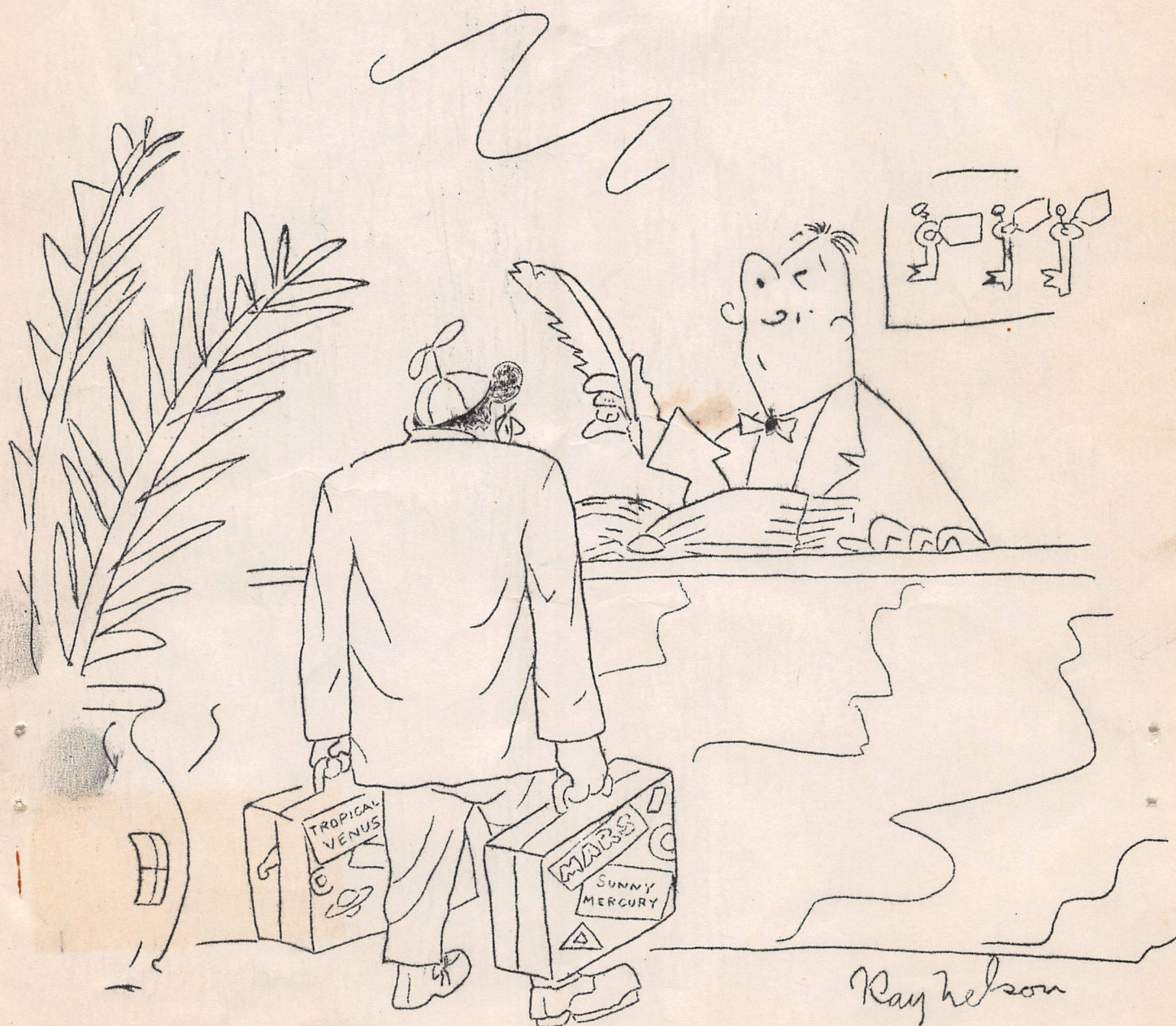


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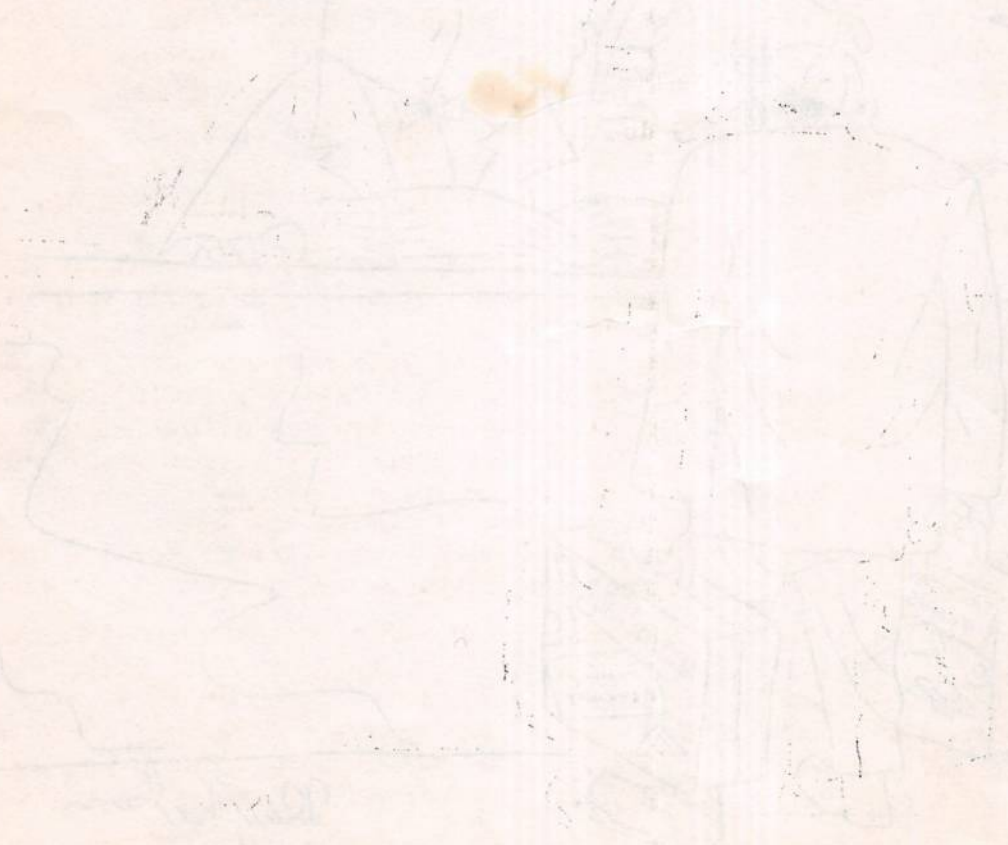
141

July 1960



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of --C*R*Y--. This is #141, for July 1960, of your friendly monthly Incubus.

CRY can be obtained for money: 25¢ or 1/9 each, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash (make checks payable to Elinor Busby) or from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. Try to send the right currency to the right country, won't you?

CRY can be obtained by successfully contributing gems of artistic merit to its overstrained pagecount (a chancy process at best), or masterpieces of comment to its exploding lettercol (a better bet), or fanzines in trade (a hopelessly haphazard arrangement, at this end). Or by sending money. (Elinor sez trades aren't haphazard)

On the other hand, there is no known way of not obtaining CRY if we once have it in for you. Each and (up to now) every month, you get CRY; it's frightening...

Theoretically, this page is devoted to the C*O*N*T*E*N*T*S of the issue, so:

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Stencil-cutting credits to: Weber 23, Webbert 20, Elinor 5, Buz 5.

This month the CRY owns, operates, edits, publishes, and distributes: Wally Weber, Jim Webbert, Elinor Busby, F M Busby, and possibly a number of innocent passersby such as perhaps Toskey, Doreen, and Wally Gonser. Or it could be you.

Our next issue (#142, for August) will doubtless be published on Sunday, July 31st, in the usual fashion; #142 will be the 60th consecutive monthly issue of CRY, marking five years of adherence to a relentless monthly schedule that never lets up.

You know, it could be we're getting in a rut?

At any rate, CRY #143 is giving itself a birthday present or something of the sort. Instead of being published on August 28th or Sept 4th, CRY #143 will skip September entirely and will hit print on October 2nd.

After 60 consecutive monthly issues, we need to take a breather, like. OK?

No, CRY is not going "irregular". CRY is just easing-off a trifle on this utter-slavery routine that has held your friendly neighborhood CRYstaff in such abject terror for the past five years. Now we can begin to call our souls our own, on alternate Wednesdays and Fridays. Social Progress is wonderful.

So from now on we shall feel free to skip maybe one or two monthly appearances in any given year if circumstances warrant, and will always try to let you know about it ahead of time, so's you don't fret and languish and grow pale and wan. OK?

We already have quite a backlog for next month, plus expectations that our fine sturdy loyal regular-contributors will Come Through (John? Mal? Terry? Les?). Redd Boggs' article is on-stencil, and George Locke's Con(?)report is stubbornly resisting efforts to edit it down from 5 pages to 2 or 3. A couple of items have been turned over to Wally for WRR, and I am forced to admit that there are one or two that we just plain can't find at the moment; we haven't given up, though...

The Next Meeting of the Nameless Ones will take place at the Owyhee Hotel, Boise, Idaho, Sunday afternoon, July 3rd, 1960-- after the Fan Panel winds up. You're all invited; just follow Webbert, Weber, et al (probably to the Coffee Shop). Cheers!

4

I heard the beat of FANNISH DRUMS

terry carr

THURSDAY

At 9:00 a.m. the day before the Solacon, I was on a Greyhound bus rolling through the streets of Los Angeles toward the downtown depot. I'd made the trip from San Francisco alone, since all the other Bay Area fans had made other plans for attendance - the Gibsons and Grahams were probably just starting their trip by car, Ron Ellick had been south for two weeks already on a tour of duty with the Marine Corps, Dave Rike and Pete Graham weren't coming till later etc. The bus ride had been harrowing, with the bus breaking down and extending a dull ten-hour trip out to twelve hours, and I'd had little sleep the whole night. I'd brought a couple of Heinlein books, but either they were pretty bad or I wasn't in the mood, because I'd given up on both long before. I was tired, bus-weary, and depressed, as is usual at the end of a long trip.

But I reflected with mounting anticipation that within the hour I'd be getting off the bus, walking a few blocks to the con hotel, and thence plunging directly into the fannish melee of the con. I knew there'd be fans there already - Boyd Raeburn, for one, had passed through San Francisco the weekend before on his way down - and since the Con hadn't started yet I presumed there'd be some up by the time I got there. It was a fine feeling.

And it turned out as I'd hoped - almost. I almost got lost walking the four blocks or so to the hotel, but I asked directions and inside of ten minutes of leaving the bus was walking into the lobby of the hotel Alexandria. I looked around, but saw no fans I recognized nor even any people who looked like fans. I went to the registration desk and asked if Raeburn had checked in. They said no. Then I asked if Ron Bennett had checked in. Yes, he'd been there, but he wasn't around just now - he'd probably be back later that morning.

So I walked over to a bank of telephone booths and called Miriam Dyches, as arranged, to let her know I'd arrived. It was a rather hectic phone conversation during which I asked a sleepy Miriam who was in town yet and she told me in snatches of meeting Dave and Ruth Kyle, Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Bob Bloch, and others, when two people walked by the phonebooth who looked familiar. "Just a minute," I said to Miriam, and stuck my head out.

"Noreen?" I said to a retreating back. Noreen Falasca turned around, recognized me, and came back with Nick. I hadn't seen them since the SFCon in 1954, and felt quite happy to see them again. I asked them to wait a minute while I finished talking with Miriam. Miriam said she'd get ready and take a bus downtown from South Pasadena, and would arrive in a couple of hours. I said I'd meet her bus, hung up, and went out to talk to Nick and Noreen.

"Where's Carl Brandon?" they asked immediately. "Is he here yet?"

This was it. I'd been looking forward to breaking the Brandon hoax at the Solacon ever

since we'd decided to do so over a year before.

"Carl doesn't exist," I said.

"What?"

"Carl doesn't exist. He's a hoax."

Noreen sat down. "You mean - there's no Carl Brandon? You made him up? He isn't real?"

I nodded. "He's a hoax concocted by me and Dave Rike and Pete Graham and Boob Stewart and Ron Ellik," I said.

"But this is fantastic," Nick said.

"We've been looking forward to meeting Carl Brandon for months!" said Noreen. "He's one of the reasons we came all the way out here! And now you tell us he doesn't even exist! He's just you and a lot of other people I've already met. Damn you, Terry Carr!"

I grinned.

"Have you met Ron Bennett?" Nick asked. I said no. "Well turn around and meet him," said Nick.

I turned around and there was Ron Bennett, smiling. "This is Terry Carr, Ron," said Nick. Ron and I shook hands.

"Yes," said Noreen, "and he's just told us some fantastic news. I don't think I even believe him!"

"You're just wishful-thinking," I said mildly.

"What's all this?" asked Ron.

"I told them Carl Brandon doesn't exist," I said. "He's a hoax."

Ron just looked at me. "That's inhuman," he said.

"We came all the way from Ohio to meet Carl Brandon!" said Noreen.

"I came from England," said Ron.

The conversation developed into a questioning of me on who had written the Brandon material, and I did my best to explain the rather confused system of actual authorship, what with me writing 75% of it and the rest being authored by Ronel or Pete or Boob or Dave, often in collaboration.

"By the way," said benenet, "I might as well tell you now that Eric Hartman doesn't exist either."

"Who's Eric Hartman?" I asked.

"I just made him up," said Ron.

I finished my coke and excused myself to go out to the desk and check on my reservation. I didn't want to check in until after 1:00 that afternoon, thereby saving a day's rent, but I wanted to be sure I had one reserved.

"A reservation of Carr?" said the desk clerk. "Let me see..." He riffled through some pages. "G.M. Carr?"

"No," I said shortly.

"Hummm...ump...ah yes, Terry Carr, yes you have a reservation.

I thanked him and went back to rejoin the Falascas and Bennett. I met them coming across the lobby. They said they were going to their rooms. I asked them if they'd store my luggage till that afternoon and they consented, so I gave them my suitcase but kept the large sackful of INNUENDOS I'd brought for distribution. I handed copies to the Falascas and Bennett as they left.

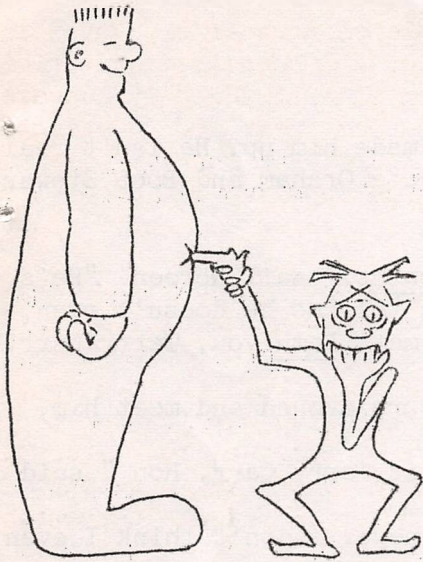
I turned around and wandered into the coffee shop again, looking for more fannish faces. I didn't see any. Coming back out into the lobby, I encountered two beards. One of them I recognized from photographs.

"You're Ted White," I said, extending a hand.

"You must be Terry Carr," Ted White said, shaking it. "I recognized you from photographs."

"I'm Jerry DeMuth," said the other beard, and I shook hands again.

Then Ted and I eyed each other. We'd been sniping at each other more or less goodhumoredly in the Cult for some time, and in the previous issue of INNUENDO I'd printed Pete Graham's dissection of Washington D.C. fandon, "Clayfeet Country". Our meeting certainly didn't have to be a friendly one, one might say.



* ULP * NO VACANCY HERE !

But neither of us felt much like arguing, and we soon got into a pleasant three-way conversation with Jerry. They told me of several incidents in their cross-country trip, including the now-famous one of the motel manager who stuck a gun in Bill Donaho's gut.

Before long, a somewhat larger group began to collect. Bob Shaw came in, followed a little later by Boyd Raeburn (who, it developed, had registered at a nearby hotel instead). I was fascinated by Bob Shaw's pleasant Irish accent, and the way every statement came out sounding like a question, due to his natural rising inflection at the end.

About that time I noticed a fellow wandering around the fringes of the group, but not talking to anyone.

"Isn't that Wally Weber?" I asked Ted.

"I don't know," said Ted.

It being the day before the con, nobody was wearing identification badges, and also the atmosphere hadn't quite warmed up to the point where anyone would ordinarily walk up to someone who might turn out to be a nonfan and ask him who he was, so we had to wait for the fellow to introduce himself. He did, and it was indeed Weber. But a few minutes later he wandered off with some Seattle fan and I never did get to exchange more than two words with him.

We all moved into the drugstore's soda fountain which connected with the hotel lobby and continued our conversation over coffee. Bennett, as soon as he sat down, pulled out a sheaf of postcards and started sending wish-you-were-here cards back to England, passing them around to the rest of us to be signed. As Raeburn, who was on my right, passed the third one to me, I got an idea. I signed it, and under that signed "Carl Brandon" in the special signature I'd concocted two years before for Brandon letters. This signature doesn't look at all like mine. Then I passed the card on to Ted White.

He started to sign it and stopped short. "What," he said suspiciously, "is this doing here?"

"I put it there," I said. "You see, Carl doesn't exist - he's just a hoax."

"I don't believe you," Ted said flatly.

Raeburn grinned and said, "I found it hard to believe myself."

Boyd, of course, had been convinced when I'd handed him the first ten pages of a Brandon parody I was working on when he came through San Francisco. But his statement was ambiguous and didn't go far in convincing Ted.

About this time someone came in and started talking to Raeburn. It turned out to be Walt Liebscher, he of CHANTICLEER fame, and more recently the poem "I Want To Pass Away In Pasadena" in A BAS. He'd heard of the con and decided to drop by. But he had to get back to work right away, since he was just on a coffeebreak.

Somewhere around this time I left and met Miriam at the bus. She was wearing a bright red dress, and rather low-cut. This was all very nice, but I immediately had premonitions of the wolves at the convention making a bee-line for her with intentions which would shock a clean-cut Englishman like our TAFF guest Bennett.

Well, we entered the lobby and I left her alone for a minute while I checked to see if my room was ready yet, it being past 1:00 by this time. It wasn't: the residents who were supposed to be former residents by this time hadn't checked out yet. So I turned around and Miriam was gone.

I spotted Ted White and asked him if he'd seen where she'd gone.

"Oh, sure," said Ted. "Bennett introduced himself and took her to coffee."

In a little while Ron and Miriam came back from the coffee shop and I suggested as forcefully as I could to Miriam that she check in and change her dress. She went off to do so.

Meanwhile, I checked on the status of my reservation a couple of more times, until the clerk finally decided to give me a different room to that which I'd been assigned originally. Safely ensconced therein, I then went up to the Falascas' room and retrieved my luggage with many thanks and apologies for unwittingly waking them up from their pre-con siesta (smart people, those Falascas).

Back in my room, I looked round with satisfaction. Yes, a nice room for \$5.00. At least, I said to myself, it'd better be a \$5.00 room - that was what I'd reserved, and I doubt that I'd have the money to pay for a more expensive one.

Nothing much happened that afternoon. That evening, Miriam and I went to Clifton's restaurant for dinner, but finding it closed wandered into a Thrifty Drug Store or something for hamburgers. The waitress was a goofy type who nattered on in a loud voice to all the customers, I pulled my beanie out of my pocket and donned it, to catch her reaction. She was delighted. "We don't get many people in here as crazy as me," she said.

On the way back to the hotel we passed through Pershing Square, where various types discoursed from soapboxes on religion, politics, and the second coming of the serpent. I wondered briefly if any of them ever ate at Thrifty Drug.

There was to be a LASFS meeting and party at Forry Ackerman's house that night, but it was already pretty late and the hotel seemed deserted - presumably because all the fans were already out at Forry's. Miriam said she wasn't feeling well anyway and didn't feel like going, but I decided to go myself if I could get a ride. I finally picked up the phone and asked the hotel switchboard for Forry's number.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the operator, "but a M5. Stark just called that number and it's still busy."

Stark! I said to myself. I hadn't expected Larry Stark to make it to the Con! Why, maybe Andy and Jean Young were there too!

"Will you give me Mr. Stark's room when he completes his call?" I asked the operator. She said yes.

A few minutes latter the phone rang. "Hello?" I said.

"Hello," said a voice. "The operator said you wanted to get in touch with me."

"Ah," I said, "Larry Stark?"

"No, Ben Stark," he said. "From Berkely."

Good grief, I thought; I live in Berkeley, and I forgot about Ben Stark.

"Well, hi, Ben," I said. "This is Terry Carr. Are you going out to Forry's?"

"I will if I can get directions," he said. So I told him I'd get shold of someone at the party myself for directions.

I called Forry's then, and after much background-noise and confusion someone succeeded in getting Bjo to the phone. I told her that I wanted to come out but that I didn't know how to get there.

"Wait in your room," she said, "and I'll see if I can get someone to come get you."

"I don't need a ride," I said. "I just need directions to--"

"What? I can't hear you!" Bjo said over the uproar. "Just sit tight and someone will pick you up. Don't worry!" And she hung up.

Well, true to Bjo's word, a little later Milo Mason came by in his car to get me. I got in touch with Ben Stark and Milo gave him directions to Forry's place, and we set off. We stopped on the way to get some beer and soon were turning into Sherbourne Drive.

There were two houses in lthe middle of the street.

"Oh," said Milo, "I forgot about them. They're moving those houses away, but they were in the middle of the street at quitting-time so they just left them there. I'll have to park here and we'll walk the rest of the way.

He parked, and we started walking the block or so to Forry's. Already we could hear the noise of the party.

I looked at the houses in the street. "Man, you talk about fan-parties!" I said. "This one is driving the neighbors away, houses an all!"

We walked into Forry's and encountered an unghodly crowd of people, many of whom I recognized and many of whom I didn't know from Alexander Blade. Ronel was there, and Bjo, and Charles Burbee, Ted White, Jack Harness, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Karen Anderson...

many, many more, too. Dave and Ruth Kyle, George Fields, Ted Johnstone, John Trimble, Alex Bratmon. And Sylvia Dees.

"Well, I don't care if Carl Brandon doesn't exist!" she said to Ronel. "All I know is, I certainly do, only nobody would believe me until they met me! I do too exist!"

"That's your one hold on reality, eh/" said Ron.

"It's guys like you that make people suspect every new fan who comes along!" said Sylvia.

"Meet Terry Carr," said Ron as I walked up to them. "He's another one of us guys who compromise your very existence."

"I do too exist!" Sylvia flared at me.

Sylvia was a cute, petite blond, and I was quite content to admit her existence and let the subject drop there.

Seeing Burbee in the crowd near us, I asked Ron, "Does Burb know about Carl yet?"

Ron snapped his fingers. "No!" he said. "I haven't told him yet!"

So we went over and told Charles Burbee that Carl Brandon, upon whose works He had looked favorably, was just a hoax.

"I don't believe you," said Burbee. "How can that be?" He looked at us calmly. "Carl Brandon is a talented Negro fellow who lives with Dave Rike in Berkeley and writes things which I like to read between issues of my own fanzine. I know Carl Brandon very well, though of course I've never met him."

"Carl Brandon doesn't exist," said Ron.

Burbee looked at him. "Carl Brandon is more real to me than you are, and I've met you," he said.

His calm denial withered us, and the subject wandered onto hoaxes in general. We talked of Joan Carr and John Bristol and other non-existent fans. Sylvia said she did too exist. I said something about "Jacob Edwards" and "Ron Archer" to Ted White.

Burbee came back. "You know that woman I've been living with all these years who you think is my wife?" said Burbee. "That's not my wife. It's all a hoax. In fact, it isn't even a woman. It's just E. Everett Evans in a disguise."

About this time I plowed my way into the kitchen to get another beer. The icebox was empty - someone had taken my last beer. I looked around angrily, looking for the tell-tale half-quart can of Lucky Lager, a brand which no one else had brought. I began to dream up all sorts of cutting remarks I could make when I found the culprit.

Then I saw Tony Boucher drinking a half-quart can of Lucky Lager.

I slunk back into the front room, abashed. "Tony Boucher is drinking my beer!" I said proudly to whoever would listen. (Well, what would you have done?")

A little later George Fields, a fan four-square, got me a couple of cans of beer, and I felt better all around.

Ronel and I spotted Steve and Virginia Schultheis in the crowd. They had heaped extravagant praise on Carl Brandon for his "My Fair Femmefanne" in A BAS and "The Pig, The Ostrich, And The Rat" in RUR. In fact, when Ron had seen them at the Midwescon, he had told them they comprised Carl Brandon Fan No. 1, Ltd. "Let's break the sad news to Schultheis," I said.

Ron drew him over to where we were. He checked Steve's temperature and pulse, told him to sit down. "Take it easy, boy," he said. "This might be hard to take. Now brace yourself."



"YOU MEAN... THERE'S NO
CARL BRANDON?"

Virginia looked on inquisitively as Ron went on elaborately preparing him for the shock. "Breathe deeply," said Ron. "This will only hurt for a minute."

"What will?" asked Steve.

Ron leaned down and looked Steve directly in the eyes. "Carl Brandon...does...not...exist!" he said.

Steve looked at him. "You mean the guy who wrote 'My Fair Femmefanne' and the piece in RUR?" he asked mildly.

"Yes!" said Ron.

"Then who wrote them?" Steve asked.

"Carr wrote 'My Fair Femmefanne'," said Ron. "I wrote 'The Pig, The Ostrich, and The Rat'."

"I never would have suspected," said Steve. "You have my word as a GDA op. Can I go now?" And he got up and wandered away, talking calmly to Virginia, who still looked perplexed. Ron and I watched him go, awestruck.

"It's finally happened," I said. "We made a big deal out of it to somebody who didn't care."

Ron's eyes narrowed. "He cares, all right," he said. "Look how carefully he's walking. See how he's got his arm around Virginia - he's actually leaning on her for support. He cares all right. It's just that he's a trained GDA op., and he can't disgrace his calling by showing emotion."

I watched him disappear into the melee of the party, his head still high. "You've got to admire a man like that," I said.

Well the party went on, we talked of many things and had a fine time meeting people, and eventually the party started to break up, so a bunch of us piled into John Trimble's car and he drove us back to the hotel. There was John, Ronel, Jack Harness, Ted Wjite, Jim Caughran and me.

I think it was staid ole Bennett who brought up the subject of Sylvia Dees.

"A very nice-looking girl," he mused. "I guess she does exist."

"Does she ever exist!" enthused Ted White, who probably hadn't the faintest idea that she'd be engaged to him within the month.

FRIDAY

I'd meant to be down at the registration desk when it opened at 10:30, but I slept a little late and didn't make it till 11:00. After registering, I turned around and saw an unfamiliar beard. Looking at its I.D. tag, I found it to be F.M. Busby, one of my favorite people. I introduced myself to him and met Elinor too. We chatted a bit, and then the usual happened.

"Where's Carl Brandon?" asked Elinor.

"Carl doesn't exist. He's a hoax."

"A hoax?! You mean we came to this convention just to meet you?"

I was getting to know the pattern by this time.

I went downstairs then and into the soda fountain for breakfast. Walt Liebscher dashed in and out again on his lunch hour.

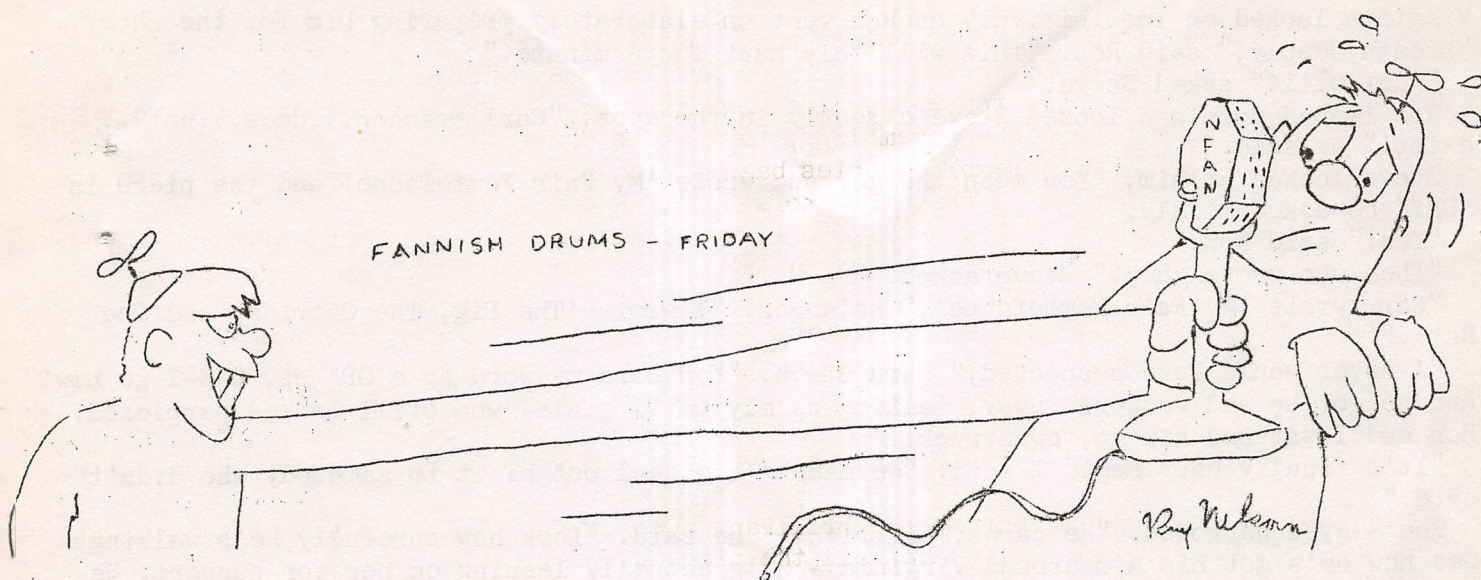
Back upstairs, people were milling around on the balcony where the registration desk was, and in the room to which it connected, where auction material was displayed. The convention was to begin soon, but no one was in the convention hall, which the balcony overlooked.

I saw a woman sitting off to one side whom I recognized from photos, so I went over to her.

"Grandma?" I said. "It is you, isn't it?"

G.M. Carr looked at my name-tag and smiled. We talked a bit about fans who think we're related. (We're not).

About this time Len Moffat came up and asked me if I'd help some members of the committee to move some materials up from the basement. I went off to do this.



Back on the balcony, I ran into Miriam, who acted intermittently during the con as a Hostess. Stan Woolston, who was supposed to conduct interviews over the loudspeaker system right about then, had sent her off to round up some interviewees. She asked me to help her. So we looked around for people for a while, and rounded up a few who mysteriously disappeared soon after, and returned to Stan to find him still needing someone to interview.

"Tell you what," he said, "I'll interview you to get things going while Miriam brings some people to follow you."

I agreed, somewhat reluctantly. I'm just as afraid of microphones as the next person, and I hadn't the faintest idea what to talk about.

Stan turned on the mike, said, "As our first interview of the afternoon, I present Terry Carr," and handed the mike to me.

I handed it right back to him. "Ask me me questions," I whispered.

Stan took the mike and asked me how I got to be a Publishing Giant, as I and several other Berkeley fans are sometimes termed. I didn't know what to say to this that would be of much interest to a casual audience composed so largely of non-fanzine-fans, and I'm afraid I wandered all around the subject in my reply, to no great effect.

Stan then asked me something about the Tower To The Moon Of Bheer Cans which we in Berkeley are supposed to be building, and I nattered boringly on about that, realizing all the time just how boring I was being and wishing I were somewhere else. I'm certainly not the greatest public speaker in the world, though I was a whiz at it in grammar school, and somehow I was feeling far less capable than usual at that time, just out of bed an hour or so after partying far into the previous night.

Stan I both were looking around all this time for Miriam to come back with some other interviewee, but neither Miriam nor interviewees were in evidence.

Finally Stan said, "Thank you, Terry Carr," and turned off the microphone, giving up on the interviews. I wandered off, wishing he hadn't mentioned my name.

But I was sheered to note that there was only one person in the convention hall, which was the only area where the loudspeakers could be heard very well.

It later developed that Miriam had sent several people over to be interviewed, but either they'd got lost or had heard the way I was verbally tying myself in semantic knots, and didn't want to get mixed up in a mess like that themselves, because none of them ever got there.

It was getting on into the afternoon by now, and Miriam asked me if I'd go out with her to the place where the LASDS meets, to pick up her fanzine, MENTAL MARSHMALLOW. Bjo had run it off and left it there for assembling and stapling. I said sure, and so off we went.

The trip to and from, and the assembling, took about three hours. There was no stapler around, so we brought the assembled copies back to the hotel, borrowed a stapler from the Committee, and settled down in the lobby to staple.

Miriam was sitting next to Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, and Dave and Ruth Kyle and maybe some others. She and Lou were doing the stapling. On the other couch sat Jerry DeMuth, Boyd Raeburn, and Ted White. I joined them, sitting on the floor.

Noreen Falasca came by. "Terry," she said, "I woke up this morning and thought about Carl Brandon, and I almost cried! And I came all the way to California just to meet you!" She went away.

I looked at Ted and Boyd. "That's what they all say," I said sadly. "We built Brandon into such a fabulous fannish genius that everybody's mad when there's nobody to meet but us."

"Well," said Ted, "you're hardly the brilliant type of fan that Carl seemed to be, with those wonderfull squelches he got off all the time."

I nodded sadly in agreement.

"Why don't you sit on a seat?" asked Ted. "We could squeeze over. You look uncomfortable on the floor."

"Yes", said Boyd. "And seeing as how it's still early in the convention, the hotel staff probably isn't used to people sprawling on the floor in the lobby yet."

"Yes, let's see if we can move over," said Ted.

"No, don't bother, Ted," I said. "To tell the truth, I've always wanted to be able to look up to you."

"Boyd broke out laughing, as did Ted. "Does he sound more like Carl Brandon now?" Boyd said to Ted.

A little later the crowd thinned out and I got a seat. Bob Block came by, said he'd heard that Brandon didn't exist, and heaped egoboo on me for writing "The Purple Pastures", which had just been distributed in FAPA.

"I was talking to Tony Boucher about that piece," said Bob. "He'd love it - it's just the sort of thing he likes. Why don't you send him a copy? He said he wanted to read it."

"It just so happens," I said, "that I have a copy of it in my room. I'll give it to him when I see him next. Oh, and by the way, Bob, I brought those old Paul Whiteman records that I promised to give you a year and a half ago."

"What?!" said Bob. He reeled and fell back against the couch. "You did!?" I'd promised him long before that I'd mail them to him, but had never been able to figure out how to package them so they wouldn't get broken in transit - they were 78's.

So we went up to my room and I gave him the records and he staggered off to his room, thunderstruck.

It was evening by now, so I found Miriam and we went to dinner at Clifton's which was open this time. Arriving back at the hotel, we heard that Burbee was in the bar, so we went there.

Burbée was surrounded by fans -- Raeburn, the Busbies, Bob Pavlat, Elmer Perdue, and so forth. Miriam and I squeezed our way into the booth, I ordered beers for us, and we listened to Burbée for awhile.

"Have you all met TCarr, my benefactor/" asked Burbée, "TCarr is the reason I'm at this convention, you know. He discovered me to modern-day fandom. For this reason I say TCarr is a fine fellow, even if he does try to tell me that Carl Brandon doesn't exist. I know that Carl Brandon exists. He is more real to me than TCarr himself, and I've met TCarr you know."

"Terry didn't have to rediscover you to modern-day fandom," said somebody. "You'd have been known anyway, for your pieces about Al Ashley."

"Well, many fans already had heard of me," Burbée admitted. "But they didn't know who I was. One fan wrote in INNUENDO that he'd thought I was an N3F-type person." Everybody laughed. "And anyway, my stories about Al Ashley were all lies. Al Ashley isn't like I

depicted him. That Al Ashley never really existed."

I looked at Burbee. "But Burb," I said, "that's fantastic. Why, Al Ashley is more real to me than you are, and I've met you!"

Burbee looked around the table. "TCarr is a great fan of mine," he said. "He can even quote what I say. Of course, he gets it wrong sometimes."

I turned around, and saw Elmer Perdue, who is sometimes known as God in certain circles. "Hello, my son," he said compassionately.

"God!" I exclaimed, by way of greeting. So we talked for a bit and he bought Bheers for Miriam and me. Mostly we talked about "Ah, Sweet Idiocy," Perdue giving some sidelights on the various incidents recounted therein.

There was to be a big party in the Detroit suit, so a lot of us made ready to decamp and move up there. Elmer said he'd stay in the bar.

The Suite was crowded, as might be expected. There were probably a lot of people shifting back and forth between the Chisago and Detroit parties, but at no time was Detroit's room very uncrowded.

We had just been there a short time when I saw Bill Rotsler standing in the doorway to the next room, so I excused myself from Miriam, who was talking or listening to someone, and joined him.

"You know, Terry," said Rotsler, "I've been here for almost two hours now, and I've just realized that I'm at a science fiction convention. I was just driving by tonight and remembered the convention, so I thought I'd drop by. And now look at me - standing here with fans moving back and forth past me all the time, talking to people, drinking blog. It's an uncanny feeling!"

I made it a point to mentally stop in my tracks and realize that I was at a convention. I hadn't had time to stop and think about it like that since getting to L.A., and it was indeed an uncanny feeling.

Bill was drawing cartoons on a seemingly never-ending par of paper he had, tossing them off rapidly. I was pocketing them. I'm no fool.

"Where'd you get the blog?" I asked.

"In the next room," Bill said. "They have it all mixed up from wine and ghod knows what else. I suppose it's drinkable."

So I made my way into the next room, and in between talking to Ted White, Ron Ellik, Slex Bratmon, and others, and meeting Trina Castillo and Bill Donoho, I got some blog. It was horrible stuff, but it went down and fans will drink anything at a con-party. I know. I'm a fan and I did.

This batch didn't turn out so good as the last time we made it," explained Bill Rickhardt. I nodded and assured him I wouldn't hold anything against Detroit if I got ptomaine poisoning.

Well, I talked to Rickhardt and DeMuth and others, until I decided to take a drink back into the next room for Miriam, so I got one and made my way back. I'd been gone almost an hour.

When I got back I found Miriam quite drunk. Apparently the blog had been flowing quite freely in that room, too. Right then and there I decided it was time for her to leave, because that blog was not stuff to mess around with and Miriam tends to drink more and more as time goes by. So I suggested we leave, but she wanted another drink first and we went back into the other room and she had another drink and then another and Rotsler drew a cartoon on her bare shoulders and she was having a fine time but I could see the end was near, so I renewed my efforts to get her the hell out of there.

"Just go on into the other room and out the door," I said. "Don't stop to say goodbye to anybody or we'll never get out of here."

So we went into the next room and Miriam said goodbye to the Goldstones and Bratmon and about everybody in the room, and by the time we got to the hall we were in the middle of a group of fifteen fans, all hell-bent to head for the Chicago party and continue the festivities. This wasn't exactly what I'd had in mind - a few more drinks and Miriam would be sick. I knew it - I wasn't feeling tiptop myself.

So we wandered the halls and about the time most of the fans would wander away and I'd think we wouldn't have to go to that party after all, along would come several more fans. In about a halfhour we were all back at the Detroit party.

"Back again?" said Rotsler, who had been digging the scene.

"Yes," I said tiredly.

"Um...you responsible for Miriam?" he asked. I said I supposed I was. "Funny, I feel responsible myself," he said. "Let's see if we can manage to rescue this fair damsel from distress."

So once more the campaign to get Miriam out of there began, and this time it was more successful. By the time we got her to the hall there were only six or seven fans with us.

So once more we started wandering the halls. There was me and Miriam and Rotsler, and the Goldstones, and Forry Ackerman, and several others.

We ran into Kris Neville in the hall. He looked at Miriam and said, "I'll bet she sings union songs." So right there in the hall at some ungodly hour of the morning Kris and Miriam broke out with "Solidarity Forever".

Then Kris started talking about a party in his room. Now, I've been to Neville parties. People drink at Kris Neville's parties. So right then I spirited Miriam away and deposited her at her room with a forceful suggestion to go to sleep.

I went back to the Detroit party, but that was dying, so I went up to some other room where I'd heard there was a party. There was: Len Moffatt was in the corner holding forth with the Busbies and Falascas and so forth, and Bob Leman was sitting of the bed talking animatedly with some people, and Bill Donoho extricated himself from this discussion to join me.

"You want a drink?" he said. Since the Detroit blog had left a bad taste in my mouth - I think there must have been quite a bit of citric acid in it - I said yes, and Bill started looking around for something drinkable for me. The only liquor left at the party was a fifth of gin Leman had clutched to him in a death grip.

Leman was pretty high and so was Donoho, and neither of them are exactly tiny. Donoho asked for the bottle, and Leman said no bigod it was his, and there ensued an animated discussion which wasn't very serious I don't think, because dire threats were passed back and forth, and finally Donoho wrestled the bottle away from Leman, who then shrugged and turned back to his conversation.

And that was how Bill Donoho got me a drink at 3:30 a.m. during a convention.

He then found a paper cup and filled it half-way up with straight gin. I asked if there was any mix, since I absolutely loath straight drinks, and Bill said no, there wasn't even any ice left. So I eyed the gin and though I didn't especially want it I resolved to drink it bigod, after the trouble Dill had gone through to get it. And during the next halfhour I did manage to drink it too, meanwhile listening to tales of the trip from New York from Donoho and later listening to Len Moffatt holding forth in the hall outside the door as the party broke up.

Then I made my way in a very dignified manner to my room, where I fell into bed.

SATURDAY

I got up around noon, as usual, and went down to have breakfast. I found Rotsler and Miriam having pancakes or something, and joined them. Miriam wasn't feeling too well on the morning-after, and she looked decidedly green when I had a milkshake for breakfast.



OF COURSE I LIKE MY GIN STRAIGHT!

We wandered around doing nothing much of interest for awhile, until we heard Burbee was in the bar again, and headed there. We spent almost the whole afternoon there, talking to Burb, Perdue, Gus Willmorth, the Busbies, Pavlat, & co. Somehow though, the whole afternoon is a blank. I guess that milkshake I had for breakfast must have been plain bravado, because my subsequent lapse of memory suggests that I wasn't really in top shape.

I do remember that, that was the afternoon Dave Rike and some of his friends got to the con. With him were J.G. Newkom, Jim Barclay, and Arlene Brennan; all four of them were connected with the Beat Generation scene in Berkeley, and they brought their bongo drums and so forth.

Jim Barclay, more usually known as Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley, is a Negro fellow just about right in age and looks to be Carl Brandon. In fact, for the first day or so he was constantly being mistaken for Carl Brandon and the rest of us were getting dirty looks from people who thought we'd been lying when we'd said Carl didn't exist. But Jim knew of the Brandon hoax and wasn't confused by it at all.

Sometime around here I ran into Boucher again, and gave him a copy of Brandon's "Purple Pastures". He seemed delighted.

That evening Miriam and I had dinner with Lou and Cynthia Goldstone. We went out to a small place nearby and had hamburgers, I think. We talked about things unfannish and in general enjoyed an hour or so of respite from the fannish hubbub. A very pleasant interlude.

At 9:00 that evening, the Auction Bloch was scheduled, so a group of us collected in the convention hall. Professionals such as Bob Bloch, Tony Boucher, E.E. Evans, Richard Matheson, Fritz Leiber, and E.E. Smith were auctioned off, the highest bidder getting one hour of the author's time. The bidding, under the auctioning guidance of Sam Moskowitz, was spirited in most cases. E.E. Smith at first drew only low bids, until Moskowitz gave a big spiel on the excellences of Smith's writing, pointing out that "His books have Sex!" and quoting some of the more torrid love-scenes where heroes and heroines vowed Undying Love in trembling voices, and "His characters Cuss!" at which point Sam quoted the famous line "May I be kicked to death by little red spiders!" This brought down the house, the bidding rose higher and higher, and Doc Smith was finally sold for \$23.00, the highest of all.

Bob Bloch, who had suggested the whole thing, sold for \$17.00 or so. He was bought by a corporation of seven fans, I believe it was, all of them chipping in money. Djinn and Bjo were the instigators of this corporation, and were quite excited about it. In fact, when it seemed that Djinn's bid of \$16.00 was going to win, Bjo got so excited she jumped up and bid \$17.00, not realizing she was bidding against herself.

After this the program closed down for the night and everybody went looking for a party. Miriam and I and several others had been invited to Neville's room for a party, so we went up there. It was crowded, there was much good liquor and mix and ice and glasses, and much stimulating talk. Dave Rike, J.G. Newkom, and Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley were beating their drums, creating a loud but rhythmic background to the waves of conversation which drifted past my ears.

I was standing in the middle of the room when I heard somebody near me say, "How do you do? I'm Dick Ryan." By Ghod! I said to myself, Dick Ryan of 6th Fandom fame! I went over to him.

"Not the Dick Ryan?" I said.

"Is there a Dick Ryan?" said Dick Ryan with a big toothpaste smile on his effeminate face. He had blonde, curly hair and was wearing a black, open-neck goucho shirt, very Hollywoodish and faggish. It very soon developed that this was some other Dick Ryan, and moreover that he was of doubtful masculinity.

"I'll be here tomorrow, too," said Dick Ryan ingratiatingly. "Will you be here then?" He still had that sickening smile on his face and was practically snuggling up to me, which wasn't hard, considering how crowded the party was.

"I guess I'll be here tomorrow," I said, and spotting Miriam nearby, put my arm around her waist quite affectioately, wandering off to the other side of the room with her as soon as I could.

Somebody peered at my name tag and said, "Terry Carr! Why, I've always wanted to meet you!"

As was usual with people I didn't know by sight, he wasn't wearing a nametag himself. I smiled and said howdyado, and asked him why he'd wanted to meet me, meanwhile asking some-

body nearby as quietly as I could who this guy was. I just got a grin back and the information that I'd Find Out.

"I've always enjoyed your Face Critturs," said this person. "Are you still drawing them?"

I said no, I'd pretty much given up on them, having become dissatisfied with the whole idea, and he said that was too bad because he'd always enjoyed them, and I reflected that at every convention I'd ever attended I'd always run into somebody who'd seen my Face Critturs and was glad to meet me. Every time.

Finally I collared somebody and asked him just who I'd been talking to.

"Why, that was Roy Squires, the fellow who put out FANTASY ADVERTISER," I was told. Stunned, I went back and talked to Roy Squires some more.

A little later Miriam and I were out in the hall outside the room talking to Pete Graham, who had just arrived that evening. I'd been filling him in on who was at the con and what had been happening and so on, and a fiendish idea came to me.

"By the way," I said, "Dick Ryan's here. He's at the party in there. Blonde hair, wearing a black shirt."

"Dick Ryan, eh?" said Pete, and went in to introduce himself.

Miriam and I stood out in the hall for awhile, enjoying the cool air as a contrast to the stuffiness in the crowded room. About five minutes after Pete had gone in I said to Miriam, "I think you'd better go in and rescue Pete."

So we went in and sure enough, Ryan was talking up a smiling storm with Pete, who seemed uneasy. Miriam joined them, to Pete's relief. "Hi, doll," he leered at her, and put his arm possessively around her. "Let's you and me go get lost on a two-month safari into some dark closet." So saying, he extricated himself from the conversational clutches of his suitor.

A minute later I extricated Miriam from the clutches of Pete. "Enough is enough," I muttered. "We just wanted to help you out."

"Serves you right, Carr," said Pete, and added as an afterthought, "You bastard."

A large portion of the party decided to adjourn to the Detroit room, which was larger, and we followed them down there. After a short time there, however, Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley announced that they were throwing a party in their room and invited everybody up. A lot of us headed for the elevators to take him up on it.

While waiting for an elevator we got into some very pleasant shenanigans involving kissing. I don't recall how this started - I think it was when Arlene Brennan decided to bait Miriam and rushed up to kiss me, but within minutes I was gaily fighting off Arlene, Miriam, and Bjo all at once, hollering "One at a time, girls, please!" and in general enjoying myself no end.

Somebody, taking all this in, said, "What have you got that I haven't got, Carr? Are they dazzled by your big name, or what?"

But I said modestly, "Why, I'm no Big Name. It's just that these fine, right-thinking females want to pay me back for my services to fandom, such as publishing THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, and FANAC; and INNUENDO, and discovering Burbee to modern-day fandom, and so forth. I really expected to be paid for my labors in free beers at this con, you know, but kisses will do."

All of a sudden my many female admirers deserted me, and I've never yet been able to figure out why. Maybe I was being too modest.

Anyway we all went up to the party, where Rike and J.G. Newkom and Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley were settling down to pounding the drums. We got in the door, got halfway settled in seats, more and more guests came until the room was cram-packed and then the last guest came. The house detective.

He said people had been complaining of the noise of the drums, and the party would have to break up. Somebody started to object heatedly, but Lars Bourne prevented what might have been a bad scene by cutting him off and assuring the H.D. that we'd quiet down and move half the party elsewhere.

I decided then that I didn't feel like party-hopping for the rest of the night, trying to keep one jump ahead of the house detective (we'd had trouble at the Detroit party just before leaving, too), so I went off to bed. It was only 2:30 or so and really quite early to go to bed at a con, but I figured the parties were pretty dead the the anyway.

Apparently I was wrong, because I could hear several parties going fullblast till I got to sleep.

SUNDAY

I got up late again, as usual, but feeling quite rested for once. A shave and a shower made me feel even better, so I headed downstairs in fine fettle. A quick check of my finances, though, made me feel a little poorly: save for room rent, I was almost flat broke. But I decided to have breakfast and worry about it later.

Once again Bill Rotsler was on hand for breakfast. By a cosmic coincidence, he offered to buy me breakfast this morning, and I gratefully took him up on it. Over pancakes, Rotsler drew cartoon and we talked. I pocketed the cartoon. I was compiling quite a sheaf of them, and had more back in my suitcase.

"Here - caption this," said Rotsler, handing me a cartoon he'd drawn and at which he'd been staring quietly for awhile. It showed a male crittur jumping on a female who is lying flat on her back; the male bounces off her into a pool of water. I wrote, "If there's anything I like, it's swimming," and Rotsler laughed.

Bill apparently likes to have others caption his cartoons at times, because I saw him doing it with Bob Bloch sometime during the con, too. He drew another one then and handed it to me for a caption. It showed a man lifting the head of a female off her shoulders, and looking down the hole of the neck into the body. I captioned it, "Hmm, nothing in here either."

After breakfast, we went upstairs to the meeting hall, where we caught the tailend of the fan-panel, moderated by Rog Phillips. Shortly afterward, the business session of the convention was to begin. Rotsler and I found seats with Miriam, Ron Ellik, the Goldstones, and so forth.



WE'LL ONLY TAKE WHAT CARTOONS
WE HAVE TO — JUST TO KEEP
ROTSLER FROM SMOTHERING

During the preliminary fooforah before the meeting started, Rotsler continues turning out cartoons at two a minute. Miriam and I continued to pocket most of them.

I had mine in my shirt pocket, and after awhile Rotsler looked quizzically at the bulge and said, "My, you have an interesting profile. Then he looked at Miriam, who was wearing an ivy-league blouse and had her cartoons in her breast pocket. "But hers is even more interesting," he said.

"Fantastic is the word," I observed.

The meeting began. Dean McLaughlin spoke for Detroit's bid for the next con, seconded by E.E. Evans and finally Bjo. Earl Kemp then spoke for Chicago, seconded by Rog Phillips and Bob Bloch. McLaughlin was serious and very sincere in his bid; Kemp probably lost votes

for Chicago by the tone of this talk, which seemed based on the premise that people were planing to vote for Detroit just because they were nice guys and everybody felt sorry for them because they'd been trying for a con for so long and had never got one. To Kemp, it seemed, Chicago was the only logical choice, and a vote for Detroit would be a Mistake.

Well, the voting began. Honey Wood stood at a large blackboard chalking up the votes as they were called out by Rick Sneary. "Detroit, Detroit, Detroit, Detroit, Chicago, Detroit, Deyroit..." It was a landslide. Rotsler drew a cartoon of Honey filling the blackboard with votes for Detroit and going on to chalk up more votes on the forehead of someone standing nearby. The final vote was 125 to 45.

After this, George Nims Raybin read his resignation from the office of Legal Advisor of the WSFS Inc. aloud to the assemblage. It mentioned illegal maneuverings on the part of some of the WSFS Inc. officers as his reason for resigning - presumably he was referring to some of the smoke-filled-room type conferences that had been held during the con, at which Forry Ackerman, Dave Kyle, and E.E. Evans had decided that the WSFS Inc. meeting in London had been extralegal, being held outside the U.S. At any rate, Raybin resigned his position, to a huge ovation.

It took him maybe fifteen seconds to realize why everybody was clapping.

Bill Donaho then presented a petition to the assemblage which would formally request the Board of Directors of the WSFS to de-incorporate the Society.

At this point Belle Dietz rose with a point of order. She said that if Ackerman, Kyle, and Evans had decided the London meeting of the WSFS had been extralegal, then obviously no meeting of the WSFS could be held at the Solacon, since Southgate had won the bid at the London meeting.

Chairwoman Anna Moffatt coolly told her that this was not intended as a meeting of the WSFS Inc. "This is the Sixteenth World Science Fiction Convention, held in the state of California," said Anna, thereby officially severing all connection the convention had with the WSFS. There was a brief surprised silence while this sank in, then the whole meeting-hall broke up into clapping and cheering. Belle sat down.

Events were rapidly showing that the attendees of the Solacon wanted nothing to do with the WSFS Inc. Donaho's petition was read once more for clarification, then Mrs. Moffatt called for a voice vote on it.

There was a resounding chorus of Ayes, There were a few scattered Noes. The petition had passed, officially recording the reaction of convention-going fans to the WSFS Inc.

Anna then called for more business, but there didn't seem to be any. A motion to adjourn was made, a chorus of Syes passed it, and the meeting was over. Fans clapped each other on the back, shook hands, laughed, cheered - there was a happy pandemonium in the convention hall.

The entire meeting had taken perhaps half an hour. In that time Detroit had won next year's convention by a landslide, and the WSFS Inc. had been all but decapitated. Most fans had foreseen a long, dull business meeting at which the whole WSFS Inc. question would be thrashed out at exasperating length - the quick and decisive way the business had actually been conducted, left us all relived and elated.

Anna Moffatt was the star of the afternoon, because of her handling of the meeting. She smiled and protested that Anthony Boucher, who had served as Parliamentarian, had actually mapped out the meetin in advance and she'd merely followed his suggestions.

Rotsler and I then headed for the bar, along with many other fans. When we got there the place was crowded with fans enthusiastically talking. I felt so happy that I went and bought myself a beer, and one for Rotsler, too. Unfortunately, I then discovered that Bill doesn't drink beer. So I shrugged philosophically and prepared to drink them both myself.

Burbee, as usual, was in the bar. The Busbies were there too, and Buz wanted to take a picture of Burb. He and Rotsler posed in front of the bar and Buz snapped it. "There," he said, "I got you both in the picture, from the waist up."

Burbee looked disappointed, "You didn't get the best part of me in the picture," he said.

I sat down with my two beers next to Bob Pavlat, Elmer Perdue, and several others, including Lee Jacobs. We talked about the business meeting, and Pavlat and I exchanged friendly invective over the FAPA Presidential election, in which we were opposing candidates. (Pavlat later proved to be the victor by a 2 to 1 margin.)

A slender young man in his 20s joined the group, and Jacobs greeted him with a surprised, "Max! What are you doing here?" It was Max Keasler, who said he'd been in town, had heard of the con somewhere, and had decided to drop by. He outlined plans for reviving OPUS in early 1959, after finishing college.

"I've got most of the issue on stencil already," he said. "It's been ready for years - material by Hoffman and all of them. I've just been waiting till I get my degree before I enter fandom again."

So we brought him up to date on what had been happening in fandom during his absence.

"By the way," said Jacobs, "this is Terry Carr. This is Bob Pavlat--" he went on to introduce us all.

"Terry Carr..." mused Keasler. "I think I remember you. Weren't you in FAPA when I was? You put out some damned postcard-sized fanzine that always fell out of the mailing and got lost?" I acknowledge it. Such is fame.

A little later Pete Graham showed up, and I introduced him to Keasler, who knitted his brows and tried to remember who Pete was.

"Remember that damned postcard-sized fanzine?" I prompted him. "Pete was co-editor of it." Max's face cleared and he said he remembered Pete.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in the bar, and my memory of it is a bit kaleidoscopic.

I remember Ron Ellik coming by with a tape recorder and recording a tape to Mervyn Barrett.

Then Ted White came in and said to me, "Terry, how'd you like to run for TAFF?"

That moment is quite clear in my mind. I remember taking the pause and then muttering something about how I'd love to, and I remember Ted saying that he and Raeburn and Ed Cox and others had dreamed up the idea the night before. But mostly I remember that the thought which kept running through my head was, "If someone had told me one week ago that Ted White would nominate me for TAFF, I would have told him he was crazy."

So Ted said fine, he'd start collecting signatures, and I said thanks, and Ted went off.

The Masquerade Ball was scheduled for that evening, and Miriam had to go out to her place in South Pasadena to pick up her costume, so we went over to where Dave Rike and Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley were sitting and she asked Jim if he'd drive her out. He said sure.

"Are you going in costume?" I asked Jim and Dave.

Dave shrugged and said probably not, but Jim said he thought he might pin a card on his shirt saying, "I Am Carl Brandon."



So Dave and Jim and Miriam took off for South Pasadena and I went into the banquet room, where the dinner was over and the speeches were to be starting in a few minutes. I ran into Ron Ellik, who suddenly remembered that he had this check from Dave and Ruth Kyle for \$2.00 which they'd sent for a sub to FANAC, and which he'd planned to sign over to the Con Committee with a note that they could have back some of the money that Kyle was supposed to owe them. This was strictly for a gag, of course, so first we went over and told Dave and Ruth of our plans, and they grinned and said it was okay. So we went up to the rostrum and signed the check over.

Anna didn't think it was very funny, though, protesting that Kyle didn't owe them any money. So the gag didn't go over with the Committee, though the Kyles liked it.

During the convention, too, we'd been placing signs around which said, DAVE KYLE SAYS YOU CAN'T SIT HERE, and Dave got a bang out of them. We had an alternative sign, too, saying DAVE KYLE SAYS YOU CAN SIT HERE. Credit for the whole idea goes to Dean Grennell, who'd suggested it to us in a letter months before.

Well, the after-dinner speeches began, and they were fine. Boucher was distinguished and amusing, Bloch was sharp and witty, Bennett and Mike Hinge were brief but pleasantly humorous. The awards were announced, Rick Sneary got a standing ovation (started by Rog Phillips) and Richard Matheson was introduced. I'd heard him speak before, and knew him to be one of those people who read a prepared speech in a monotone, so I left with Pete Graham and we went up to Kris Neville's room, where there was supposed to be another party.

As it turned out, there was, but it was a small intimate sort of thing, just five or six people sitting around killing time till the speeches would be over and the parties proper could start. The only people there whom we knew were Neville and Ron Smith. There was almost no liquor left, save half a bottle of vodka and a dab of orange juice to which Kris directed us. Pete and I split the orange juice in loaded Screwdrivers and sipped them while Kris told us that at the party the night before somebody had got loaded and given him ten dollars with which to get more liquor. "Tonight," said Kris, "I'm going to suggest we take up a collection. Why, gentlemen, I'll make a killing! I've always served free liquor before at my parties, but that incident was like a Revelation! My sons, it opened up new vistas to me. People will drink my liquor and then give me fantastic sums of money for more! I feel reborn! Tonight I shall give a Party!" And he filled up my half-emptied glass with straight

vodka.

Well, I've mentioned that I don't like liquor straight, and I was feeling a bit down that evening anyway, so I finished my drink as soon as I could and suggested to Pete that we go away. We did.

I went back to my room and changed clothes for the Masquerade Ball. Not into costume - just different clothes. It refreshed me a little. As I left the room I wondered again if it was really only a \$5.00 room. I'd been seeing a lot of other rooms during the con, and mine was looking more expensive all the time. Miriam was back and in costume, and we went to the Ball.

There were some fabulous costumes. Karen Anderson had rigged up a vampiress costume complete with a cape which she opened out into a ten-foot span of bat-wings. Rory Faulkner came dishevelled, beaten, scarred, and stooped, wearing a burlap sack and carrying a sign saying "Survivor". Trina Castillo had a very cute costume with nice futuristic rings circling down around her whole body. Ellie Turner looked very fetching in a satin getup with a long flowing tail. I suppose obvious comments were made. Someone came as a very realistic mummy, and stood perfectly still, arms folded across his chest - it was extremely effective.

But the sensation of the Ball, outdoing all these (and outdoing Karen's costume was really something!), was Jon Lackey, who stands close to seven feet tall and who had contrived an ingenious alien costume complete with a bald headcap and face makeup, flowing robes, and a brazier filled with something smoking. He burst in through the windows from the balcony, shouting in an alien tongue, and strode through the hall to the judges' stand where he continued his weird harangue. He had a slate too, on which he wrote messages with unhesitating facility in a strange script. Throughout the Ball he stayed in character, always talking in that strange outworld tongue. As Cynthia Goldstone said later, his greatest charm lay in the way he seemed to want to communicate with us, and continually wrote notes and symbols in an effort to establish some sort of understanding.

Rotsler was there, drawing cartoons offhandedly. As usual, I pocketed as many as I could get. Rotsler has the guickest wit for cartoons of anyone I've ever seen.

"Why don't you draw some Face Critturs?" he said to me. I shook my head.

But a few minutes later I asked him for one of his 3" x 5" cards and did a quick series of them, in expressions progressing from repose through being struck with a thought, to pondering, frowning, looking amazed, and finally in the last one saying "Why, these are nothing but incomplete Rotsler cartoons, strung end to end!" I gave it to Rotsler, who recognized the allusion to an Insurgent coverline of a few years back, and laughed.

Burbee and his wife Isabel showed up soon after. It was Isabel's first appearance at the con, and she went around saying hello to old friends and acquaintances she hadn't seen for years. Willis has written of the Ghost Fans who appear once a year at conventions to walk the halls of Fandom once again; the large number of ex-fans in the Los Angeles area occasioned an even larger number of such Ghost Fans at the Solacon.

Rotsler told us Liebscher was inviting people out to a place in Santa Monica for a party there, and if we asked him about it he might invite us. I said fine, he'd already invited us, and we'd go out there. Rotsler said he'd drive us out.

A little later I got to talking with Ron Ellik and we got the idea of borrowing one of the mimeographs at the hotel (the Chicago fans had one, as did Rich Brown) and putting out an issue of FANAC right there, with the news from the business meeting that afternoon. It would be a worthy service to fandom and all that.

We got all wound up on that idea, and Ron was checking on getting some stencils and paper, when Miriam said, "You're not going to skip Liebscher's party just to put out a fanzine, are you?" That brought me to a halt and I said I didn't know. Miriam turned to Rotsler and said, "He doesn't want to go to the party. He wants to put out a fanzine! Isn't that fantastic!" Rotsler shook his head sadly and said it was fantastic.

I thought a moment and decided that it was fantastic. So I went and found Ron and said to hell with special issue of FANAC, Miriam and I were going to Liebscher's party, and Ron shrugged and said okay. I don't think he minded a bit.

I rejoined Miriam and she said Rotsler should be back in a minute. Ronel came by, and I noticed that he'd had Bjo draw a cartoon on his I.D. card. It showed a squirrel saying, "I just love cons - there's so many nuts around!" So I asked Bjo to draw one on mine, and

she drew me shouting at Ron, "How many times have I told you, it's not a root beer tower to the moon!"

I began to notice that all sorts of fans at the con had had Bjo do cartoons on their I.D. cards. I looked at Bjo's own. Rotsler had drawn one on hers; it showed Bjo, cute and pugnosed and with lots of freckles, shying away from Rotsler, who was saying, "Look a walking connect-the-dots game!"

Rotsler came back with Alex Bratmon and Sylvia Dees, who were also going out to the party. We all left and piled into Rotsler's car and set off.

We stopped by Rotsler's place on the way out, since Bill wanted to pick up some liquor on the way. Miriam said she was starving and Bill tried to scrounge up something for her. "Just a sandwich would do," said Miriam. "We have no bread," said Rotsler. "But we have... ummm... a couple slices of ham, and a carrot, and..."

"That's fine!" said Miriam. She took the carrot and folded the slice of ham around it. "There," she said, "I've got a sandwich alfter all!" She took a bit.

We all looked at her in dismay.

Rotsler started to laugh. "My God," he said. "This is fantastic, but that does look good. I'm glad I'm not hungry, or I might eat something like it myself."

We got back into the car and drove on out to Santa Monica. Rotsler told us anecdotes about Gerald Fitzgerald on the way, like the time he put a dime in an icecream bar machine and an icecream bar shot out and landed ten feet across the room. "Fitzgerald is incident-prone," said Rotsler.



YOU ACT AS THOUGH
THERE IS SOMETHING
WRONG WITH HAVING
A SANDWICH!

Karen was intrigued by that long ramp leading down to the side of the pool. She was still wearing her vampiress costume, and she went to the head of the ramp. She looked down it musing, then spread her wings out to their full span and ran down the ramp.

The assembled guests oohed and ahhed at the sight. It was something out of fantasy, that black silhouette going down the curving ramp, ending up starkly outlined against the turquoise of the lighted pool. Karen folded her wings again slowly and we all burst out clapping.

"Do it again!" someone said. Karen came back and repeated the performance, getting another round of applause.

Later she said, "It was the closest thing I've ever felt to actually flying." And she sighed.

Back in the living room, Liebscher sat down to the piano and played. He played mostly dinner-music type stuff, very florid but nice. Then he played his Pacifico-concerto, which he'd been working on since 1946. I asked him to play the blues, and he played them, rocking the left hand, swinging with the right in a style that was mostly traditional but with strong touches of modern jazz piano in it. It was fine.

A joke session began then. As Bob Tucker can undoubtedly testify, Liebscher is a good joke-teller. Others of the party joined in..

Eventually the party broke up into small groups again, and I talked with Bob Bloch about

The place where the party was being held belonged to Bob Stevens, a non-fan friend of Liebscher's who was a quite successful architect. We walked up a long gravel walk through the grounds surrounding the house, with fire-lanterns along the walk. The house, when we got inside, proved to be fabulous: an indoor fountain, indirect lighting throughout, a glass roof on the dining room giving a view of the steep wooded hillside behind the house, on which spotlights were trained for illumination at night if it was wanted. The Furniture was all modern, there was an indoor fireplace, etc., etc., etc.

Outside was a swimming pool, lighted. A long curving ramp led from the house down to it, through the garden.

There were many guests there already: Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Bob Bloch, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Les and Es Cole, Karen Anderson, and several others, many of whom I didn't recognize and some of whom were undoubtedly nonfans.

the business session that afternoon, and with Robbie Gibson about how much we liked Liebscher's pianistics.

Nobody was at the piano, so I went over and began to play myself. Let me explain immediately that I'm no pianist, don't know the first thing about music, and can do nothing but fake it at the piano. I play moody stuff, never knowing just what I'm going to play, and that's why I like to play so much, especially on a good piano, and that piano was a good one.

No one laughed when I sat down to play, in fact, no one paid any attention. So I played softly for the most part so as not to disturb anyone.

Miriam came over and was entranced. "You play piano?" she said, all impressed. I guess I wasn't playing too badly. But anyone who's listened to me for very long knows I play the same thing over and over most of the time. Miriam said it sounded like something by Beethoven.

Pete Graham and Arlene Brennan arrived at the party then. Pete came over and said, "Carr, the piano I heard that piano, I said to myself, That's Carr playing - I'd recognize that lousy piano anywhere." He'd heard me play enough to be sick of it. I just grinned at him and went on playing. He went away.

As it turned out, Pete and Arlene shouldn't have bothered to come out so late, because the party began to break up shortly after they arrived. They piled into Rotsler's car with the rest of our group and Rotsler drove Pete to the house from which he was to get a ride the next day back to Berkeley. We drove all around the area looking for it, all of us half-asleep, peering dimly at street-maps. Finally we stumbled onto the desired address and dropped off Pete.

Rotsler drove us all back to the hotel. We cracked tired jokes on the way which seemed alternately hilarious and irritatingly bad, both reactions being due I'm sure to our state of exhaustion. It must have been 5:30 by the time we got back. We all went off to bed immediately, and I'll bet that everybody fell into bed like I did.

MONDAY

I didn't get up till 1:00 that afternoon. I had a tired breakfast, and hurried upstairs in hopes of catching some of Bjo's Fashion Show, but it ended as I walked into the hall.

I had to be checked out of the hotel by 2:00, so I went up and packed my luggage, then came down to the lobby with my suitcase and went to pay my bill. I was handed a bill for \$24.00. I had just \$20.00, enough to pay for the four nights I'd stayed in a room presumably costing \$5.00. It turned out that it had been a \$6.00 room. I protested that I'd reserved a \$5.00 room, and while I sweated blood briefly, the clerk checked my reservation, saw that I was right, and said there must have been some mistake. He changed the bill back to \$20.00, and I paid it, realizing only then how worried I'd been about a possible change in the cost of the room. I walked off, relieved.

Miriam and Forry Ackerman came through the lobby. Miriam said she was putting her luggage in Forry's car and Forry said I could too if I wanted. He gave me the keys and we went out to store them. I looked at the car carefully and we went back and returned Forry's keys.

Then we headed for the bar, where Elinor Busby told me she was disappointed because she'd come all the way to the Solacon to meet Carl Brandon and just met me, and so forth. I resolved never again to deceive Fandom.

The Busbies then had to leave to go up and take part in Karen Anderson's play "Alice in Thrilling Wonderland". A little later Burbee, Rotsler and I went up to watch it. Karen had written it and had given the title role to herself, but as she pointed out later, the real starring role was that of E.E. Smith, who was cast as the Upstage Lensman. His part consisted of walking across stage every few minutes, deadpan, carrying a sign saying HAVE LENS, WILL TRAVEL, and similar quips. That went over big.

The acoustics in the hall weren't the best, and I didn't catch much of the dialogue - which no doubt considerably damaged the effect of the play, since I've heard that it contained a lot of involved punning. Karen says she's going to publish the script, and I'm looking forward to that.

Rotsler, again, was drawing cartoons, this time captioned by Burbee. Most of them were esoteric.

After the play the Westercon business session was scheduled, but we skipped that. Seattle,

it turned out, won the bid handily over San Diego.

In the hall, Ted White was collecting signatures of fans to support me for TAFF. The usual quips were made about getting me out of the country and so forth, and Ted collected something like thirty signatures. I somehow doubted that they meant much - after all, quotecards and suchlike had been passed around all during the convention, and I suspect that at that point fans would have signed any collection of signatures put before them, merely out of habit.

Burbee was inviting a few fans out to his house for a party that evening, and I latched onto an invitation. When the point was made that he wanted it to remain a small, informal party, I asked hesitantly if it would be all right to bring Miriam along. He raised an eyebrow and said, "Why, I'm only inviting you so you'll bring along my fiancée, you know." I'd forgotten that Miriam was supposed to be Burb's fiancée (the story behind that is involved and beside the point here).

I knew that the party at Burb's would last till all hours, so I figured that I'd better say goodbye to people before going out there. I went around to do so, saying goodbye to Bennett, Rickhardt, the Falascas ("It was nice to see you again, but I'd rather hav met Carl Brandon"), Ted White, Bill Donaho, and so forth.

Then Rotsler came by to get us and we went out to the party. Rotsler had brought a date, a young woman named Mina. Very attractive and charming she was, too.

Everybody else was there already when we arrived: Burb and Isabel, Bob Pavlat, Boyd Raeburn, the Busbies, and Ed Cox. Isabel served dinner and it was great. Burb told stories of fans and foibles. We played piano rolls and sang a bit.

At one point I asked Burb to tell a story which was one of my favorites. Burb frowned and said there were ladies present, reminding me that the story involved certain crude invectives which might shock them. Mina immediately said she'd like to hear the story, and Elinor was positively dying to hear it. Burb protested for awhile, but Elinor persisted and he finally gave in.

He began to tell the story, but had hardly got started when Isabel in the kitchen called Elinor in to check on something. While Elinor was gone, Burb sidetracked onto something else. In five or ten minutes she came back and Burb, without looking up, said, "And that is the story of how I met hom."

Elinor uttered a little scream of disappointment, and the rest of us broke up laughing. "You didn't tell it while I was gone?" wailed Elinor. We all continued to laugh.

"Well," said Burbee, "I have just told this story, but for you Elinor, I'll tell it again, at the risk of boring my discerning audience." And while we chuckled he went ahead and told the story.

Once again, I got fascinated by a piano, and I sat down to doodle around on Burb's player piano. Raeburn walked by and grinned, "That sounds a little like Thelonius Monk."

Miriam said, "Play that thing by Beethoven that you wrote."

Well the party went on and on. We drank home bhrew, we talked about this and that. It got to be quite late, and Burbee had to go to work the next day, so we decided to brak up the party.

The Busbies, Miriam, and I returned to the hotel with Ed Cox. We were all too aware that this was the last night of the convention, that a lot of people had left already and most all would be gone by tomorrow. It was 2:30 in the morning, but we decided to look for a party anyway.

Surprisingly enough, we found one immediately. In the Detroit suite were the Falascas, Roger Sims, Ron Bennett, Bill Rickhardt, and so forth. Bennett was playing brag with someone, maybe Ted White and Bill Donaho, and Bob Pavlat - who had left the Burbee party earlier - was there too. We all sat around for awhile talking about the end of the WSFS



and the end of the con and plans for the Detroit convention. Everybody was dead-tired, though, and the party lacked that joyous uplift which makes most con-parties so enjoyable. I was weary and Miriam was practically asleep, so we took Ed Cox up on his offer to drive us out to Forry's house, where we'd been invited for the night. We said goodbye to everyone again.

It must have been close to dawn by the time we got there. Everybody fell into bed again.

TUESDAY

Forry waited till both Miriam and I were up and comparatively awake before he sprang his bombshell.

Someone had broken into his car the day before and stolen all our luggage.

Forry said he'd lost his best suitcase, a suit, and assorted sportclothes which had been hanging in the car too. We spent the day lounging around disconsolately, with the post-con letdown, remembering all the things which we'd had in our luggage. I'd lost an electric shaver, two pairs of slacks, several sportshirts, and so forth. They'd cost money to replace. And some things couldn't be replaced: my autographed copy of *THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE*, the close-to-100 Rotsler cartoons. The first ten pages of a Carl Brandon story I had been working on.

Miriam too, had lost quite a few valuable things. And she too had lost a thick sheaf of Rotsler cartoons. Between us we'd probably had over half the cartoons Rotsler had done at the con.

Bob Bloch phoned. He was trying to get in touch with someone who had deposited Bob's wallet in a safe-deposit box for safekeeping. Bob had to leave and hadn't been able to find him to get the key. We couldn't help him.

It was an overcast day. We walked around with little clouds of smog hovering over our heads.

Forry told us he was very disappointed over the whole WSFS Inc. affair. The fuss it had involved, the feuding, the lawsuits - all these saddened him. "All this isn't necessary," he said. "Fans got along for over ten years without it, and they still can. They can just keep on putting on conventions like they always have." We nodded morosely.

The afternoon dragged to a conclusion, and I left to catch my bus for San Francisco. I got a seat next to a woman who complained all night that she couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep either. I watched night-time California pass by the bus windows, and read a book of Theodore Sturgeon short stories which Forry had loaned me.

Sturgeon was the right author to read on a night like this.

--Terry Carr



I GOT A SEAT NEXT TO A WOMAN WHO COMPLAINED SHE COULDN'T SLEEP.

. . . With Keen Blue Eyes and a Plow

F. M. Busby, starting off under the Pemberton Hat

At hand (through the courtesy of Jim Webbert and the Boeing Aircraft Co.) is a copy of Norman Dean's Patent 2,886,976: "System for converting rotary motion into unidirectional motion", or as John Campbell puts it, the "Dean Space Drive". I've studied this pamphlet in the light of Campbell's buildup in the June Analoo (no typo), and of my own sincere curiosity; it is not easy reading. One great advantage of Dirty Ol' Orthodox Science is that Dirty Ol' Orthodox Scientists use a common language, so that whatever one of them may write, the others (in the same general field) can read and comprehend-- that is, there is full agreement on the specific definition of the terms used. This does not, it seems, apply to the writings of John Campbell, L Ron Hubbard, or Norman Dean, all of whom tend to apply their own personal meanings to words that mean something else altogether by virtue of the common-language agreements of Dirty Ol' Orthodox Science. Dean's patent-application is Hard Reading, not because of the complexity of his device, but because of his imperfect grasp of the Common Language. Also, this pamphlet is possibly the most repetitious and poorly-organized description I've ever read; I'm not sure that I have read every word in it, but it doesn't matter-- because you can start in just about anywhere and it reads much the same. I do feel, though, that I now know just about exactly what the device will and won't do, and how it will or won't do it.

I'm going to assume that the segment of fandom that reads this still contains a goodly number of Science Buffs, with or without formal training in the field. I must admit that it's pretty obvious why the DOOScientists didn't want to inspect Dean's device; they probably tried to read the patent-application first-- and damn few DOOScientists have been toughened-up (as we have) by reading fanzines.

I used up quite a few sheets of paper in deriving for my own satisfaction a clear picture of the relative effects of such items as centrifugal force, transfer of momentum, workable pulse-rate of solenoids, and the sequence-and-timing of these things in the cycle of operation of Dean's device. There's no reason why you need follow through all that stuff, though, so let's get to the conclusions:

1. Dean's device will definitely produce a one-way push as long as it has something to push against. It could function as a monkey-climb-the-string toy, but as a Space Drive it would depend on prior accomplishment of the Indian Rope Trick. Dean himself, incidentally, nowhere specifically claims (as Campbell does) that the device can lift itself by its bootstraps. And to the best of my understanding, it can't.

2. Campbell himself either does not understand the operation of the device, or else was singularly ineffective in transmitting his understanding in the June issue.

3. Dean claims only that if you can build a thing that will oscillate back and forth (you can), and if you can connect it to a second thing on the "forth" and then disconnect it on the "back" stroke (you still can), the second thing will get a series of pushes in the "forth" direction (and so it will). And nowhere does he claim, as Campbell does, that you can box up these two things into a self-contained package and have it hoist itself (and, sorry, but apparently you still can't).

4. Anything that Dean's device will do can be done much more simply in any one of a large number of ways.

5. I hope that I have missed some vital point and am utterly 100% wrong, above.

I hate to call anybody a liar without utter and absolute proof, so let's just say that maybe someone is snowing someone else, or trying to, in a Good Cause. I'd very much like to see the demonstration that Campbell purports to describe and show in pictures (perusal of the patent application convinced me that I don't have the time, money, or facilities to build a test-model myself-- though I could provide shop-drawings for anyone who is in better position for it). One thing: I would have a good look at those bathroom scales, for concealed solenoids and such. Anyone who can pulse-operate an electromagnet to move that vibrating framework of Dean's the full length of its travel in 3 milliseconds or less is a good man with a solenoid. A damn good man with a solenoid...

((I'd be perfectly happy to go into pages and pages of detailed explanations on the Dean device, for some other publisher, but not in page-heavy ol' CRY))

The Aug '60 Galaxy contains the 2nd&final installment of "Drunkard's Walk" (Pohl) and some rather startling remarks by editor Gold: that "Gravy Planet" was greeted with howls of protest because of its new and radical ideas, and that it was later acclaimed as a masterpiece. Also, that "at least one terribly tired, terribly disenchanted reviewer" is sure to compare "Drunkard's Walk" unfavorably to the earlier work, "Though Pohl's mastery is (now) more mature, sure, complete.."

I disagree on a number of counts. First, while certainly I didn't see all the 1955 reviews of "Gravy Planet", I don't recall its being bombarded especially, and certainly not for New and Unfamiliar Ideas. I don't recall anyone trying to pin a Hugo on it, either, later or ever. I do recall being one of many who tired of the "Gravy Planet" formula, after the first few repeats ("Preferred Risk", etc).

Second, if I were going to compare "Drunkard's Walk" to the author's earlier works, or to those of others, "Gravy Planet" wouldn't even come to mind. "DW" is reminiscent in some respects of "Gunner Cade" and in others of "Gladiator-at-Law", to say nothing of tinges of van Vogt, Heinlein, and Sheckley. "Gravy Planet", no.

Third, if Pohl is really "more mature, sure, and complete" in writing "DW", he was badly double-crossed by Gold in editing-to-fit-the-pagecount. Because the weaknesses of "Drunkard's Walk" are not in the background or in the plot elements, but in the utterly-inept handling of Major Revelations to the Reader. Halfway through Part 2 it becomes advisable that the reader and the protagonist find out just what the hell is going on, anyway, if they're ever going to. And how is this accomplished? By the oldest, most motheaten device known to mystery writers: the hero is captured by the Bad Guys who have been unceremoniously trying to kill him off since page one, and they kindly explain the whole thing to him and us at great length. I assume that by the time this column appears you'll all have read the story if you're going to, so it's no betrayal to mention that the gimmick is control of the world by Evil Old Telepathic Immortals. Now, the punchline is that the hero turns out to be a Nice Young Incipient-Telepathic Immortal (he hasn't had time yet to become Old and Evil). And so is his wife, for no good reason except that it wraps up more neatly that way. So how is this punchline delivered? Well, in the last 4 paragraphs there is a clinch, and during this the hero remembers being told that he and sweetie-pie are immortals. That's the dramatic way this punchline is given to the reader; tacked-on with Scotch Tape, like, to avoid running on into the Galaxy Novels ad on the following page.

Mr Gold's remarks, to which I have taken what may seem to be unwarranted exception, were contained in a "Forecast" blurb which mentions that usually we don't ever recognize a Golden Age until afterward, so he is kindly informing us that we're just getting into one right this very minute. And, you know, I hadn't noticed...

However, in this (Aug '60) issue of Galaxy, along with a slightly-Unknownish Cris Anvil novelet and 4 healthy-enough shorts, there is a novelet by Tom Purdom which would be an ornament to any ol' Golden Age you'd like to cite. Under the discouraging title "Sordman the Protector", Purdom offers a really fine tale-- keep it in mind for next year's Hugo-ballots, won't you? Paying no attention to the "I was a white slave on Venus" kind of blurb-- mighod, what an author has to put up with these days! OK, it's a psi-story, but one in which psi is not a gimmick with which to cinch a sale, but instead is treated carefully in terms of the actual working behavior of the human mind. Rather than watching a souped-up superman do his stuff, we see real 3-D people operating under stress in a believable fast-action situation against a background which I hope will be developed further for a story-series. Yes, I really liked this piece. Oh yeh, there's a touch of the religious angle, too. But instead of being the standardized "the One True Path wins again" thing that Boucher and others had me bitching against a few years ago, this religious-angle has been nicely set-up by the author so as to coincide with no currently-held belief in detail, so that no reader can identify pro or con, and we can all view it with a certain amount of detachment, for better appreciation of the characterization.

There's Life in the old Field yet, friends...

The Strange Case of William C Rickhardt Dep't:

In the early stages of the Berry Fund drive, Wm C Rickhardt was its treasurer for a few months. Following are excerpts from my carbon of a letter dated August 16, 1959, in connection with his stewardship of Fund monies. I wrote this letter, and have been assured that Rickhardt received it.

I have deleted, here, portions of the letter which dealt with urgency of having a full and complete Berry Fund Report out as soon as possible, & other dated items.

"Wm C Rickhardt:

The Berry Fund being something over a \$500 operation, there will have to be a public report on it after John is on his way back to Belfast and all moneys have been paid out one way or another. ...

Nick says that in order to meet the tickets-deadline early last month, he "made up approx \$45 that Rocket Willie got away with" ...

Two other people ... reported that earlier this year you were burning up the terrain with about \$40 of un-turned-in Berry Funds, after you had withdrawn from Fund activity. This wasn't so bad until the ticket-deadline came up, ... But it did seem a good idea to get this thing straightened out, so on June 5th I wrote you about it, c/o Donaho. Bill mentions ... that he lost that letter ... I hope you stay put long enough to receive this one.

... either you have turned in (to Nick) all the money you received, or you haven't. Either you have turned in all the names of contributors, or you haven't. The report will have to list all contributors ... it is necessary to explain to a contributor why his name may not be listed, if it is not.

... I want to see your side of the story.... I'm not interested in excuses, mind you-- sure, I know you didn't plan to get away with any of the Berry Fund; you simply kept everything in one pocket, and didn't use your head in the clutch. If Nick's statement is correct, you were not in default until you came to the West Coast: my personal feeling is that it was 100% indefensible for you to take that trip while leaving the Fund holding the sack and under a deadline. As a minor, you are not legally responsible in financial matters ..." ((but the Fund Report will)) "...pretty well fix it so that you won't be trusted with more than streetcar-fare in fannish affairs, at least, unless you make a successful effort to square things...

OK: how about writing me a straight story on the whole deal ... ?" ((several lines deleted here, of attempted persuasion, mostly encouragement but getting back to realities with...)) "...I see no justification for anyone else taking your lumps for you in fannish public opinion. Fair enough?

I would appreciate a prompt answer on this deal, in as much detail as is possible for you according to your available records. Play it straight, and I'll meet you more than halfway... Please don't waste valuable time goofing yourself up with the Righteous-Indignation snow-job, though; let's work with the actual situation, and improve it.

Sincerely, F. M. Busby"

I have not heard from Rickhardt in the ten months since that letter was mailed. About him, yes; from him, no. He has since traveled from the Bay Area to New York, and back, which would indicate that he has not been huddling in unwarranted shame of honest poverty. At my request, Terry Carr and Ron Ellik bird-dogged Rickhardt to come up with an answer, and reported that he said he would do so. That was 4 or 5 months ago, at least. I will now ask the reader to stop and consider just what he, the reader, would have to say for himself in answer to a letter like the above.

I did not, after all, bring this deal up in conjunction with the Berry Fund Report. "The Goon Goes West" was in full swing, and I didn't want to inject a sour note into the middle of things, and spoil the fun. But now, with Rickhardt entering FAPA and running around visiting fans and all, it seems like a good time to open the question of his bona-fides. Though to me it appears more on the open-and-shut side, the reader is left to draw his own conclusions about William C Rickhardt. The reader is also referred to fans in the DC and Bay Areas (& maybe NY; I forget) for further sidelights that might help the reader to a more-informed conclusion. I thank you.

((The preceding page is also scheduled to appear in FAPA, where it will preface a petition to remove Rickhardt from membership in that organization on the obvious ground of personal objectionability, under the circumstances.))..& enough of that.

The Plow Shares a View: the July Fantastic features a five-part round-robin novelet by Anderson-Asimov-Sheckley-Leinster-&-Bloch. Each writer in turn does a fine fiendish job of concocting an impossible cliff-hanging setup for the next to pull out of the fire; I'll bet they had fun with this one, and there's quite a bit to it at that-- though naturally you mustn't expect the characterization to get very far, with the hero being turned every way but loose by 5 plotmasters one-after-another.

The issue also contains a couple of fair shorts, plus Part I (of II) of Jack Sharkey's "The Crispin Affair", which I do not recommend. Sharkey is OK for short fillers, but in "novel-length" the sawdust leaks out, more, in the fashion of a non-stf writer dipping into the Field for a fast buck. Here, Sharkey is superficial, unconvincing, unable to strike a balance between wisecracking and dramatics, & corny.

The July aSF starts a 3-part PoulA item ("The High Crusade"); this one is fun. Also, here's the Doc Smith novelet "Subspace Survivors", a good adventure piece with convincing rationale that battles the unconvincing goshwow dialogue to a standstill; the dialogue is much improved over "Galaxy Primes", however, and I enjoyed this one.

Dean McLaughlin has a good thoughty bit on the stewardship of incipiently-intelligent species, and Chris Anvil has a doozie with only one too many gimmicks.

And the Good Doctor Asimov does some fascinating Whithering on the evolution of Terrestrial lifeforms and where do we go from here...

The July Amazing has a couple-three good shorts, but the conclusion of the Blish serial is a letdown. Blish was coasting, on this one, and it shows.

Addenda-and-Sympathy Dep't: Some of you will have seen Vinz Clarke's announcement of the saddening breakup of Inchmery Fandom; more will have seen Fanac's summary: that the Clarkes are probably splitting up, that Sandy is ^{buying out of the Army (an} ~~for many years~~ option that was also traditional over here in peacetime, but not since 1940) and is emigrating to the U.S., that Joy will probably emigrate with Sandy if she and Vinz cannot effect a reconciliation, that small Nicola Belle will in any case remain with Vinz at his insistence, and that the emigration is by courtesy of a loan from Frank and Belle Dietz, which (and this is the Addendum, since it was crowded out of the concise Fanac summary) was originally tendered by the Dietzes toward the emigration of all four of the former-Inchmeryites, who now unhappily find themselves at odds.

That's the Addendum; the Sympathy is for four troubled people who are trying to do the best they can with some pretty rough problems, individually and together. Inchmery has always followed the Happy Warrior tradition, but they're not in shape for it right now. I recommend the good example set by Ted White in Void 22-- Ted had a couple good feuds going, there, but in light of circumstances, he's calling 'em off with a commendable attitude of "...if there's anything I can do to help...". Which, to this Bicyclist, seems to be as good an approach as you're apt to find...

Focal Point, hell! We're a Target Area! Which is fun, too. Currently guesting here is Doreen Erlenwein ("Dee" of SAPS); today (tomorrow is CRYday June 26th) she and Tosk are on a safari to Victoria, B.C. She hopes to make the BoiCon, too...

A week ago, the day before Doreen arrived by bumpy lightning-struck airplane, Lars Bourne dropped in from his annual National Guard encampment. Lars is playing folk-banjo these days, and quite listenably, too. We expect him again next week.

Then, shortly before Doreen was due in last Sunday, who should pop up unexpectedly (in the face of four distinct and separate urgings to "tell us when you're coming up") but Sandy Cutrell? Looking fine, and full of joie de vivre as usual, but (from lack of advance-notice) needing to find somewhere else for sleepover.

So be ye warned, one and all. We like to have folks stop by here, but we like it a helluva lot better with a bit of advance-notice, like: most do, and all should.

Flash News Dep't: Jim Webbert reports that Doreen fits almost perfectly into the trunk of his car, but that he couldn't quite get the lid closed. And Doreen reports that it was close, man, close. But not quite, luckily. What next; I croggle. --FMB

by John Berry

The young man who lives next door to me is an officer cadet at Queen's University, Belfast, and last night he came to me in a great panic. He looked something like a roped steer with the whiff of a branding iron in his nostrils. His difficulty was that he was waiting to drive down to the docks in Belfast to board a ship which was going to take him to England for two weeks, and he was going to live in an officer's mess. He couldn't quite get the knack of fitting his webbing equipment properly, and he had three straps left over.

Whilst I sorted him out, and got the blood flowing again in his left arm, he took a crafty peep at a photograph of me on the wall, in full service dress, Defence Medal and parachute wings, and inquired was I an officer. He didn't say "Were you an officer?" He said "Were you an officer?"

I managed to get a strap round his neck for a few seconds, as a subtle caution, and then sat him down. He had a few moments before the car came for him, and he said that, as he was going to live in an Officer's Mess, could I give him a few tips about etiquette, demeanour and ethics in such elevated company.

I spoke to him rapidly until his car arrived, and led him gibbering to the door. Hope he makes out OK. A nice chap. Trouble was, I was carried away a mite with my reminiscences, hope he didn't take me too seriously. Sometimes, you know, I tend to exaggerate.

After he'd gone, I lit a cigarette, sat back, half closed my eyes, and thought about those happy carefree days, when I didn't have worry in the world.

Weeell, not many.....

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Looking back, I think the peak of my career as a junior officer in the Manchester Regiment was the day I lose the Regimental Silver. Thousands of pounds worth. Of course, I was quite innocent, a victim of those strange meshes of fate which seem to cater for me more than the Law of Averages dictate.....

The Regimental Silver had been captured by the Japanese in Singapore in 1942, and after some years of investigation by the Intelligence Authorities it had been unearthed. It was packed stoutly in wooden boxes and packed in the hold of the SS OTRANTO and despatched to Southampton.

My colonel had been sent a telegram ordering him to send an officer to Southampton to take delivery of the priceless silver, and he chose me. I was given a travel warrant to Southampton, and the Colonel told me that when I returned there would be a massed parade of the regiment and the affiliated Old Comrades and he'd get the press there and everything.

After some hours of train travel I arrived at Southampton, 'phoned to the nearest Army barracks, got a truck sent round, and drove to the docks. I didn't figure on hanging round for long, I saw the chance of a weekend in London, so with a word to the army authorities and the shipping porters I was asked to sign for two wooden chests in about five hours after my arrival.

The chests were about four feet long and eighteen inches wide and deep. And they were heavy.

My journey to London was without incident, except for the young girl who insisted on sitting on the luggage rack and reciting Shakespeare to me. Got quite breathless at the end, she did.

Then I played what I thought was my master stroke. I dragged the cases to the LEFT LUGGAGE office, gave them to the porter, got receipts for the two chests, and sallied forth to take London by storm.

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Two nights later I staggered to the LEFT LUGGAGE office with three minutes to go before my train departed for Manchester. I had already telephoned the Colonel telling him that I would arrive in the morning, complete with the Regimental Treasure.

I snapped my fingers.

"Quick, man," I said, and gave him the receipts, and he went away whistling.

He came back again, empty handed. "They're gone," he said, his lower jaw scraping the counter.

I heard a sharp hoot from my train, and the gates to the platform began to close. Another porter came up, heard of the trouble, and turned white.

"Christ," he said, "I gave those two cases to an Indian seaman. I remember, because they were so bloody heavy. Caught the Liverpool train two hours ago, he did."

(My problem was clear for all to see. I could picture the regimental band at the station striking into the vibrant chords of the Regimental March as I staggered off the train.)

"Where's the Regimental Silver, Berry?" the Colonel would roar.

"And Indian seaman's got it sir, I think he sailed for Hong Kong last night.")

The train began to move.

"You thundering idiot," I said to the porter. "That's the Regimental Silver you gave him. Telephone through to Crewe and get the train searched else you'll be ruined."

I snatched the receipt stubs off him, and ran like a hare, a frustrated hare, and got on the train by my fingernails.

I doubt if anyone has ever undergone the mental torture I suffered on that night train journey from London to Crewe. It took about seven hours, what with stops for this and that.

The train eventually drew to the platform at Crewe, and I rushed out before it stopped.

I grabbed the nearest porter.

"Did you get the Regimental Silver," I babbled like a crazed man.

His teeth started to chatter, so I let him go. Folks got off the train, folks got on it again...a whistle hooted, and the train shunted forward. My problem. Wait there, or get back on the train and try to retrieve my hand luggage which included a solid silver shaving case my fiancée had given me. I stood there, completely bewildered, when the train stopped again. A porter rushed up to me.

"Are you the officer who lost the silver?" He tried not to laugh, and compressed his mouth much too tightly. I doubt he'll ever recover.

I nodded, and four other porters made an ostentatious display of the weight of the two cases.

"Got it on the Liverpool train," one said smugly. "Took us three quarters of an hour. Held the train up. Never get the timetable correct again. We'll put it in the train for you."

They dumped it in the Guards Van, and stood round expectantly.

Heck, I was delighted. I emptied my pockets of silver, and when this didn't seem to inspire them, I took a couple of notes out of my wallet and scattered them over the platform. The train shunted out again, and I lay back on the cases, with my arms round them...

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I realise now, fourteen years too late, that I made one more vital miscalculation. It all struck from my mercenary outlook. The journey from Crewe to Manchester was quite short, and whilst I lay back on the two wooden chests I pondered over my luck. I had done the thing quite correctly. I'd paid for the storage of the chests, I'd got an official receipt; if anyone was to blame, it was the railway authorities. And yet I'd had to pay about three pounds ten shillings in tips to the porters, who, I admitted, thoroughly deserved their gratuities. But why should I lose all that money?

So on my return, after the pomp and ceremony, I told the Colonel what had happened, and hinted that I'd like the return on my money from the regimental funds.

Of course, after making a report, I was given my money....three pounds ten, but I often wondered later, was it worth it?

Generals would come to inspect, and I was always dragged forward.

"Er, this is Berry, sir, the one who lost the Regimental Silver," and I'd stumble forward, grinning inanely, to receive a variety of looks, ranging from pure hilarity to something approaching pity.

I was with that regiment for over two years, and I was never allowed to forget my label....

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I've written of some of my experiences in Germany, but I've never yet revealed the harrowing occasion when I was camped in a wood in Germany with my platoon and retired for the night to find a fifteen year old German girl in my bivouac! That night, a court martial stared me in the face..... Maybe the CRY will publish the amazing story.....

John Berry, 1960

M I N U T E S

The June 5, 1960 meeting of TNO was brought to order at 8:30 p.m. by Jim Webbert, the slothful president, who had been shamefully late arriving. To take up the slack until some members arrived, the Sec-Treas read two pages of minutes out of a recently published CRY. Enough members did arrive so that after this marathon of minutes had been completed it was possible to pass a motion censuring the Sec-Treas for not having written a letter to Thalia asking why the names of Geneva Wyman and Flora Jones were not on the membership list. The Sec-Treas, aware that there was no hope of obtaining justice in a Nameless meeting, made a secret vow to read faster next time.

Jerry Frahm was the next to be mistreated. "What happened to the picnic?" President Webbert asked, one finger absently searching for a trigger on the club gavel. "It dissolved," answered Jerry, surprisingly calm considering the circumstances. Apparently he knew the club bone had no trigger. An involved discussion of picnics followed, and eventually ended with Wally Weber volunteering to plan and execute a club picnic sometime in August.

The President asked for new business and Elinor Busby suggested everyone talk about science fiction. Jim Webbert explained as politely as possible that it was club business he was interested in.

The subject of rent was brought up, and Wally Weber made a motion that the club treasury be raided to buy Elinor Busby a membership in THALIA for three month's rent. Elinor objected that she did not care to have a membership in THALIA, so the motion was left to die on the floor. The group decided it would be better that Wally Weber's membership be used for the rent. That motion was passed with great enthusiasm, and it was Wally who was left to die on the floor.

By this time the group decided to discuss science fiction. F.M. Busby talked about the Dean Space Drive instead, and Elinor eventually discussed science fiction, but these evil people wrote up their opinions in a recent CRY which your lovable Sec-Treas does not have handy. Rather than expose the truth as to whether or not these minutes have any basis in actual fact by reporting on such an easy-to-check pair of reports, your cagey Sec-Treas will merely report that the meeting was adjourned at 9:10 after the reports were made.

Hon. Sec-Treas, W. Weber

The June 19, 1960 meeting of The Nameless Ones was called to order at 8:26 p.m., just a minute after the President finally dragged in. Before anything else happened to make Flora Jones forget it, she announced the discovery of a buzzer near the entrance to the building. She advised any members who found themselves locked out to use the buzzer, which brings the Custodian, who produces the key, that opens the lock, releasing the door, that allows the entrance into the ~~house that Jack built~~ building. She did not, however, volunteer any advice to persons who might find themselves locked inside the building.

The next thrilling event was the reading of the minutes, after which the President congratulated the SEC-Treas for having had the minutes prepared and censured the SEC-Treas for not being entirely truthful. (The SEC-Treas wishes to make note of the fact at this point that it is not the responsibility of his office to make the meetings agree with the Minutes.) Varda Murrell made a motion that the minutes be tolerated, and Rose Stark seconded. The rest of the rabble passed it. Oh well, it could have been worse.

Due to some now-forgotten discrepancy in procedure involving the last item of business, the question was raised about why Robert's Rules of

Order had been bypassed by an unorthodox procedure. Jim Webbert gleefully informed the membership that only the Seattle Science Fiction Club Incorporated paid even lip service to Robert and his moldy old Rules, and that the Nameless Ones would continue to operate under Robert's Rules of Disorder.

Somehow this reminded Jerry Frahm, who is President of the Seattle Science Fiction Club Incorporated, to announce that a Board of Directors meeting would be held sometime within the next two weeks for the purpose of dissolving the Incorporation. The meeting then went on to matters of greater importance.

The matters of greater importance seemed primarily concerned with how everyone at the meeting was going to get to the BOYCON at Boise over the July Fourth weekend. Rose Stark was the only one present who planned to solve the problem by not going at all. Everyone else looked for more complicated solutions.

Being Nameless Ones, it was not easy for the group to stick strictly to the subject of travelling to the Boycon. Among the side-topics that were explored, if not conquered, were that of prices at Boise (too high, just like everywhere else), a particularly lush park in Boise (built by some construction outfit in memory of somebody's dead wife), parking in Boise (it's generally cheaper to pay the reasonable fines than to feed the outrageously hungry parking meters), and the New Seattle Public Library (don't ask your SEC-Treas -- he just reports it as he sees/hears it).

Somehow all those present figured out how they were going to get where they were planning to go. Wally Gonser took advantage of a pause in the conversation to wonder loudly how come a woman answered the last time he called the Sec-Treas's residence, but Varda and Flora saved the kindly keeper of the minutes and money by insisting it was perfectly all right for a Secretary to have a Secretary. Jim Webbert also helped out by asking for new business.

Things were in sad shape. The only new business we could find was Ed Wyman, a charter member of the Nameless as far as anyone knows. He had returned from a trip just a few hours before the meeting, however, and was able to report interestingly on his visit to the LASFS. He admitted that he had arrived on Fan Hill too late for the meeting, but he was able to get involved in post-meeting activities, including a birthday party for Ted Johnstone.

Ed had good news to relate in that apparently quite a number of fans were planning to attend the Boycon from California, although Bjo and John would not be making the trip because of some sort of tragedy that was to take place July 9th.

And then fabulous SANDY CUTRELL arrived! (He arrived at the Nameless meeting, not at the Boycon, in case you can't change subjects as fast as Nameless meetings can.) Sandy, we learned, was passing through on his way to the MdWcon, and he thought it would be nice if Jim Webbert could provide him with a place to sleep for the night. Jim thought that would be nice, too, so that matter was settled. (Your reporter wonders how Sandy enjoyed sleeping in a bathtub with a leaky faucet.)

About the only news Sandy had to report was that F.M. Busby was in the process of tearing down a door and Elinor was trying to keep the floor clean. We hasten to add that F.M. and Elinor were home at the time, not at the meeting.

The club went down to the kitchen to consume Varda's cake and to try to find a husband for Flora, who couldn't seem to find anyone to share a room with at Boise. Sandy said he was currently not available.

The meeting adjourned at 9:56.

hon. S-t, Wally Weber

LEGENDS OF LANCASTER LAYABOUTS
Part Three: The Cuckoo Crumbles

by Mal Ashworth

"AAAAAAA/AAAAAAAAARRRRRRR" I gurgled; "gggggggggg" I continued, putting my heart and soul into it; "gug" I finished, triumphantly.

There was a round of loud clapping and wild applause, and Tony Austin stepped forward to present me with a Variegated Tragacanthia, in a plant-pot. It was a proud moment. It was, perhaps, the very apex of my dramatic career. My mind flashed back then over the checkered years, to an over-sized field-mouse in an undersized field-mouse costume, sticking his head self-consciously through the back curtain in a school production of "Toad of Toad Hall" and anxiously watching four other field-mice singing loudly enough to disguise the fact that he was ^{not} doing likewise. There, I thought fondly, but for the Grace of God, go I; Hell, I thought, Grace of God or no, that was me! (The other field-mice were all a couple of forms below me so it had been a simple matter before we went on stage to fix the singing arrangements up with them. Either they sang loud enough to disguise the fact that I didn't sing at all, or alternatively, if that course of action didn't appeal to them, I bashed their heads against the wall the minute we got off stage. Starting from this basis of mutual amicability we were able to work out a satisfactory compromise whereby they sang loud enough to disguise the fact that I wasn't singing. (I have sometimes thought of applying for a post as a United Nations mediator.) I knew my own limitations--and while I might conceivably be another Garrick, I sure as hell was no Caruso. Not for nothing did I used to get paid a cut out of carol-singing proceeds, just to keep my mouth shut). When I stepped off the stage after my final performance as a field-mouse (the play had had a record-breaking run of five nights. Well, a record-equaling run. Okay, so they all ran for five nights.), the whole theatre-world was at my feet, and the next year I played the part of a Welsh Parson for Bonnie Prince Charlie, with five lines to speak, the first of which, if you ignore a few snores, was "Amen". It seemed only a matter of time before Laurence Olivier contacted me to suggest that we go into partnership and do a dramatic production of the Bible. The next year I was an Elizabethan Shoemaker's apprentice for Thomas Dekker, with three lines to speak, and the year after that a foppish young gadabout for Oliver Goldsmith with two lines to speak. My fortunes, it seemed, were subject to some fluctuation. Then there came the long, l-e-a-n years; years with never a part; years without even a script-reading; years when--to tell the truth--I forgot all about the whole business.

And then there came the Great Revival. We were, frankly, lounging when it happened; Ken and Irene Potter, Harry Hanlon, Roy Booth, Tony Austin, and Sheila and I. We were lounging in Harry's lounge, which is as good a place as any I know to lounge; and the aftermath of two days of solid Lancaster-partying is as good a time as any I know to lounge. Then someone suggested that we do a play-reading. Before I could marshall anything more effective than a fifteen-thousand word protest, which was brushed aside as though it were a mere fifteen-thousand word protest, someone else had procured a copy of Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", Harry had been elected Director by a Democratic process (Ken said "Harry you be the Director"), and parts had been apportioned. I, it seemed, was Big Daddy. Roy Booth, as I remember, was Big Momma. Ken played Brick, Irene was Maggie the Cat, and Sheila was May. Tony Austin with his impeccable BBC, Kings-English accent was to play the Reverend Tooker, a Suthun clergyman. And thus it was that we started to read "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"--thus and by peering over the shoulder of whoever happened to be holding the book, anyway. Until that night, Harry had dearly loved that piece of literary creation. Until that night he may even have loved Humanity, for all I know. Since that night things have been different around Harry.

We got bawled out; we got bawled out individually and collectively for every imaginable fault and sin; we laughed happily and went right back to it--committing every imaginable fault and sin, that is. I remember my particular fault and sin--my main fault and sin anyway--was that I couldn't feel sorry for some barefoot children in Barcelona. "You've got to feel pity for these starving, barefoot children," yelled Harry. I explained politely that he was asking too much of me; I pointed out that I didn't think I was really meant to feel pity for these starving barefoot children, and anyway, even if I was, I couldn't. If he could change the script to incorporate a lion with a thorn in its foot, or a goat troubled by fleas, then perhaps I should be able to oblige him and feel

pity. He adamantly refused to amend Tennessee Williams; I adamantly refused to feel pity for the starving, barefoot children in Barcelona. Eventually he blocked up his ears until we got past the starving, barefoot children and the play went on. A few lines further on we came to some big, fat priests (also in Barcelona, I believe) who were bleeding the impoverished population white. "He'll feel sorry for them if you ask him, Harry," Sheila offered helpfully, but Harry didn't ask me.

Thus we laboured with the birth-pangs of dramatic creation (except for Roy Booth who spoke his lines in a flat Lancashire accent and went back to sleep in an armchair), until it came, finally, to Tony Austin's great opportunity--his turn to speak about the only two lines he had in the whole play. And then, before Tony had a chance to open his mouth, Harry stopped the production and turned on Tony. He ranted and he raved, he gesticulated and threw his arms about, he told Tony what he was going to do and what he mustn't do, he pleaded and demanded, threatened and cajoled; he shrieked and roared. At the end of half an hour of this, Tony said modestly, "I'll try," went ahead and spoke his two lines in his normal, impeccable, BBC, Kings-English voice, and smiled happily at Harry who sank his head in his hands and silently wept. We got on with the rest of the play quickly before he had time to recover.

Harry took to drink; later he took to putting his head in a bucket, also occupied by one floor-cloth and a long-handled mop (Tony had fetched him the bucket and hadn't thought to get rid of the earlier occupants first); and about four pages from the end he finally staggered away into the depths of the night, clutching a whisky bottle and calling feebly, "Mother." He has never mentioned "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" since.

Four months later we were back in Lancaster for another party. The group had grown in size with the addition of Don, Ken's army pal, and a friend of his name of Vic, a tall, amiable shyster who endeared himself to us all by driving us into Kendal--about 20 miles away--on the Saturday afternoon, so that we could go book-hunting. Admittedly some of the endearment wore off when he drove back and left us in Kendal, but it turned out to be just another of those prosaic, everyday, unavoidable Ghastly Mistakes and we were all reconciled. Saturday evening we all came together in the lounge of Ken and Irene's flat, and to the strains of Charlie Parker and a glass of Vat 69, I innocently suggested that we do a play reading of "King Lear". This I knew to be Harry's other great love in life (and possibly the only one he had left since we dismantled "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"). I knew this to be so because he had told me--and not only me, but all of us--in no uncertain terms, on a previous occasion when they had all come over to Bradford for a party at our house. In the depths of his 2 a.m. whisky glass Harry had discovered and brought to light his great love for "King Lear". That is to say he suddenly announced, "Shakespeare was the greatest writer who ever lived and King Lear" is the greatest play ever written." At first we were foolhardy enough to dispute this; we offered reasoned arguments intended to show that other works could be considered at least the equal of the ineffable "King Lear." But Harry would brook no dispute. Shakespeare, he said, was the greatest writer who had ever lived and "King Lear" was the greatest play ever written. He said it again. He maintained it. He reiterated it. He repeated it. He pronounced it. He went on saying it--for an hour and a half he went on saying it. By this time he had crushed all opposition and we had not only agreed with what he said but agreed to agree to anything else he might say, quite without qualification, if only he would do us the inestimable favour of shutting up and allowing us to change the subject. But even having won his point he was not easily sidetracked and it was a very long time before we managed to angle him into arguing that an unarmed primitive man was the equal of any jungle beast, past or present, and I--in my temporary role of sabre-toothed tiger--had the great satisfaction of breaking his back with my paw, before he could even turn around, thus proving that a man's reactions just weren't up to coping with sabre-toothed tigers. (We also proved the rather irrelevant proposition that a man on all fours, attacked by a temporary sabre-toothed tiger, in a small living room, at half-past three in the morning, is quite capable of knocking a cup of coffee all over the floor in his death-throes).

All of which goes to show that it may not have been from purely selfless motives that I suggested, at that Lancaster party, that we lay siege to "King Lear". But I was fore-stalled; Harry had obviously suspected that this might happen and he had gone to the most fantastic lengths to protect King Lear from our depredations. He had written a play himself (with some help from Ken), so that when I trotted out my suggestion, he trotted out

his play, the others smiled knowingly, and we did that instead. The play was entitled "Waiting for Gloom" (it has since been published in OMPA) and turned out to be a mighty epic of Love and Stale Tealeaves set in a British Railways Waiting Room. At the first performance I was a Texan Oil Millionaire (don't ask me how he got in a British Railways Waiting Room), a part which, I felt, considerably cramped my style. The most outstanding performance of the evening was given by Roy Booth as an Irish Bartender. All day, and all the previous evening, Roy had been talking in an inch-thick Irish brogue which was virtually indistinguishable from an inch-thick Irish brogue. The moment he came to read his first line in the play his Irish brogue disappeared, to be replaced by his normal Lancashire dialect. Harry ranted, but it did no good. "Booth," Harry told him feelingly, after the play, "You were a bloody shambles." "I thought I was rather good myself," said Roy imperturbably. Cecil B. DeMille never seemed to have problems like this.

During this performance my mind had been elsewhere; on Martha to be exact. Martha was the Station Master's wife (in the play that is). She never appears on the stage, and has only two lines in the play--both of them the same. At the climax of the action the Station Master makes an announcement and calls off-stage to his wife for confirmation: "Baint that so, Martha?" And Martha replies: "AAAAaagghh." This formula is also repeated at the very end of the play. This was the part that haunted me; this was the role that I truly coveted, the interpretation of which could, I felt, bring a new dimension into the theatre. I gave the matter much thought over the weekend, and on Monday night my chance arrived. We did another reading of the play, and I secured the coveted role. It was during this performance that Vic, who was asleep on the couch, when knocked into sufficient wakefulness to read his lines, which were "That's the way the cookie crumbles," came out with his famous and now much respected gaff, by reading it, bleary-eyed, as "That's the way the cuckoo crumbles." Sheila and I have been using this phrase for virtually every eventuality we have come up against since and I'd like to tell you it is wearing very, very well. You must try it sometime. The next time you are watching a movie and all the bad guys have just got the better of all the good guys and Universal Death and Destruction is implied, just shrug your shoulders and mutter, "That's the way the cuckoo crumbles," I think you might like the flavour.

When the time approached for my payoff line and the end of the play, I filled my mouth with beer and when my cue came--"Baint that so, Martha?" I put my head back and gargled for all I was worth for a full two minutes. That was what brought the house down and why I got presented with a Variegated Tragacanthia in a plant-pot. Like I said, it was a proud moment.

About 5.30 that morning Ken decided to give a recitation of some of his poetry, Don and I looked knowingly at each other, and, collecting Sheila, sneaked out to the car. We drove to Morecambe, five miles away, and along the deserted promenade, watched a glorious golden sunrise and the mist dispersing over the mountains across the bay. When we got back to Lancaster all was quiet and we were locked out. I climbed in through a window and over several sleeping bodies, and let Don and Sheila in. Sheila made some coffee, Don woke Vic (who was still asleep on the couch) and they started on their long drive back to Somerset. A few hours later we left on a train for Bradford and a few months later Ken and Irene and Harry and Roy all moved down to London.

The cuckoo had crumbled.

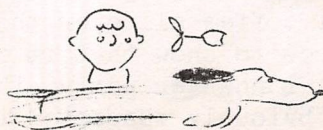
THE END.



CRACKERJACKS



J. FUZZ WANSHEL



JEFF
They'll never
get him on
a con com-
mittee.



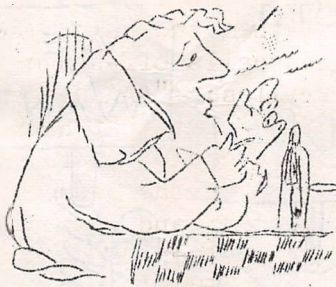
I'M NOT BEAT

J. Les Piper

NO, I'M NOT A BEATNIK



DESPITE WHAT THEY
KEEP ON SAYING ABOUT
THIS PEYOTE & Mescaline
JAZZ



BUT I'M NOT BEAT



AND THEY ALWAYS
HANG ME FOR HAVING
MY CATS, TOO



LOTSA PEOPLE DIG
CATS. ARE THEY
ALL BEAT? NO.



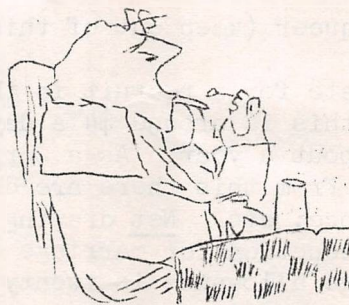
SO THEY SAY "WHAT ABOUT
THIS NUNNERY BIT? IT WAS
A BEAT PAD, WASN'T IT?"



MEBBE SO, BUT THAT
STILL DOESN'T MAKE
ME BEAT.



NO, I'M NOT BEAT.

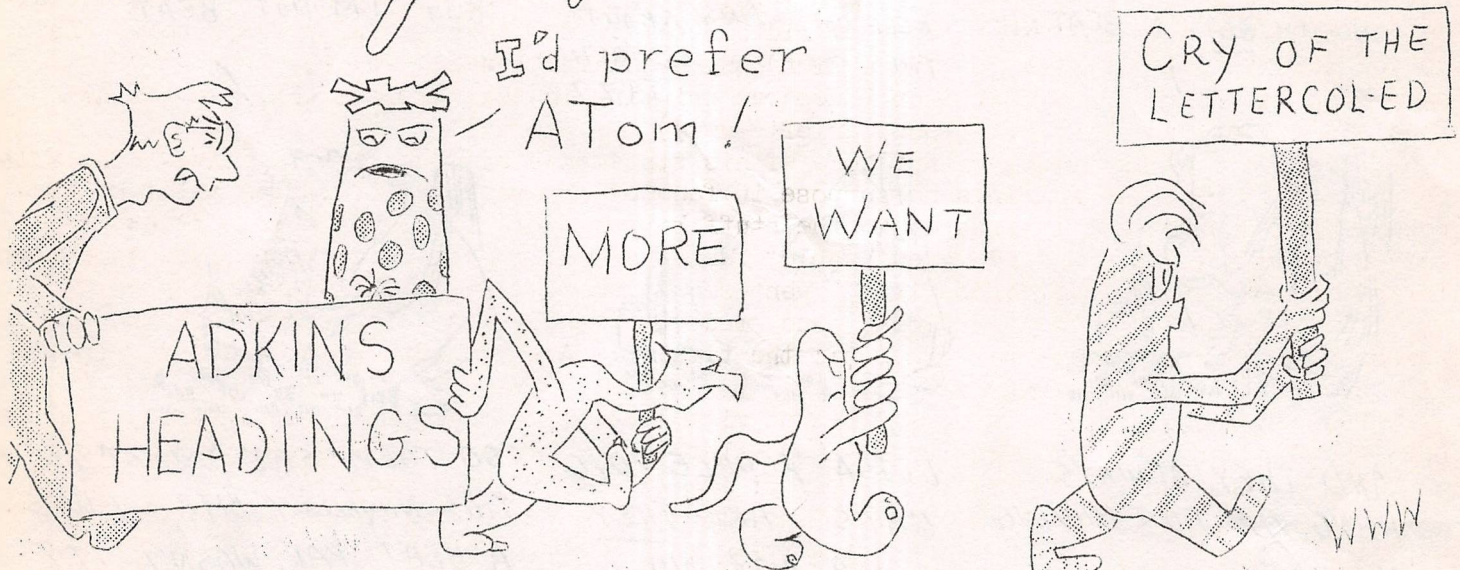


A LITTLE EXISTENTIALIST
MAYBE, BUT NOT BEAT.



J. Les Piper

Cry of the Readers



BOB SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. Australia

8th June 1960

Dear CryEds:

Some comments on Cry 139: This was, to me, a 'quiet' issue of the old Cry; nothing to really rave over, I felt. Liked the Atom cover. The Goon saga is nearing it's end; all good things must end somewhere, I suppose. I am glad to see Elinor in her own column, and I share her feelings about fantasy - my first and favourite love. Art's thing was chuckle-ish, and "Fandom Harvest" was sort of 'gloomy'. Rather wistfully I had hoped that Australian fandom would arise once more in the future, but...

Pemby excellent, as usual. Mal Ashworth has a style of writing that seems a trifle out-of-place in Cry, but I like it. I have only a vague idea of what Piper is saying this time, but no worries. Don Franson was humorous. Most of Buz's column I passed over, for it had little that concerned me. The Nirenberg item was so-so.

As a whopping contrast we find CRY OF THE READERS. Like, these letters really move this time round. (The readers were moved to complain about missing pages, I guess. www)

Bob Lichtman: The military is about to Take Over the column; notice the number of service addresses these days...?

Mike Deckinger: Maybe I'm queer (keep out of this, Weber!) but Mr. Magoo makes me chuckle, so phoooh to you.

Norm Metcalf: Basic daily rate for a recruit in the Australian Army is 35/- (Aust.). At current Dollar/Aust exchange this is around \$4 a day. This goes up rapidly, and works out at about \$5.50 a day after about a year. As a Corporal, Group 6 tradesman, I pull around 70/- (approx. \$8) a day. From this there are deductions: tax, insurance, pension, health benefits, marriage allowance, etc. Net drawing rate right now is 23/2 a day, clear. About 10/- a day is a required deduction for marriage allowance, to which the Army adds the rest, so that minimum marriage allowance is twenty pounds (Aust.) per two weeks. The pound sterling has more value than the Australian pound, and cost of living is higher in Australia.

George Locke: You shouldn't knock your Corporal, you know. They are the backbone of the army.

'till the next Cry,

R. F. Smith

JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Pl., Larchmont, New York May 17 29, 1960
Dear Cockroachian Blasphemers,

Now to comment on #139 with high hearts and apple-pie-in-the-sky hopes, like, man.

Cover fair. The CRY cover stock is high-tailing it down-hill as of the last two ish, as if TEW was chasing it with a battleaxe. This is a new ATOM, and I can not say that I scream in delight at the first example.

TGGW continues in as spectacular a fashion as it could. Very well written, with just the amount of exaggeration I put in my stuff, so it has to be good.

Elinor starts out dullishly and finishes up a mite better. These editorials by Elinor take quite a while to get into. The effort is worthwhile, tho. I've asked myself, why do editorials by Elinor take so long to get into? Possibly because they have to build a ridiculous background on which to elaborate ridiculously. But then again, perhaps not. What do you think? ((I think you are a fiendish, evial fuzzlehead. -www))

Rapp was fairly cute, but didn't deserve printing in the fabulous CRY, dean of all fanzines except Grue, maybe. ((Good grief! -www))

Terry Carr is interesting, but some of his statements are downright asinine. The Cult is unstable? Yes. It fulfills no purpose in fandom? Hogwash. It fulfills a lot of purpose to fen who are not interested in the stuff happening in the other APAs. It exists only because its members find it enjoyable? Why the hell do you think people are in fandom, Terry? Because they don't enjoy it and want something to kick themselves for?

'Tis pleasant to have the Plow around, indeed. Really tis. You appreciate these things more when you don't have them all the time. ((Are you advocating that we keep the Plow or drop the Plow? -www))

Franson fun again - he always turns up with something unexpectedly delightful, doesn't he? ((We kind of like him ourselves. -www)) Let's keep him in this spot; he's an asset.

And now to the most commentable part of the CRY -- ye old lettercol.

Say, what did happen to pages 19-22 in #138? I never got mine, and you still haven't explained anything. ((Our lawyers are working on it, though. -www))

LES NIRENBERG: Plane rides can be infuriating. Just before we left from Florida I picked up Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451. I was reading it on the plane and a kid behind started to whistle. "Hey kid," I said through the opening between the arm of the seat and the window. "Will you please stop whistling?" He looked at me, whistling straight into my face. "Please?" He never even heard me. He just kept on whistling. Oog.

MIKE DECKINGER: If you will look closely, you will see a connection between the names Raeburn, Wanshel, and Nirenberg. All of them have an a and an e, except for Nirenberg, who has two e's. I thought this out very cleverly, as you can see. Nirenberg is someone I created because I saw that this personality (me, that is) isn't going to be a best new fan.

And that, CRYme Busters, is it. You may pub this in CRY #141, Wally; with you go my blessings, and to all of the CRYstaff. ((Thanks for the permission to print your letter, Jeff; I'd never have had the nerve otherwise. -www))

Fuzzy farewells,

Jeff

JAMES GROVES, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England 26th May 1960
Dear Wally and CRYgang all

thanks for CRY 139, herewith comments.

First of all that's a wonderful cover, bloody marvellous.

Elinor has a point there about fantasy, the grass is always greener and things are nearly always black and white, not a uniform dirty grey like they really are. Fantasy is a retreat to simplicity and sanity, away from this awful crazy life. As such it's ok in small doses; too much and you reach a state where you cannot get back.

One point for Terry Carr; it's the BSFA not the NSFA. Otherwise I just think he's sticking his neck out -- I wonder who'll be first with the chopper?

The Plow's interesting as usual. Knowing Ken and Irene Potter I believe every word that Mal says - it figures.

Re Buz and ethics - I think Joy Clarke expressed it well in one of the APEs - "do what you will, providing you hurt no one else". By that I mean (my own opinion this) do no physical or mental hurt to children and no physical hurt to adults. I exclude

mental hurt to adults as I consider an adult to be someone who can take care of him/her self in that sort of situation. I consider large organisations (especially governments) fair game but I make a point of departing from the rules as little as is necessary so as to avoid trouble. All I want from others is tolerance and elbow room, and that's what I'm prepared to offer them. "You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone; interfere with my freedom and I'll do my best to make your life hell as well."

I see you appear to be mystified by George Locke's use of that fine old English verb, "to bull." You ignorant colonial you! As a verb it means "to perform a task under orders" (usually used in connection with the army). However in the army, and to a certain extent outside, it can be used as a noun "Bull" when it means the fine old English army tradition of instilling discipline by the performance of tasks such as scrubbing the billet out with a toothbrush, cutting the lawn with a pair of scissors, or even whitewashing coal so that the eyes of visitors will not be injured by contact with real life.

I see that I have something more subtle than a meat hook for you Wally -- that's nice, as soon as I work it out I'll let you know.

yours til tis time to CRY again.

Jimmy

ALMA HILL, Lee Academy, Lee, Maine

October 15, 1959 ((updated to May 30, 1960)).

Dear CRY;

Well i was wondering why you never come here any more, when cleaning up the desk there turned up a letter to you dated October 15, never sent. No wonder. Here it is now, updated: "Noting zero after name after reading CRY from cover to cover and EVEN the remarks on the address page and like, how can i get along without this habitforming stuff? Here is another dirty dollar. ((update; i took the dollar back out.)) ((Looks like you found a way to break the habit. What will you take to let us in on the secret? -www))

I must be going fan; here is the Leiber edition of Fantastic, with only the first story read, and CRY came and I read it with Fritz Leiber stories waiting. Your stuff is not only habitforming, it ruins the taste and rots the brain... i like it..... ((update. Aw shuckinz; here's a buck. Hold onto it. If i stay in one place any length of time you'll hear from me.)) ((Aw shuckinz, keep your ol' "kick-the-CRY-habit"secret! -www))

Mainly i read the account of the Detention and was that ever stupid of me; after all, i was there for some of it, so none of that is news; and as for what i missed, it makes me weep like rainfall to hear of all the fun that got away. I should have let the school start without me - what am i saying - it WOULD have. Well, your report was such a pleasant reminder of far away and long ago, it seems like a zillion light-years already.

Fandom is a weird world - anything can happen, or if not, it can be said to have happened and it seems to come to the same thing. Why, i collected Sam Moskowitz myself at that auction. Fact. Witnesses (especially Mrs. Moskowitz)(she came along on the deal as a chaperone, like, extra). I had no such intention, believe me; i have no place to keep collectors' items like that; i was just listening and planning to put the spare change in on a few things for the Harvard collection, which is a half-orphan one can befriend quite easily. So all i was after was a few pictures for their vaults. But when Chris put Sam on the block, their neighbor Sylvia, who was sitting beside me, bid up to five bucks and fell out; so when the bidding faltered at seven bucks, I thought this is not sufficient for the honor of fandom and after a hasty conference with Sylvia to pool funds, we pushed the bidding up to nine dollars. At this point, Chris, using keen surgeon's eye on back row, said, "Is that Alma Hill?" So i, being overly factual like neofan, should have said something like yooohooey, Sam, to nudge the bidding some more, but no, i said the facts, "It's a POOL! TWO girls want him!" So that was the end of the bidding, and amid universal expression of joy, we collected fandom's fanciest collector for a measly nine bucks. It was the bargain of any lady's lifetime, too. Ghreat ghods, what a conversationalist. How that man ever stayed a bachelor so long would be a mystery, except you can see by Chris that he had to have a girl who is not only charming enough to outdo the competition, but athletic enough to beat it off. So my advice is, if she puts him up at a TAFF auction again, bid.

Yours for more upbeat in the stories and more downbeat in the crifanac.

Love,

Alma Hill

JOSEPH P. PATRIZIO, 72 Glenvarloch Cres., Edinburgh 9, Scotland 3rd June 1960

Dear Wally,

You know, there is one advantage in getting a fmz which has pages missing, it makes it very easy to start your letter of comment. This time I have no such letter-hack's aid -- how about getting somebody to do an article on new ways to begin letters?

Now on to CRY 139. Very effective cover this, it looks like a Nebula bacover -- was it originally intended as such? Hope you can get ATom to do more like this.

T.G.G.W. was as good as ever, even tho it was a bit short this time. Oh! and John was right, Culloden Moor is nowhere near Glasgow, in fact it is just six miles from Inverness, 'way up in the far North. That ticket-collector must have had bloody good eyesight.

What Elinor says about fantasy belonging to Earth may be right, but it's probably fairer to say that fantasy needs no scientific backing. To locate a story on another planet, and include men in it, then these men must have a method of getting there. Very often conditions on the planet and the method of getting to it are scientifically weak, and there is a sense of irritation on the part of the reader at the inaccuracies. On the other hand, a book set on Earth doesn't need basic conditions (weather, etc.) to be explained, and it's very easy to convince yourself that there very well have been such things as elves, goblins, magic, etc. I seem to have convinced myself that fantasy set on another planet becomes S.F. But what happens if you're an alien on another planet, writing fantasy? (Well, you'd have one hell of a time getting the mss to Earth to sell. -www)

I reckon that Terry Carr, in this 'Fandom Harvest', was aiming more at being controversial than at being accurate. Hell, 1965 is only 5 years away, not 15. He's probably right that many of today's big names will be much less active than at present, but I think Terry's wrong about George Locke going into complete gaffiation by then. January 1965 will also bring us CRY # 195 -- wot a thot. (Good Grief! -www)

Ashworth was at his best -- but then he always is. Piper -- not very good, it could hardly be called subtle. 'Fannish Music Festival' -- clever, especially that 'Nutcracker Suite' - (Ellik).

A comment drawing 'Bicycle' if ever I saw one. I agree with most of what Buz says, but I'm not sure I'm with him when he says "the guy who lacks unconventional ethics lacks Ethics, period." Anyone with the intelligence to draw up his own code of ethics will almost certainly include as one of his principles that he won't get in the way of anybody else's code. Because of this he'll probably act pretty conventional so as not to offend anybody; and so you won't notice his unconventional ethics until something turns up which is directly opposed to them. I do agree, however, that if a person goes around making it abundantly clear how ethically unconventional he is, it's odds on that he doesn't know what ethics are.

Best,

Joe

DAPHNE BUCKMASTER, 8, Buchanan St, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, Scotland. 31st May 1960
Dear Nameless Ones,

I've just read CRY 139. This is the first CRY I've seen and the distinctive thing about it, to me, is the way the editorial personality pervades it. Always a supporter for bigger editorials, I have nothing but approval for this state of affairs. Glancing through to see just how much of it does concern the club and how much is my imagination, I see there are: the Minutes; a column each from the Busbys and Art Rapp's vivid word-picture of you all. Unfortunately for you, it is the latter which sticks in my mind. Now, all sprawled among the empty bottles with that flickering candle in the background.

The most absorbing piece in the issue, to my mind, was Terry Carr's prophesy of 1965 fandom. I can find nothing to argue with in the broad outlook but there are one or two details I would query. For instance, that the "burning desire to seek one's kind" is a characteristic peculiar to N3Fers. I think, on the contrary, that this is the thing which holds fandom together in every part.

Terry suggests we are all primarily journalists but this is not what distinguishes us from other people. What distinguishes us is the desire to exchange ideas which are outside the range of most people's minds. There are many people outside fandom willing to have discussions about their own particular interest or something very general like politics or sport but very few can or will range the whole gamut of thought the way that fans

commonly do. That is not to suggest that fans are great thinkers of course, but what we have got are lively minds, forever curious; we are eternal students.

I joined fandom for its discussions more than anything else and back in the old White Horse days we did, in fact, have such discussions. We talked about dimensions and perceptions and infinity and telepathy and semantics and states of consciousness and all the old S.o.W. subjects. But I have looked in vain for a fanzine that caters for this need. Only a few months ago, I decided that if I couldn't find the type of magazine I wanted, then I'd jolly-well have to provide it myself. So I decided to change my OMPazine ESPRIT into a generalzine for serious discussions. I haven't actually made the change over yet but the current one contains a six-page discussion on witchcraft between Sid Birchby and me so I have made a start. Planned for the next issue is a defence of motivation advertising and various odds and ends that may occur to me. I haven't a clue whom to send it to so anyone who enjoys indulging the old thot processes should drop me a line and get on the mailing list; preferably including a paragraph for insertion - anything that provides food for thought including that pet theory no one will ever listen to.

The next thing that interested me in CRY was Buz' "Dept. of Soul-Searching". These sentiments could do with being expressed more often in more places but I guess too few fans have the courage.

On to the next paragraph in the Keen Blue Eyes and Bicycle (where did you get that title?) ((Pogo. -FMB)) and I have a complaint. Joy says that the first day of the Con would have been a flop without Don's photos, then you end up concluding: Don Ford pulled the Britcon out of a bad hole. A rather unjustified deduction, don't you agree? As a matter of fact, the second day of the Con included a fine talk by Doc Weir on the life of Carel Kapek which was listened to by an enthralled audience, and an uproarious life story gag on Norman Shorrock which was a great success. In the evening, the pro-film played to standing room only. I do feel that you should correct the wrong impression that you will have given to your American readers. ((Sorry. I only meant to paraphrase Joy's statement, but I agree that I made a poor choice of phrase, composing on stencil. Forgiven?? -FMB))

Mal's piece was disappointing - possibly because one has come to expect so much from him and this was only average. The strip cartoon was too esoteric for me to comment on. The music festival programme was smileworthy - what I understood of it.

Why don't you have a name for your editorial? It feels like starting off in the middle of the mag, the way it is. ((It's appropriate for our editorial not to have a name. What other reason could we have for calling this, "Cry of the Nameless"? -www))

Yours sincerely,

Daphne Buckmaster

WALTER BREEN, 311 East 72 St., New York City 21, New York ((Postmarked May 30, June 11, and June 12. -www))
Dear CRYtics,

The cover wasn't bad, though hardly typical. I wish though that my copy hadn't been marred by four big purple stains on the inside cover, which show through -- wha' happened? ((Well, I was running this cover on the Gestetner and inadvertently mentioned, "How nice this looks; it reminds me of when I published with my hectograph," and the Gestetner gave me nothing but trouble ever after. -www))

Berry was berryish (there isn't any other adjective for him, so I have to make one up) and a little better than last time. The little affair with customs grotched me. Because of the way the customs inspection operates, it penalizes mainly the honest citizen, and places a high premium on clever dishonesty. Also, it seems to me that Berry could have taken the cab driver's number and reported him to the hack license bureau for having a fast meter. I have had to do this several time in NY; not that I blame the individual driver, but there is no reason to let the corporation owning the cab get off scot-free.

Elinor, I'm inclined to agree with you about your analysis of fantasy. Yes, it does belong on Earth, and that's a good insight about it being an Earth lightly populated. It doesn't apply to very brief fantasies, though--like Sturgeon's "The Huckle is a Happy Beast" or Heinlein's "Magic Inc.", and evidently you're thinking of only one kind of fantasy, rather than the whole genre. Don't let readers put you down for that, though.

About Rapp's wail I have only one thing to say; and you CRYminals deserved it: "Stop it!" CRYd theentire CRYgang in unison, blushing furiously.

OK, Pemby--you've converted me; I'll read the FU Omnibus. M'lashwrth (I'll never think of him as anything else, thanks to Falasca) wasn't as good as before--I somehow can take him or leave him. Nirenberg on Gem Carr was OK. Sorry I can't say as much for the music festival bit.

Buz: So "the guy who lacks conventional ethics lacks Ethics, period."? That's Derogation material. Conventional ethics demands job loyalty, demands outspoken patriotism in a high degree, demands that one be well-dressed and soft-tongued in the presence of The Ladies, demands that one adhere to the Don't Risk Offending code, demands a prim sexlessness most of the time, demands lip-service to theism (like, This Nation Under God, Indivisible), demands that one obey laws even when one is completely convinced that those laws are unjust and tyrannous, demands...but you get the idea. I know whom you were grotched at and I don't blame you, but I can't let that remark about conventional ethics pass uncommented on. As for the good old fannish backbone, that seems to have been softened up by too long immersion in the Don't Risk Offending code.

Deckinger: "Mr. Magoo" plodding and dull? How could you?

Martin Levine: I think I know why Laney blushed. It was because he had just received the FANDANGO award (For Fuggheadedness) from WAW for having taken up stamp collecting.

Zero after my name on the sticker on #140. So lemme do something about that.

Bjo: Dug your cover muchly, but haven't you been looking at an awful lot of Ray Nelson stuff of late? And is that garbage can where Garcone left the fragments of pages 19 to 22?

John Berry: OK--if your neighbors want to give you a one-way ticket over here, take 'em up on it. Ken Hedberg: Ghu's gills, how did this stuff ever get into CRY? M'lashwrth: The "Gentle Jesus" bit reminds me of a recently-heard thing which was sung to the tune of "Jesus Loves Me." It started out something like "Khrushchev loves me, this I know / 'Cause the Kremlin tells me so..." If anyone reading this has the rest of the text --?

Buz: The Government Printing Office's complete address is Washington 25, D.C. You're welcome. Terry: About the most appropriate remark for your col might be the quote-- "Before Terry was, I am. Chas E Burbee." I'm lying, of course. Ghodd laughs--and now I'm not lying.

Elinor: Poor people are still subject to terrible legal injustices, or didn't you know? Need I mention Sacco and Vanzetti? And granted that the vast majority had nothing, still there was one mercy (however small) which today's poor are denied: in those days people were not accustomed (by advertising) to want to improve their lot, to want what riches could buy.

Harry Warner: Howcome MAD has survived for years without advertising? (Genuine ads, that is.)

Bill Donaho: I guess it depends on what denomination you're talking about, whether people stick to a set of ethics because of God or fear of hellfire. Certainly among Catholics and some extreme Protestant groups the kids are very early taught that hell awaits them for transgressions, but that a better reason for conforming is that this is the way to prove that they love God, etc. And sometimes this dichotomy fades into the background, sometimes it is recognized as a colossal lie, sometimes it retains its old force--but whether a kid grows up to continue conforming, or to rebel against those ethical principles, still he continues--usually--to think/feel in terms of them, and to suffer guilt if he goes against them. The rebels may flout them, but only rarely will a rebel deliberately adopt a different ethic, such as the Buddhist or the (genuine) beat one--I am glad you point out that there is a beat ethic. (Write it up for HAB sometime.)

D. B. Whittier: OK, I hereby request the URish with the Burbee article. Better run off about 250 copies--I've got a bunch of friends who dig Burbee the most even though they aren't in fandom (they saw "The Incompleat Burbee" at my place), and doubtless there are many others who'll be waiting for the news of it to appear in FANAC.

Wally Weber: Ten thumbs or no, you're still a chipmunk, not an alien. So there. # Joe Patrizio's "Keep your gab steekit when you kenna your company" means "Keep your mouth shut when you don't know your company." So you can stop shouting for help already.

FISFF and all that,

Walter Breen

BOYD RAEBURN, 89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada
LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #140

A highly enjoyable issue, but as I leaf through it now I pass page after page which bear no checkmarks for comments to be made. Nice Berry, Ashworth, Pemberton, Carr.... Joy Clarke says Eric Jones was swamped with a chorus of "How did you do it?" regarding the paeon of praise to Harrison on tape - and then doesn't tell us how it was done.

No, Elinor, I for one do not think it would be more fun to live at an earlier time. The nineteen twenties and thirties might be o.k. if one had a fair stack of money, but, otherwise, I would hate to live at any other time than the present. And ever notice, in science fiction stories, that the majority of these types who are accidentally thrown back into some past period are madly resourceful and just stuffed with technical skills? In these stories, a guy gets tossed back a millenium or so, equipped only with the clothes he's wearing and whatever he happens to have in his pockets, and he not only survives, but soon is the master of thriving business and a Force In The Land and like that. Humph!

Walt Willis, you know damn well I do not have an English accent. True, when I arrived back in Toronto after visiting Belfast on my way home from the LonCon I had a Belfast accent (causing Steward and Kidder to keep yelling, "Go back to Ireland!") but I'm sure you wouldn't consider a Belfast accent an English accent.

Gad, CRY lettercol is educational. I didn't know that Labor Day is not observed as a public holiday in Great Britain. Probably the reason it is so observed in Canada is that here it is thought a good idea to have one day a public holiday every month in the summer months, and Labor Day is as good an excuse as any. In one month (August, I think) apparently no good reason could be thought up, so that holiday is simply called Civic Holiday.

With all the egoboo Les Nirenberg is getting, maybe it would have been a good idea to encourage the belief that I am Les Nirenberg. However, how to explain away Les Nirenberg at the Pittcon? I guess I could say he was Carl Brandon travelling incognito.

Wally, I rush to answer your cry for help, although even a linguistically inept United Stateser such as yourself should have been able to figure out the meaning of "Keep you gab steekit when you kenna your company." ({I been sick. -www}) (Although it should be "gub", not "gab".) ({Ooooh, no wonder I didn't get it! -www}) It means "Keep your mouth shut when you don't know your company." Pandering to the passion for dialect phrases in the CRY lettercol, I give the following for consideration, especially by Joe Patrizio. "Bonzer screw crook tucker." ({Uh..er. Hey, Joe, old buddy.... -www})

Regards,

Boyd

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

10 Jun 60

Dear Wally,

Digging up adjectives for Bjo, Berry, etc. is a trifle monotonous (and though I blush to admit is straining my vocabulary, and also that of my typer which actually has very little to say other than "Smith-Corona", "Radio Interference Free" and some words of that general sort not adapted to describing talent.) In fact the cartoon by Nirenberg perfectly set forth my feelings. And speaking of Nirenberg; Sir, I hereby give my opinion that you are a hoax. Formerly I was playing it cautious, perhaps you were, perhaps not. But now I've received a letter from you which sounds rather suspiciously like someone trying to be too neofannish which rather obviously you're not. And photos, etc. prove nothing.

Warner: Did you see some guy's letter in the latest Amazing? He's been deluged with catalogs, etc. since his first letter and wrote in to complain that that was fine but no fan had contacted him personally. And in line with your subgroup fandom it might center around Amazing. There's a crop of fans who have letters in there and now I find that they have their own fanzines which I've never seen reviewed anywhere. But they arrive at Box 1262 by one means or another and it's fascinating to glimpse something of that other fandom of which Willis wrote, except that this one is about 180° out of phase with what Willis had in mind.

Donaho: Eddison to my mind is a take it or leave it proposition. Once you accept the style and the other trappings then he's fine reading. If you can't stomach them then by all means leave him alone.

And on thievery, does no one any longer have any sort of ethics, morals or whathaveyou that prohibit the taking of what does not by any stretch of the imagination belong to you? I realize that petty thievery is becoming more and more acceptable, but this does not justify it. Part of the basis of our society is built on the ability to trust at all times your fellow society members. If the basis for this trust is destroyed, what then will become of us all? (And not Kendell Crossen's solution, I trust.)

Incidentally you must congratulate that artist on page 50 for me. His portraits were very well done and add a touch of professionalism and color to you already fine fmz. (His work will no doubt be a permanent feature, much as we hate it since he is a dirty pro and we have to pay for the artwork. -www})

Best,

Norm

LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, CANADA
Queridos FANaticos de Seattle,

June 10/60

~~Don't~~ ~~let~~ ~~it~~...Well, now, CRY is now here before me on my many spleandoured (and cluttered counter). It is writhing and shaking. It wants comments. So here they come.

First the lettercol: I'm one Canadian who knows that the British don't have Labour Day. Instead don't they have some kind of ring-around-the-rosie game that they play with maypoles or something? Y'know. They congregate out near them stonehedges or something.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS SEX

Don Franson gets confusing as hell in places. But I think he has the right idea about fans and fandom. The reason I "joined" fandom was because it seemed like a lot of fun. I've never read much science fiction. I wanted to take part in the never-ending-mail-order-cocktail-party that is fandom and the fun and games of fanzine pubbing (and receiving). How would Franson classify me?

"INGVI IS A FINQUE" Society for Modernization of Fannish Terms

Donaho: I think I'd always be leery of anyone that I knew definitely was a thief. True, some people are quite honourable yet they are shoplifters. These people seem to think that the "supermarkets can afford it" so they steal from them. Well, maybe someday they'll decide that I can afford it and start stealing from me. It looks to me like they have some kind of Robin Hood complex (steal from the rich and give to the poor: me). I also find a lot of people who have the attitude: if they can get away with it, good luck to them. These types haven't got any ethics either. Yet much of our society seems to be built around this idea, as witnessed by some of our laws. I agree with Buz 100%.

RICH BROWN: If you think you're so smart, why not start a fannish marriage bureau?

Ray Nelson's sudden discovery of his belly-button reminds me of the story of the guy who woke up one morning and found that instead of a navel he had a small circular crank embedded in the spot where his navel usually was. So he turned and turned and suddenly it came out and.....Heee heee heeee heeee! (Gee I hate these guys who get such a kick out of their own jokes, they can't tell the punchline for giggling! -www})

There's nothing wrong with eating things out of ash-trays. Some ashtrays are so ornate it would be a waste to throw butts in them. (Some people think the same thing about antique chairs. -www})

I couldn't figure out BJo's cover. "Go 'zotz'" at who? (At people who can't figure out Bjo's cover, of course. -www})

Berry was fine again; as usual. And again I wonder why John didn't stay longer in Canada while he was over here. He would have found so many things English yet American too, had he stayed a few days up here. Do you think it would be possible for future British Taff reps to come over the border for a while? They could stock up on Guinness' and Player's cigarettes and a lot of other back 'ome things.

Ashworth was great this time. No other comments, just GREAT! GREAT! GREAT!

Nothing else to say except by-de-by and....

Later....

Les

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey
Chere Les Edituers de la CRY,

6/14/60

I was very amused at Boyd Raeburn's attempts to "defend" Les Nirenberg from my statements. I was never picking on Les in the first place, but just offering some (what I thought) constructive criticism, and I'd like you to show me some one who can't benefit by such criticism. I still maintain that too much of one thing is not good, and the complete assinty of anyone questioning the veracity of that statement is croggling. ((I have to admit, I've never quite looked at the matter in that light, Mike. -www)) Too many of the J. Les Piper illos month after month after month can have an adverse effect on the reader, as well as the cartoonist. However, it may please you to learn that I could find no arguement with Les's strip in #140, in fact I'll say it's among the best he did.

As for what I mean by sick--well let's see, a sick comedian is one who draws on everyday situations and thoughts, and examines them in a new light and with new insight, as well as dredging up taboos that aren't normally discussed. When I say so-and-so is a "sick" cartoonist, I am not commenting on the quality of his work, but the type of material he does. As to how I know I'm not an idiot, hell Boyd, I answered you--the typical idiot would not care whether he is criticized or not, in fact he would derive enjoyment from it. I try to correct any misinterpretations other fans may label one me. See the difference? Friends? ((Well, how do you know you aren't an untypical idiot? -www))

John Berry deserves congratulations for turning out such a heart-warming episode as his final chapter to TGGW. Ten years from now I intend to reread the complete epic over again, and I anticipate sharing the same emotions and thrills that I did the first time.

Hedberg's "Lored's Manifesto" just didn't strike me as it was supposed to. I felt Ken was laboring hard trying to accomplish something, but after re-reading it, I don't think he did.

I wish you could have sent a copy of the editorial at least, from this CRY, where you remark on the "Dean Space Drive", to Campbell. Personally, I feel Campbell has finally cracked. Sheer logic proves that the whole idea behind this supposedly revolutionary space drive is a lot of nonsense. Why Campbell chose this Hobby Horse to ride is an interesting point.

Yes, I read the Tucker story, too, and got quite a chuckle out of the fan names. I remember a story Joe Gibson had in OW back in '51 with characters like a villain named Black-Dog Mac Sneary, a hero, Kim Rothman, and a space pilot name Moskowitz. And then there was Bobby Bloch in Tucker's "Lincoln Hunters," too. And Bloch's PSYCHO (the film) opens in New York Thursday, and I understand there's some reference to Lynn Hickman in it. Incidentally Buz, the character Jimmy Cross is probably an allusion to Jommy Cross, of Vv's SLAN. No?

Again Terry Carr has turned out a worthwhile and interesting Fandom Harvest column. After telling of what Nelson aspires so much to draw, I wonder if the latter works in the Navel Academy.

I wonder if Mal Ashworth realized that most British women have labour days, whether they be national holidays or not. Reminds me of the time that I asked a visiting Britisher if they had a fourth of July in England. "No," he replied vehemently. "Then what do you do between the third and the fifth?" I countered. ((And then what did the Britisher say, Mike? Huh? What did he say? -www))

I'm glad to hear that Mills will publish the missing CRY pages. For rendering this service he deserves the Bronze-Fan metal of Honor and Skull and Crossbones coat of arms. I wonder if he'll follow up this feat by publishing Claude Degler's Memoirs?

SINNERS, ELMER GANTRY IS COMING

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

PHILLIP A. HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia
Dear who ever reads this missive;

0433-061160

Today I got my first CRY after waiting two years to get it (well, it seemed that long anyway) and with a Bloodcurdling yell of pure ecstasy I pounced on it. I fought with the staples for a full five minutes (what do you rivet them in with anyway? an air hammer?) and practically ruining my fingers, nails, and nerves, I got the first one up then went to work on the other one with a screw driver. This only took me 2 minutes and then I was ready to enjoy CRY, I thought. I had opened the binding staples. So after very calmly using a

hammer to refasten the staples I very calmly took a gun and shot myself. Well to make a long story short, I finally, after wasting another 20 minutes and three pounds of explosives, got the right staples open. NOW came another problem. I had them open but how to get them out. I finally had to get a pair of pliers and at last at very long last I had it. CRY #140. I must say it was worth the physical and mental anguish I had to go thru to get it open.

From the extremely funny (I can't spell Hilarious, I don't think) BJO cover to the Pittcon Release it was faboulous (can't spell that one, either). Now I can see why you are going to win the HUGO for the best Fanzine. I say that because with such a fabzine you can't help but... ((But what? But what? -www)) I still like SHAGGY, tho', and think they should have been mentioned on the HUGO ballot along with HOCUS and GHOST. Am I allowed to mention them? Anyway... ((Anyway what? You drive me crazy! -www))

What more can I say about The Goon, etc. that everybody else hasn't already said, except I'm sorry to see it go.

I finally figured out what Elinor's HWYLL means. How Wild Yound Little Lines. I knew that they must mean that after reading it. I also enjoyed it no end.

Did you hear my deFANition of Paradox? No? Paradox; a Four sided triangular sphere with five oblong edges all pointing east. ((Sounds like G. M. Carr being logical to me. -www))

And on that happy note I leave you.

Fannishly yers,

Phil Harrell

CRAIG COCHRAN, 467 W. 1st St., Scottsdale, Arizona

June 11, 1960

Dear CRYstals:

TGW is all done, isn't it? ((All except for the paperback edition. -www)) You don't have to tell me different just to make me feel better. I'll just take an Alka Seltzer. I know it's all through. Sob, sniff, sniff. I liked it a lot even if I did only get to read three parts. Oh well, it couldn't go on forever.

"The Lored's Manifesto" was ghoud. It wasn't terrific, excellent or ghreat and it wasn't bad, terrible or sickening; it was just ghoud. That's right in the middle.

"Legends Of Lancaster Layabouts" was, as Tony The Tiger would say, geeeraate! How come there aren't any buses in the U.S. where you can ride on the top? In there some place Mal said they were all sitting around and playing brag. What I want to know what brag is.

"A Bicycle Built For Plowing" (you sure pick strange names for columns) was very ghoud.

"The Con That Nearly Wasn't" (another one of them strange names you use) was very interesting. It is the second report on that con I've read and it was, in my opinion, the better. In the other report it said that Doc Weir's speech on Karl Capek was a "flop" but Joy missed it and figured it was ghoud but I guess she was wrong. ((Now I'll bet after reading Daphne Buckmaster's comment on that part of the program, you're really confused. -www))

"Fandom Harvest" was excellent again as it is always. The first one-and-a-third pages were really hilarious. I about died laughing.

What about "Hwyll"? Well, it was ghoud.

In case you're wondering, the reason I inserted the "h" in every "good" it's because I wanted to make my letter as long as possible.

Sincerely,

Craig Cochran

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, New York

June 10, 1960

Dear Wall ee ,

I liked the cover by neofan DJO, however don't you think he, she, it, should get off the Adkins kick; man, like I could see Adkins in every line! I could see if I looked hard enough with both eyes shut, that is.

If Buz was fascinated by Mr. Dean's toy, he should have read the Times a few weeks ago. It seems a working model of an atomic engine is being built. A few hundred atomic explosions, firing simultaneously one after another, would propel the rocket. The power,

said the Times, would be enough to lift the Pentagon, senators, U-2 men and all. Only problem is radioactivity, to make the engine safe we have to make a clean bomb, which is the reason I can think of that makes me happy these disarmament talks always fall through.

I have got a sadistic urge to beat Nelson to the draw and send in an illo of my own bellybuckle (I read Pogo) (ha - get it? beat him to the draw...ha)

Mal Ashworth: Must you keep refering to Ella Parker as a 55 yr. old? What silly nut brought up this subject of her age, anyway?

I think Mike Deckinger is completely right about Beacon novels; such social mindedness is not to be ignored. We must clean up s.f. We must shun the lower types of literature, and, for the sake of clarification, so I can..uh..lambast this crud, I think Mike should speak up and name this vile stuff. Also..uh..what're the book numbers?

And now, Wall ee, I leave myself at your tender mercies (gulp!).

Best,

Steve (Herman Heppleworth) Stiles

June 18, 1960

CRY,
Box 92, 920 Third Ave.,
Seattle 4, Wash.

Occupant, Box 92:

C*R*Y*L*E*T*T*E*R, "The Fanzine Within A Fanzine."

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I like Bjo cartoon covers (why aren't there any on SHAGGY?) Also, I notice many ATOM cartoon covers with funny, fannish captions on other fanzines, why doesn't CRY have them? Don't you think CRY readers are smart enough to understand them? That's what CRY needs, funny covers, to warn of what's inside.

Sorry I can't share the general enthusiasm for "The Goon Goes West," outside of the Detention Report in the Annish, which was the very best, and some other high spots. I kept thinking of all the marvelous Berry stories being replaced in each CRY by this mundane travelogue. I see the next Berry article is to be scheduled for the August issue. What about July? There has been a Berry item in every CRY since #119, don't stop now. Put in a reprint, if necessary.

I agree with Pemberton that "Charley de Milo" was an excellent story. I read it on his recommendation, and wasn't disappointed.

I've been working on an article, "Why The Dean Drive Will Not Work", but I too am stymied by the lack of information in Campbell's article. I also don't know too much about how vibrating machines work, but feel that the upward thrust comes at the top of the cycle, not the side, and that pulling up the axle at this time, or any other time, would not be so simple. What does the solenoid hold on to, as it pulls up the "light framework" (with submarine attached)? I'd like to make a working model, not of the Dean Drive, but of the flywheels; but my old Meccano set is not up to it.

Con reports on the Eastercon are flooding fanzines, and already it seems like they have exhausted the subject matter. The Detention was the most over-reported event in history -- there were hundreds of reports -- Ted Johnstone alone wrote twelve of them, I believe -- but there was more going on there, so each had something different, in addition to the repetition.

It's about time someone mentioned (as has Elinor) that there have been worse times than these. Fact is, we Never Had It So Good. As for insecurity, when hasn't this existed? I still think the threat of Totally Destructive War is in one way a good thing, to scare the Peace out of people who never feared war before, who thought it was a profit-making scheme, or a device for furthering the Good of the Common Man, or something. The war that is so terrible that no one will dare begin it is an old stf idea. Aren't the people of the world just now catching on to it? Would they be so eager for peace if the Bomb were banned, and everyone promised to use nice, humane, conventional weapons (until halfway through the war, desperation forces someone to break the treaty....see "The Final War" by Karl W. Spohr, Wonder Stories, March-April, 1932). I think fear of war is a useful weapon for peace.

Ed Wyman did come to the LASFS recently, but not till after the meeting was over. There is no way to sidetrack a LASFS meeting anyway, or even to dispense with it.

The LASFS booth at the Hobby Show attracted quite a bit of attention, even disregarding the innumerable kids looking through Forry's Monster magazines, and mundane types gawking at the Interplanetary Game. Main purpose was to interest people in the LASFS who were already interested in stf. Surprising how many of these were also exhibitors at the show, for some other hobby. Seems there's always room for one more hobby. In addition to more LASFS members, a few new (or old) fanzine fans may emerge through this. Wait and see.

I've gotten a lot of fanzines lately, and I wonder if my still-to-be-written letters of comment will ever do justice to them? CRY, SHAGGY, TESSERACT, GHOST, METROFEN, YANDRO, FANAC, TWIG, TRIODE, RETROGRADE, CACTUS, APORRHETA, HABAKKUK, BANE, ORION, SKYRACK...all of them very interesting, each in a different way. Contrary to some recent comments about the decline of fanzine quality, I'd venture to say that FMZ ARE BETTER THAN EVER!!!! Don't you agree? But there are too many of them.

"Cry of the Readers" starts with a bang, with Weber's cartoon and Mal Ashworth's letter. Yes, where do you keep the Article Squasher? And where do editors get off at, cutting material to fit the fanzine, anyway? Why not fit the fanzine to the material? CRY's margins could be a little smaller, and you could use fewer illos, and less ornate titles above the stories and articles. Welcome back, Sargent Saturn. I would like to comment on all the letters, but I have figured out exactly how many words is Wally's limit and I can't go over the

Donald Franson (6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland. June 20, 1960
(Harry seems to be using up his old stationery. This letter was written under the letterhead of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, proclaiming E. Everett Evan, President; Bob Tucker, Vice-President; Walter Dunkelberger, Secy-Treas.; and Board of Directors Art Widner (Chairman), Walter J. Daugherty, Phil Bronson, Art Sehnert, and Harry Warner, Jr.! Ahh, Trufen did not always sneer at the National Fantasy Fan Federation!! -www))
Dear/nier Cri:

If you do succeed in reprinting The Goon Goes West for \$1.50 or less, you will have removed any lingering doubts that may remain about the superiority of the stencil over the linotype. You should send copies of the completed product, with price conspicuously displayed, to all leading publishers. They might take the hint and convert from printed page to stenciled page. The cost of books would drop so abruptly that the nation would become much better-read, and meanwhile there would be so many printing presses and linotypes on the surplus market that all fan editors could buy a supply of them, and fanzines would be the only publications in the nation to boast the luxury of the printed page. I'm looking forward to ordering my copy of TGGW as soon as possible, because obviously fannish publications will become much more expensive soon after this appears.

Mal Ashworth is highly entertaining again. These fleeting encounters remind me of experiences of my own. There's one little old man who sometimes eats beside me at a local lunchcounter. His voice is almost inaudible, and he chatters constantly. Nothing is understandable except the climaxes of his conversation. So I sit three or four minutes and finally catch the phrase: "Only two hours, mind you! Just two hours!" It is delivered in an anguished wail and then the little man stops and looks up at me for my reaction and isn't satisfied if I merely wipe my eyes, but expects me to make an intelligent rejoinder. Another time, the crisis arrived in his narrative and he became audible: "And there I lay on the sidewalk and he went away without even stopping!" I felt relieved because I could do the obvious thing, ask if he'd obtained the license number and told the police. He looked at me witheringly: "Weren't you listening? What do you mean, license and police? For a kid on a tricycle?"

I frankly don't know what to think of this latest Campbell brainstorm; it doesn't sound like another hoax but he's normally too wily a person to promote something that can be proved impossible by construction of a non-working model.

Ray Nelson is the first artist of my acquaintance who wants to do the Great American Navel. I hope you have more good fortune with this issue of Cry than ever-lovin' Max Keasler had when he was promoting belly-button fandom in Fanvariety. That was one of the reasons for the change in title and the temporary status of his publication as the only border-run fanzine in existence.

I'm reading a novel that ties in neatly with what Elinor says about the good old days. This one describes some not-so-old days, Hungary between the world wars, and it's a gay deceiver in paperback form if I ever saw one, because the cover and blurbs make it sound like a Forever Amber when it's actually a sort of Magyar David Copperfield. The paperback title is "Temptation", the author John Pen, it appeared in an Avon edition some years ago, and it's an excellent reminder that the people in Communist and satellite nations aren't as likely to be as concerned with tyranny as we would be, because they've just exchanged one set of tyrants for another.

If the British don't celebrate Labour Day, it represents an excellent chance for ending much confusion. All birthdays in that nation could be observed on the same day each year just as all race horses are considered as having been born on a certain day in this country, to simplify record-keeping. Labour Day would be an inspired name for the holiday, under those conditions.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend, Indiana (postmarked June 18, 1960)
Vally Dolling;

NOW I know how you do it. How you-all can afford to send me all these gratis CRYs -- just noticed on the back of my copy that there is only a 1/2 cent stamp -- clever peoples, youse -- and I wasn't charged extra postage, either! (You weren't? Clever people, youse! -www)

Delving into CRY 140 we find===Front Cover -- cute but not up to the usual standards. The finish of the Berry Report -- exquisitely done. I feel he looked on all the things with great fairness, he tried to understand -- and if other visitors here could be just half as thoughtful and willing to see other sides we'd all be a helluva lot better off. Heck, that goes for our own citizens, too.

Am beginning to be an Ashworthaddict -- his kind of nattering is the sort that enchants me.

Ol Buz lost me a bit on that device of Norman Dean's. Do not get Ast/Analog anymore -- but am happy to have him (Buz) keep me posted on what Campbell's latest odd-ball invention jag is.

Now about the Tucker tale in MAG of F&SF -- To The Tombaugh Station -- Buz, don't look at me -- I dunno what a South Bend JB-9 is either!!! Way I figure it is Bob has read of those futuristic Air Cars that Curtis-Wright is building here -- also this is the home of Studebaker and Bendix Rocketry and Aviation -- twould figure in years to come that So. Bend would be a logical space ship factory locale.

I liked Donald Franson's definition of 'fan'. And hope Eney, or whoever, will include in the next FANCYCLOPEDIA Don's definition of Thecrymissingpages. This pages lark is now immortal, methinks, in fandom.

Donaho's letter on ethics was excellent, too. As was Buz's replies. I relish this sort of thing. I disagree on fraudulent charge accounts and shop lifting -- I mean about not being concerned with such carryings on to any extent. This is a sorta attitude of 'as long as they ain't cheatin' me personally I don't give a darn' -- well I do give a darn -- it's STILL a dishonest act, and the person who does it is a little smaller for doing it. Hell, this makes me sound self righteous as can be -- didn't intend to sound too too holier -than-thou -- but, cammit, if it's dishonest it's dishonest no matter WHO it's done to -- friend or impersonal big business or government.

Boyd Raeburn -- hope Bob Smith will translate that Aussie slang you snuck in on us -- my feeble attempts went something like -- "The (something or other) girl with the guy in the illegal liquor joint was drunk on the booze(or wine)" -- and, methinks, I'm way way way off base. Curious to see what others make of this.

Bob Smith; Bob, where ARE you???Where???????? I looked in me atlas -- I looked in me Encyclopaedia Britannica -- no Puckapunyal -- nowhere. Are you sure you are real? (Gee whiz, Betty, don't go putting doubts in the man's mind! -www)

But enough -- am starving to death -- and tho I adore thee, Wally, I love lunch better-- (Fickle woman! -www)

Bye kid---

Betty

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California
My goodness!

18 June 1960

How many boxes are there at 920 3rd Avenue, people? I was peering through the latest issue of SEARCH at the newsstand and happened to come across a letter or personal (I forget which) from someone who had a box up in the 1000s in Seattle at 920 3rd Avenue.

This is not the same Bob Lichtman who just last month wrote you a CRYletter. This is a new Bob Lichtman -- Bob Lichtman, the High School Graduate. I'm two days out of school and feeling somewhat depressed. I just plain am going to miss a number of people at school. (Well, maybe you should join the Army and improve your aim. Kyuk, kyuk!-www)

Whoever did that stencilling job on the cover did a most fine job. I know Bjo didn't do it herself because of the lack of shading plate work. The only trouble with this whole state of affairs is that the cartoon is pointless.

There has been a stencilling irregularity in the past number of CRYs on which I should like to comment. It is Thss sott of thiig. It's not really that annoying but no one else seems to have made any noise and like that about it, and I figure that maybe once someone speaks up something will click and it will disappear. Fingers crossed, now.

The Berry report came to an excellent end this issue. John's comments that some American negroes had bigger cars than Dean Grennell's are interesting, but they give somewhat a false picture of the American negro. There are rather run-down districts where the negroes live (not all negroes, but the ones I'm speaking of), but parked out in front of the shoddy looking dwellings are big shiney Cads and Mercs and like that.

Hedberg's little item was okay, but seemed to strain a bit. "Pray and ye shall be heard; pay and ye shall be obeyed," struck me as being by far the funniest (and most true).

What can I say about Ashworth? I mean, I've been exposed to more of his fabulous articles in the past few months than since I came into fandom. I certainly hope he has won TAFF after all the entertainment he has provided through delightful items like "The Most Unforgettable Lupin Man I Ever Met" in Brennschluss #14 and his item in this issue of CRY. (We hoped so, too, but he didn't win. BAWWWW! But anyway we still have his articles!ww)

The run-down on this Dean space-drive stuff in Analstounding is most interesting. I've been off aSF since sometime in 1958; they don't run enough good stuff to keep me happy. The only prozine I dig these days is good ol' F&SF. Speaking of which, wasn't it exoteric of Tucker to have Buz working on a ship called Yandro? "Great Smith!" probably alludes to the good doctor himself, and I'm quite sure that "Jimmy Cross" is a referent to the lead in Slam, but that "bank in Omaha" escapes me and unless the "South Bend JB-9" refers to Madle when he used to live there or in some odd way to Betty Kujawa, that's out the window, too. Reading the story through the second time I find I didn't particularly care

for it. Was okay, but sub-F&SF material. Whatever happened to the Club For People Immortalized In Tucker Stories? It must have a large membership, by now.

Joy Clarke's report of the Kingcon is the best one I've read so far.

I suppose the Atom illo with the hairy navel to which TCarr refers is the one which appears on page 55 of the current Habakkuk. I'm sorry to disappoint all you wide-eyed people, but that's certainly not the only ATOM hem that's had a hairy bellybutton. (I just stopped after that and thought what a ridiculous term "belly-button" is). I enjoyed Terry's column immensely this month.

Elinor, why are you so dead-set against the Mordor convention? After all, that's just the title for the thing. It really will take place in the Los Angeles area (which with all the smog is maybe a place "where the Shadows lie") you realise.

J Les Piper's pleasantly amusing cartoons are also becoming a good, regular, dependable thing, which is Good. This month's cartoon hits a new high.

Donaho: Did you read The Hobbit before starting out the trilogy? I suspect that if you'd read the first mentioned before even attempting the Books, you'd have been more at home right from the beginning with the background, mood and atmosphere of the story and of Middle Earth.

I think that line of Betty Kujawa's, "Just went and reread HARP STATESIDE", is simply lovely. There's the implications behind it. I mean, here she was, writing a letter to the CRY, and right there, right T-H-E-R-E, she stopped to reread a 70-page report. It must have been at least a couple hour's lapse.

Do you people realize I subbed a buck's worth back around #121 and still have, according to mailing labels, 3 issues left? I faunch with gratitude.

! faunch !

Bob

PS: For a would-be CRY Pagecount-Totaller, Dick Schultz is not too fabulous; his total is one page too high. By the way, the new total is 355. That's half-way through the year, too.

EDMUND R. MESKYS, 723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, New York

16 June, 1960

Dear Shriekers:

Well, I received the last 2 bloated Cries 24 hours apart & am now ready to report on the mind-wrenching effects.

I liked both issues, but I don't get Bjo's cover. Instead of going into the whole gory contents, there is just one or two things in each issue that I want to comment on at length.

In answer to some of the cryhacks in 140, no, we shouldn't expect that just because a person is a fan he is above dishonesty, but when a character like this does show up, he should be made quite unwelcome.

Terry Carr's predictions about N'APA & OMPA seem to be coming true today instead of 5 years from now. Last time I saw an OMPA O-O, some 6 months back, of the 45 members, more than 20 were from the US & LESS THAN HALF were from the British Isles. N'APA is picking up a large number of members who are joining both it & NF³ simultaneously.

I think that a requirement should be put in that a person be in the NF³ for some time (a year?) before he can get on the waiting list. After all, there are 3 other APA's (4, if you count the Cult) & this should be kept something special. It's availability & the plugging it got within NF³ have caused a number of people who have never previously produced fanzines to try their hands at it. I think it should remain available to the Neffer to further encourage such venturings into fanzine fandom.

After the last prozine folds, if fandom does survive as predicted, I wonder for how many years the world-con's will be known as sfcons & for how many years they will devote a greater than nominal portion of their programs to stf? (PLANET STORIES was the only science fiction magazine that ever existed and it folded years ago; gad, the memory of it still strikes pain. Anyway, I thought this vital information might help you, since you imply prozines have something to do with science fiction. -www})

I never thot a bicycle could push a plow so well!

Excellent summary of rotary vs linear motion, & I agree on "If JWCJr is neither duped nor duping...". Agreed on the useful/true distinction, but unfortunately scientists don't

always remember it. As I understand it, Einstein had one heck of a time getting his ideas on relativity accepted -- Newtonian mechanics seems too obvious.

From what I understood of the gadget, it is just 2 counter-rotating weights which are lifted & dropped by an electromagnet in synchronization with their rotation; his explanation sounded as plausible as the typical perpetual-motion explanation. As long as you skim along it makes sense, but if you stop to think about it carefully everything falls to pieces. ((Then it's an Anti-Psi device; it will work only if you don't think about it. Boy, Campbell is sure changing his tune. -www))

What really got me was his reference to the 3-body problem & special (I assume, altho he didn't specifically say so) relativity. Altho the solutions to many specific 3-body problems can & have been found, a general one can't. (By today's techniques, of course!) As can be clearly seen, this gizmo has nothing to do with "The 3-body problem" whatsoever!

Incidentally, what's with this /fMp/? More than one month ago I wrote for material for Polhode-3 & included a reply envelope, & have yet to hear from them. ((Maybe they thought your reply envelope was a contribution and mailed it out to some other fan who asked for material. -www))

I was also going to make some derogatory comments about the use of beanies in fandom fiction & art, but since my letter is getting almost as bloated as an issue of cry I'll save it for another time.

Scientifictionally yours,

Ed Meskeys

E. E. GREENLEAF, Jr., 1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

June 15, 1960

Hi, ~~Wally~~ Wally:

Ellik is a squirrel; you're a chipmunk/giraffe. FANDOM IS JUST A GODDAM MENAGERIE!

Bjo's cover was pleasant, wacky, light, and delightful. Very CRY-ish, in a word.

Sorry to see TGGW come to an end. I definitely intend to buy the book. Wally, ole buddy, ole pal, you'll bring a lot of copies to Pittsburgh, won't you? Just be sure you save one for me, huh, ole chum? BUT IF YOU FORGET, YOU'RE A BLOCKHEAD, WALLY WEBER!

It is obvious that Hedberg is the Lored's 3rd Profit. Who are the other eleven? ((And if Hedberg is a Profit, what must the Losses be like? -www)) I am still trying to figure out how much of the Manifesto is tongue-in-cheek satire, and how much is a humorous parable.

Ashworth again. Not that I'm complaining, mind you. I wonder if Mal has realized that he has made an important discovery: Psong Psionics! Ashworth, you're a witch! Come around me with that "Gentle Jesus" routine: I'll burn you at the stake. And you missed a bet with that eye in the chocolate box. Get an eye made of resilient plastic, and coat it lightly with glycerine. Sooner or later you'll find a wise guy who knows that it is really a hard, dry hunk of glass, and he'll grab it to prove his point. And of course, you give it it's test run on Roy Booth. Oh, it would be such a goodly joke.

Terry Carr is a Lucky Man. Not only is his wife a fan, but a Mad and Sexy fanne, at that. But what are we starting, another Other Fandom? Bellybutton Fandom. But it does remind me of H. Allen Smith's story of the fellow who wanted to encourage everyone to save the lint from their bellybuttons. Periodically, the Bellybutton Lint Man would go from house to house, collecting. What was the idea behind this tremendous operation? Well, it seems the guy had always wanted a pillow stuffed with bellybutton lint.

Which in turn reminds me of the suggested costume for a masquerade ball: Put a raisin in your navel and go as a cookie.

Nirenberg had one of his best. As far as I am concerned, you can run this series till 200th Fandom.

Getting late, and I'm too tired to pick fights or pay compliments, so I'll sign off.

Regards,

Emile

MAL ASHWORTH, 14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2., England

29th May, 1960

Dear CRYolites;

You just see what sparkling letter-openings are available to people who have just bought a CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY? Even if it does happen to be second-hand. Oh, it is a heady feeling. And to save you buying one of your own (I don't get commission on them

anyway) I am quite prepared to tell you that a cryolite is a 'lustrous mineral of considerable industrial value' - so you can add that to your file of "Useless Miscellaneous Bits of Knowledge" and forget it.

Glad to see that Elinor has found a name for her column, and she may be happy to know that it smells just as sweet; it reads just as good too. I bought "The Worm Ouroboros" myself, at the convention this year, but I haven't got around to reading it yet. Sheila always has a little trouble with the "Ouroboros" part and so has settled for calling it "The Worm Smith". I feel myself that this effects some subtle alteration in the atmosphere of the thing, but she is adamant.

Art Rapp's piece was very nicely done, and I will make a note to write and comment on Terry Carr's in five year's time; if I am still writing letters of comment then, that is. You had better ask Terry if I shall be.

THE PLOW THAT ALL TOO OFTEN was one of two things within the last few days that have brought home to me the lamentable state that science-fiction is in. The other was by Jim Harmon in Redd Boggs' RETROGRADE, and as I have just been going on at some length about that I won't repeat it all here. I'll just say that I wish you wouldn't write these things, like pointing out how very few s-f mags there are left. You see I live in a very comfortable little backwater here with my head in the sand (figure that out if you can), believing that, while the science-fiction field here may be not so good, things are undoubtedly better 'Over There'. This distant Elysium is, of course, the U.S. and A. I have always been able to believe happily that there must be magazines by the dozen on the stands Over There, and that nothing could ever harm or diminish the field by much, Over There. Then you come steaming into my quiet little backwater on your turbo-jet Plow, shattering all my sandy illusions and banner the fact before my very eyes that magazine s-f in the States is tottering close to collapse. Fie on you, sir, I don't believe it; there are about 150 different magazines being published Over There and this is just some esoteric little joke of yours. You will never convince me otherwise. Now where the hell was that hole in the sand?

The Fannish Music Festival ad was a dilly.

It seems from the letter-column that you forgot to include some pages in some peoples' copies; careless of you, what? Rich Brown's letter was very clever; he seems to be one of your most consistent -- and consistently good -- letterhacks. He misunderstands my point though, which was that any crottled greeps distributed before November 7th are liable to fall below the standard rate of exchange due to the scarcity of ferschlugginer glocken-spiels about that time. I trust that this is all cleared up now.

And I guess that's about all I had to say this time except for the thousand and one things I forgot.

Best to you all,

Mal

RICH BROWN, Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Florida

(postmarked June 22, 1960)

Dear Pipple;

One creeping meatball has something to say this time -- like, I do. I have an awful lot to say. A hell of a lot. Pages and pages I could cover, each typed in the most miniscule of type exclaiming, as I have in times past, the wonder of the CRY. It is, indeed, the only general fanzine that really interests me; short, possibly, of WRR. This is possible because of the variety; CRY, a gay, inspired fanzine, full of light material of various humorous and fannish subjects -- Atomic Bombs, Fannish Morals, etc., -- where on the other hand we have WRR, a serious journal expounding on great lengths various scientific theori, and so forth. But otherwise, like I say, there aren't too many general circulation fanzines that really interest me. Because I've said this, perhaps, I've got more fanzines than I can adequately handle. So I'm tromping down on all the comment on all fanzines -- I can't afford to write much because of the time element involved. I'm tired of being a creeping meatball, though, so I'm coming out of my APA-like shell enough to take a peep at the outside fan-world. If I like what I see, I'll try to co-exist. If not, I'll just retract my head and wait a few more years.

The gag is cute on Bjo's cover illo, and it's nice for variety (I'm not talking about the Actor's Newspaper, either); still, the sketch seems to be just that -- a sketch. I think Bjo can do better art than this. In fact, I know she can.

Berry's ending is ver adequate. I am not disappointed.

I dug Buz furiously, right up to "In the editorial.." and got a little lost in a few things I know from nothing; still the point comes across. I haven't bought aSF in years, and prob'ly won't get around to it, either, for another couple -- not while the Trend keeps up. Which is another reason the Plow is a valuable service; like, how will I know, other wise, if & when. On the Bicycle side, I pretty much had my say last letter. Yet, I find myself more on Buz's side this time than last -- like, we've been getting this bit for longer than Buz probably realizes, or cares to think back about; notable of interest is how many things have been found "missing" at conventions, for one thing -- too, there's always been a certain amount of defrauding the inkeeper at such, as well (like, it's not just a recent developement; still, because of so much of it, it's become practically accepted behavior, and the attitude has changed considerably)...and there's always, if you remember back that far, Rapp getting bombed, and even yet a few things that no doubt have slipped my mind right out of my cranium -- and naturally, I never noticed.

FANDOM HARVEST IS FABULOUS!!! That's all I can find to say about it.

Hwyll? Fine, how are you? (Ha, slipped it by this time, bigholly. Or do I mean by Wally?) Like, Elinor, when the bombs start dropping, fire & Hell fill the air, sometime in January of '64, perhaps you'll've finally dug the Full Significance of the Mordor slogan.

Beautiful beginning to CRY OF THE READERS. I kindof thot Wally had something up his sleeve, when the Adkins piece appeared twice. (Department of Illusion Shattering: The Adkins illo was ready to be run a third time, except that Jim Webbert ran the printed text on blank paper instead of on pages printed with the Adkins Illo. The substitute illo was an emergency measure. -www))

MAL ASHWORTH: Yes, the Article Squasher is a truely hellish thing. It is a thing. Not a damned thing, but a thing. It's also known as L. Garcone. But the Letter Cruncher..ghods. I cannot explain. It..it takes letter..well..it takes them, you see..ghods, I can't go on. Suffice it to say that it is also known as...Squink Blog. Arrghh!

Oh well...I have to leave -- sorry for so shart a letter, but remember our great & fannish banner... More Femme's For Young Fans!

Rich Brown

(Hey Rich, remember that fellow who picked you up in New Mexico when you were hitchhiking, and you found out he had been a high school teacher of mine, and you put his address in you SAPSzine for me? Well Elinor mailed him a CRY, and the following is from the letter I got back. -www))

R. C. ROWE, 306 West Aztec, Gallup, New Mexico

11:30 p.m., 6/10/60

Dear Wally:

It was odd running into that chap last summer who, as a science fan, knew you. I told him I had been reading science fiction ever since I was hunting through such as the Argosy in search of an occasional science story, and found the "Girl in the Golden Atom", by Ray Cummings. If that doesn't date me, it should!

Thanks for sending me the copy of the magazine. However, I'm sorry that I can not pay it much of a compliment -- maybe I just don't savvy such fanzines, Elvis Presley, or modern "art". I thought the contributed articles were about 90% drivel, such as the guy admiring the gal's legs, and the chase through N.Y. traffic (breaking regulations, obviously, cutting into lanes, etc.) and the asinine love of inventing new words, then taking the next line or two to explain them. The appearance of the whole seemed to place a value on quantity, rather than quality, too -- insufficient margins, close spacing, etc. I knew you were gaining some fame in the world of science fiction, and really really hoped for better from your magazine, pamphlet, or whatever you call it. However, the whole field of science fiction is deteriorating. Seldom do you see a new idea any more -- mostly cops and robbers or pioneers and natives, dolled up with names and devices like Xxurzav, etc. -- as though that created a science plot! I get a magazine once in a while, but am usually disappointed each time. Could I just be getting old? But you have to admit that in the columns of the regular magazines you strike a lot of this hogwash:

Dear Sir: I just bought your magazine, and haven't finished it yet, but want to say that I don't like.....and I don't like.....and I think..... is crazy. I am 11 years old.

I wrote quite scathingly to the editor of Science and Fantasy, I think it was, not for publication, but pointing out that a story he blurbed so highly was nothing but pathogenic amorality -- something about public breaking in of a gang of virgins, etc. -- written by a gal at that -- two-bits she's a nympho. Science Fiction -- hooley!

Sincerely,

R.C.Rowe

((Now that's a letter to end a lettercol, once and for all! So let's head on into the...))
WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JEFF WANSHEL, who sends material and a letter of comment, the latter of which starts out, "MiGhod; you hardly get away from the typer before another CRY comes to be commented on." See, Jeff old fuzzlehead, even when you get a letter printed in the regular letter column, you end up in the WAHF. I'm hanging on to this letter of yours, and if I can find it next month, it will be slashed to fragments and included in the August lettercol. FRED HUNTER thanks the Nameless Ones for CRY 139, and modestly states, "Being a crummy, despised neofan, I am not going to comment at great length. What can I say, anyway?" Fred, when in doubt send money. Quixotically, DON DUNARD, AAAHF, sends us "sickly green remittance" and apologizes, "Many sorries for not commenting. I have become a night-worker-after-school and what with finals and all, I haven't had much time for such activities." He threatens to return, however, when school is out, and wants the WAHF column warned. BRIAN JORDAN sends us the same mimeographed letter-substitute as last time, stamped "Only 3 weeks then I'll be lettErhack'Nagain." The postmark was May 23, so lettercol-eds beware. NANCY THOMPSON says she feels like she came in somewhere in the middle of the picture and may hold off on commenting for a while until she learns the strange and weird ways of CRYfanac. "When I feel like I can offer constructive comments I'll write again," she says, and signs off, "Confused but learning, Thomee". Now I'm confused; what's this Thomee business? P. F. SKEBIRDIS comments, "C*R*Y #140 came forth from the mailbox in its usual fetus position... all curled up and such... ghad what symbolism!" Then there is this fantastic postcard from GEORGE LOCKE (mainly), ELLA PARKER, TED FORSYTH, JIM GROVES, ARCHIE MERCER, JHIM LINWOOD, ALAN RISPIN, BOB PARKINSON, KEITH FREEMAN, and KEN & JOYCE SLATER. Ted was courteous enough to set aside a cramped, tall, narrow space at the lower left-hand corner for Ella Parker to get a word in edgewise, so she writes, "AWORD!" edgewise. TEDD BEEGLE, EARL NOE, RANDY SCOTT, VIC RYAN, and E. J. R. BUZANOWICZ all send money, some of which is quite sticky, but we are keeping our sense of value intact; we realize it's the thought that counts.

And....EGAD, I've actually made it to the end of this collumn!!! I have, I HAVE!!
Goodby you lovely people, until August of course. -Wally Weber

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