to be there at six-thirty.

And the fact that I actually was there at the appointed time is testimonial, if such were needed, that the American fannish car driver is a super-human being. I'm prepared to swear that in affidavit form.

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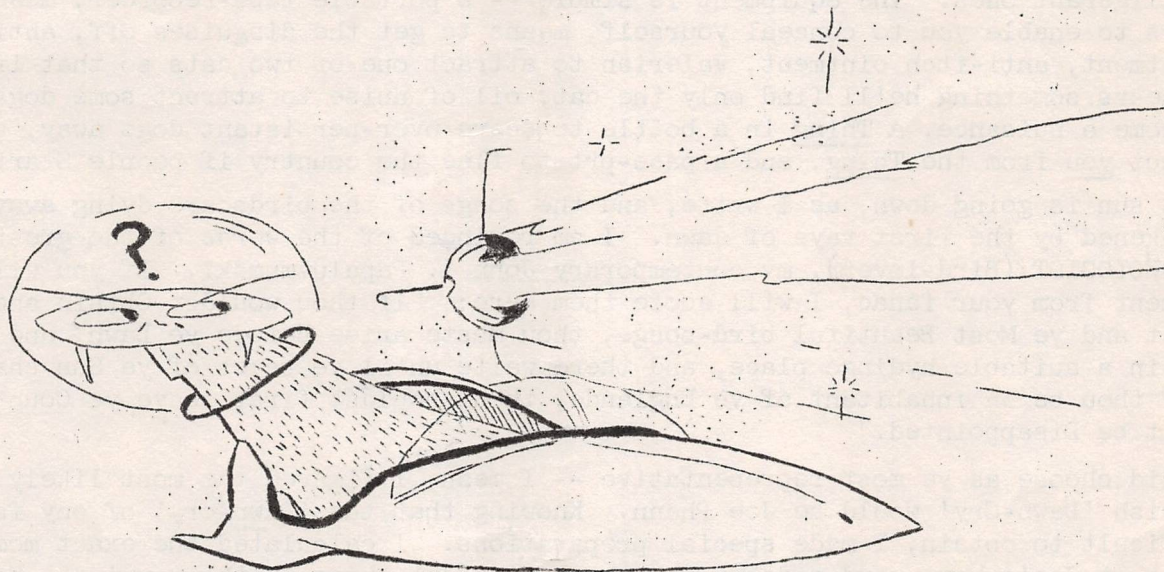
We chatted away, and for my part, the conversation got rather strained as the minutes ticked away. We had coffee and biscuits, and then, at twenty-five past seven a voice asked all travellers for Flight 936 to Prestwick to board the aircraft.

That was me!!

I clasped hands firmly with Forry, Pat and Ted. I thanked Ted for his miraculous drive, I thanked Pat for all she'd done for me, I said cheerio to Forry.

I walked outside, and saw the Douglas D.C. 70, in B.O.A.C. colours, being fueled up. I waved back to the watching fans, and I boarded the aeroplane.....

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ATOM

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FAANITHOLOGIST

by George Locke

As I sit in my wheel-chair by the big French Windows, surrounded by my grandchildren, laughing neo-fans all, I keep remembering those happy days when I was beginning to find my love for nature and all her creatures. They were days glorious -- and there were days of tragedy, for nature is full of tragedy. But even the tragic days hold themselves in my memory with the same tenderness as those others. Memory... All that is left are my memories, and before I pass away to join my many friends, I would like to record a few of these. I am tempted to ramble aimlessly, to tell, for instance, of the time I befriended the Alsatian next door, and tried to improve my communication with non-humans. Of when I instructed the dog in the details of the old human custom of 'blood-brotherhood' -- as derived from the TV -- and allowed him to practice on the fan with whom I was then feuding.

But no. My time is short, and I must concentrate on perhaps the most ego-boosting, the most soul-rewarding work of all -- Faanithology; and, in particular, to the recording of the various fan-cries.

Ah, me. I found the most beautiful things in all Ghod's earth. I found the Generic Cries, common to all fans, never varying. I found the Specific, common to all fans within a species, such as the raucous "Goshwowboyohboy" of the neo-fan, and the continuous death-rattle of the member of an APA. And then there were the Individual fan-cries, peculiar to a single fan, and the Gestalt cries, heard only from fans of a closely knit group of two or three, who appear to act as one.

What techniques did I use to obtain these recordings? There were many, and numberless were the times I made the gravest errors. My advice to you younger faanithologists is to remember that there are few rules, and that you cannot fail to succeed in the end if you realise that discreteness in every action is essential. Fans are very nervous creatures, and are quick to scuttle away into hiding, or to attack in the case of a few of the more belligerent ones. The equipment is simple -- a portable tape-recorder, means to apply disguises to enable you to conceal yourself, means to get the disguises off, anti-rheumatism ointment, anti-itch ointment, valerian to attract one or two cats so that if your quarry hears something he'll find only the cat, oil of anise to attract some dogs if the cats become a nuisance, a Thing in a bottle to scare over-persistent dogs away, some garlic to protect you from the Thing, and a pass-prt to flee the country if people Start Talking.

The sun is going down, as I write, and the songs of the birds are dying away, only to be reawakened by the first rays of dawn. I am reminded of the words of the greatest ~~YORN~~ITHOLOGIST (Bird-lover), my contemporary John L. Papaluvmumski. If you will spare me a moment from your fanac, I will quote them here: "If thou wouldst Obtain and Recorde ye Finest and ye Most Beautiful bird-songs, thou muste arise before ye Dawn, and secrete thyself in a suitable hydinge place, and there waite until ye rayes of ye Sun shall strike you. If thou be an inhabitant of ye Englande, thou shouldst first leave ye Countrey, as thou wilt be Disappointed."

I did choose as ye most representative -- I mean, I figured the most likely source of the fannish 'Dawn-Cry' would be Joe Phann. Knowing that the 'Dawn-cry' of any fan is rare and difficult to obtain, I made special preparations. I calculated the exact moment of day-break at Joe's home, and made my way there at about three in the morning. So as not to be seen by the nervous, shock-prone fan as he awoke in the grey coldness of the dawn, I covered myself with Gestetner mimeo ink, and, careful to leave no traces of my spoor on the window, eased it open gently. Quickly noting Joe's roosting position -- foetal, with his toe in his mouth -- I went over to the alarm clock beside his bed. It was set for 10.30 am -- probably because he had some strenuous fanac that morning. Strange are the ways of nature's creatures. I reset the alarm for 4.22 am (daybreak) and returned outside, to wait patiently. The tape-recorder was set ready to catch the first glad dawn-cry.

The skies were just beginning to grey when the alarm went off. I trembled, as I set the taper in motion. The first sound was similar to that of a cork being withdrawn from a bottle - strange are the associations of an old fan.. probably signifying the extraction of Joe's toe. Following a couple of asthmatic grunts - beautifully euphonious -

and a mighty slap, the alarm sailed through the window with considerable force. Such strength; I noted that fans were in possession of their full powers as soon as they awoke. Next came a long drawn-out howl, like an elephant's yawn, and then the first notes of its true song: "Cripes, it's still dark. Where's me watch?" Then a satisfied lilting "Ah!", completely different in timbre from the preceding - magnificent! I wish I could reproduce the sounds themselves... "Half past four? HALF PAST FOUR??!?"

I regret that cold print does not convey the culminating notes of this altogether delightful paean by the fan to the returning sun-ghod, but rest assured that listening to the dawn-cry of the fan is one of the unforgettable experiences of this world.

I had planned to record the "Postman Cry" later that same day, but realizing that the dawn-cry may leave the fan shaken and depleted, I waited a day, and at the proper moment hid myself behind a rosebush. Joe was of course asleep; I could just hear the postman's boots crunching the gravel a few doors away. Then came sounds of violent action and tremendous excitement from Joe's bedroom - along with a rapid chatter, very similar to that produced by recording Ella Parker at 33-1/3 and playing her back at 78: "Fanac's due"; pitter-patter of running feet. "...Shaggy, Cry - overdue.." Sudden thump, enormous bellow slowly dying away to a moan - so characteristic of the wounded fan: "That story for ~~Shaggy~~ Sick Elephant should have appeared by now.." I could hear him panting eagerly by the letterbox; as the postman opened the gate and walked slowly up the path, there came a little whimper of anticipated pleasure. The postman shoved a bundle of envelopes carefully into the slot. There was a scream of delight - piercing, yet sustained - as the bundle was snatched. Followed a happy little "bobble bobble bobble" series, which died away as Joe retired with his spoils.

I am playing some of my tapes to the children now, and their sensitive fannish faces have lighted with the beauty of this final Elation Song. Hulloo, one of them is asking a question. "What is it, Walter?"

"Suppose the postman had not come?"

Indeed. Suppose he had not come. When I returned home with the Elation Song, I knew that my collection would not be complete without the Disappointment Wail. A few weeks later, I made this recording, but I'm afraid I destroyed it. That was one of the tragedies I spoke about, and since I was the cause of the suicide by waylaying the postman and bribing him to give me Joe's mail, to have kept it would have been incriminating. The last, climactic "Aarrgh," as Joe's knife gashed his throat, was indelibly imprinted on my brain... Ah, the ways of nature are sometimes cruel beyond human belief.

As I sit here writing, with the faithful old ball-point which has served me well for nigh on half a century, two of my grand-children, Walter and Dean, have switched on one of my early recordings, one I remember as my only true failure. Yet, others who have heard it say it was one of my most spectacular successes. I can hear it playing now. I remember I was in the garden of 11 Buena Vista, hiding behind a low brick wall, and the Gestalt were all sitting in the shade of a big tree -- Jean, Andy, Larry Stark. Birds were singing--the perfect setting for the recording of the cries of the Young Gestalt. For a while, all three fans were silent. Then a cloud covered the sun, deep shadows spread across the garden. Andy lifted a lengthy brass telescope to his eye. "Wonderful conditions for viewing Mercury, now that the sky is darkened. Wonder if I'll be able to see any signs of the libration so long suspected at Cambridge?"

I waited for the noted astronomer to continue: "About sixty-seven million miles from us today. Almost at opposition...Hold it, it seems S Doradus is losing its brightness...I must work this out mathematically..." Came the scratching of a pencil, very difficult to distinguish from the bird-song and the rippling splash of water in the distance. Was this the sound peculiar to the Young Gestalt? Or, as I saw the mathematics becoming more intricate, was it the rhythm of the log?

I was beginning to feel hungry when Larry suggested lunch. "I've just found a smashing fancy expensive restaurant. How about us going there?"

"Yes, let's; I adore fancy expensive restaurants."

At last! The distinctive cry of the Youngs: "Fancy Expensive Restaurant." Three words of infinite beauty, endowed with the splendour of the macrocosm which so enthralled Andy... the very essence of the Ivory Birdbath.

Andy: "You can go to your damned fancy expensive restaurant if you want. Me, I'm

going to the Greasy Spoon round the corner."

My dream was shattered. Such conflict over a simple concept -- this couldn't be the Young Cry. The three, glaring at each other, got up and left the garden. Another cloud passed over the sun, simultaneously with a cloud over my saddened mind. But gradually I felt better, as the ever-present sounds of birds singing and splashing insinuated themselves into my soul. Even disappointment can be turned to pleasure...Hullo, the children are laughing. My grand-children, Walter and Dean.

One gasped: "Oh, it's so faanish. It's the gem of your collection."

But I shouldn't dwell so on my failures. It is a tendency for old people to become maudlin, and I know I must be careful...I remember once when I was careless. It nearly cost me my life. Remember Les Nirenberg? He was one of the most promising neo-fans of his day, and in view of a certain controversy raging around him at the time, I decided that if I recorded Les' own special cry, it would go a long way to solving the controversy. I crossed the border a few days after leaving the Youngs. It was growing dusk when, tape-recorder secreted about my person and feeling rather like Al Capone going to see the minister -- or the minister going to see Al Capone, I entered the coexistence candy store. A gentleman behind the bar looked at me. He smiled. Maybe he recognised me, I thought, and stepped forward, surreptitiously turning the taper on.

"Hi, Les," I said.

He looked at me. "Not another one of them?" he said, scowling. "First there was Franson, convinced I'm somebody else, then Gerber threatening to shoot me, and only a couple of days ago, somebody from some French-sounding place Stateside, in a real vile humour. He looked mean..."

I sighed, feeling as old as I do now. I thought, perhaps Les is another of the Toronto fans..."Does a guy with a flashy sports car ever come in here?"

The man's face blanched. "Then you know who he is...Look, don't let a word of this get out. You're the first one. If he found out..."

I heard the unmistakable throaty growl of a powerful sports car approaching. "There he is now," the man whimpered. There was a squeal of brakes outside; Raeburn shouldered his way in. I recognised him from the Detention. "Hello, Boyd," I said.

"Gimme a coke," he snarled at the man behind the counter. "Any others of those nosy Nirenberg hunters been about lately?"

Something must have given me away, for Raeburn turned and grabbed me by the lapels. "And what do you want with Les? Come on, out with it, before I ram derogations down your throat." I trembled. Violence comes strange to a faanithologist of gentle, retiring habits. He lifted his fist, drew it back... Just then came a shot, and a second, followed closely by the sound of air escaping from car tires. "My car," roared Raeburn, running out of the shop. I followed, to find Raeburn/Nirenberg kneeling beside his car, weeping over two flats. In the distance, an American car with Fond du Lac written on the number plates was disappearing round a corner. I departed discreetly from the scene, very pleased at having secured the typical sounds of both Les Nirenberg and Dean Grennell.

Ah, yes, those were the days. Days of memory, glorious and sad. I am getting tired again, the ball-point is trembling in my hand, I feel I can write little more today. It is getting dark; another night is coming, bringing me ever closer to that long night yet to come. I had intended to talk about one of the greatest triumphs, recording the typical cry of Inchmery, but there is no time today. Perhaps tomorrow, if tomorrow is not too late.

I spoke about the darkness to come, the great night. I do not think it will be dark where I am going...Hullo, I have been speaking aloud, and one of my grandchildren has heard me. He is saying: "D'you really believe there is an after life, grand-daddy?"

"I believe it sincerely, with all my heart."

"And -- will you be taking your tape-recorder with you?"

Ah, children and their sweet innocence and willingness to believe. "Yes, Walter."

"Are there many faans up there?"

I felt I had to lie to him a little, and said, "Yes, many." I laughed, softly, to myself. No, it wasn't a complete lie. There was one faan at least in those wonderful realms above the clouds. One faan -- and I hope I will be able to hear his cry, that I will be able to record the last, and one of the finest, of all faan cries: that of Willis - the Harp.

certainly be denied at this point, just stick around for a couple of months; then remember that you read it first in CRY, OK? I don't really think he'll sue me.

Couple of other items before leaving the Field for ~~other~~ other pastures: although the 1st US issue of New Worlds was on the stands concurrently with FU, and the makeup of the 2nd NW was probably firmed-up before it was decided to fold FU, we should be seeing Belle's "Annotations" in the nextish or so.

The fiction content of New Worlds will be worthwhile; the first issue was almost entirely "reprint" from my standpoint, since the stories were from UK issues I'd seen. #2, however, has gone ahead of the issues that appeared here, mostly. This US edition is a better deal for the average US reader than is the UK original, which suffered by printing stories I'd seen in their US appearance. Also, the serials in past New Worlds were apt to be the soft underbelly of the issue-- luckily, most of those have appeared as Ace paperbacks and won't be plaguing us. I recommend the US edition of New Worlds from just about every angle I can think of offhand.

Dep't of Psneering at Poor Ignorant Ol' John W Campbell: about three months ago I was discussing (under the Pemberton hat) Campbell's attitudes toward science, and trying to figure out howcome; I laid a lot of his gyrations to his being a sidetracked pure-research man himself, and pointed out that no one could be away from schools, labs, and the Thick of Things in general for lo these many years and still keep up. (So that, unable to maintain headway in the existing sciences, John stats his own.)

At that time, I knew that Campbell had attended MIT, and that he does not have a degree from that school; a reader took a mention of this pair of facts as a try at putting Campbell down with Academic Snobbishness. I am happy to say that I have new facts (or reports of same; I'll take 'em as solid) to hand. I recently read an old SAPSzine of Boggs' or Eney's, circa 1950-52, which states that Campbell was graduated from Duke University before he got into editing. So it would appear that he took his Bachelor of Science degree along to MIT and undertook graduate work there toward an advanced degree, but got wound up with the workload at Street and Smith, had to drop the academic side, and never got back to it. With this correction, the remarks in the Annish stand up better, to my mind, since Campbell turns out to be demonstrably more dedicated a type than I had first thought him to be, and so fits the initial premise much better. And you know, it must be rough on the guy...

At this point I should like to address a personal message to a subscriber, whom I did not know to be a subscriber until recently. OK, everybody else don't look: Jean Bogert: it was last July that your check for your WesterCon banquet ticket bounced. I thought it the courteous thing to return it to you personally and request recompense privately, rather than ramrodding it back through the bank for collection. However, the results have not been particularly rewarding. My last reminder on the subject was a postcard dated March 6, 1960; I have yet to receive any word from you on this matter, let alone the missing loot. It strikes me that anyone who can afford to fly out for a dinky little WesterCon can afford to pay^{for} a meal. And while I'm a fairly good donator to Good Causes, I don't especially care for being "taken", even for a lousy \$2.75. I'm surprised and disappointed...

— — — — — A jug of wine, and thou-- I sold the bread and bought hyacinthes... — — — — —

Since there probably won't be room on the contents-page to mention this, I must point out that while I'm a moderately staunch Republican, and recognize Nick's piece as Democratic Party propaganda, still his punchlines are just too damn funny to pass up, in themselves. In fact, I'll probably be stencilling the story, and any editing I may do will be strictly for smoothness and the enhancing of the boffs.

A guy named Otto Pfeiffer used to be on the CRY-staff before he went on Reserve status, like. Fanac seems to have fluffed the news, so be it known that good ol' Blotto Otto is engaged and expects to be married during the summer season. Pat Stenek (spelling ~~xxx~~ guaranteed; I'm going strictly on ~~the phone book~~ ^{the phone book}) is a good kid, and she-&-Otto have Elinor's and my blessings all the way. For what that's worth...

but it is always nice to see a guy come around looking and acting a foot taller when his girl is around (except for Berkeley fans, who are tall enough for the NBA right now). Pat says she can't get free stencils, but that she can type fairly rapidly, so I guess she gets past the requirements for a fannish bride, OK.

Couple months ago we were talking about TAFF in here, and I spoke up for a pattern-of-change that is certainly not altogether original with me: (1) a regular schedule for periods of nominating, voting, and fund-raising after voting; (2) a short voting-period followed by an all-out Fund-drive for the announced winner; (3) a moderately-regular system of distributing news and announcements to all who might be interested in the current status. And maybe even (4), but I forget, if so. (Oh yeh, raise the verschtunken minimum-tab to at least one paper dollar; that was #4.)

Most received-comments appear to center on #2, above, without relation to the other 3 equally-important items. The point is made that some might vote the minimum tab originally and then withhold further contributions toward movement of unfavored winners. So what's new about that? Some do react this way, and others make a point of throwing in some extra loot anyhow, and especially to make it clear that the TAFF deal is more important than the identity of the winner, in any given year. I don't see any reason to believe that this overall pattern would change much, regardless of the length of the voting period; people are going to be provincial or vice-versa according to their pre-existing inclinations, and not according to any set schedule. Or any given set of changes in procedure. In light of developments over the past few years, more attention might profitably be paid to point #3, above; suit yourself, tho.

Like, don't be provincial: regardless of who's ahead, let's be getting the loot for TAFF in to Bob Madle, so's we can have a TAFFman at Pitt. If you have not yet voted, perhaps you will be subtly influenced by the subliminal plugs I've been tossing in here. You haven't noticed all those subliminal tags that say

" M a l A s h w o r t h f o r T A F F ! "

all through here, you say? Well, maybe the technique isn't quite perfected just yet..

What on earth happened to all the redhot fannish issues I had in mind to discuss when this column was planned to run another page-and-a-half? Of course, we can pause a moment to congratulate the USS John Trimble (the Killer Ship, or Killer Hamster, depending on Which Branch of Los Angeles Mythology Do You Believe?) on his engagement to Bjo as announced in Fanac... (with the Bjo cartoon that covers all the possibilities of jokes on the "...only married to get into FAPA" theme). Best of luck to 'em.

Seattle in '61 News Dep't: your hard-working self-sacrificing unbelievably-dedicated pre-Con-Committee has been going to unheard-of lengths to insure that you will have the most suitable hotel when you arrive in town here for the 1961 Labor Day weekend. Like, mainly we have been holding committee meetings every Saturday on our own time: we meet at the Coffee Shop of the hotel under consideration and have lunch there; after I have scrupulously checked on the quality of the vodka gimlets served there. Then we go and dicker with the manager as to facilities, arrangements, and attitudes. Right now the majority is pretty well agreed on one hotel if we can cinch down a few of the details in writing-- with a second hotel in reserve in case. I imagine we'll have it all tied down in plenty of time to pass full info out at the PittCon, preferably along with reservation-cards.

Our currently front-running hotel offers a deal I haven't seen elsewhere, that will appeal strongly to groups of fans who would like to be lodged economically on a non-coeducational basis. More on this if and when the agreement is firm.

Somewhere back up there in the TAFF discussion last night, where I knocked off for a night's sleep and a day's work, it became April. I think that CRY this month will be more of a last-minute production (like, it's Friday night and we roll the presses Sunday) than it has been for at least a couple of years; inertia crept in, along with all sorts other types of fanac. Elinor has the TGGW installment on stencil and Wally is plugging industriously away on the lettercol at this moment, but all the rest of the material just sits there on paper with a mute accusing gaze (sigh!)

Elinor and I have been discussing this idea of a Tolkien-buffs' club, which Al Halevy seems to have dropped in favor of supporting Ted Johnstone's movement. So let's consider just Ted's: it's called "Fellowship of the Ring" and requires a paper on some facet of the Tolkien Mythos (like, an original bit of work); fine idea, but there should be some provision for Associate Members who could never bring themselves to write such papers but who would dearly love to read and possibly comment on them.

Main thing wrong with Ted's deal is the name of it. "Fellowship of the Ring" is entirely too presumptuous a title for a group of aficionados; it's as if a dozen Bible students decided to call themselves "The Twelve Apostles". In the equivalent Sherlock Holmes group, the "Baker Street Irregulars" were a gang of ragtag kids who ran errands for the great Holmes. Tolkien's Fellowship was a most select group; the Nine Walkers were Frodo, Samwise, Merry, Pippin, Aragorn, Legolas, Gimli, Boromir, and Gandalf. Many others appeared in the Trilogy in strong and even stellar-type roles, but none else but the Nine were of the Fellowship itself; all others, however heroic, were supporting-types only. I suggest that a more modest title is in order for a group of ardent appreciators of the works of Mr Tolkien. Among the possibilities are "Riders of Rohan" ("Horsemen of Rohan", or "Rohirrim"?), (oops, "The Muster of Rohan" would go well, too), Men of Middle-Earth, the Shiremen, Defenders of Gondor, Entmoot, etc-- I'm sure that many eminently suitable titles can be extracted from the text; I hope we're not boring all the non-Tolkien crowd in the audience. Hmmm?

And (deadline having come a day closer since the last paragraph), since Gondor actually was the scene of great festive celebrations in the final volume of the Tolkien Trilogy, "Gondor in '64" would have been a much more appropriate slogan for a Tolkien-happy Con-bid, to say nothing of carrying pleasant associations from the text. And to someone (you, Len?) who asked "howcome Mordor is a Bad Word and PuCon isn't?": agreed, and so when it became apparent that PuCon had a Bad Sound to a fair-sized minority of fans, we de-emphasized the slogan, and only use it now and then for its nostalgic values. Since I don't dig the club's choice of nickname "SeaCon" too much, either, I've more or ^{less} settled down to a straight-faced "Seattle in '61" unless and until a better idea comes along.

The Diet of Words (like, eating a few of my own): just finished stencilling Nick's piece, and didn't stick to my high resolve not-to-censor, quite as well as I'd expected to. Mostly this was to get (at least) 2 1/2 pp of text onto two stencils, but also I pulled the CRY's neck back in a li'l bit just in case maybe (as some fans say) the FBI is touchy about folks kidding the pants off it in Good Clean Fun. And I did renege and cut one punchline, even though it was hilarious. It's the breaks, kids... anyhow, I don't think the original Fierce Flavor suffered too much.

At hand is the 2nd issue of Bill Donaho's Habbakuk. If this goes on, I expect Bill to take the "Best New Fan" category in the next Fanac Poll (yes, I know that Bill had articles (Factual type) in INN in both '58 and '59, but previous Polls show that we don't nit-pick that badly)(how you like that "in INN in", hey?). Hab2, behind Bjo's terrific Beat Squirrel cover, reports the (Feb) Berkeley-Seattle tour and the subsequent parties, more Cat Talk, and... well, Art Castillo is quite entertaining, despite the fact that he is very upstage, talks jargon, and doesn't like hardly anybody at all, apparently; he talks about the Beats, among other things. Bill follows with an interesting and compassionate (and considerably more understandable, than Art's) Beat-analysis, then fanzine-reviews and a lettercol (both real live reading).

No zine for prudes (or Very Young Fans with parent-problems); otherwise great.

The Goon Goes West (book ^{version}); publication date is not yet firm; we hope to have it run off, and some copies ^{assembled and} available for sale at Pittsburgh. It looks to run to at least 200 pages, including additional illos (some at hand, some yet to come)-- John is doing some faan-maps, and there will be photosheets if all goes well. Since Demand can't be predicted, we intend to run enough copies to last for a while; this will take quite a bit of loot for materials; we're working on an Estimate for pricing purposes. On an item of this size, in-person purchases will drag a discount from the including-postage price, probably. And I only wish we had discovered the combination that reduces offset, earlier in the stencil-cutting game. Stay tuned, now. --F.B.

An Elaboration On A Stolen Idea

--by Nick Falasca

"Take me to your leader!" That's exactly what he said. He said "Take me to your leader!" In plain English; there wasn't even the trace of an accent. The words flowed out of his mouth with such ease that I croggled a bit.

"Take me to your leader!" See! he said it again! you didn't believe me the first time. An old Irish philosopher (not John Berry) said "Why can't the English ...learn...to...speak?" After hearing this eloquence, this perfect elocution, I felt that everyone I've ever heard speak before had his mouth full of --uh, corflu.

But to get back to our alien. And he certainly was, with a name like M'lashwrth --or something like that; all aliens have funny-sounding names, so M'lashwrth will do.

Of course, I was overjoyed; wouldn't any fan be? Haven't you ever sat back in your hammock on a sultry summer day rocking back and forth in the shade of tall trees and drinking mint lemonade ...well, maybe not mint lemonade ...OK, so you were turning on with peyote, maybe; anyhow, you do get the scene, so quit interrupting. But haven't you ever wondered what you'd do if They DID invade? Like, would you even get a chance to see or talk to one? After all, only a fan could understand Their problems ...so here I was. Yep. The silence was brilliant, but it had to go.

"Hi there, Alien, ol' boy!" I said, with all the cheer I could muster, "Boy, you hit it right. I'm a Fan. Didn't know that, did you,man!" Somehow, this didn't have the effect I had hoped for. "You don't have to bother with that leader jazz; I'm here. They wouldn't dig you anyway."

His expression was just like an open book... with the pages torn out.

"Take me to your leader," he said.

I began to see what he was getting at. He wanted to see my leader. He had come several million light years, and when he said leader he meant LEADER; I couldn't expect to get away with pushing a mayor or governor off on him. This guy operated on an interplanetary scale. I'd have to take him to the president. At least.

That was the problem. My job-- solve it. How does one contact the president?

"Hello, operator? Give me the White House. What? The one in Washington. No, D.C. What do you mean, white is a common color for houses? Look, I want the White House. Pennsylvania Avenue; you'll have to look up the number yourself. No, this is not a joke; I'm not in the habit of telling jokes to telephone operators. What do you mean, how should you know? Have I ever told you a joke? Oh, you don't even know who I am. I'm the guy who wants to call the White House; that's who. No, I don't want to call it anything in particular. Especially not anything obscene; are you related to Summerfield, by any chance? Please.. PLEASE, just place my call! And operator... better make that collect.

"Hello; Mamie? Is Ike there? Oh, you're just the switchboard secretary. Ghod, he must talk a lot, to need a switchboard secretary. Look, I want to talk to the president. No, it's personal, and-- well, all right, there's this alien and he says I should take him to my leader, and so... yes, alien, that's what I said. Thank you.

"Hello; Ike? Oh, Mr Hoover, huh? Thought they got you out of there in 1932. Ohhhh. Edgar, huh? Hi, Ed. Say, could you do me a favor? You know the president? The one in the White House? On Pennsylvania Avenue? Yeh.. well, you've got kind of an in with him, so could you... You're already taking care of that?..They'll be here in a few minutes? ...Anything I say can be held against me??? ...Hello, Ed.... Ed???

"Operator! Operator, I've been cut off..."

At this moment the phone-booth door was opened, and I was extracted from it by two well-dressed men; M'lashwrth, my alien, stood by solemnly; as one of the men flashed a wallet and said FBI-comealongwithus, he said "Take me to your leader!"

"You'd better believe it, buster!" answered the taller one, raising a crooked eyebrow skeptically. I, for one, had no doubts that we would indeed see their leader, but I wasn't too sure that I really wanted to.

"What do you make of the story, Chief?" asked the taller FBI agent.

"Hmbbpf!" said Mr Hoover-- I had been right, both ways.

"A pair of Weirdies, chief. The little guy says the big guy is an alien."

"Is he registered?" the chief asked.

"No, no, chief, not that kind of alien. Like, someone from another planet, more."

"I don't care what kind of alien he is; we've got him under the Smith Act."

"You mean the Alien Registration Act, chief?" asked the younger agent.

"Naturally." the chief replied. "The Smith Act was a good law; it protected civil rights; it saves us all from Fascists and dirty--"

"Martians, maybe, in this case, chief. But..."

"In the song it's Trotskyites, and you interrupted me just when I was coming to the chorus. Anyhow, cut out this foofaraw and bring those two characters over here."

They brought ^{us} across the room to the chief's desk. M'lashwrth said his piece.

"Fool's been saying that ever since we picked them up, chief. And only that."

"Yeh," said the other agent, "and always in perfect English. I wonder why."

"Maybe that's all he knows," said the chief. "These aliens can be tricky."

"Oh no, sir," I put in, "He's come through space from the stars and he really wants to see our true leader. He may have some great message to deliver to our president, but to no one else. He isn't the sort that will have just anyone passed off on him. He's CLEVER, Mr Hoover."

"I'll keep that in mind, sonny," said the chief, "and you keep in mind that anything you say or do will tend to incriminate you. Or anything you don't say or do."

"But for what, sir?" I ejaculated. "Take me to your leader!" said M'lashwrth.

"We don't know yet, but we'll find out before your trial's over," barked the chief, sounding harrassed. "Well, we've got to do something about this goon. ^{Maybe} I'd better call the White House, at that." I wished him luck, better than mine, ^{any way}

"Give me the White House. On Pennsylvania Avenue; there's only one. No, I'm not joking; I never laugh on government time.. GET ME THE WHITE HOUSE! ..hello; Jim? Oh, it's you, Dick; how's the mumps? Better, huh? Oh, not the mumps? from scowling at the Senate? Well, what I called about: we got a couple of nuts over here that want to talk to our leader. Yeh, that's just about the way they put it. So I thought that you or even Mr Clean could.. oh; he's having tea with the Egg-Roll Committee? Wants 'em all painted bright red this year, huh? Oh, yeh, I remember now: putting practice last summer.. an egg can get pretty ripe in 2-3 months. Used his driver, huh ...well, when he's done, maybe. OK, Dick; have them over in a half hour."

We reached the White House all right, though I thought 25¢ a bit high for bus fare. Dick met us at the door (his post when not presiding over the Senate). He showed us to an ante-room, where Jim Hagerty greeted Hoover. "I thought I'd better cover this one personally," said the latter. "This guy keeps saying to take him to our leader, and I'm beginning to think that it might be the real thing."

"Maybe I could talk to him," said Hagerty. "I usually do, you know."

"No, Jim, this guy is sharp," Hoover replied. "We can't pass ^{off} any phonies on him!" Just then Dick came to show us in. Our strange little group came through an archway to where the president sat smiling and cheerful behind a "What, Me Worry?" motto.

M'lashwrth walked up, squinting appraisingly. Then, suddenly, rage boiled up within him; his neck puffed out and his face turned beef red. Big Jim backed away, with Dick and Ed seeking shelter behind him. Only the president remained calm and smiling, as M'lashwrth with a great fuming roar said, "TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!"

"What'll we do, Edgar?" Dick asked. "What can we do?"

"The only thing left for us to do," said Hagerty, "take him to our leader! Let me at that phone, will you?"

"Watch out for that operator," said Hoover.

"Yeh," I said, putting in my two-cents' worth.

"I know what you mean, boys, but we had so much trouble with her that we had a private line installed. I'll call now... hello; Punjab? ...oh, it's you, Asp. ...yeh, I'm OK.. say, what I'd like to talk to you about... is Daddy Warbucks busy?"

- = - = - = - = - = (t h e v e r y e n d) - - - - -

The Bomb had been and, long since, gone. The heat had been on for a while, but now things were cool, real cool. And deserted.

On the outskirts of what had been London stood a silver sliver, pointing skyward; in the giant soup-bowl the city had become, strange Beings were prowling and ferreting. Delicate instruments probed and ticked and chuckled; heavier instruments cut and dived and dug. So it was that they finally broke through into what, a century or two earlier, had been the Printed Book section of the British Museum.

Here, the devastation was not as complete as in the rest of the building and throughout most of the city. It may be that the mounds of paper making up the millions of magazines which filled the room had acted as some sort of cushion, but whatever the reason, there were finds enough to be made to delight whatever took the place of the heart in these alien investigators.

"I still can't believe it," mused Darffl, three weeks later. "Racial suicide!"

"Well, it may not mystify you for much longer," put in Endran from nearby. "We broke down the language ten days ago and have been going through all this stuff ever since. And Ghu! what crud some of it is!" he added with a sigh.

"I beg your pardon?" said Darffl.

"Uh? Oh - sorry - one tends to pick up the native jargon, you know. I was saying, we've all been working at it, and we're onto the track of something that may throw some light on the cause of that holocaust." He pointed out of the door.

"Go on," urged Darffl.

"Well, we're not yet sure about a lot of things, but roughly, these 'magazines' - all that is left of a much larger store of literature - were published, it seems, at different intervals (very different, I might add; from as little as a week - and even less - to as much as five years, and maybe even more) from nearly all parts of the planet. The printing techniques," he added wryly, "are hardly 'advanced' by any civilized standards. We've had five cases of eyestrain and nervous breakdown; the hectoed zines are the worst."

"The what?"

"The hectoed zines, like this one." Endran passed him a purple-and-red thing. Darffl looked at it in amazement, handling it gingerly. "You mean," he ejaculated incredulously, "that it was like this all along, before the Bomb?"

"That's right," Endran chuckled. "But to give them their due, even they realized that hectoed zines were somewhat below par. As a matter of fact," he added, suddenly serious, "that was one of the causes of dissension. Though only a very minor one."

"You've found something, then, to account for all that?" asked Darffl, waving his hand in a circle. "Factions and hostilities and so on?"

"Have we?" said Endran, and it was no question, but a cri de coeur. "More than we can cope with: the suggestion has been put forward that, in some way we can't understand, the factions may have outnumbered the population." He was silent for a few moments. "The Sercons were the worst, I reckon," he went on. "It seems that."

"It wasn't the Sercons' fault at all," snapped Yonnar from across the room. "The Trufans were always criticising them!"

"Well at least the Trufans were united," said Binog. "The Sercons were split up into so many factions that nobody seems to have known who was who even in those days."

"You just don't read the right magazines," snarled Garuch. "You can't expect to find any truth in all that flippant frivolity."

"Well I much prefer these magazines to that pile of crudzines you've been buried in for a week," shouted Endran, "though that's all they're good for; burying people."

"That's just the sort of stupid remark I'd expect from a Trufan zine," yelled Margush, "and if it comes to that, I wouldn't use one of those things to slipsheet!"

"If you were publishing a Sercon crudsheet, you probably wouldn't bother to slipsheet anyway," shouted back Oonin, "and it wouldn't make ^{that} much difference if you did. Nobody would be any worse off for not being able to read your interminable boring articles on 'What's Wrong With Science Fiction?' !"

"The trouble with you," screeched Yonnar, quivering with rage, "is that you've lost your Sense of Wonder!"

"And the trouble with you," retorted Binog, "is that you never had a sense of humour. If only you'd read The Enchanted Duplicator instead of..."

"The hell with The Enchanted Duplicator. It says in The Immortal Storm..."

" 'Who sawed Courtney's Boat?' "

" 'First Fandom Is Not Dead!' " _ _ _ _ _

On a far planet, greyed heads which for years had strained toward the sky for a glimpse of a flash of silver, bent together, and the decision was made: no more lives could be risked to the terrible hidden danger that shadowed that evil planet. They shuddered, remembering eighty-seven expeditions lost without trace.

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WHEN I WAS A
YOUNG FAN, I WAS
A CHRONIC
JOINER.



THIS WAS BECAUSE I
FELT INSECURE &
LONGED FOR SOME
GROUP IDENTIFICATION.
SO MY NAME WAS ON
EVERY APA WAITING
LIST.



BUT MY ANALYST
WARNED ME THAT
THIS INDISCRIM-
INATE JOINING
COULD BE
PSYCHOLOGICAL-
LY FATAL.



HE TOLD ME I HAD
TO PICK ONE APA &
STICK WITH IT, BUT
THE PROBLEM WAS,
WHICH ONE WOULD
I JOIN.



THEN, ONE DAY, I GOT
A LETTER FROM
GUY TERWILGER,
WELCOMING ME TO
FANDOM. THIS IM-
PRESSED ME SO
THAT I IMMED-
IATELY JOINED
THE NSF.....
AND I'M NOT
SORRY.....



I FIGURE IT'S
ALL- ENCOMPASSING.



J. Les Piper

THE WELL-ADJUSTED FAN.....

M I N U T E S

planned & arranged by Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE MARCH 13, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The March 13 meeting opened at 9:04:30 p.m. by President F. M. Busby during a lull in a rambling, unpublishable discussion the members were having. He conducted the meeting casually as he sat among the rest of the members, and just by looking at him one would never guess he headed the largest, most influential and significant organization in the whole room.

The minutes were read, and despite some quibbling over the use of the word "overwhelming" in place of "majority" where there were only three people voting, the minutes were approved. THEY WERE APPROVED!!! Yes, the pinnacle of your loveable SEC-Treas's career was reached right there in that room when the President himself announced that for a change the minutes were approved! As President Busby pointed out, they were approved because he had not attended the meeting about which the minutes had been written and wasn't able to know how inaccurate they might be.

F. M. told some outrageous story about why he hadn't attended the previous meeting; it involved his job with the A.C.S. and a peculiar need to sit by his phone. The Nameless Ones' Bloodcurdling Chorus retaliated by singing "Happy Birthday" to Buz for having survived another year as of the previous Friday. A similar treatment was then given to Jim Webbert for having had a birthday the previous Tuesday.

Apparently that took the place of Old Business, so the President pleaded for New Business. Somebody -- probably a Busby -- thought to fill the resulting silence with the news that a Heinlien story had been parodied in the April GALAXY. The next important announcement was that the Golden Gate Trolls had changed their name to the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and that the Ellingtons' brother and sister-in-law are not interested in science fiction even though they're good kids. F. M. Busby then startled the world by revealing that he, Elinor, and G. M. CARR had teamed up on the same side, signing a petition to save Elmer Perdue's FAPA membership. Alan E. Nourse's new house was mentioned, and Elinor warned the membership (after Jim Webbert made a terrible slip of the tongue) that it was not safe to refer to her dining room as a kitchen in her presense.

After this typical array of Nameless New Business, an actual motion was thought up. Elinor moved, Jim Webbert seconded, and Wally Gonser objected in vain, that Wally Gonser be appointed permanent coffee-maker in recognition of the role he has played for the past many years. Wally Gonser, who drinks orange pop, took the hint and went downstairs to brew.

Flora Jones brought up the business of having a membership drive, which is a subject so old that it qualified as New Business. She was still in favor of sneaking advertising slips into prozines at the newsstands, for she remembered how she had first been informed of the existence of The Nameless Ones in a similar manner many years ago. Flora Jones is a believer in taking her revenge out on innocent parties.

The subject of a slogan for advertising Seattle's 1961 (we hope, we hope, we hope) Convention was kicked around. Rose Stark still backed the one she had originated, "Seattle for FUN in '61." Most of the members seemed to think it wasn't fannish enough or something but none of the members came up with a superior suggestion, so the meeting was adjourned at 9:40 so that everyone could go down to the kitchen to see what Wally Gonser had brewed.

To prove that you can't keep a good meeting down, the meeting was reopened in the kitchen at 9:50 so that Flora Jones could bring up some additional business. While she was marshalling her thoughts, F. M. Busby announced that it would be time for election of officers next meeting, and he hoped that everyone would think about who they wanted to nominate and vote for. He particularly wanted everyone to think about the fact that Jim Webbert was the only member of the CRY staff who had never been a Nameless President. It was brought up that the only person at the meeting who had never been a Nameless president, other than Jim Webbert, was Flora Jones, and she had refused nominations several years before. Some

discussion was given to the fact that the Nameless Ones were, as a group, not in favor of programs primarily concerned with science. The movie, "On the Beach," was discussed as an added attraction.

The meeting was adjourned finally at 10:05 p.m. because Flora couldn't remember any more what it was she had wanted to bring up.

SEC-Treas

kindly Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE MARCH 27, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

President F. M. Busby opened the meeting at 8:40 p.m. and, using the powers invested in him by his exalted position, requested that the minutes be read. The fabulous SEC-Treas, having victoriously obtained an approval of his minutes at the previous meeting, had decided to rest on his laurels and had not prepared any minutes to be read. The group showed very little appreciation or respect for the SEC-Treas's laurels, however, and put forth a vote of censure in dishonor of the event. To add injury to insult, it was recommended that the disreputable officer be given twenty lashes with a wet noodle.

Execution of the proscribed punishment was delayed when it was discovered that, strange though the fact may seem, none of the members could locate a wet noodle. Wally Gonser solved the problem to the utter dismay of all by reminding everyone that he had just come in out of the rain where he had been walking without a hat. He was reluctant, however, to donate the use of his wet noodle, and the members had somehow lost all interest in the punishment, so the whole matter was hastily dropped.

President F. M. Busby then announced, rather too eagerly, that elections should be held at the next meeting at the very latest. He also announced that, seeing as how it was the end of a term of office, it was only right that the Official Bem give his report. But Jim Webbert, the Official Bem that he was, was totally unprepared. He stammered foolishly for a moment or two, but was quickly put down with a vote of censure.

Apparently getting carried away with this idea of asking for reports, the President next requested that a treasurer's report be given. Strangely enough, the Sec-TREAS gave a report of \$32.52 after pausing only long enough to deduct the amount of his income tax payment. The Sec-TREAS was congratulated for his preparedness.

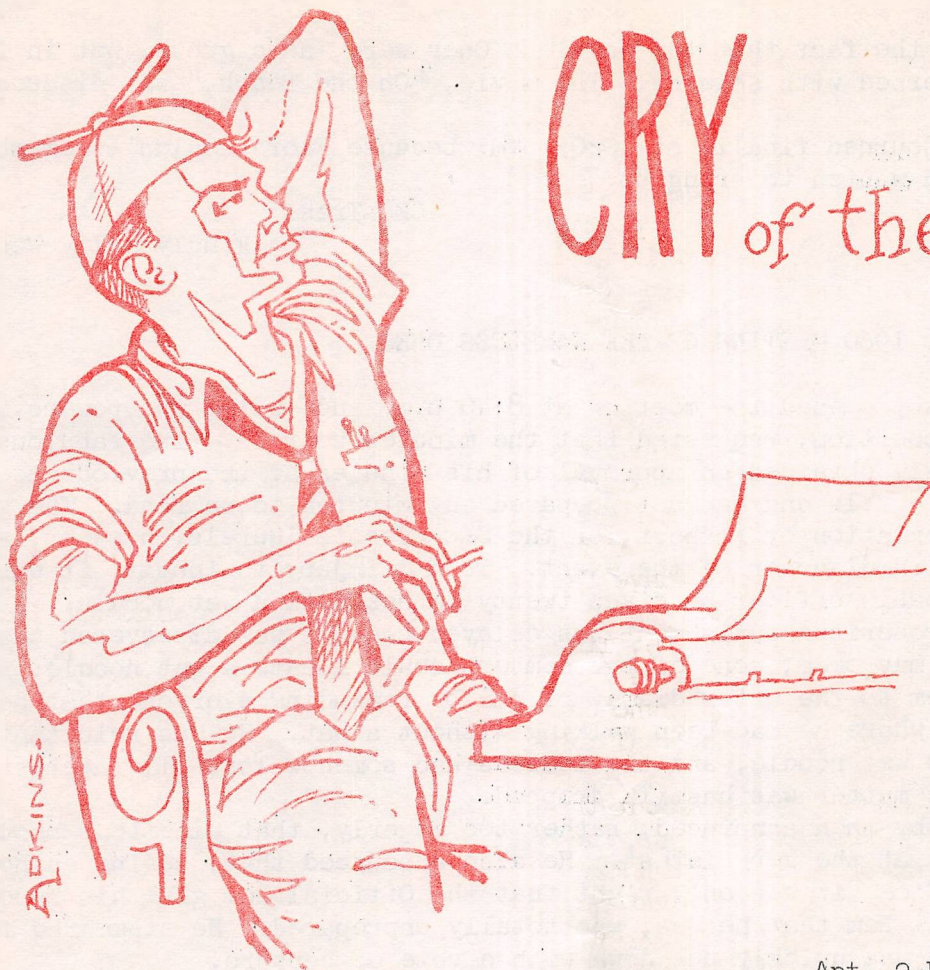
The next report requested by the President was the Vice President's report. Wally Gonser reported that he had been involved in very little vice during his term of office. For a moment the President was about to offer congratulations to the Vice President for his preparedness, but after pondering the content of the report a bit, the President finally extended the group's commiseration to the Vice President.

With no more reports to ask for, the President requested Old Business. Flora Jones immediately brought out some slips advertising the Seattle Science Fiction Club which she had printed up herself on a fiendish flat-bed ditto machine. The slips were passed around to members who reluctantly took a few, promising to place the notices in strategic places at their neighborhood newsstands. The suggestion was made that Flora should be credited with a certain amount toward her dues for each member the slips brought in. The main problem with this arrangement was deciding how much a fresh fan was worth. Twenty cents seemed to be the most acceptable amount. Neofan stock must be down this season.

For New Business, the complicated subject of rent came up. This was solved by instructing the Sec-TREAS to renew Flora Jones' Thalia membership. Next, a motion was passed that the Nameless Ones pay for the next ad in the Pittcon Progress Report, with the hope of partial reimbursement by the Seattle Science Fiction Club providing that that organization can eventually gather a quorum in order to vote on the matter.

A few nominations were made for next meeting's elections. F. M. Busby and Jim Webbert were both nominated for President. Elinor Busby was nominated for Official Bem, but the nomination was declared out of order on the grounds that nominations for Vice President should be next -- a crummy technicality at best. No more nominations were made due to the thirst for coffee prevalent among the membership, so the meeting was adjourned for better things at 9:20 p.m. And this meeting stayed adjourned.

SEC-Treas Wally Weber



CRY of the readers

Apt. 2-E
395 Clinton Ave.
Brooklyn 38, N.Y.

Dear Cryers,

Well, dang it men, I'm returning to good old fandom. How about printing my new address, and using my art again...like that illo above? I'm putting out my new zine, OUTLET, next month....it's a monthly too. Sure have missed seeing old CRY...it sure hasn't been around here regular anymore...I can't stay out of fandom if things get that bad. Hope to see it soon...

Best,

Dan Adkins

MAL ASHWORTH FOR TAFF

Dear Buz:

14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2.ENGLAND

To be truthful I am here mainly to tell you all how good CRY is, so bear with me. As a matter of fact I have just been looking through the letter-column again to see how every one else starts off their letters seeing that they all come to your address (Buz) but that Weber sits beneath your mailbox with a big sack and confiscates all the egoboo. I think that Harry Warner's form of address (Dear Cries Almighty) appeals to me most and is in fact, without any embellishment, a letter of comment on CRY in itself. But in accordance with that fine old, fannish principle "It's been done already" I can hardly get away with the same approach myself and shall have to find some words of my own to use. Just a moment....

Untrammelled, quidnunc, corporeal, precipitation, philander.....

There - how's that? All fine, 100% genuine WORDS; and all to be found in Roget's 'Thesaurus' - I can vouch for that. But perhaps something rather more than this is called for.

Well, CRY is marvellous if that is any consolation. It can be rather daunting at first sight because of the sheer amount of stuff you manage to cram into it, but since it is all first-class it makes for quite a reading treat.

And quite a large part of the reading treat this issue was attributable to John Berry. All the plaudits he is coming in for are well-earned and I enjoyed this instalment of his adventures enormously. Everyone he wrote about seemed to come vividly to life and it was the next best thing to meeting them in person. His description of the early morning eatery scene with him and Toskey and Weber and Gonser slouching around like a gaggle of gangsters had me chuckling for quite a while. I think John's unabashed enthusiasm for everything about him and his obvious delight in the whole trip brought it nearer home to me too. I am a sucker for car-travelling over long distances myself and should be every bit as open-eyed and open-mouthed a sightseer in the circumstances as John was. Perhaps it is the relative confinement that breeds this trait in we British; as Harry Warner puts it in an article in TRIODE - we can't go more than a few steps in any direction without falling off the edge. (It's not quite like that, of course - there is room to hold a hundred yards race). Anyway, John's account is a masterpiece.

And everything in the issue seemed to me to be not far from that mark. The prozine reviews were most interesting and the minutes marvellous. I don't know what is happening to club minutes these days. I can only think that all over the world - well in Seattle and Los Angeles anyway - Club Minutes have fallen into the hands of rabid revolutionaries who care not a jot for such fine old fannish traditions as that club minutes should be dry as dust, all formality and procedure, like, not facetiousness and fun. I can only think that these rabid revolutionaries be kept at it. This fellow Weber certainly seems to be a man of unusual talent - anyone who can stay alive after making puns like those in the letter column must be a man of unusual talent. I shall be interested to see how long he can keep it up.

Other major praiseworthy things about this issue were Atom's lovely cover and the sound and solid thinking behind the Keen Blue Eyes and Bicycle. It perhaps behoves me not to say much about the organisation of TAFF at the moment but I think all the points brought up in this article very sound and sensible; shorter election campaigns certainly seems a desirable idea from everyone's point of view.

And there we are. A very harmonious CRY if I may say so.

For now,

Mal Ashworth

THIS TIME WE MAKE SURE TED FORSYTH GETS IN 139 Buccleuch Street, EDINBURGH 8 Scotland
Dear perspicacious and pertinacious Plenipotentiary of Paronomasia,

Since my typer is an Olivetti LETTERA 22 this is probably a LETTERA comment.

The cover on CRY 136 is typical of ATom and is surely a must for the ATom Art Anthology. I presume that it depicts the mighty Wallace W. Weber with his (t)rusty axe? Do you need all the other armaments to defend yourself against ferocious letterhacks and outraged squirrels?

The contents list is rather empty compared with the 10th Annish but The Goon Goes West makes up for that. Even though the con is over John is still managing to convey to the reader a sense of wonder and excitement, thus suggesting that the book edition should be subtitled "I found my Sense of Wonder".

The Plow column mentions reprints in New Worlds. I seem to remember reading an editorial of Ted Carnell's in which he mentioned the use of reprints. His explanation was that he did not buy American rights for stories (British authors) so that stories contained in his files and scheduled for printing in New Worlds might possibly appear in an American magazine before being published in Great Britain. Now that New Worlds is to appear in the US perhaps this will change. I'm not sure how editorial policy affects Science Fantasy.

It is obvious that the Minutes must have been forged. Look at the signature --Wally! Has something happened to our horrible sec-TREAS/SEC-treas, I hope?

Buz's suggestion that the period March-to-ticket-deadline should be given over to a fund drive for the known winner of TAFF is a little bit frustrated for the eastbound candidate since the period is not likely to be more than two weeks. Postal delays may make

that period necessary for the TAFF organisers to communicate with each other. Most of the other points I agree with.

I see in the letter column that Bob Lichtman agrees with me that ATom covers should be done in several colours. Hey, come back! Five colours might be too much to start with so I'll let you do the first attempt in two or three. You do intend to give us a coloured front cover don't you? MFFYF could mean May Fandom Find You Friends but somehow I don't think so. The comic art book mentioned by Betty Kujawa sounds interesting. Could we have some more information like author/editor, publisher and publishing date, price, etc? I might be able to persuade the local library to acquire a copy. (Well, you didn't expect me to buy one did you?)

I don't believe in Wally Weber.

Aufwiederschreiben,

Ted Forsyth

BOB PAVLAT! WELCOME TO THE LETTERCOL
Dear CRYstaff,

6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland

It's taken a bit of yesterday and most of the spare time available today to catch up on the CRYs on hand--numbers 132 thru 136. Part, mainly the Berry TGGW, had been read in haste before; it was a pleasure to sit down and read the full issues at leisure.

There was so ever-loving much in those issues that it would be incredibly foolish for me to attempt anything like full comment. So I'll merely sample a few things for comment, such as root beer fandom. I'd known Elliks fondness for this noxious beverage, of course, but I didn't realize that root beer actually had a Following, much less a scattering of people who engaged in home brew. The idea that people should root around for the most delectable brand or recipe seems almost as odd as the fact that some people still hunt sassafras roots for brewing tea. And yet, I should have suspected, for one local fan has such a fondness for root beer that he claims to have sampled every make he can find in Washington, much as TEW samples every variety of cola that hits the marketplace.

"The Long Haul" was my favorite chapter of those so-far published of TGGW, probably because I have an inordinate fondness for the territory west of the Mississippi. He did not say as much about the country as I would have liked, but I could none-the-less experience the satisfaction that he obtained from seeing the country for the first time, and even look forward to the fact that I should be following roughly the same route in 1961 en route to the Pucon. I've gained increased respect for Berry as a writer from these episodes of his, and he also shines through brilliantly as an individual whom I like and admire for the way he sets down the good with the bad, and who leaves no room for wondering just how he feels about something, e.g., the Garrett episode. I admire this trait for bluntness, and wonder if it is a trait of the English in general, or just something that I've happened to notice particularly in both Berry and Bennett.

That back cover on Cry 135 was one of the most fascinating things I've ever seen on a fanzine. Gook! How about some information on the process and price.

I would like to see Buz's plan for TAFF put in on a trial basis. I'm a wee bit afraid that the plan might not be as successful in raising cash as would be the present scheme -- for, let's face it, few fans have the overwhelming popularity of either Willis or Berry. And yet, looking over the list of contributors to the Berry fund, many names are found of people whom you wouldn't even suspect were aware of Berry's existence. The Berry fund certainly tends to demonstrate that some non-fanzine fans will somehow learn of, and certainly contribute to, a project to help a fanzine fan. And, speaking personally, there hasn't yet been a TAFF delegate for whom I would not have willingly contributed as much to TAFF as I did before I knew who the winner would be.

There was some minor complaint about the short notice for the latest nominations (for the Pittcon), and the notice was short, though entirely justified. I think the two administrators are to be praised for deciding to try to bring a fan to the Pittcon--it means a lot of hurry-up work for them, and they both know that it's going to take tremendous cooperation from all of fandom to accumulate enough money to do the task. If they can, fine; if not, then they have to repeat all the work next year, to line up an English delegate for the Pucon. Standard nominating periods might help avoid any hassels over

short notice for nominations in the future, and on this basis I like the idea.

Pemberton should definitely keep plowing. Many times I disagree with his opinion, but I still like to see sf discussed, to be lead to stories that may be worth reading, and even to get another man's viewpoint. Particularly I like his ability to follow trends and make clear the parallels between stories that I'd never dream of connecting.

Best,

Bob Pavlat

BOB SMITH PASSES CUSTOMS

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia

Dear CryEds:

The Atom cover for Cry 136 is pretty good but I don't think that alien combat boy would present much of a problem to even the infantryman of the present day.

136 was another good issue, and John Berry never lets up; he's just great. I was with him from the very first paragraphs of "The Long Haul" because he reminded me of how I felt about great distances when I first came out to Australia from England. When I arrived out here the vast distances sort of hit me. Next door neighbors were sometimes eighty miles away; you could spend two days in a train going through nothing but desert. John reminded me of how I felt once. He also has a way of depicting in almost photographic form the events that he experienced, and these are, to my mind, priceless for the fan who didn't get there -- the 'provincial' types also.

J. Les Piper was, as always, funny, in a sardonic sort of way. Pemby was right on top of his form with mag reviews this time. Pemby's 'no nonsense' type of reviewing should steer 'em right.

The Letter Col: Eh? Mike Deckinger, why do you consider that Huckleberry Hound is the only funny cartoon show around? What's the matter with Mr. Magoo or Tom and Jerry? They make you laugh, don't they? I liked Harry Warner's letter; a sober effort amongst all that mess! Leslie Nirenberg's anticts with the Customs was amusing. The Customs are a queer lot anywhere. When I came back from Japan by ship I honestly declared three large crates of books and mags, mostly sf, some technical. The Customs official, obviously under the impression that a man in the country's uniform could do no wrong, brushed the crates aside with a nonchalant gesture and allowed 'em to enter the country; yet a couple of weeks earlier pore Eugene Goossens copped the lot for having some feelthy pictures!

'till the next Cry

Bob Smith

TED WHITE, HIS MARK: *!//

107 Christopher St., N.Y. 14, N.Y.

All right, Wally W. Weber, here I am:

I'm certainly glad you're not going to do any more complaining about my bitching, because I have another bitching complaint to make. I quote: "George Locke noticed that in both TGGW and THS, the actual conreport was less successfully put over than the rest of the account. So far, from the letters CRY has received, George is the only one to notice this ..." You stupid clod, Weber! I pointed out the same thing in that "massively butchered" letter of mine in #136, when talking about "hurried" conreports, and how with both TGGW and COLONIAL EXCURSION, the conreport struck me as the least successful parts of the reports and all that, and...grrrr. You better watch out, Wally W. Weber.

As to the rest of CRY 137, well, it is a good issue, but for some reason it felt brief. Discounting the Berry report (sacrilege, I know), there's no meat to the issue. So it seemed brief.

I have come to the following conclusion: The Berry report is not overall the quality of THE HARP STATESIDE. I say this without any desire to offend anyone, but based on two facts: style, and content. Willis makes wry understatements, and comes across like a very quiet Irishman -- which I suppose he is. Berry on the other hand seems to be shouting. Berry had a delightful time and met a lot of fine people, but when he repeats for the Nth time, "Gosh, but Blank was wonderful!!" you kinda lose the initial impact. I think this is partly the fault of Berry's hyperbolic style, in which he is inclined towards exaggeration, and partly because John started it so soon after experiencing it that he could not divorce

himself from an overall enthusiasm. Willis, by letting everything cool off, was more objective, without losing any warmth of feeling for his experiences.

Content-wise, Berry has also been a disappointment, I think. John is too often content to describe events, from an external point of view. The dialogue is almost always missing. This way, we have glowing descriptions of everyone John met, but rarely any insight into them; rarely do we see how wonderful they were, but instead we are told that they were. I appreciate the length of this series of reports, and the time and inspiration which went into them, but I'm afraid judged as themselves, without the sentiment of knowing Berry attached, they're lacking a lot.

Jumping over to Pelz's questions about the worth of con reports to (1) someone who has attended the same con; (2) Someone who hoped to but didn't; (3) Someone interested who couldn't attend -- overseas perhaps; (4) or those who never attend cons: I'd say that only one criterion is possible and that is to make the report an interesting piece to read for anyone. As a final point: Willis passed this test extremely well; his HARP STATESIDE has pleased readers in all four categories pretty much without exception. I'd suggest him as an excellent model to study.

Nirenberg seemed rather contrived this time; not up to his usual standards. Terry was as good as usual, but I'm still faunching for that conreport of his. It seems a pity it was edited though, and brought out too late to help Terry's TAFF campaign. That, after all, was his reason for having it pubbed in a British zine, I believe.

Lichtman is suffering from a lapse of reasoning ability when he complains that under the Busby system the TAFF winner might not have the monetary support necessary to make it across. As far as I'm concerned, this is the best part of the deal. If the winner could not raise the dough, well, then maybe he didn't deserve to win... I for one object to a fan I don't consider a representative of mine riding over on my money.

Interesting fact, regarding the recently touted COMIC ART IN AMERICA: Larry Ivie, New York fringe-fan and long-time EC and comic fan, did almost all the research on that book, but was given no credit, and was not given even a copy of the book. The only egoboo is one picture with photocredit to Ivie... Right now he's working on his own book, which looks to be the first informed book on the subject written.

I dunno who "Walter Breen" is, but it seems odd to see all these fannish references in his letter (a rather good letter, too) and then hit that bit about how not even Willis could have inspired the sort of "enthu\$ia\$im" Berry did for a special Fund. Mighod, how does he think Willis made it over here in '52? It wasn't on TAFF... Shelby Vick and friends started the WAW With The Crew in '52 Fund, which worked almost exactly like the Berry Fund!

Don Anderson makes it in my book for AMAZING Reader Slob of the Month. This is the kind of reader AMAZING is trying to throw off. (Doesn't like "Transient," mutter, mutter.)

I could be wrong, Ella Parker, ma'am, but I thought that in early TAFF rules, it was expressed as preferable that the TAFF winner write up his trip. Most TAFF winners have known this ahead of time; Madle said he would write his trip up if he won, and has done it with a vengeance. I'll be interested to see Ford's...

I hope Gerber has put the quietus on those horrible puns in the lettercol.

That seems to be about all I can bitch about this time. Remember, no complaints...
yhos,

Ted

DONALD FRANSON BUYS NINE PLANETS!!
Dear Cryogeniuses,

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Now for the weekly dissection of CRY -- well, it seems like weekly. Whenever CRY comes in an envelope I hope for a photocover. When can we expect a photocover?

CRY is produces? You mean produce, don't you? (Fruit, vegetables, etc.)

Yes, "all checks sent to Seattle should be made payable to Elinor Busby," but do you think the mundane world will take the hint? I doubt if the various check-dispensing branches of the Govt. read CRY.

Buz, you say that "Mordor" is (unlike "Pucon") a dirty word. I've never read Tolkien

so I'll take your work for it. So what if L.A. is "dead, foul, devastated, unfit for living creatures, vile, smogbound, and somewhat post-atomic?" It's our home. Seattle isn't so hot either. As for San Francisco, I'd rather breathe ~~hazy~~ hazy sunshine than fall out of a cable car into the bay during an earthquake that was started by a fire. Actually there is no possibility of a serious rivalry, L.A. and S.F. fandoms are too friendly for that, but don't you think free bidding is better than a cut-and-dried West Coast Rotation Plan? The East and Central states don't have this "orderly progression north to south" business. In fact, the current "Eastern" city, Pittsburgh, is only 200 miles away from last year's "Central" city, Detroit. It's a long time away to predict, but it seems to me that both L.A. and S.F. are undergoing fan booms that may not last till 1967. Also, Philly had two cons six years apart; 1947 and 1953. I think it would be pretty dull to have future cons all mapped out by a definite "who's next?" basis. The main thing is who wants the con and is ready, willing, and able. Within reason, of course -- there should still be a West-to-East Rotation Plan or local fans might swing the vote to hold the con in their own area again -- I don't think this happened at Detroit, but it could happen, conceivably.

I suppose this will get me Drummed Out of Fandom, but I didn't go wild over the Berry epic this time. There seemed to be an undue amount of padding -- not that it matters, he isn't getting paid for it, and I'm not cutting the stencils -- and concentration on Mundane amusements. Mundane isn't a Way of Life, surely? I always thought it was just a goddam hobby, to be enjoyed only if it doesn't interfere with sf and fandom.

On the other hand, I enjoyed Mal Ashworth's article, though I haven't seen too many "leader" jokes recently. His forte seems to be in carrying funny ideas to outrageous lengths. Nirenberg's story was good, too; he missed making a joke about lumps of clay/clods. I liked Terry Carr's line about L.A. being full of old fans who are continually crawling out of the woodwork, just like gnurrs. You never know what old timer will show up at any given LASFS meeting, so it is worth going as frequently as possible.

Good, Elinor has a column at last. "My Day"?

Cry of the Readers is good and long again. Discussing PLANET STORIES, ANALOG, etc. I recently bought nine PLANETs for a dime apiece. (No, I'm not a space real-estate speculator). These old pulps contain some good writing, and also, or mainly, a bunch of fine letters.

On the subject of "Transient", I see where it is much criticized in the latest AMAZING lettercol, except by a fan or two. Will this mean a back-to-crud movement?

Wally, you did a good job of explaining that interlineation. Now please explain "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide."

Sic of the month department: "I print now that article, with only very minnor changes (including spelling)."

No more name puns, thanks to Gerber? Go back to Clue-type headings.

I always thought CRY was a top fanzine, and am happy to see it second on the FANAC poll. I understand there will be a Congressional investigation, though, as to how CRY could get 584 votes from 5 ballots; and why Ron Ellik has a lifetime subscription.

Yours,

Donald Franson

((Hey Don-- before someone takes either one of us seriously, better I should clarify that "dead, foul, devastated...etc" was a description of Tolkien's Mordor (I have read Tolkien) and that it was I who was objecting to the tagging of LA with those characteristics by the use of the "Mordor" tag, which bugs me, for just these reasons. The "smogbound" was of course included just for mild kicks; no offense meant, surely, since I was (and am) all grotched at the slogan's connotations. Like, Tolkien's Mordor stinks, in spades. Dig?

Rereading my own mortal and doubtless imitable prose at the hurried end of last month's contents-page, I see no reference to any "orderly north-to-south progression". All I called to mind at all was the "who had it last?" routine, with figures. Come on now, Don, this isn't hardly regimentation at all; it's more caual rambling. Or even casual; this is a strange typer I'm working, here. Renfrew Swift and his Strange Electric Typer.))

--Buz

((((This Large Blank Space is donated by the Friends & Supporters of Wally Weber)))

BETTY KUJAWA, CHIPMUNK FANCIER

2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear Whirly Wolly ... uh.. Hello.

That you on cover of 137???? Cute navel. (lousy hairdo)(my size feet though).

Aw gee now -- what can I say about TGGW???? It CAN'T get better -- but it does!! When it ends there'll be a blank in mine life. 136 with the great meeting of Berry and Ballard -- hoooo bho -- wished he'd have made it longer, tho, much much much longer. Now that we've traded the Cessna in on a Bonanza and have a wider range of flight am plotting Blanchard out on Gene's wall air-map out on the garage wall. Picture Wrai out plowing this spring -- li'l plane buzzes above -- lands -- I come out -- dashing across the land (and remembering John's glowing comments on Wrai's home) cry -- "Take me to your bathroom!!!" It would be a fannish first!!

So we flew the Bonanza down to the Tampa area. AND when I get back I getta letter from Ron Bennett telling me his Elizabeth now lives in Tampa. NOW HE TELLS ME. I could spit nails!!

While mooning about in the chilly Florida gloom I went and bought the latest FU and Analog/AST. Both I can do without. Is it that I am maturing at the age of 36??? (oooops! Now Steve Stiles will know my age -- ah weel) Anyway I careth not for either mag. Sure tis nice that Belle has the fannish column in FU -- but holy cats the material in that zine!! Next time I'll read the phone book.

Trying to dream up a name for Elinor's column. Elinor's Lore -- Thru the Door with Elinor -- (on the floor with Elinor? -- no) -- nope this isn't my day for that sort of inspiration. Forgive. But I do wanna see Elinor have a column in Cry. AND I do want cha to go on being punnish with the letter titles -- PLEASE Wally.

I do so enjoy those cartoons of Les Piper's! Hope he will do one on quote cards. Everything was up to snuff this issue -- everything.

Mal Ashworth and his TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER -- so if a saucer-critter came up to me -- why being a typical America good-wife I'd take him to Gene -- who'd say -- "Jeeze, you and your kookie fan friends!! This is the limit!!" If in England at the time I'd simply take him/her/it to Dodd (if I'm in the South) or Jeeves (if in the North) -- and either would recoil and mutter "Betty -- I knew your husband's name was a bit odd -- but isn't it carrying things a bit far to marry one of 'em??" So I have no problem if approached.

If one did want to change TAFF rules (and those proposed changes sound ok by me, by the way) how could one DO it?? Would everyone who ever voted have to vote again on this change -- or what -- or who -- or??

I have been taling and talking and talking about you for the last couple of tapes with Wrai -- he keeps telling me you are a tall dashing heroic type -- but try as I may all I can picture is a cute rolypoly Disney chipmunk. It's all those "W's" in your name or something. I am sorry -- but you are a small fluffy chipmunk -- and cutting Cry letters with those fine rodent teeth -- chewing them up and storing them away for -- for what I wonder??? Ammunition in case of attack during Club Meetings, I guess. And leaving you with a sodden mess in your little cheeks I wander off into the Indiana sunset ----

end of scene-- Bye and best to all---

Betty (Kujawa, that is)

BUCK COULSON, DEPARTMENT OF UNCLAIMED MANUSCRIPTS

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear People (?),

I want to second the complaint of Carl Marks in CRY #137, and add a bit to it. First, let me say that there is material in the YANDRO file that has been there for probably 3 years, and it may remain there another year. But it will be published, eventually, and items which are apt to become outdated are given special consideration.

However, along with the creeps who depart fandom with their contributors' manuscripts and their subscribers' money there is another editorial pest. This is the person who turns his material file over to another editor, rather than return the manuscripts to the writers. Now, he may figure that he's actually doing his contributors a favor by finding another market for their material and saving them the trouble. But he definitely is doing nothing of the kind.

Let me illustrate. A couple of years ago, we received an offer from Ron Smith; if we wanted, he would send us a batch of manuscripts and artwork. Okay, we wanted. What arrived was two huge packages of material, most of which had been originally submitted to DESTINY, God knows how many years ago. (DESTINY folded in 1954). Some of the material included the author's address and some didn't. Some of the addresses were still correct, and some were not. I had never heard of most of the authors. I sorted the material into items that we wanted to keep and items that we didn't want to keep, and sent the second pile to Guy Terwilleger, along with all the addresses that I could verify. Then I tried to find addresses to go with the stuff I kept. Fun. So..... there have been at least 3 items published in YANDRO by authors who never received their contributor's copies and probably have no idea that the material ever saw print. Because the original editor who accepted the raw manuscript failed to return it, the authors have been deprived of the egoboo of seeing it in print.

Are you aware of the fact that you are molding impressionable young neofans into the image of CRY letter-hacks? We got a letter and some sticky change from Jeff Wanshel some time back -- I didn't publish the letter, but I think I shall frame it, along with our membership in Falasca Fandom and the ones that say we're Fully Certified Sex Fiends. What I mean, that letter was WEIRD!

Yours,

Buck Coulson

BOB LICHTMAN, OFFICIAL CRY-PAGE-TOTAL-UPPER
Dear Wally,

6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Cal.

CRY #137 arrived the day before yesterday and I finally finished reading it today. It brings up the CRY 1960 page total to a whopping 212. This is only for three months. If you average 43 pages per issue for the rest of the year, you will end up with just under 600 pages. But I think you'll go over, you undisciplined bunch of focal-point creators, you. Good luck.

I'll go along with Buz & Elinor on their "Mal Ashworth For TAFF" plugging and thank you one and all for coming up with a very choice bit of Mal's work in this issue, even if you did have a nervous typist. Bloody high typo percentage in that item.

Well now, you might have printed this segment of the Berry report in red ink, to show that, gee, how red you feel in the face and the injustice of John's not permitting you to cut (which is Good). As usual, very excellent, and when I read it through, I was sure I had a few comments. But now I've assiduously searched through the thing and I fail to relocate them. Now that John has boarded the plane back to the East Coast, I fear the Epic is starting to draw to a close. Gee, it can't be over this fast. It was just the other day that the first instalment appeared, it seems.

Les Gerber's "Lehrody" was quite good and Parker Sheaffer (hi Don!) had some good lines, including one that someone stencilled wrong (last line of first poem on page 37). "Carl Marks" is a hell of a lot more readable in his Doctrine than another fellow with similar name is in his. They both make as much sense -- I agree with Marks completely, Marx only in part.

Damn, now Les Nirenberg has come up with one of these deathlessly good fannish fantasies. I had a bit of trouble while reading it, though -- I kept identifying Lem Cole with former-fan Les Cole.

Terry's anecdotal retelling of the Ashley incident at the SolaCon is most excellent. The rest of the column is too, and since Terry said he was stencilling it himself I wonder how the contents page gets away with saying he stencilled three pages when he only stencilled two, obviously?

Ah! Elinor is back in "A Column Without A Name"! This is Good.

J. Les Piper much fun this time, and this brings me up to the Lettercol, which this time has that running apology to Decrepit Ella Parker, that Stupid Clod Of A Woman (just kidding, Ella) /and you better not edit those parentheses out, Wally/.

Mike Deckinger: Your tying together the bank failures in the 30's with subscriptions to proz is on pretty shaky ground. Entirely different things. ## Yes, of course Belle is

slanting for neo- and non-fans, but it wouldn't be "obvious to any reader of FU", just to fan readers of same.

Ella Parker: If you really, really want to know what MFFYF! means, write me. I would not dare break it to the whole of CRYfandom at one time, but if you'll promise to keep it to yourself I'll tell you.

Jones by Reiss was funny again and that's all the comments I have. See you next month when you'll probably publish 75 pages.

Best,

Bob Lichtman

HARRY WARNER, JR.; POST-AWFUL PROBLEM

423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear ~~we~~ ~~what can the~~ ~~we~~ People:

Two hundred pages of fanzines arrived the other day in one leaden mass. There were several unusual things about this togetherness for fanzines from various areas that have made me suspicious. So, does whoever stuffs and stamps your envelopes remember if my copy was sealed tightly shut? It arrived that way, and I think it had been arriving with an unsealed flap tucked in. Another publication came with twine around it and its staples pulled out, while still another fanzine's wrapper had been pulled open. It just might be that some thoughtful soul has written a letter to the Hagerstown post office about me.

If the people at the pst office enjoyed the new issue of Cry as much as I did, my mail may be opened regularly permanently from now on. This installment of The Goon Goes West, for instance, which probably reveals more about John's deeper recesses than anything else he has written. His deep affection for ducks, his pride in his ability as a photographer, the nice things he said about Seattle people are good examples of a John Berry that you don't often find in his writings. I'm awfully sorry about the ducks, because there are dozens of them in the town park only a block from my home and we could have been over at the lake with them while chatting instead of sitting in the house.

One thing about TAFF has indisputable value: it causes some very good writers to turn out more than they normally produce during their candidacy. I hope that Mal Ashworth gets so thoroughly in the habit of writing a lot for fanzines that he can't break the custom after the race is decided. He has caused me to think a lot about this leader problem, and still I haven't been able to decide what I'd do if this alien did come up to me and made the cliché-type request. It is quite a sad commentary on humanity, but I cannot think of any leader in any lead-type field whom I would trust to talk and act wisely with a visitor from another world; this includes politicians, ministers, educators, business tycoons, and prozine editors.

~~Carl Marx~~ has scooped me. In an article which Shangri-L'Affaires presumably plans to publish soon, I listed this problem of long delays for fanzine submissions as one of the things that fans should take action on. I think that the one-year time limit suggested here is about right but this sounds like a complicated means for enforcing it, and one that is almost certain to produce unpleasant correspondence. It might be easier to attach a small note to the fanzine manuscript: "This article will be submitted elsewhere if it does not appear in print within one year," keep a carbon, and send the carbon to another fanzine editor after a year.

I'm afraid that like heavenly peace, this particular Les Mirenberg item passeth all understanding for me. And I was afraid for a moment that Terry Carr was also going to scoop me with his remarks about Al Ashley, but they turned out to be something quite different from those that I made in an article which Sylvia White still intends to get into print one of these months. While I was trying to think of a name for Elinor's column, I tried reversing her first name and discovered to my consternation that it consists of most of Ron Ellik. Somewhere, she has written, I believe, that Elinor is her middle name. If her first name is Katrinka or Klotilda or Khartoum, and it turns out that she's just another Carl Brandon, I don't know what Buz will do but I know that I'll feel horrible pangs at the realization that I'd never heard in time that fabulous voice that John Berry describes. It was quite another matter with the page of pictures by Les Piper. The girl

looked so familiar in style, but I finally managed to track down her origin. She looks exactly like the kind of women that Sydney Smith used to put into The Gumps back in the late 1920's and early 1930's.

The minutes and letter column contain much of interest although not much that demands comment. The only item in them that rouses a response is Boyd's complaint about John's use of "America". I think that this is quite common and correct usage in any context where there is no doubt as to the specific country or when the exact nation doesn't really matter. If it isn't permissible to refer to the United States as America, it is also incorrect to refer to Michigan as the United States, but I have not heard of any complaints from New Yorkers or Californians when John has mentioned elsewhere about traveling to the United States for the convention.

Gratefully,

Harry Warner, Jr.

WALTER BREEN AND HIS FUNNY CRYZINE

311 East 72 St., NYC 21, New York

Dear InCRYdibles,

Received #137 almost a week ago and am just now beginning to get over it. Make future issues any funnier and I will have to go to the hospital to have my sides repaired.

One bit I don't understand though. On page 3 someone admonishes readers that "All checks to Seattle should be made payable to Elinor Busby." Like SAPS dues, subs to WRR, and such things? Maybe people should stop talking about making CRY the focal point and start calling Elinor that instead.

You credit French with the illo on p. 75. Didn't heesh also do 69?

I "Pershing Square in 8²" any worse than Mordor in 64?

31 pages of Berry -- never fear you are overdoing it. Berry is Ghreat no matter how big the dose. The next time anyone does a bit on parallel fandoms he will have to include Berry's duck fandom, I suspect. Eofandom for this would probably be J.J. Audubon and associates.

Lhes Gherber's parody ought to be sung at the Pittcon, in chorus. Ghood work.

Mal Ashworth has said what I hope will be the last word on the "Take me to your leader" gag.

Les Nirenberg's "Gafiation of Lem Cole" is his best piece yet. But I can't help wondering why the golem was in the closet then despite its being evening and therefore after sundown?

Terry Carr's col is the best advertisement yet for THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE.

Hey JLesPiper -- I can't imagine Bjo just sitting there so expressionless.

Letterhacks. Joe Patrizio: Does "fan-friction" refer to feuds or has it a meaning the post office might object to?

Lichtman: Doesn't the success of the Berry Fund and the WAW with the Crew in 52 fund prove that fans can be persuaded to support a winner even after they know his name? So I'll stick to my recommendation of a 6-month TAFF voting period, and I hope it goes thru.

wally; if i have to be a cockroach of any kind, let me be the same kind as archy. i see from qabal 5 and earth womens burden that dag and karen anderson already belong to cockroach fandom which i take to be the beginning of a new faanish religion. some day some inspired prophet, possibly albert the alligator, will proclaim archyism. just you wait.

Art Rapp: Let's not fall into the ancient logical fallacy of "post hoc ergo propter hoc" by arguing that the number of volunteers a service gets is directly proportional to the amount of its ruggedness and harassment. I would think instead it is proportional to the service's prestige.

Reiss's Jones was ghood. Ah, the perils of being a Bjo fan...

FISFF,

E. E. GREENLEAF, JR. FROM MYSTERY STREET

1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Dear Vally Veber & other Crybabies:

I get three issues of CRY in the same mail, and you expect me to comment on everything? If only I had read everything!

In general, I enjoyed THE GOON GOES WEST more than any bit of fan writing which I have read in a long time. Particularly I enjoy seeing how many of the features of the American scene which have surrounded us from birth look to someone to whom it is all new and strange. Through John's eyes, even a Burma-Shave sign takes on an air of the exotic.

J. Les Piper's cartoons in the Pfeiffer style are great. Keep them coming. Heroic Enterprise is not Dead (#135) is one of the most clever bits of fan humor in many a moon. Fandom Harvest looks like it is a consistently high quality column.

"Renfrew Pemberton" carries on a very capable autopsy of the prozines, judged by the few which I read. The change of Astounding to Analog might not have been too bad an idea. Astounding to us may conjure up images of Slan and Mission of Gravity, but to an outsider, dollars will get you doughnuts that the image is Buck Rogers and Superman. I wonder how many people, who are capable of appreciating good science-fiction, are scared away by gosh-wow sounding names? I am quite in favor of dignified-sounding names like Galaxy and If.

Campbell's ideas are another matter. I, personally, am interested in psionics, and think it a legitimate field of investigation, but don't think that a science-fiction magazine should be turned into the Journal for the American Society of Psionic Research. And I am not pleased at the prospect of "psionic operas". You know: The hero, instead of throwing together a cyclotron, six vacuum tubes, and a transformer now throws together a few drawings on a sheet of paper, straightens out two coat hangers, and saves the world from the invading Arcturans.

That's all for now. What did you expect: singing and dancing?

Emile Greenleaf

BRUCE PELZ POOHS ASHWORTH

980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, Cal.

Dear Wooly Warper,

Buz is right in his editorial comment: TGGW is a bit thick this time. In fact, at times it's downright gooey. There is a lot of good Berry writing, still, but there are points where it becomes a grand-scale bread-and-butter letter. One advantage enjoyed by the late publication of THE HARP STATESIDE was a better perspective of events, and the reactions of others to the events. Another advantage of THS was the variety of the fan tour which ensued after the convention; a comparison of the chapters of TGGW written about events before the con, when there were many different events and groups of fans being met, and those written about the Seattle part of the trip, will show that the former are a good deal more interesting and entertaining. Variety is the spice of fan-trip reporting, too.

Pooh, Mal Ashworth -- there's no difficulty in taking aliens to a Leader. At least not in LA Fandom. So far, Bjo's been presented with two Martians, three Mercurians, and a Saturnian -- just counting this year, of course. Last year they lost track.

Carl Marks makes a couple good points with his article. One further item might be mentioned: the interminable dragging-out of TAFF reports, such as Madle's and Bennett's.

Very glad to see the Al Ashley episode in Fandom Harvest. I agree that the report -- another overly held up item -- would not be complete without it. Very enjoyable.

J. Les Piper builds better than he knows.

I disagree with Walter Breen's idea that fandom couldn't back a short TAFF voting period for either a Stateside or Anglofan. Of course, the proof is in the action -- and the action will have to start with Bennett and Ford. Has any word been received from either of them -- or from Madle -- on the subject?

Wally, I hope the Gerber tactic of punishment fitting the crime does cure you of the name puns. And the bit of "Come back Ella Parker" all through the lettercolumn seems rather stupid, too.

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz

/Enclosed with Bruce's letter was a strange document, which is reproduced as best we know how on the following page because we think it is a matter of great public interest, because we wish to be fair, and because there isn't any room for it on this page. -- WWW/

PUBLICITY RELEASE

MORDOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MARCH 1960

The Mordor Chamber of Commerce wishes to assure the public that there is no resemblance between the renovated, up-to-date Mordor of today and that which Mr. Tolkien reported shortly after his trip here some time ago. It was unfortunate that Mr. Tolkien should arrive at a time when the country was in a state of flux, but it is rather unfair of him to assume that Mordor would continue to look the same way.

In the time which has passed since Mr. Tolkien's visit, the Mordor Civic Betterment Association, in cooperation with the chamber of commerce, has done miracles in restoring the natural beauty of the country. We therefore invite visitors to come and see for themselves whether or not Mordor should yet be anathema to progress. Full details of the great open visitation season scheduled for a few years from now will soon be available. In the meantime, we urge you to remember that

IT'S M*O*R*D*O*R IN '64!!

for the Council

[We still feel that if the Mordor Civic Betterment Association really wanted to improve the place, it would change the place's name to something much more inviting, like Los Angeles, for instance. -- WWW/

TED FORSYTH IN PARKER PEN

c/o Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn,
London N.W.6 England

Dear Letterhacker,

Note the new address. The publication of an issue of the CRY carrying two Patrizio letters (without the added balance of at least one from Forsyth) has so shocked me that I've emigrated from Edinburgh to London. The present temporary address is Parker's Penitentiary and mail should be directed there rather than to Edinburgh.

At times during the last week the silence in the Parker household has been broken by the sound of screams. The volume of sound was usually loudest when CRY 137 was in sight but at other times a figure could be seen pacing up and down the room muttering... 'Weber...CRY...Murder...Slaughter...(censored)...Weber...' While the patient has now stopped frothing at the mouth, the doctor advises us that a cure is by no means certain, and that perusal of a further issue of the CRY may result in a cure or may lead to the ultimate GAFIA. Since modern science seems unable to help further at this stage we await the arrival of the next CRY.

I notice that Bob Lichtman has started to talk to himself. Has Weber insulted him, too?

While I remember let me thank you for the back numbers of the CRY. 131 & 132 arrived while I was in Edinburgh. They are good issues....Patrizio does not have anything in the letter-column and the official letter-editor was Elinor Busby. Ah well, all good things come to an end sometime.

Boyd Raeburn seems to be a little pedantic. On the American continent there are countries such as Canada, Mexico, Brazil, U.S.A., etc. The natives of these countries are Canadian Americans, Mexican Americans, Brazilian Americans, American Americans, etc. The country is usually the identifying marker not the continent. i.e. Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, Americans, etc., are much simpler and just as accurate as the double-barrelled alternatives.

Surely the cover of CRY 137 is lacking one object...a candelabra. It is Liberace, isn't it?

This section of TGGW seems to have an entirely different atmosphere when compared with previous chapters. I feel that a touch of sadness has crept in, possibly because the 'Adventure' is coming to an end. Are ferocious Dachshunds as dangerous as outraged squirrels?

Fandom Harvest was the most interesting of the remaining items, especially the Ashley episode, and it is a good thing to have a means of checking the veracity of one of the Wber(?) Minutes. With Miriam on letters and Terry on the Minutes Wally could retire... the Parker Patriots are at work. The next thing to do is to take over the CRY, and Patrizio seems to have started on that already.

There are some interesting touches in Take Me To Your Leader that make me wish Mal had done more writing recently. If you do intend to reprint some of Mal's earlier work I think I'd prefer to see it in the form of a single publication rather than have reprints in CRY.

The Gafiation of Lem Cole made me yawn. I have a personal preference for long stories and recently most of the material in CRY has been of the short story/article type of thing. Please give us a few long pieces!???

The Piper cartoon strip is the sort of thing I'd miss if it stopped running, yet I can't say more than 'I like it'.

Yours,

Ted Forsyth

ELLA (S.C.oaW.) PARKER BATTLES BACK

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn.

London. N.W.6.ENG.

Dear Elinor, Buz, Gonser, Tosk and Webbert;

I'm writing to you in desperation. Ted Forsyth is now living in London and is staying with me until he finds himself suitable digs. Today I received CRY (actually it was 3 days ago), and my life has been made a misery all because Joe Patrizio had two letters printed in the one lettercol and he had none. We've been fighting like hell over who should read it first and when I tell you I haven't read the whole zine you'll no doubt guess who won.

Nice to see Elinor get the chance to stick her head out of the mlg dept long enough to talk to us again with the promise that she will do so oftener if only we readers can provide her with a title for the column. The suggestions forthcoming to date would only decide her against doing anything further in the matter...most of them were Forsyth's.

Karl Marx - oops! Wrong bloke - Carl Marks had something pointed to say about fan editors hanging onto material for too long and said it well. I'm afraid I've been guilty of this myself but not without letting the person concerned know, as near as I can, the issue in which their offering will appear.

The only other part of the zine I've read to date is the letter col.

Odd that just at the time Joe Patrizio should make a comment on the nose-in-the-air attitude about SF that so many critics adopt. I'm in the middle of a red-hot argument/discussion with someone over here -- who shall remain nameless -- on the relations between fans and SF. His attitude is that SF has kept him going in arguments, letters etc. for over 30 years. He knows nothing about fandom and doesn't want to. Fans in his opinion make SF smell, and that we are the ones who buy and read the crudzines as opposed to the more literary style of SF. He agrees that the SF being written now is crud and that the fen are to blame for that as they are the ones who are most vocal in their demands for the sort of stuff they are prepared to read/buy. If this is the opinion of someone who knows the field, how can you expect a critic -- who probably doesn't like the stuff anyway and only reads it because it lies in the line of duty -- to have a high regard for it as reading matter.

Patrizio, you were at a disadvantage. Had you written to some other fen before coming to London you would have received fair warning that I seldom use the crutches for the usual task of helping me to get around. I keep them on hand mainly to crack people like you over the head. I find they last longer than bottles which is the weapon I'm normally accused of using. You think you've been insulted by me, yet???

DONALD FRANSON: I have to thank you for my well deserved certification. Well deserved, not so much because I'm alleged to be a CRY letter hack but for the extremes to which I go in order to get what I laughingly call a FREE issue of CRY. I needed to be certified! Cry costs in our currency, as you know, 1/9d. If I want to try and get a letter in the issue following I have three days in which to read mark and comment. I could write a note on those air-letter forms but usually I natter to no purpose for much longer than that will

hold so I send an air mail letter which costs 1/3d. This makes sense? Yes Don, thanks for the certificate, I deserved it.

I've sneaked off to bed with CRY and my typewriter. Having taken advantage of this fact to read the rest of the mag we'll continue with comments on same.

Les Nirenberg's tale of woe promised so much in the opening that when it came to the weak and disappointing end I was feeling most indignant. I like the thot of 'rock' being dangerous to life....it threatens sanity too, but I was just getting into it and enjoying it when, wham! It had finished. I like Les's humour; his cartoon this time is a honey.

If Mal Ashworth can still write like this why in hell hasn't he been doing it all this time? Let's have more of this Mal, win or lose TAFF.

Just for a change I can say with honesty that I really liked FANDOM HARVEST. There has, too often, been the suspicion of malice hidden in most of the items I've seen from Terry's pen that leaves me with a nasty taste in the mouth, something 'not quite nice.'

I had resolved never again to mention TGGW because I loath repeating myself all the time, but, HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! Now thanks to John, I can place some of you in the background to which you belong. I've even gotten a clearer idea of what Elinor looks/sounds/is like as a personality to say nothing of the dogs and the rest.

The picture conjured up of Tosk however, is not such a happy one. All alone in that vast house wandering from room to room with the melody of the records being played following him in his quest for, what? Old friends? New ones, or even some other human to talk to. No, it isn't a happy picture and yet, if Tosk is like me he's probably glad of the chance to be alone and savours his solitude, it's a very precious thing.

You Buz sound just as I'd imagined you. Considerate, thoughtful for your guest and good fun to be with. Much praise has been showered on John for this report and all of it deserved, but I feel it past time for us to thank ALL of you in the States -- this means the ConCommittee and all he met -- for having shown John such a good time and for having made him so welcome among you that you made his job of writing the report that much easier. You are indeed Good Fen, you, ALL of you really did him proud and I for one would like to make my thanks to you known and public.

There are many esoteric expressions used and allusions made in fmz the precise meaning and importance of which escapes me. Like f'r'nstance, who/what is this Ella Parker that the STUPID CLOD OF A MAN(?) Wally Weber keeps yelling for? If he treated her as badly as he claims he can hardly expect her to answer his pleas, not if she has any pride, that is. If it were me I'd be inclined to sneer at him and tell him to crawl back into his waste-basket where he obviously is more at home than when he's out and about mixing with we more normal mortals.

Love to all with one exception until he really apologises. I'm burning!

Ella.

S.C.oa W. (certified.).

GEORGE LOCKE INVADERS ARMY

85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road; London S.W.1

Dear, dear, dear,

Many thanks for the latest CRY. It was very much appreciated, as was the envelope. Your staples are the toughest in fandom.

TGGW was, as usual, brilliant. The BE PREPARED parody was rather good, I thought, as were some of the Sheaffer Pennings.

Like TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER very much indeed. It's obvious, tho, that Mal hasn't met a certain, unnameable something called E--a P---r, otherwise he'd have no trouble identifying his Leader. She - leades. A poor, innocent, weak and pathetic neo-fan, who once admitted to having read s-f, was invited (ambiguous term, that) to visit the unnameable. As soon as he had paid his homage to the ATom originillos competing with the wall-paper for space, he was lead; enfeebled from a long jount on a motor scooter, ruthlessly to a pile of duplicated sheets lying on a table. "Get counting them" she ordered; saying as an aside, "leading him into it gently, but subtly."

Minutes -- hm. When the book version of TGGW -- eagerly awaiting details, and have saved up my first day's pay (4/-) as a member of HM Armed Forces to start paying for it -- comes out, it will have a sepearte chapter of John at the Nameless meeting, won't it? Please? John? A mere half page whets the appetite for more and more and more...

The Carl Marks piece quite rightly strikes a sour note. I couldn't agree more, but the fanned/contributor relationship is probably one of the trickiest things out. For pro-eds, it's relatively simple to return an unsuitable piece, and, being what he is, can do so without hurting the author's feelings too much. On the other hand, William BNF sends a story off to Joe Neo, and Joe Neo rejects it. William will shriek. Joe Neo will probably, if he's at all sensitive -- and all fans are sensitive; you can tell it from their faces -- realise the possibility of the BNF disliking his decision, and even though it was a lemon, he'll not send it back. But these editors who gafiate with an extensive back-log -- they are definitely a menace.

THE GAFIATION OF LEM COLE was an extremely promising story in build-up and writing, but that was a terrible, let-down, 'the author couldn't think of a fannish solution so he throws in the first thing he can think of' ending. A great shame.

FANDOM HARVEST was wonderful. Nothing further to say.

As the telepathic alien said to his missus, "I fundamental Birmingham accent." Sorry, Elinor. Your title column. Why not call it THE MARCHING GUARDSMEN, by A line o' Busbies? Again, sorry.

Liked Les Piper's twist round of the original twist round in the cartoon on page 47.

Now we've come to the lettercol. I seem to see E--a P----r's name mentioned once or twice. I wonder, in my twisted, perverted way, whether we could get sufficient talk about the unnameable septagenerian to get fandom sufficiently convinced that she was a hoax to, using the super-forces fans are alleged by some to possess, actually make her a hoax? It would be smashing, then. London with no E--a P----r. London with peace instead of pieces. London once more a place of noble thought and stirring deed, rather than just ignoble thought and stirring. The facts about her are these: She is six foot three inches tall in her socks, which she uses quite freely on her visitors when they step out of line. If you've ever felt the weight of one of her punches, you'd rate Rocky Marciano as the original 97 pound weakling. Her delicately-moulded features were cast in one of Vulcon's discarded moulds; and she daren't look in the mirror for fear of landing herself with seven years' bad luck. The reason ORION has its off pages is because the poor little duper trembles so much...

Yet -- there is a soft spot hidden beneath that heart of hers. It was evidenced once, when Jimmy Groves was visiting her. Jimmy is a rather nice, quiet, learned fan who works in a refractory furnace laboratory or something at Ford's, Dagenham. He once, recently, repentant at crowing madly at her over receiving CRY before her, gave her a little piece of something for a paper-weight. E--a, after glaring at it in her gentle, soulful manner, asked: "What the blistering blue hell is it?" She dropped it on the floor, accidentally. "It's heavy." Jimmy -- poor little Jimmy -- said timorously: "Galena." E--a, standing bolt upright and refusing to bend down to pick it up unassisted, said: "Take me to your lead-er." And Jimmy, weeping happy tears at thus being allowed to touch E--a, guided her hand gently to the piece of lead ore. A noble moment, never to be relieved.

Looking forward to the next CRY, and the ones after that. Would like to get a whole pile of back-numbers. Maybe some day, I'll earn enough money in the ARMY to buy a few. Think of me on April 7th, by the way -- the day I put the uniform on.

All the best and TTFN,

George Locke

BOYD RAEBURN COMMENTS ON CRY #137

89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, CANADA

Bob Lichtman objects to Buz' TAFF proposals "some fans might not want to support the winning candidate after his/her identity was announced" Exactly, Bob. That's one of the points in favor of the idea. The people who want the winner to make the trip can damn well pay for it. So, if Ezekial Fringefan should win the vote with the help of the Hartnetts and the Troetschels (or however the name was spelled) the Hartnetts and the Troetschels can damn well pay for the trip or he doesn't make it. Under the present system, we can have the case where Ezekial Fringefan and Terry Trufan are competing for TAFF. Now, I'm going to vote for Terry Trufan, but I'm damned if I'm going to donate more than the minimum 50¢

required to vote, to ensure that, if Ezekial Fringefan should win, he'll make the trip on as little of my money as possible.

O.K. Walter Breen. I'll take your word for it that New York City is full of cockroaches. I can only assume that, every time I plan to go to New York, the cry "Raeburn is coming" rings forth, and all the cockroaches are rounded up and banished to Staten Island or somewhere until I have left the city. And on this subject, what does Bruce Pelz mean by "Methinks Boyd Raeburn doth protest too much"? As I do not live in New York, or even in the U.S., this idiot phrase is hardly applicable.

I think it's a fine idea that Elinor should have a page of her own every issue.

Boyd Raeburn

RICH BROWN, THE QUIET NEOGAN

4756 A&E Sqdn. Box 935-S, Tyndall AFB, Fla.

Dear Walter: (like, how's that for a switch, eh? Keen and dignified, like, yes?)

Well, you pipple have done gone and did it again. You sent the Tenth Annish to my previous base, Amarillo, and it took practically a century to get here. I don't know where the February issue is; luckily for me Norman Metcalf had that issue on hand, which he kindly loaned me.

Anyway, into comments. First, comments on the first..whoops..T*E*N*T*H Anniversary ish.

WOW!

Ok, so much for the T*E*N*T*H Annish...

Here we are with CRY #136. Now I wish I had a copy for myself. Onward & Upward Berry: Excelsior!, and so forth. I continue to chuckle and cackle and guffaw and laugh and chortle and giggle my way through this. Muchly fabulous, yea verily.

BY ALL MEANS, KEEP RENFREW BEHIND THE PLOW. At least every once in a while.

Mike Deckinger: you have made a dreadful mistake, bwah. I see that you actually and literally come out here in the CRY lettercolumn and DISAGREE with ME. With me, rich brown, the Grand Old Man Of The CRY Letter Column and the Outside Master Of The CRY? Have you no mortal fear? I am, basically, a humorous person. So for this once, I shall take your remarks as a crude joke, and laugh. Disagree again and I warn you that I will strike you down with lightning where you stand. Yes, I'm God.

Bob Lichtman: Yes, even Terry Carr now shares the MFFYF! slogan, though I fear that, though he may agree in heart, Miri won't let his heart be in it when he shouts its praises to the sky, etc. Someday it'll all come out, and everyone will be disappointed, except a select few. And I'm sure you'll agree, there's such a CRYing need...

Don Franson: Norman Metcalf showed me a card you made, and I am very, very sad. If I promise to write to each and every issue of CRY, even if I'm a neogan at that sort of thing could I maybe get one, too, huh? That would be nice. I would work very hard and industrious and try to be as good as you, who is an old guard CRYhack and even remembers rich brown. Yes.

Ella Parker: Sigh. So you miss Tosk, too. Well, you miss his era, anyway, though you make no statement of preference. Actually, to be fair, Elinor was a better editor, and Wally is a better humorist. But Tosk hit on the lucky days and developed them -- and to make a phrase for the fannish bible "...and they were choice." Yea, verily.

Len Moffatt: I've always wished I had just the slightest talent toward producing poetry, or something of the sort. Unfortunately, though I get ideas, they never seem to work out. One "song," tho, I think, just cries out to be written. Here's all I've been able to do with it:

I was lost from the sight of man,
I sat and watched as the mimeo ran,
I felt a growing gladness,
And yet, withal, a sadness,

For it's a sad and lonely thing to be a fan

The title would be, of course, "It's A Sad And Lonely Thing To Be A Fan," and the poem would deal with the sadness and lonesomeness of being one. But I just Didn't Have It -- The first line is definately faulty, and the others prob'ly are too.

Good to see Reiss getting back into the swing of things.

MFFYF! rich brown, The Quiet Neogan

NORM METCALF, RICH BROWN'S CRY-BOOTLEGGERS Box 1360-S, Tyndall AFB, Florida

Dear Wally,

Please note change of address which apparently didn't reach you last month.

And now on to Cry 137.

Back to the familiar job of thinking up superlatives for Berry. And the word for this month is as follows: Berry is making one get into that car with him and voyage westwards. You are irresistibly drawn by the ghost of the goon as they both go west. Seeing America through foreign but friendly eyes hasn't been done so well since Bryce (or are memories playing me false with regard to Bryce's report?).

Enjoyed Gerber's "Be Prepared". It follows the original rather closely in spirit and still manages to be faanish.

Enjoyed Mal Ashworth's essay where he discusses scouting. The picture created by Ashworth is utterly ridiculous, Akela, Braves.

"Carl Marks" advice on ms. is sound but methinks he sets too long a time limit. Certain unreliable faneds should take heed.

Nirenberg's piece is lost on me. Whatever it is about the "song" that eliminates golems shouldn't be kept hidden from those of us who don't listen to rock and roll. After all, who knows when we'll meet a live golem in the flesh?

Terry is as good as ever. The description of Al Ashley rounds out very nicely the one given by Burbee.

Piper is as good as ever. How about substituting him for the original.

Gerber: Who goofed on spelling my name while congratulating me on having Feiffer's right? Come across, Wally.

Breen: Your two references to Melchizedek plus the one in "Psalms" are the only ones there are in the Bible.

Art Rapp: Some of your views I agree with on the military, others I would like to discuss with you after I am out of uniform. You seem to be right about the USAF being barely able to fill its ranks.

Norm

MIKE DECKINGER AND THE HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey

Dear Masters and Mistresses,

Would ATOM's delightful caterwauling critter at the piano on the cover of #137 have anything to do with the fact that fake-fan Elvis Presley was recently discharged from the Army, and is now back at work undulating his tonsils and his hips?

Berry's TGGW continues to be very interesting. Was he actually taking notes on everything, or did he simply store it in his head?

Ashworth's piece was good, but simply too ser-connish for informal CRY.

This boy Carl Marks speaks words of wisdom. I think that every faned should be ethical enough to return any and all submitted manuscripts he receives a year after date of receipt, if he has still not used them. Carl wants to know why most fan-eds that are on the spot for material, and you send it to them don't respond or acknowledge. Ha, even I can answer this. Because 9 times out of 10 a fan-ed making a request like that remains on the spot. Usually such pleas for material are not very fruitful, and the fan-ed finds that even though he'd like to, he simply can not put out a zine with the one or two items he has on hand. The only way he can save face is to simply forget the whole thing, and ignore those few people who were nice enough to send him material.

THE GAFIATION OF LEM COLE by "Les Nirenberg" was not too good. I've heard of Rock & roll records causing many things, but melting a fan is just too much.

Al Ashley would make an excellent foreign minister from the U.S. Think of the fun he'd cause by roving through the different countries, and repeating that famed epithet to the rulers there. However, as a whole Terry's column wasn't as good as it usually is.

Now to the Wail of the Perusers. Gerber's letter on p.64 reminds me of a nightmare that I had. I was riding along on a bus one dark night when a man sitting next to me held up a small insect, a bee that he was carrying. He explained to me that this bee liked riding on buses. He had one at home that liked to ride on a bus. He said that the one at home liked to listen to A.M. radio, but this was different: "It's and F.M. Bus bee." Then

I woke up screaming, tumbled out of bed, and found myself wrestling with a pillow. Horrid experience. ((Horrid pun, too.))

Shame on you Wally, for not telling J. Patrizio that Edsel was named after one of Ford's sons. He's still alive today, too, the son that is. ((Not true!)) I think ASTOUNDING should go one step beyond ANALOG; let it change it's name to EDSSEL SCIENCE FACT & FICTION. The analogy would be more complete that way.

Jones by Reiss was pretty good; the same haphazard and humorous style of J. Les Piper.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

WHAT RICH bROWN DIDN'T WRITE!
Pari-fruginess ferie mulchers!
Incraniums pantolians!
Moroganess Tallymanchers!
Hectibafonos Aebli's!

4756 A&E Sqdn
Box 935-S
Tyndall AFB, Fla.

It's all a vile plot to keep me from writing to the CRY, that's what. You realize that if I had half a chance, I could once again rally enough forces to Take Over The CRY; you know this, since you had a close call the last time. And you know full well that a snap of my written fingers would bring the whole of fandom down upon you, for now, more than ever, the CRY Is Worth Taking Over.

So you fight against me using devious manners. You send the CRY to my old Amarillo address, and it takes weeks to reach me. You set up Weber to edit the lettercolumn. Obviously he is there to side-step the issue. Yes, the man is funny and witty and frivolous; but what I want to know, is, what does all this have to do with Serious Efforts, like finding out How Many Grunches in The Egg Plant Over There, and Taking Over The CRY?

Nothing.

And of course, it would do me no good to write a letter. It wouldn't get printed, because once I regained my foot-hold, there'd be no telling what might happen.

So I won't bother to say that I liked the AtoMonster cover.

I won't bother to rave about *3*2* *F*A*B*U*L*O*U*S pages of Berry's report.

I won't bother to say I got quite a chuckle from Leslie Gerber's Lehrody. I won't tell you about my gleeful chuckling through Mal Ashworth's Fabulous Willis-type article, "Take Me To Your Leader." I would be defeating my own cause if I said that I persued and enjoyed Wally's MINUTES, even though it be true. I wouldn't comment to ~~Frankson~~ Marks anyway, since I am (unfortunately) one of the editors he talks of. I have some real dated stuff, due any year now, in a zine to be known as Excalibur. I won't even tell you that now I'm sure Les Nirenberg is a hoax. I won't tell you (though in this case I am very sorely tempted) that I thought the first part of this issue's Fandom Harvest is one of the best things I've seen in a fanzine for a long, long time. I won't even suggest titles for a column by Elinor, like "CRYing Over Limp Stencils" or "Clishmaclaver" or "Out Of The CRY-ing Pan, And Into The Stink" or "Elinorials" or "Busbyammerings" or "Nameless CRYings" or anything because things like that just don't occur to me. I won't even tell you I thought J. Les Piper's Carrsville (noted on the contents page as An Untitled Sequence) was better this time.

And commenting to other letterhacks? No, you certainly wouldn't print them, so I won't bother.

No, I won't tell you, Wally, that I suspected this ploy on Ella last month, was happy to see it, and that I got a big checkle (akin to a chuckle, only moreso) out of the punchline to the whole bit.

I definitely won't tell Joe Patrizio that I'm the 90% of fandom that's described in the Sturgeon Postulate.

I won't even tell Bob Lichtman that there's yet another fanzine (besides JD-Argassy) that will be having A Tenth Anniversary Issue Out Soon. I'll be, in fact, extra fiendish; I won't even tell him the name of the zine, and let him try to puzzle it out himself (but I won't even tell him that it's not Science Fiction Five Yearly, so as to confuse him). (Oh, chuckle-chuckle, what I've done said!)

I'm not going to say that I wonder at what Les Gerber is trying to get printed in CRY, or correct him (and others) from calling the Weber Letter Headings puns (they're known as The Anguish Languish), or even agree with him that my story in the Annish fell flat on its face, even though it did.

I won't tell Deckinger that I forsee a future to the future he foresaw (say that ten times, fast {ok, thatthatthatthatthatthatthatthatthatthat}) in which there are Phallic Symbol Zines, until finally they are replaced by more interesting zines; which might, for instance, be called Kteic Symbol Zines.

I won't point out to Walter Breen that I stopped hating myself when I found out I was hating myself; of course, the punch-line is old, and the anecdotes for real, but my writing style ruined the story (for me, at any rate) despite Buz's excellent cutting. I won't even ask him to stop by and visit us (myself, Norm Metcalf, Shelby Vick, and his wife, Suzanne (who is so a fanne, Ron Ellick!)) when he gets down here. I won't point out to him that Willis came the same way Berry did, with a Special Fund (it being sort of the foundation of TAFF), and that pipples like Bjo, ATom, T. Carr, T. Johnstone, M. Ashworth, etc., might well be worth raising special funds for, to get them to or from, as the case may be. Of course, there's always Gem Carr (Send Her Half Way Across And Let Her Sink), but that's an oooold joke, so I won't use it.

I won't tell Don Franson that Ward Moore (who he thought might have been a penname of Bloch's) wrote "Bring The Jubilee," because my memory is hazy and he might not have.

I won't even take the trouble to point out to Boyd Raeburn that while you can call people from Canada either Americans or Canadians, or people from Mexico (just to give another example) either Americans or Mexicans, you do not have the choice when talking about someone from the United States, since United Statesian is ludicrous and funny. I won't even sarcastically ask Raeburn what he would suggest.

I won't even tell you that I liked the whole damned letter column. After all this, you must be saying "Ok, ok, but why is he writing this for, then?"
Heh.

I won't tell you.

MFFYF!

rich brown

WALLY WEBER WRITES

10833 24th So., Seattle 88, Wash.

Dear Wally;

If Bob Lichtman can write to himself and get a free CRY, why can't I? The answer is that I can, so I am. After all, why should I pay an outrageous subscription fee when even stupid clods can freeloader by getting their letters past the gullible lettercol editor?

The only thing of much interest in CRY #138 besides the Minutes is the Cry Of The Readers. I enjoy the Minutes very much, but can't think of any comment to make about them, so on to the lettercol.

ADKINS: Welcome back to the CRY. I hope the lettercol illo becomes a permanent fixture. ASHWORTH: How can you expect to snag Weber's vote if you address your letters to Buz and leave Weber holding the bag under Buz's mailbox? FORSYTH: Now are you satisfied, with two letters in one issue? You, by the way, were the only one to mention that the Minutes in CRY #136 were not done by Wally Weber. Actually, though, they were not forgeries. Weber did one and Gonser did the other, but since they both are named Wally there was no deception involved. Much. The answer to, "Are ferocious Dachshunds as dangerous as outraged squirrels?" is meaningless. It's like asking who is older; Little Orphan Annie or Ella Parker? Beyond a certain point it doesn't make any difference any more. "Comic Art in America" (haw, note that America there, Boyd Raeburn) is credited to Stephen D. Becker, and published in 1959 in New York by Simon & Schuster, but I don't know the price of it. PAVLAT: the L. Garcone bacover on #135 was just plain old conventional 3-color photolith. I don't know the exact cost for having it done because Toskey paid the bill, but I think it was probably in the neighborhood of \$80. The printer had been easy even at that; most of the commercial outfits we talked with quoted \$200 for the three color-separation negatives only. This would still leave the printing to be paid for.

And now a word from Ron Bennett's solicitors.

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OUR REF.

YOUR REF. N3F

21st February, 1960.

F.M. Busby, Esq.,
Box 92,
920 - 3rd Avenue,
Seattle 4,
Washington,
U.S.A.

Dear Sir or Madam,


Re. CRY OF THE NAMELESS, number 130.

I am in receipt of a copy of the above named publication from my client, Ronald M. Bennett of "The Cottage," Southway, Otley Road, Harlow Hill, Harrogate, Yorkshire, in which is published a letter from my said client.

The letter reads in part, ".... I have not as yet received the quote card you mentioned returning to me, and am ploycing the matter in the hands of my solicitors." The editorial reply was of a flippant nature.

This matter has now been referred to us, our client considering that a delay of a further six months adequate before filing suit. Should this letter also be ignored and said "quote card", whatever it is, not be returned to Mr. Bennett, a subscription to the Vargo Statten magazine will be taken out in your name.

Yours faithfully,


J. Augustus Bickerstaffe.

This letter might frighten lesser fans than we, but we have simply turned the matter over to our own lawyer-politician, Jack Speer. He is preparing a counter-action involving the possibility of sending G. M. Carr to England. Rest assured that we have heard the last of this fiasco.

We may talk gently, but we weild an invincible stick.

Back to the Cry of the Readers. WHITE: I'm sorry about not giving you credit for having noted a slump in trip reports during convention descriptions, honest I am. You threw me off the track by noticing slumps in so many things, so that particular bit failed to register. You probably noticed how I cut the part about how to write good con reports from your letter. I'm keeping it for my personal information when writing another report. FRANSON: "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide."? You want me to explain that with the Hagerstown Post Office watching our every move? KUJAWA: You said you could do without FU and it promptly folded; watch what you say from now on! And I'm more a giraffe than a chipmunk type. COULSON: When weirder letterhacks are born, Cry Of The Readers will bear them. LICHTMAN: The third stencil that Terry did for CRY #137 was the cover. WARNER: Elinor seals the envelopes on all CRYs mailed to points inside the U.S.A. It's the unsealed ones you should worry about. BREEN: So you hoped the last word had been said on the "Take me to your leader," theme. Gloat. Whatcha think of the Falasca story this issue? PELZ: I agree, that bit about Ella Parker in the last lettercol was stupid. How was I to know she is six-foot-three and runs a penitentiary? PARKER: Honest, I really apologize for the terrible things I said about you. I'm really sorry that you are a stupid clod of a woman, and to demonstrate my good intentions, I herewith offer the hand of Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, to you in marriage. I would like to offer more, but the postage rates on the rest of Toskey are outrageous. LOCKE: I know, the word at the end of the next-to-last paragraph of your letter should be relived, but the typo fit so well I had to leave it. BROWN: Gee, am I ever glad to see you back almost taking over the CRY again! Not that I relish the thought of you taking over, but it looks like Ella and her inmates are well on the way to beating you at your own game, and under the present circumstances I am better off on your side. Six-foot-three -- Ooog! About that question Les Gerber has been trying to get printed in the CRY, Walter Breen reports that it is on the quote cover of Tesseract 2 -- if the Post Office lets it through, that is. METCALF: You wouldn't really want to know about that "song" that did in Lem Cole last issue. Rock 'n roll isn't much harder on golems than it is on more natural life forms.

I might mention a few of the letters that didn't see print. DONALD FRANSON writes a letter December 11 on CRY #134, the letter gets postmarked December 14, but it doesn't arrive until March 31. The Post Office must have become real attached to that one, Don. STEVE STILES "really went" for the CRY #137 cover. Steve talks a lot about artwork, plugs Wood's illustrations wherever he can, and says, "Contrary to popular belief, N.Y. is not inhabited by roaches." Gee, what could be popular about that belief? MARTIN A. FLEISCHMAN (like Breen) takes this roach business to heart and rambles on like, "...i am glad that i am in fandom to be able to read it fandom harvest typical which is to say..." and soforth. But what really roaches us is how he mailed his letter without a stamp, and we had to pay 4-cents postage! P. F. SKEBIRDIS wants to know, "Hew cume thet yew edit me lettur sew muche?" and, if I have deciphered correctly, offers to pay extra to have all his CRYs mailed to him in envelopes. JIM GROVES ACKNOWLEDGES (oops, getting carried away) CRY 136 & 137, and guesses Ella will be hanging my remains from a hook. "Alas poor Wally, I knew him a little," he laments. DONALD W. ANDERSON wants to know who G. M. Carr is, and he writes the question on N3F stationery!! LLOYD DOUGLAS BROYLES, PFC N. A. BRATMON, SID COLEMAN, JACK L. CHALKER, DAVID B. WILLIAMS, CRAIG COCHRAN, and MARTIN LEVINE send us lovely money, sometimes with lovely comments, but I'm eager to get my free copy now so must close.

Greedily yours,

Wally Weber

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