

IF YOUR MACHINE IS SO SMART, WHY DID ITS FANZINE ONLY PLACE SECOND ON THE FANAC POLL?

Unless you contributed to this issue in some fashion, or traded us a zine of your own, or are just naturally unlucky, it is most likely that we have some of your money (25¢ or 1/9 gets you one issue, but it's cheaper at 5 for \$1 or 7/-, or 12 for \$2 or 14/-, to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, or to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland; checks sent to Seattle should be made payable to Elinor Busby, since CRY has no ID card acceptable to the bank). Or maybe you are reading someone else's copy, in which case you should send money and/or a letter of comment, so you can suffer full-time with your very own copy.

This issue rounds off a solid 5 years of relentless monthly CRYpubbing: 60 months, 60 issues. So we're giving ourselves a little treat and skipping September so our next issue (#143) will be published on Sunday, October 2nd, after which we will be back on the monthly kick as usual. But what with at least 3 of your poor-but-extravagant CRYstaff planning to be at PittCon and wound up with entering our bid for the "Seattle in '61!" 19th WorldCon, something had to give. Such as CRY...

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On hand for this CRYday: Jim Webbert, Wally Weber, Elinor, Buz, and Tosk (as soon as he finishes Multigraphing the headings for the cover). Five who survived, sort of.

We did it! For the first time in I don't^{know} when, we have kept the size of an issue of CRY within the 6¢ postage bracket. It's easy when you know how. All it takes is to misplace most of the material, and then (except for Wally Weber, who is diligent), don't start cutting any stencils until just last week. If necessary, you can always get sick, too, but we managed without that this time. (But, Terry! Mal! Wha'hoppo!

I hope George Locke can recognize his report after editorial surgery. We also have on hand a Ted Johnstone article that reads very well, but which we will forward to Bruce Pelz, because it needs more cutting than I dare to undertake on the work of a contributor who is not yet accustomed to our sometimes drastic ways (that is, it needs the first 3 pages condensed to one page, or else it needs to be 2 separate articles). And since Bruce will be publishing before our next issue, anyway...

Social Notes: Coswal stopped by for a couple of days on his way home from BoyCon, but left too soon to attend the barbecue out at the Speers'. Elmer Perdue and Barbara Gratz made it, though, before heading back to LA. Gregg and Joanne Calkins hope to make it through here later this month, also Al haLevy on his return from Canada.

The book version of TGGW is about to get into production. ATom sent a fine large packet of new illoes; the next step is to fit these in among the stencils that will require retyping, to change to the new page-numbers on the stencils that will be re-used (and the next guy who complains that all the stencils should be re-cut has our permission to buy these stencils for himself, retype the text on them, and airmail them to us by the 20th of this month. OK?), check our paper and ink stocks, and go with the cranking. Which is one more reason for CRY's skipping September, of course. So that's it until after PittCon. See you there, I hope, and at "Seattle in '61!"

FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

by Redd Boggs

Any close scrutiny of the Oz books by L. Frank Baum must of course take some side-glances at Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. We might deduce this fact from the evidence in the books themselves, for we can hardly fail to notice how closely Oz resembles Wonderland, but there is inductive evidence as well. Both Russell B. Nye and Martin Gardner in their book The Wizard of Oz and Who He Was (Michigan State University Press, 1957) find it necessary to insist on the shortcomings of Alice in order to praise the riches of Oz.

"The nightmarish episodes, the complex paradoxes, and the logical and mathematical complications of the Alice books," says Nye, "neither fit nor satisfy the child's needs and desires, however attractive they may be to mature readers." And Garderr adds that the Alice Books, "with their archaic British phrases, abrupt transitions and nightmarish episodes have lost almost all their appeal for a modern child unless he happens to be a prodigy who plays chess and dabbles in semantics and symbolic logic."

I don't intend to defend the Alice books as children's literature -- as if they needed defending! -- except to say that I, no prodigy, enjoyed the books as a child, and if modern children don't enjoy them, so much the worse for them and for all of us. Lewis Carroll's place in literature is secure; L. Frank Baum's is very insecure, and his ultimate position will be determined by his intrinsic value, not on the depreciation of his letters to make him look bigger.

Any admirer of Oz should, I think, begin by admitting that Baum, even if he was America's greatest writer of children's fantasy," as Gardner insists, was very far from being a Lewis Carroll, or even a Hans Christian Andersen, Robert Louis Stevenson, or Mark Twain. His was a lesser order of talent, and he compromised that talent by being a slapdash workman. Unlike Lewis Carroll, he was a commercial writer; he wrote too much and too fast. (One shudders to imagine what might have happened to Lewis Carroll if he had lived in twentieth century America, had been built up as a Leading Writer of Children's Books, and had received big advances from a major publisher for further adventures of Alice.) Except possibly for The Wizard of Oz, the Oz books are nothing more than what Baum intended them to be: popular writings hacked out to make money.

It can be charged, but not too convincingly, that Baum borrowed uncritically from Lewis Carroll and is thus a derivative writer rather than a master in his own right. He borrowed from the Alice books, and there is far more of Wonderland in Oz than of the worlds of Grimm and Andersen, though Baum mentions the latter and not Carroll in his introduction to The Wizard of Oz. Clearly the Alice books as much as The Wizard must be numbered among those "wonder tales" in which, Says Baum, "the stereotyped genie, dwarf and fairy are eliminated, together with all the horrible and bloodcurdling incident devised by their authors to point a fearsome moral to each tale." The general form of the Oz books, the adventures in fairyland of a self-possessed little girl confronted by half-familiar wonders at every turn of the road, is taken directly from Alice, and Dorothy, the little girl herself, is a pale midwestern copy of Carroll's heroine.

But Oz was not conceived in slavish imitation of Wonderland, and whatever Baum borrowed he made his own; the result is sometimes better than the original. It remained for his successor, Ruth Plumly Thompson, to borrow less creatively from Alice. The happiest conventions in The Royal Book of Oz, which carries Baum's byline but is evidently her work, come from the inspiration of "Looking Glass Insects," chapter 3 of Through the Looking Glass. The Rocking Horsefly is certainly the great predecessor of the A-B-Sea Serpent, and the latter's partner, the Rattlesnake, must have come directly from a remark in the following chapter of Looking Glass, "It's only a rattle -- not a rattlesnake, you know; only an old rattle..."

Miss Thompson's trip to Wonderland for inspiration shows most clearly in her handling of the adventures of Dorothy, Sir Hocus, and the Cowardly Lion in The Royal Book. Though supposedly searching for the Scarecrow and, later, very anxious to return to the Emerald City, this trio stumbles from one strange adventure into another without any conscious

impulse pushing them on. This is a direct imitation of the Alice books, where there is definite movement without any great urgency or volition. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?" "That depends a good deal on where you want to go to," said the Cat. "I don't much care where," said Alice. "Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat. "-- so long as I get somewhere," Alice added as an explanation. "Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough!"

In the Baum books, the characters are nearly always intent upon reaching a particular Somewhere; they have been given a quest to achieve, a goal to reach, and despite occasional digressions this goal is not forgotten. The Yellow Brick Road of Oz not only symbolizes the impulse for travel that exists in that land, but channels that wanderlust in a particular direction. However much it meanders, the road -- followed in the right direction -- leads to a definite goal, the Emerald City itself. The railroad in Through the Looking Glass, in contrast, seems to lead only the wrong way and Alice, unlike Dorothy, doesn't know where she is going.

Wonderland exists in the illimitable world of dream; it is boundless as imagination itself, and is made finite only by Carroll's demonstration of a one-to-one relationship between it and "dull reality" at the end of Alice. (The Judy Garland movie of "The Wizard of Oz" insisted on the same sort of one-to-one demonstration at the end, to the annoyance of Mr. Gardner, and to much less purpose.) Oz, while "not down on any map," is far more limited in extent. From time to time Baum found it necessary to depict some of Oz's neighbors in fairyland -- Ev, Noland, Merryland, Iz, and others -- and several books in the Oz series, notably Rinkitink in Oz, take place almost entirely beyond the borders of Oz. But however limitless these fairylands may be, Oz itself is neatly enclosed in well-defined borders, lying completely within the circle of the Deadly Desert, so that a journey in Oz must ultimately lead somewhere.

Journeys in Oz generally take the form of a quest. The quest may be for something important, as in The Wizard of Oz, or something trivial, as in The Magic of Oz, where part of the book deals with searching out suitable birthday gifts for Princess Ozma. Many of the later books deal with two simultaneous quests, a device suggested, perhaps, by the need to involve as many of the regular characters as possible, the cast having become oversized by then. It may also have been an attempt to add the complication of a second or subplot to the story framework. The two quests are often achieved together in approved well-made fashion.

Baum wrote only one Oz book that is not constructed as a journey-quest: his last book, Glinda of Oz. Till then he seems hardly to have realized that this primitive form is not the only available plot. It will do in a pinch for almost any writer, and it does better than most for Baum. Yet he did not understand the particular demands of even such an elementary plot: that even a quest story requires unity, that the quest must be achieved, and once achieved, the story is over.

The Wizard of Oz is in most respects the best Oz story by a long ways. The cast is small and clearly delineated; the personal quests of Dorothy, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman are cleverly tied together, and -- as has been said -- the Yellow Brick Road leads them without too many digressions to the Emerald City. Here their joint goal is redirected by the Wizard; they are given a new goal to achieve, that of destroying the Wicked Witch of the West, as the price of achieving their personal goals.

But once the Wicked Witch is conquered -- inadvertently and in a way unprepared for in the story -- and they have received their reward, the story does not end, but goes on for eight chapters of anticlimax. Baum seems not to have realized that his story is over; he even introduces one of the most charming interludes of the book, that of the Dainty China country.

At least the quest in The Wizard of Oz is not negated by the device that spoils several of the later Oz books, especially Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz and The Road to Oz. In these books a group of Oz characters, beset by many delicious dangers, travel in the fairylands beyond Oz toward safety in the Emerald City. They end up in a cul de sac from which they are providentially rescued by Ozma, who has seen their plight in her Magic Pictures.

Ozma with her Magic Picture and Glinda with her magic Record Book hover over Oz like

the Olympian gods over Troy. Possessed of farseeing vision and great powers for setting things right, these goddesses reduce the struggles of lesser beings in Oz to the vain strivings of puppets. Baum realized the drama-killing power of these magical devices, and in his later works he found loopholes in their supposed omnipotence. In Glinda of Oz he specifically limited the powers of Ozma, Glinda, and the Wizard till all three are less powerful than the clamestine sorceress Coo-ee-oh and her rival, the sorcerer, Su-Dic.

The quest exists as a formal device in the Oz books, but must have suggested itself to Baum originally because of its usefulness as a means of opening up the distant regions of Oz to his imagination. Nothing is more important in the Oz books than the discovery of fresh wonders in remote areas of Oz or in the lands beyond the Deadly Desert, and Baum's greatest talent, like that of his science-fictional near-namesake Weibaum, is in the creation of whimsical creatures who inhabit these areas. The most obvious flop among Baum's Oz books is Rinkitink in Oz, a conventional fairy story without a single odd creature except for the Nomes, who were introduced in earlier books. Such Baum inventions as the Flatheads, who carry their brains in a can (Glinda of Oz), the wooden Gargoyles, who live in a land of sawdust, wooden flowers, and wooden grass (Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz), the Scoodlers, who attack intruders by hurling their heads at the visitors (The Road to Oz), the Fuddles, who fall apart and scatter themselves at the approach of strangers, and thus give visitors the fun of matching them together (The Emerald City of Oz) -- the list is almost endless -- are highly original and amusing conceptions, almost worthy of Lewis Carroll himself.

Nye writes, "By transforming the talking beasts of ancient folktales into talking machines, Baum grafted twentieth century technology to the fairy tale tradition." It is easy to see that the "meat" animals of Oz derive from the beast tale common to folklore the world over; it is not so obvious, perhaps, that the "meatless" creatures Nye mentions specifically -- the Tin Woodman, Tik-Tok the clockwork man, the glass cat, and the robots of Oz -- come out of a folk tradition almost as venerable. Surely the familiar conceit that toys come to life at night and move and talk of their own volition long antedates the creation of Oz. The whole raison d'etre of a doll -- probably the original toy -- lies in the make-believe that it is a living counterpart of the real baby in mother's arms. Such make-believe extended to other toys long before mechanical windup toys became popular, and we need mention only Hans Christian Andersen's tin soldier who, destroyed in the stove, melted down in the shape of a heart. The Tin Woodman, who is fitted with a heart of silk and sawdust, can hardly have come from any other source, and the Scarecrow, Tik-Tok, and the Patchwork Girl, along many others in Oz, derive from the same great folk tradition that gave us Raggedy Ann and similar "living" toys. This is not to diminish Baum's inventions. If his creatures do not differ in kind, at least the Cowardly Lion is a cleverer conception than Peter Rabbit, and the Scarecrow than Raggedy Ann.

Nye goes on to say that Baum recognized "the inherent wonder of the machine... the magic of things in themselves. In the Oz books he expanded the resources of the fairy tale to include, for the first time, the mechanical developments of the 20th century, when every child saw about him -- in the automobile, the dynamo, the radio, the airplane, and the rest -- the triumph of technology over distance, time, and gravity."

We can hardly believe that Nye is describing the Oz books at all in this passage. Oz is actually a pastoral world almost untouched by modern technology, and its magic is much less successful than our science in triumphing over distance, time, and gravity. There are very few machines in Oz, almost none that could not have been found in England, say, as early as 1820. There are no railroads (unlike Looking Glass land), no automobiles, and the only flying machine outside of the Wizard's balloon (hardly a twentieth century development) is the Gump in The Land of Oz, improvised of two sofas bound together with clothesline, a Gump's head tied at one end and palm leaves at the sides for wings. (The flying Gump may be a satire on the Wright brothers' experiments at Kitty Hawk.)

Oz people usually travel on foot, seldom by horse-and-wagon, and never by horseback. Despite the wireless by which Baum tells us he keeps informed of the latest news in Oz there is no communication by this means inside the country. When Glinda at her palace

wishes to contact Ozma in the Emerald City, a day's journey away, she sends a messenger. Neither goddess seems to have thought of using the magic Record Book as a one-way telephone or the Magic Picture as a one-way television set.

While Nye may be correct in insisting that "Oz has no real relation to the United States -- it is fundamentally the out-of-time, out-of-space fairyland of tradition," Oz probably comes out of the myth of America, an idealized middle west from memories of Baum's youth. Nearly all elements in the stories -- I mean to except the Kalidachs, for example, perhaps the only fierce and dangerous beasts in Oz -- represent things familiar to children of an unurbanized America. Even the Cowardly Lion is familiar; he is the well-known escaped animal from the travelling circus (perhaps Bailum and Barney's, who the Wizard traveled with) -- for obviously he is not indigenous to the forest where Dorothy finds him. One of Baum's happiest concepts is that of the lunch-box tree in Ozma of Oz, a tree that grows picnic lunches that, when ripe, may be plucked and eaten. In these days of roadside cafes and drive-ins this simple, rural lunch-box tree symbolizes a whole lost culture.

Yet for the most part the pastoral expression in the Oz books is scarcely elegiac, even though the rustic, uncomplicated culture they celebrate was already fading away in 1900. The pastoral aspect is pervasive only because Baum could see nothing else plain and was therefore not aware that the twentieth century had dawned. "The pastoral experience," says Richard Chase in The American Novel and Its Tradition (p 184), "is rather an escape from society and the complexities of one's own being than the source of ideas and practices which are capable of unifying and healing society or one's own being." In this sense those critics are wrong who have called Oz an "American utopia." Baum was looking backward nostalgically, not forward confidently.

The Alice books are "frankly about growing up," according to William Empson in his great essay on "The Child as Swain" in Some Versions of Pastoral. Conversely the Oz books are about a state of perpetual innocence -- the innocence of Wordsworth's child, the innocence of an earlier, largely mythical America, the innocence of Eden. Oz is the world of Genesis, still fresh, unspoiled, its timelessness emphasized by the temporal quality of the series. Things happen, but nothing really changes. Baum certainly owes much, at least indirectly, to Milton's Paradise Lost; Oz, like Eden, is "a wilderness of sweets," where Nature "wanton'd as in her prime, and played at will / Her virgin fancies," and here "spring and autumn damnc'd hand in hand." Like Milton, Baum has difficulty in making the order and harmony of Paradise believable. For example, what of the carnivores such as the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger live on in his land where nothing dies? These two are said to creep off into the forest at mealtime, and Dorothy would rather not think what they do.

As in Eden, sex is as absent as death in Oz; this is never stated explicitly, but it is so completely lacking that there are few episodes in the books as amenable to Freudian interpretation as the opening pages of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Perhaps the first instance is in Ruth Plumly Thompson's Royal Book of Oz where the Scarecrow duplicates Alice's fall down a hole in the earth and thereupon becomes a "father." The lack of Freudian overtones in Baum's books may, however, stem partly from the mass culture origins of Oz; it indicates that Oz was conceived on a more conscious, less involved level than Alice, which came from the realms of dream.

As Nye shows, Oz is essentially a little girl's fantasy world; masculinity is so completely excluded that without any warning or foreshadowing the boy hero of the second Oz book, The Land of Oz, is hurriedly transformed into a lovely princess! The other boys in Oz who are old enough to exhibit sexual tendencies often seem to be girls in disguise as well, though they are more convincing than Nye would have us believe. Sexual elements are transformed as thoroughly as possible when their presence becomes obvious: Kiku Aru, the mischief-making boy of The Magic of Oz, drinks the waters of oblivion, and -- even more significantly -- Rinkitink's ill-tempered goat in Rinkitink in Oz turns out to be a chaste young prince under a spell.

Like Milton's Eden, Oz is essentially a Protestant Paradise, although this "wilderness of sweets" has a capital city, the opulence and glamor of which suggests The Thousand and One Nights. Otherwise, Oriental splendors are suggested only by the land of Tititi-Hoochoo (at the other end of the Hollow Tube through the earth) in Tik-Tok of Oz.

and it remained for Ruth Plumly Thompson to import an explicitly Oriental culture into Oz with the Silver Island section of The Royal Book of Oz. The autoerotic elements of "Ali Baba" and "Aladdin" are largely lacking; while there are exceptions, there is little emphasis on "rich furnishings and apparel" in Oz -- Dorothy and Ozma are dressed in "simple white muslin gowns" in Glinda of Oz -- and even less emphasis on "elaborate foods and drinks." While the land of Mo, visited by Trot and Cap'n Bill in The Scarecrow of Oz, where it rains lemonade and snows popcorn, is typical child's wish-fulfillment, the royal banquets in Oz are seldom very sumptuous, and Dorothy seems doomed to subsist ascetically during the course of most books on wild berries, i.e., the manna of the wilderness.

Significantly, since Oz is a fantasy of Eden, the only two intrusions of evil from the outside occur in appropriate fashion: the Nome invaders in The Emerald City of Oz crawl serpentlike from a tunnel under the earth, and Kiku Aru and the Nome King in The Magic of Oz fly into the forests of Oz in the form of eagles, like Satan in Paradise Lost who "high overleaped all bound" and flew into Eden and sat in the Tree of Life "like a cormorant." We should not, of course, attach religious significance to these parallels; Oz is a perfectly pagan land despite the source of inspiration that shaped it. The only church mentioned in the Oz books, a tiny china one in the Dainty China country, is immediately smashed -- symbolically or not -- by a swish of the Lion's tail. Dorothy takes a philosophical view of the incident: "I think we were lucky in not doing these little people more harm than breaking a church. They are all so brittle!"

Nye and Gardner insist that Oz lacks the class-consciousness of the Alices. "There is no whisper of class-consciousness in Oz (as there is in Alice's Wonderland) or any of the overtones of snobbery that nineteenth century juvenile fiction sometimes had," Nye declares, while Gardner believes that Oz "resembles the anarchist utopia of William Morris' News from Nowhere.... There is no money, no rich, no poor." It is true enough that Oz shows little of the complacent bourgeois snobbery exhibited, as Empson points out, in Alice's respectful views of polite conventions and of objects of luxury, but then twentieth century America where Oz originated is hardly Victorian England. Nevertheless it is absurd to imagine that there is "no whisper of class-consciousness" in Oz, "no rich, no poor" in a society where some people live in great palaces and others in humble cottages, a country ruled by a princess who is de facto an empress, in which many of the sub-states are ruled by kings, sociable and common as these despots may be. Moreover, Oz has a servant class such as Dorothy would never have encountered on a Kansas farm; there are, among many others, Glinda's handmaidens in The Magic of Oz, "fifty beautiful young girls...who had been selected from all parts of the Land of Oz on account of their wit and beauty and sweet dispositions. It was a great honor to be made one of Glinda's handmaidens."

Gardner insists that the animals in Oz "are treated with as much respect as humans," but I think it is clear enough that Oz has a caste system in which the animals are considered lesser beings. This is especially true of the pet animals such as Toto, Dorothy's dog, but even the Cowardly Lion, made the king of beasts in "The Wixard of Oz", is relegated in the later books to a role of a beast of burden, carrying Ozma or Dorothy on his back when they tire of walking.

If the Beasts' Revolt in The Magic of Oz is to be read as a satire -- Nye and Gardner insist that many episodes are satires that probably are not -- it is a satire on the then-recent Russian Revolution. For "beasts" read "peasants" in the following harangue of the Nome King before the council of beasts: "The people of Oz have many good things -- houses with soft beds, all sorts of nice-tasting food, pretty clothes, lovely jewels, and many other things that beasts know nothing of. Here in the dark forests the poor beasts have hard work to get enough to eat and to find a bed to rest in. But the beasts are better than the people, and why should they not have all the good things the people have?" Baum comments in this scene on the absurdity of turning these "beasts" into equals and making some of them (the monkeys) into soldiers.

Like America itself, Oz has no great variety of manners, despite the presence in it of an aristocratic class, and it is perhaps a compliment to Oz that the migrants from America -- Dorothy and the alternate heroines, the Wixard, the Shaggy Man -- fit in with great ease. Only Dorothy's Uncle Henry and Aunt Em seem unduly awkward and ill at ease

in the presence of Princess Ozma. It is an American myth that instinctive good manner will suffice anywhere -- this is the view the newspapers pay tribute to every time Danny Kaye appears at a royal affair -- and it may hold true in a pastoral culture such as Oz. The Americans are able, at any rate, to consort with Ozma and Glinda without obvious snobbery, but it is important to notice (though I have never seen anyone mention it in print) that they are unable, on the other hand, to avoid a condescending attitude toward most everyone else. The Wizard -- whom Nye describes as "a gentle, inoffensive little man" -- the Shaggy Man, and especially Dorothy behave with really shocking rudeness at times, and it is the blandness of the social milieu that allows these slips of decorum to pass unnoticed.

However unsuspecting he was of the subtleties of social customs and manners, Baum could discern some of the major developments of twentieth century life such as the rise of militarism and the growing strength of the feminist movement, and he was ingenious exposing their absurdities in the clear distorting mirror of the fairy tale. Yet it is rarely that he takes off on some of the small irritations that were beginning to plague Americans of his day. The live phonograph that pursues the Shaggy Man and his friends in The Patchwork Girl of Oz, dashing along on spindly table-legs and shrieking a ragtime tune through its big gold horn, is a delightful conception (if we can ignore the possibility that some of the objectionableness of ragtime is that it is Negro music), and we wonder what Baum would have made of the radio and the TV. But the incongruity of it depends not only on the presence of this mechanical device in a fairyland that is "out-of-time, out-of-space" but on the absence of similar satirical take-offs on the nickelodeon and the Model T. Ford.

Nye would have us believe that Baum is concerned with the problem of keeping machines under proper control, never exceeding their limitations, and acting in harmony with the desires of those who use them. "There are certain limits beyond which technology cannot go." In the anecdote about Smith & Tinker, the "ingenious mechanics" who built Tik-Tok the clockwork man, he finds Baum commenting on the dangers of "technological overdevelopment": "One paints a lake so realistically that he drowns in it; the other builds a ladder to the moon and is so fascinated by the misty, unreal Moon Country that he refuses to leave it." But we must observe that Smith & Tinker did not meet the fates qua mechanics; a man who paints a lake, never mind how realistically, is an artist and a man who hides away from the world in unrealities is an escapist. The one confuses art and reality; the other finds fantasy preferable to reality. The metaphysical questions as to the nature of appearance and reality, and the particular matters raised here relating to art and escapism may plague anyone who possesses creative genius, but they are of primary concern to the writer. Manifestly reality and unreality are the writer's Scylla and Charybdis. The writer of realistic or naturalistic fiction such as Emile Zola and Theodore Dreiser dares always the peril of drowning in his own objectivity and documentation, and Baum must have viewed this danger with a certain complacency, certain that this fate would never be his. But the fantasy or science fiction writer skirts the equal peril of disappearing into the lovelier-than-life enchantments of an imagined world, and Baum must sometimes have been tempted to withdraw from twentieth century America into the unspoiled pastoral world he glimpsed across the Deadly Desert. That he did not do so is probably a tribute to his native common sense, but I prefer to view it as an indication that, unlike Tinker, he had built a ladder to the moon that stood a trifle short.

THE END

((In a letter dated June 18, Redd adds)): ...there is an addition to the article, that I'd've liked to make. Less than 12 hours after I stuck the article in the mail I noticed an item in the paper to the effect that Martin Gardner has edited an annotated edition of Alice... ((which)) will be the next selection of the Readers Subscription. What with my presentation of Gardner's attitude toward Alice as evidenced by his remarks in the Oz essay, I suppose some slight revision or addition should be made in light of this new information. In case Elinor didn't hack the Oz article into stencil-wax as yet, I'd be very grateful for the chance of adding a few lines to it.

((But as luck would have it, this was the one lone contribution that was this month. Perhaps a short followup item next issue? -- FMB))

by John Berry

Gregory Perkins stood at the window of his room at the New Washington Hotel, gazing in utter heart-pounding delight across Elliott Bay, and to the distant blue peaks of the Olympic Mountains forty miles to the west of Seattle.

His eyes glistened, and they were wide, and gradually became unseeing.

He stood there.....

COULD IT BE TRUE?

He had spoken to Isaac Asimov, and actually had his autograph in the convention booklet. Bob Bloch had tousled his hair; John W. Campbell had smiled at him; Willy Ley had autographed seven of his "For Your Information" columns in the GALAXYs Perkins had bought at the hucksters' room in the hotel; Damon Knight had shook his hand (or he had shaken Damon Knight's); Les Gerber had promised to do a book review for the second issue of Perkins' ALL-AMERICAN FANZINE; he had won second prize at the masquerade the previous night disguised as an early ASTOUNDING front cover (he'd done the painting himself on two squares of cardboard he'd got from the storeroom of the hotel); he'd been invited to go to the Showboat Theatre that night with Bill Donaho, Steve Schultheis, Harry Warner, jr., Phyllis Economou and Dick Schultz; and, above all, Lynn Hickman had told him that he'd be only too pleased to run off the next issue of his fanzine for him. (Perkins lived only about two hundred miles away from Hickman, at a place called Davis Corner, Iowa, close to the Minnesota stateline it was, maybe you've heard of it?).....

But beside all those Big Occasions, all the rest of it had been just out of this world.....just seeing fans, neo's like him, and the normal rabble of fans, and the BNF's he'd heard so much about, and even seen mentioned in the prozines, of which Perkins had quite a store. The meetings in the main convention hall, the panels, the new EMSH film "Psychoblesh", the Masquerade, which had been an unforgettable moment for him; after all, Theodore Sturgeon had actually given him the prize.....and then there was the awarding of the Hugos -- he had more than the usual fannish twinge of delight when CRY OF THE NAMELESS had been awarded one for the second year in succession.

Yes, that was for sure..... it affected him deeply.

After all, that's how his dream had come true.....

.....
It all began a year before....it began as it has done so many times before, and will do so many times in the future!

Perkins was waiting for a 'bus home from college, and browsed at the bookstore. His eye, for some mystic reason, wouldn't let go of THE ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. He purchased it, handing over the requisite 35 cents, and the girl behind the counter said he could have the previous month's issue for the other 15 cents. He read the stories on the long 'bus journey home.

Of course, he had heard about science fiction, and, in an inexplicit way, probably from something he'd heard in college, he had a shadowy suggestion in his mind of hunched up young Americans with propellers on their heads*...this picture seemed to be connected with science fiction.....

Well, before he arrived at Davis Corner, Iowa, he'd read every word in both issues. He didn't really remember what he'd eaten at the stop at Howard Johnson's.....frankly, he was surprised at the high rating a Silverberg story had garnered, as shown in "The Reckoning". He realised the stories were all imaginative, but his mind liked a modicum of logic to be present in what it assimilated. He thought that Silverberg's story had been a rushed job, the plot ingenious, but ~~with~~all, or so it seemed to him, no basic

*I once spoke to a Canadian in Belfast who had no connection whatever with fandom. I mentioned my connection with this group of people, and he wrinkled his nose in thought, and said, "Let me see, are those the people who wear caps on their heads with propellers on top of them?" Strange how this should be in his mind, when he definitely had never come into contact with fandom, knew no fans and didn't even know what a fanzine was.

probability. He knew that science fiction allowed for the imagination to work overtime, to stimulate, in fact (for that's what the stories did for him) but stimulation in his mind could only be triggered by logical thought processes, and he just didn't get any from the Silverberg story.

At home, he greeted his mother (his father had died several years before) and in the evening he wrote to the editor of the magazine, expressing this thoughts as clearly as he could. He explained in the first paragraph that he was a newcomer to science fiction, but:-

'I do feel that although most of the stories in both issues were entertaining, there was a wide divergence of quality, not in the writing, but rather in what I presume we are to infer.

My expostulation is that although it is stated in the first chapter of one of the stories that the Xpertiffs have only explored one-fifth of the galaxy, it is later stated that they are the only ones in the galaxy who knew where the Hynnips lived.

Surely this is incongruous....'

The letter (or the pertinent fragments therefrom) was duly published in the issue two months later. Perkins was thrilled to see his name in print....and made a point of visiting the bookstall down the street to see what other science fiction magazines were available.

In a few months the small wooden bookcase in his bedroom at home was filled with prozines (although he didn't yet know them by that nickname), but a more significant thing had happened in the meantime.

A strange envelope had arrived (on which his mother had to pay six cents postage due) with a badly reproduced magazine inside.

Bewildered, Perkins read the issue through from front cover to back cover, and lay back on his bed and deduced three obvious facts.

a) He had just read a 'fanzine.'

b) This fanzine had been sent to him as a result of his name being published in a science fiction magazine.

c) QED....it seemed that a certain group of people who read science fiction combined to make an inner circle of amateur publishers whose jargon, to say the least, was esoteric to a degree.

In a week, a second fanzine arrived. It seemed to be rather more of an expert job than the first one he'd seen, and perusing the second one with keen interest, he spotted that the first one he had received got a '3' rating in a fanzine review column, whereas other fanzines got '8' or '9', and one, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, actually got a '10'.

It was obvious that even though the first fanzine had interested him, it was not one of the elite of the breed, and he made up his mind to write to several of the upper-graded fanzines and see if the difference was as much as had been intimated in the review column.

He did an evening's work in a soda fountain up the main street to get a couple of dollars. That was his trouble....no money. His father, what he recalled of him, had been drunk quite a lot of the time, and his mother had only the insurance to live on, except for what she made dressmaking. He had to work his way through college, and he felt guilty about leaving his mother alone for so many months a year. There was no alternative, however.

Perkins brought \$1.50 worth of stamps, and sent for specimen copies of half a dozen fanzines. He had noted that fanzines were even published in the British Isles and in Sweden, although he decided not to be so ambitious just for the moment.

Quite a few queries were on his mind, and one of his main incentives in sending for the fanzines was to try to shed a little light on the mystic code which seemed to be common to the two fanzines he had already read.

He had a note of all the strange words:

'corflu'.....was this a misspelling of the name of an island near Greece?

'ish'.....was this an esoteric version of the German 'ich', for 'I'?

'neofan'.....an as yet unused machine designed for throwing a cooling draft of air
in a given direction?
'goon'.....an imbecile?
'duper'.....an untrustworthy operative who would pull a fast deal?
'dag'.....a typographical error for 'dog'?
'typo'.....a typographical error for 'typographical error'?
'SAPS'.....people who have made such a mess of things that they have to be designated in capitals?
'FANCY II'...code name for an effeminate science fiction enthusiast, and if so,
who was 'FANCY I'?
'-'.....Drop dead?
'mimeo'.....the despairing cry of a frustrated feline?

On a separate page, he jotted down expressions, words and initials he couldn't even make a wild guess at:

WAW; FAPA; NFFFF; who was Bloch, and why was he to be pickled?; why didn't folks like GMCarr; 4E; Bjo; Emsh; apa's; Nycon; the Nunnery (was science fiction fandom a religious or anti-religious concern?); GDA; LNF; flatbed (were science fiction enthusiasts highly sexed?); APE; etc.

When the fanzines he'd subscribed for arrived, he began to see that there must be something really exciting in this amateur publishing technique (for it seemed to him it was a technique). Some of the articles and stories made him grin, and even laugh outright. That Bob Leman was a gas. The illustrations were exceptionally good (in most cases.....some were shocking). He also discovered the lettercolumns, and the fact that some editors gave out the good news that they would send future issues for letters of comment. In a flash of decision, he wrote a long letter to YANDRO, in which he incorporated the rough notes he had taken about the strange definitions he had arrived at, and the other words and initials he didn't even understand.

The editor of YANDRO sent him an issue next month, and even before he opened the nice buff envelope (some fanzines were sent in their bare skins; were some fans as destitute financially, as himself, and couldn't afford envelopes?), he felt a tremor of delight shoot through him, because in that passing thought about destitute fans, he had included himself in the word 'fan'.....was he a fan?.....did he want to be a fan? YANDRO made up his mind for good.

His letter was published, and the editor, Coulson, wrote half a page of comment underneath his letter, nice comments, seeing his point of view, and ending up with the words:

'The time has come for Bob Tucker to think seriously about putting out another edition of "The Neofan's Guide."'

Bob Tucker?

Could it be.....?

Perkins rushed to his room, flipped excitedly through his science fiction books, found the one he wanted, then looked down dejectedly. For a moment, he had thought that Bob Tucker had written his favourite story, "The Long Loud Silence"....he knew it was a Tucker, but this was a different one, Wilson Tucker. How wonderful it would have been if Wilson Tucker had been in fandom.....

As the weeks went by, he started to collect quite a goodly number of fanzines, YANDRO; CRY OF THE NAMELESS (his favourite, because besides being thick and regular, it also published two of his letters, which was record....although he had had seven published to date); FANAC (those boys were regular beavers...); UMGLICK; JD-ARGASSY (so that's who Superfan was; he'd never heard of him, anyway); AMRA; PROFANITY;....and he'd sent away for his first foreign fanzine, ORION....that would be the day, when that arrived.

Whilst he was at college a rather funny thing happened to him. He became friendly with a girl, Jill, and when he drove her (in her car) to a side road well off the highway, and they got out the food and cokes, he started to talk to her about fanzines and things, and how he had got his name published in fanzines and a prozine. He wanted to convert her to his interests, but she twisted the hem of her dress, and eventually asked him to drive her back again. He couldn't understand her demeanour, and resolved to make

it a first priority to convert her, because when she was really in the groove she cracked puns and things.

Strange to say, within two weeks she was going steady with the captain of the baseball team. Perkins thought he'd write down his unsuccessful attempt to mold a fan in a humorous article.....and he printed it down with a ballpoint and sent it to the editor of PILLIKIN.

A month later, two bulky envelopes came for him; his mother had re-addressed them from Davis Corner.

He opened the first, PILLIKIN, and his story was in it. The editor, Chuck Devine, allowed quite frankly that he thought it one of the finest first efforts he'd ever read.

Perkins lay down on his bed, and re-read his story, and he truly did think it was good.....

He basked in his egoboo.....and he sat upright....so that was egoboo.

He opened the other envelope, and his heart stood still at what he saw:

THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE, by Bob Tucker

Dedicated to Gregory Perkins, who needed it.

Perkins just could not believe it. He held the fanzine at arm's length, to see if it was true, and he let out a yell, and thought that if Jill could see that she'd drop the captain of the baseball team like a hot brick.

But perhaps his greatest moment came a little later, when he came to the paragraph where Bob Tucker modestly referred to "The Long Loud Silence."

So Wilson Tucker and Bob Tucker were the same, and the writer of "The Long Loud Silence" HAD DEDICATED A PUBLICATION TO HIM.....GREG PERKINS.....

Well, that was it.....even if he didn't have very much money, he was going to publish a fanzine and dedicate it to Bob Tucker, that was for sure.

.....
It was the same old story.

A neofan with no experience trying to churn out the best fanzine that ever was.

He waited until he was back at home again. There was a chance that he could have had access to the Gestetner at college, but that would have necessitated taking various people into his confidence, and after the fiasco with Jill, he decided to keep his interest in fandom to himself.

He saved up enough cash to purchase a quire of stencils. The man in the next house lent him a typer...."Let me see, Greg, it's somewhere in the attic. I haven't seen it for ten years".....and it took Perkins three days to get it to function. He had a natural bent for working with machinery, but this job taxed his skill and his patience to the breaking point.

It didn't cut a very good stencil, but it wasn't too bad. He didn't have correcting fluid. When he'd got the stencils in a store next to the college he'd forgotten to get corflu as well, and he doubted he could buy corflu in Davis Corner! Answer: cut the stencils carefully.

He decided not to use outside material in the first issue of his fanzine, cleverly (he fondly thought) called the ALL-AMERICAN FANZINE. He'd write everything himself.

Six pages he took up with his review of current monthly prozines--"The Penfrew Remberton Column", he cunningly called it. It came easily to him, and as he re-read each stencil when he'd gotten it out of the typer (and that was no easy task) he was pleased at his phrasing, and the subtlety of some of his observations.

He wrote five and a half pages describing how he entered into fandom, and his first thoughts and desires.....the thrill he'd got to see his name in fanzines and the one prozine, and how, as a result of a letter to YANDRO, pleading for the removal of his ignorance, he'd indirectly got Bob Tucker to publish another edit on of "THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE and dedicate it to him. That was why he was dedicating the ALL-AMERICAN FANZINE to Bob!

He didn't feel quite capable of reviewing fanzines, in fact, after he'd garnered a little experience of reading fanzines, he figured that other fans who were reviewing fanzines knew less about the field than he did. Or so it seemed. Then he hit upon what he presumed (and was he right?) to be a masterful idea, that of getting a non-fan

to review a selection of fanzines.

Well, the man next door had lent him his typer, so why not ask him?

He took six fanzines, three he knew to be top class, three not so hot, and he asked Mr. Schutslinger to scribble out what he thought of them, and not to pull the punches.

Next morning he got his notes, and he blushed when he read them. So that was why he'd gotten the funny looks from Mrs. Schutslinger when he'd gone over to pick them up.

But it was a new idea, so he went ahead and stencilled the notes verbatim.

The front cover troubled him. He hadn't got a stylo, but he affixed a blunt darning needle of his mother's onto a short length of wood, and used it to depict a Titan rocket blasting at take-off with a copy of the ALL-AMERICAN FANZINE fixed to the nose.

He didn't want to charge a price first off; he felt guilty at trying to ask for money, although he wanted it (oh, how badly he did want it). But he reasoned that no one would subscribe to his fanzine until it was established.

So, all the stencils were cut. How to duplicate them?

From the boys at the drug store on the corner he elicited the fact that there was a duplicator at the Real Estate Office up the main street.

He had trouble getting permission.

Mr. A. J. Granite, his horn-rimmed glasses on his sweaty forehead, and with his sleeves rolled up, couldn't be bothered with 'fool kids', but, dammit, there were 250 envelopes to address, and his secretary was sick, and if Perkins would address the envelopes, and stamp 'em, and put the lists in and stick the envelopes down and post 'em, well, he guessed Perkins could use the machine, although, mind, it was giving trouble. Yep, it didn't work too well, fool kids.....

Perkins had never used a Gestetner before, not even an old one, like this, and the \$1 a ream paper he'd gotten at the stationery store stuck together in thick wads as he turned the handle (or was it the 'crank'?) and on a hell of a lot of the paper he had a thick black stripe down the middle. But once he'd tightened a few screws and oiled a few wheels, and cleaned the roller, it didn't work too badly.

Pity he hadn't given the machine an overhaul before he'd started.

In two days he had all the stencils run off, but he had no money to pay for envelopes, and, in fact, he owed a couple of dollars for the paper. And he hadn't got a stapler! The folks in Davis Corner didn't seem to have heard of staplers.....

He did manage to get three boxes of split metal pins, and with quick breaths he took one page off each pile, and assembled his very first fanzine. He forced three holes down the left hand side, put the pins through, opened the two metal flaps of the pins at the back, and folded them firmly down.

Ah ha, it didn't look too bad at all.

The 'o' had punched a hole through the stencil every time he'd punched it down, obviously, and the pages were full of little black holes.....and the 'e' and the 'a' had, on the other hand, come out very faint.....but did it really matter?

He was sure fans would appreciate that it was his first endeavour at amateur publishing, but all the same he felt a slight twinge of regret that he had been so bold as to plaster DEDICATED TO BOB TUCKER on the front cover, underneath the Titan. Maybe, he thought, maybe Tucker wouldn't appreciate the gesture.....

He had an idea of how he was going to get the envelopes.

He returned to A. J. Granite's office, and offered to do any typing or duplicating if A. J. would give him some of the old used envelopes in the cardboard box in the store. "After all, Mr. Granite sir," he said, "I know an old established firm like yours wouldn't send out literature in those old envelopes."

He got them, took them home, ripped off the old address and addressee slips, cut them and glued the flaps on. He addressed 45 of them to the fanzine editors he subbed to, to some of the names and addresses he saw cropping up in the lettercols, and of course he sent one to Tucker, with a short personal note on the front cover, thanking him for his kindness in dedicating THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE to him, and hoping he would accept the reciprocation in the spirit in which it was offered.

Two more evenings' work in the soda fountain, and he paid off the stationery store, got his stamps, and mailed his first fanzine out.

.....

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While he had been so hard at work on the ALL-AMERICAN FANZINE he had unfortunately neglected a few fanzines which had accrued, and with his much loved chore out of the way for a time, he started reading them.

His heart was heavy as he read all about the forthcoming convention in Seattle, at the New Washington. He knew that there was no conceivable possibility of his going to it. He doubted he could even afford the bus fare to Osage, and that wasn't even fifty miles away. So he just forgot about it. Admittedly, he mentioned the question in a letter to HABUKKAK, which was published, but it wasn't a question really, not in his mind at least; there was no hope.....

.....

When the letters of comment finally came through (and there were less than he had expected) he sensed a tone of, well, not exactly pity, rather, kindness, and it hurt his innocent neofannish mind to even consider that reviewers had been kind to him. He would much rather have had considered comment, even if it wasn't egoboo.....but, it was his first issue (as quite a few of the writers had stressed) and there was always the opportunity to make the second issue much better. Like, if his first attempt had been perfect (as once he fondly hoped it would be) wherein would lie the necessity of producing another issue? Now, with the facts to be faced that it wasn't good at all ('but not baaad') there was the incentive to work harder and get outside material and possibly take a little more time and care.

What he really waited for was to read the account of the Seattle Convention the following month, in the fanzines.....

.....

The letter which came two days later didn't appear any different from any other. It was postmarked Seattle, but he'd been expecting a reject for a sercon article on "The Care and Maintenance of Typers and Dupers" which he'd sent to CRY a few weeks back.

But he shook his head when he saw the round trip railroad ticket from Mason City to Seattle, and even a round trip bus ticket from Davis Corner to Mason City!

He sat down.

Tears were in his eyes; well, hell, they weren't tears, not as such, just a normal reflex action at this astounding missive and contents.

What the.....?

A short note was inside.....

"Since the Fan Foundation is a new enterprise, it seems fitting that the first Fanship Award should be given to a new fan. Of the half-dozen or so new fans who live far enough away to need help to attend the Con and yet near enough that the Foundation's resources would be adequate, your name was drawn by lot. We are very pleased at the results; our best wishes and congratulations go along with these tickets, and we look forward to seeing you in Seattle soon."

The names were suddenly blurred to his sight, but he had seen "FanShip Committee, the FAN FOUNDATION". He could decipher the signatures later. But for now...

He told his mother, showed her the tickets, and went next door to phone Mason City and get the train timings.....and then to the bus station on the same quest.

He was going to the Convention after all, and, surely, this would be a great opportunity to meet fans (he hadn't met one to date) and to get material for his fanzine, because this second issue was going to be a wow.....he'd prove to the FAN FOUNDATION, whatever that was, that their money hadn't been wasted.....

John Berry
1960

The PLOW That Just Barely . . . a Pemberton Classic
 Tomorrow the CRY goes to ~~pp~~ press, so we might as well get an early start here.

At hand, courtesy of the author, is a unique book: "Nine Planets" (subtitled, "Astronomy for the Space Age"), by Alan E Nourse (Harper and Brothers, 49 E 33rd St, New York 16, N Y; \$5.95).

I had been looking forward to seeing "Nine Planets" for about two years, ever since Alan first mentioned the project of "doing" the Solar System with plates by Mel Hunter. Last year, Elinor and I had the chance to look over drafts of some of the early chapters and discuss them; for this, we are kindly noted on the "Acknowledgments" page. Yes, it's only fair to say that "Nine Planets" holds a special interest for me as well as the intrinsic interest of the material and presentation.

"Nine Planets" is a combination of fact-and-speculation; the treatment is ideally suited to the interests of science-fiction fans and authors, as well as to the straight space-travel buffs. After a chapter or so of "orientation" on the Solar System as such, we start at Mercury and work our way out, with a separate chapter for each of the inner planets but treating the "gas giants" as a group. In each case, Dr Nourse starts with the "facts", going into past and present theories as to planetary conditions-- most important, the author evaluates the "facts" by discussing how various data is obtained and how firmly the observations and the deductions therefrom can be relied upon-- this is the first such evaluation I've seen on the overall thorough level that prevails here. Very effective.

From this point (as is made quite clear in the text; the author makes strong use of the principle "Tell 'em what you're going to tell 'em; then tell 'em; then tell 'em what you told 'em", to nail his points down solidly), we are treated to a sort of controlled speculation or extrapolation about each planet and the conditions that may be faced by pioneer landing-parties; fascinating stuff, with a myriad of fruitful story-gimmicks inherent in it. I understand that there has been some rather emphatic adverse criticism of the inclusion of speculative material along with the factual data; I can only say that such criticism must come from a really inflexible mind, and/or that the critic was trying to "skim" and so missed the unmistakable transition from reporting to speculation, in each chapter. I read fairly rapidly, but at no point was I in doubt as to whether I was reading facts or extrapolations. I suppose it would be possible for a completely uninformed reader to become confused, but somehow I have no clear picture of a completely uninformed person reading this book in the first place.

It is not that there is a great deal of new and unfamiliar factual data in "Nine Planets". It is rather that information that exists in bits and dribblets throughout a large number of other books that could be obtained for \$50 or \$100, probably, is gathered together here in one book and is presented so that I can look up what I want to know, and what relates to it, etc, quickly, easily, & entertainingly. But I wouldn't want to give the impression that you'll find no new ideas; even in the factual areas I ran into a few surprises; the evaluative sections give new light on our preconceptions, and of course the speculative bits...

The Mel Hunter plates and dust-jacket add considerably to the overall effect. Four (Venus, Mercury, Saturn, and Uranus) are in full color; the other 8 are black-and-white. A number of smaller diagrams are included to clarify various textual descriptions of motion, position, etc, which are difficult things to describe when you can't talk with your hands.

Andy Young may find some factual boners in here, but I don't believe I found even one clear-cut goof. I recall disagreeing on a couple of points of emphasis and the like, but that's as far as it went. I did notice what appeared to be a slight awkwardness in handling descriptions of motion-and-position-- the author is not primarily a mechanics-of-motion man-- but upon getting past the hurdle of seeing familiar descriptions cast in different terms, I found them to be perfectly valid.

If you don't mind digging a little deeper than usual for a book that is both stimulating and useful-over-the-long-haul, I think you'll like "Nine Planets".

= = = = What ever became of Felix Ehrenhaft? = = = =

The Bicycle Leaves Eyetracks:

Because it has been a long long time since CRY did any of this sort of thing, but mainly because correspondence is so backlogged that none of these zines would ever get their deserved letters-of-comment, let's look at some fanzines for a moment.

Just in this past month, we've received fine #1 issues of new zines:

Pilikia (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho) is 24pp, dittoed, price not yet set but "it should be between 9¢ and 16¢" or 20 S&H green stamps, says Chuck. Trades, letters, contributions, etc, welcomed. Stories by GuyT, Dave McCarroll, and Sandy Cutrell (reprint? It reads awfully familiar), a hilarious minute-by-minute rundown (by Chuck) of a day in the life of the Twigger, fmz-reviews by Chuck and by Andy Humbird. Artwork mostly by Stiles (some unlabeled).

Esoteric (Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Road, LA49): 17pp, mimeo with some under-inking but not too bad, 15¢ or 8 for \$1 with the usual jazz on trades&letters, etc. Editorializing by Bruce (howcome all of today's neos are too sharp to write the traditional neo-ish editorials? Like, I mean, they have humor and are fun), stories by Berry & Gerber (oh, what am I talking about? I just checked back, and John's bit is an article on the perils of gafia), fake ads by rich brown, fmz-reviews by Ron Goldman, a synthesis of Jules Feiffer and Don Martin, by Bill Martin, movie-bemoanings by Mike Deckinger, and a great punchline following a "special thanks" list-- "Without them, ESOTERIC would have been IMPOSSIBLE" (of course, Bruce could not have known of Toskey's IMPOSSIBLE of 9 or so years ago, but it's a good tagline anyway). jq ((not really a "j" there, but some gooie that's not on this or any other typer)) (Scotty Tapscott, 853 1/2 E 13th, Eugene, Ore): 6pp, mimeo, FREE but it never hurts to drop a word of thanks, etc (look who's talking, would ya?). Editorial and just plain personal natter that reads well, a couple-three cartoons, and a TV "interview" with a Mr Rupert Rampart-- some good laughs in here. Sandy mailed this first-class for some reason, probably just getting in practice for the zine received today that damn well needed to go first-class. Apparently by Tapscott, Bourne, and Geis (though "Dick" is the only name mentioned), this one is titled "696, the 3-way fanzine" and appears to be dedicated to the proposition that the spirit of the PAPA will never die. Quite a bit of it is pretty funny as well as being pretty dirty, but some of it is considerable more dirty than funny. Not to say, pretty. Keep in mind, now-- that's "696" that's locked in mortal combat with the postal regs; "jq" is perfectly OK to leave around the house for casual perusal by visitors. As much as any fanzine. Quelquechose (Jerry Knight, 6220 Damask Ave, LA56): 12pp, dittoed, can be obtained by all the usual methods but no mention is made of money. Story by Raymond Everett, reprint poems (2) from S'WARP, a column by Lichtman, and various forms of editorial and article-type writing by Jerry himself. It appears that some text was omitted between the halves of the double-columned inside-backcover, but no gripes otherwise. Stymie #1 (Rog Ebert, 410 E Washington, Urbana, Ill): 16pp, dittoed, FREE but let's not let the boy die from lack of egoboo, limited circulation on this first issue but a few extra copies left, says Rog. Except for one article we'll get to in a minute, the zine is editorially-written: editorial, and political comment, stories (though "Ben-- With the Long-Handled Shovel", which I liked much, is more personal reminiscence), poetry. Oh, yes-- excerpts from correspondence, in lieu of the more usual type of lettercol which is hard to do in a firstish. And then we have the usual blasting commentary from the editor's non-fan friend (I think the average is about one of these per year, wouldn't you say?), 21-year-old Bill Lyon, a senior at the U of Ill majoring (says Rog) simultaneously in English, history, and political science. As expected, he is repelled by the ingroup juvenilia of fandom and is quite confident of receiving many outraged and anguished blasts in return. Well, he does try well, but why doesn't someone lend Bill a copy of ASI and show him what a real master can do in the way of taking fandom apart. Having survived F Towner Lancy, fandom is pretty well up to coping with the dilettants like Stuefloten and Jim Webber (Weber? Not Webbort, anyhow) and Bill Lyon. Hell, Geis didn't even make much of a dent, when he turned diagonal a couple years ago. So my advice to Bill Lyon is why don't you go back out, and come in again? OK?

So there we have 5 first-issues, and not a really "typical first issue" in the lot. Oh, sure, there's a little inevitable goshwow in spots, and Ebert croggled me by talking on ditto-masters about the stencils he was cutting and how he put fluid into this mimeo and all, but he got straightened around by the end of the zine OK. But it looks as if you just can't get the good old goshwowboyoboy big-promises sort of neozine that we all know and love, any more.

And because I fully expected to cover those 5 zines on half a page, and because we publish tomorrow, that's all the fmz-reviews this time, if not for all time. I'll have to settle for a mere acknowledgment of receipt of such enjoyed-items as Shelby and Suzy Vick's "Tired Feet" (but every time, every time, mind you, I am suckered into reading halfway thru that bacover before I realize it's still invariant), Mike Deckinger's Hocus, Paul Shingelton's Critique (hmm, this is a first-issue, and I guess you can still find the good old kind, etc, once in a while), Stark&Sarill's "The Fannish In and Out Book", Redd Boggs' excellent Retrograde (comments on which have put me in an odd situation, as: whenever anyone mentions Retro, I automatically think they are referring to my SAPSzine of that nickname. Retromingent, almost invariably referred to as Retro, has seen 17 regular quarterly SAPS-distributed issues starting with July 1956. The confusion is no one's fault, and I'm not bitching about it. It's just one of those things, further complicated by the clear title of John Berry's Retribution to the other feasible short-label, Ret. So goes it), & many, many others. I need a micro-elite typer, and that's a fact.

He traded his Ethics in on an Oldthmobile Dep't: Somebody or other in the lettercol, feeling all upstage and ho-hum re Rickhardt's business with the Berry Fund, says I'm running a new crusade every month and "out to ostracize somebody again". (Oh hell, I just checked Wally's stencils, and he put Steve's letter and my short-comment on it into the limbo of the WAHF dep't. Steve Stiles, that is, it turned out to be. So, anyway...) If my deal on Rickhardt is to be considered a drive to ostracize the guy, it's the first such drive on my part; let's get it straight, Steve. Further, the Rickhardt bit was no "new crusade" at all. I had a couple of pieces in here recently on just how far do we go in putting up with cruddy activity on the part of fans, just because they are fans. People said "Name names", so I named one that can be documented pretty well, and specified the one offense most apt to be of interest and concern to the CRY readership as a whole: the next FAPA mailing will carry an additional page as well as that one. But here in CRY, I left it (and still leave it) that before extending hospitality to Rickhardt, it might pay you to check with a few of his previous hosts for references. Hell, this is true in general, in mundane; it's just that it's seldom necessary in fandom, the communicative hobby.

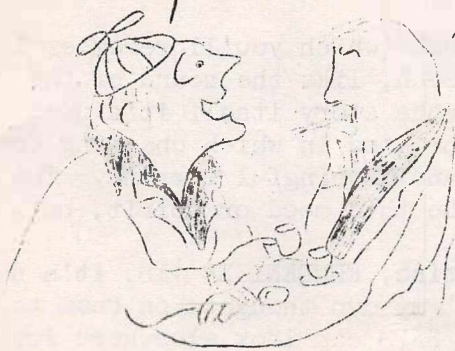
OK, so maybe I do look kind of stupid, charging up on a white horse and all, but I think maybe I'll go right on doing so if I happen to feel like it. OK?

The BoyCon was, like, Great: I thought for sure that someone was going to do a full-dress writeup for the CRY, but not so, apparently. OK, so let's see-- there were about 40 in attendance at the Owyhee (hotel back-to-back with motel, with swimming pool in between), just the right number so that each could get acquainted with all, and so that One Big Party could handle all the party-going types. There were about 8 Boise locals, 10 Seattlites, 7 each from the Bay (next year it's the BayCon) and LA areas, and 8 more from just about all over (Florida, Montana, Pennsylvania, Utah, Illinois, and Oregon). Rog Phillips was Guest of Honor; Forrie Ackerman toastmaster; the fried chicken was both good and profuse beyond the recall of fankind. Friday night was the spaghetti(-and-beer) feed at the Twiggers'; Saturday night was the Seattle Party; Sunday night was the Chicago Party; Monday it was very sad to have to leave. There was enough-but-not-too-much Program and it was interesting. The hotel was considerate; we had a couple of routine complaints when the hall-door was open at 3am (the heat, you know) with the Party going full-blast, but these were token gestures assuaged by our saying we didn't mean to be so damn loud. Guy and Diane Terwilleger put on one fine WesterCon: thanks and congratulations are in order. So the Berkeley Crew have a fine example for their Oakland WesterCon (BayCon) next year.

And for that Labor Day WorldCon weekend, don't forget; it's "Seattle in '61!"

WHAT DID YOU THINK
OF ZUPTIG #2 HUH?
WHAT DID YOU
THINK, HUH?

A GAS KID
A GAS



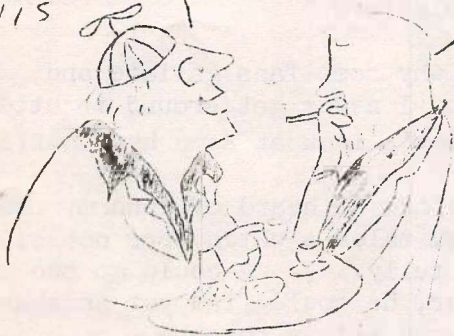
AND THE ART. WASN'T
IT GREAT? AND THE STORY
ON MATCHBOOK FANDOM BY
WARNER? DID YOU LIKE IT?

YEAH,
YEAH



GEE, IT CERTAINLY IS
WONDERFUL TO GET
ENCOURAGEMENT LIKE
THIS

HMM...

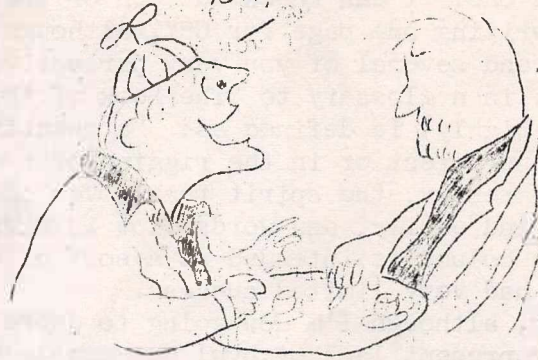


I CERTAINLY AM
GRATEFUL, SIR, AND.



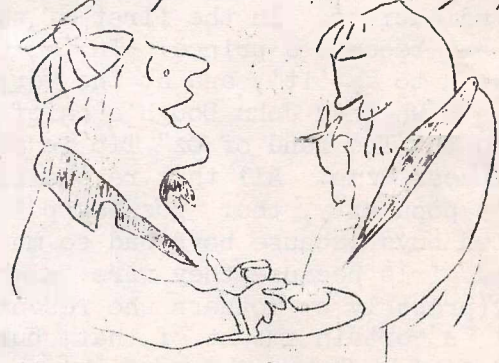
YOU REALLY LIKED IT HUH?
GEE WHIZ YOU REALLY
DID? AND ONLY MY 2ND
IDH, TOO.

SURE,
- KID



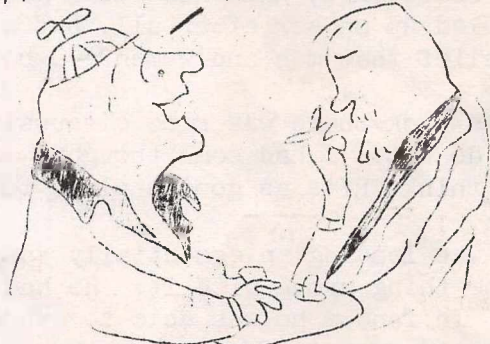
AND... AND WASN'T
THAT ARTICLE BY
CASTILLO THOUGHT-
PROVOKING?

SURE...
- A GAS



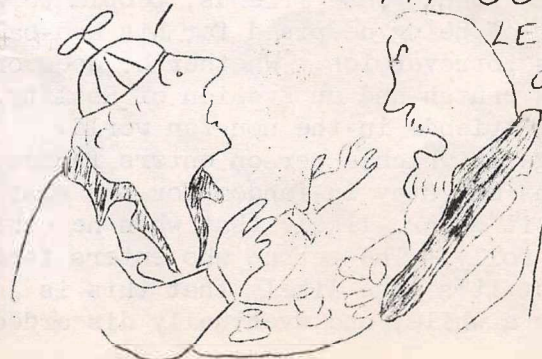
NOT MANY BNF'S
LIKE TO TROUBLE THEMSELVES
WITH STRUGGLING NEOS LIKE ME

- YEAH



I APPRECIATE
EVERYTH.

WHY DIDN'T
YOU PUBLISH
MY GODDAM
LETTER
OF COMMENT,



Les Tupper

H W Y L

Elinor Busby

Well, I didn't have a column last month, and no doubt you guess^{ed} the reason why: I didn't write one. I can knock out ten or twelve pages for SAPS or FAPA, but seem to have difficulty writing one page for CRY, although you letter-writers have been most kind and responsive, and several of you very perceptive, as well.

'Hywl', in a glossary to "The Book of the Three Dragons" (which you'll remember I recommended highly) is defined as: "a chanting tone in speech, like the sound of the wind in a pine-forest or in the rigging of a ship"; but in the story itself it's used to mean, apparently, the spirit that moves one to chant, the mood in which chanting comes forth fully and easily, and words flow in a well-arranged and meaningful torrent. The name of this column is intended as a sort of charm to invoke this mood or spirit, but, so far, has had very limited success.

However, although I'm now going to quote from my SAPS^{zine}, FENDENIZEN #16, it's not because of a present lack of hywl but simply because I want my own thoughts on Baum to be presented to the same audience as Redd Boggs' article. SAPS can look elsewhere for a minute.

"Buz and I bought a lot of Oz books from Mark Walsted lately, and have been reading some of them. I think Baum must have been a bit fouled up on sex. On two that we borrowed from Mark, "The Enchanted Island of Yew" and "John Dough and the Cherub" there seem to be indications. In the first of these, a girl fairy decides to become a human for a year, and becomes a prince. In the second, the incubator baby, Chick, is consistently referred to as 'it', and at the very end of the book it's said that histories never mentioned whether John Dough's chief counsellor (the incubator baby) was a man or a woman. And in "The Land of Oz" Tip is a boy until the end of the book, when he turns into the Princess Ozma. All this reversibility and ambiguity of sex no doubt helped to ensure Baum's popularity, tho. Buz has pointed out to me that in the days when Baum wrote girls resented boys because boys had so much more freedom than girls had; conversely, boys resented girls because they were taught to give way and defer to girls in every possible way (probably by mothers who resented the fact that men had more freedom). There's still a certain amount of that, but boys and girls are treated much more similarly than they used to be--and a good thing, too. At any rate, Baum's books tended to remind children that both boys and girls are human (if they are human, and not tin woodmen or scarecrows) and this was a good thing; and now I think that perhaps Baum was not fouled up on sex after all, but was merely expressing his deeply felt and very sensible belief that men and women are both human in parable form."

... ..
A while back there was some discussion in FAPA about why some fans gafiate and other fans do not. I had some thoughts on the subject that I never got around to uttering, and I think CRY's as good a place for them as any. Let's look at some hypothetical fan careers.

Fan A was leading an essentially satisfactory life before he heard of fandom. There was just one thing wrong with it. He had ideas, interests, talents which were not being expressed. In fandom he was able to express himself more fully. Fan A could go two ways. He could stay in fandom for the rest of his life, or, he could find yet another outlet for his talents. Which is the more probable? I'd say it's a tossup.

Fan B was a timid shy introvert, who had few friends, and no really close friends. In fandom he found close friends, people to whom he could express himself fully with little fear of being despised for his odd-ball ideas. It's possible that Fan B will outgrow his introversion. Whether he does or whether he doesn't, he's apt/^{eventually} to look upon fandom as a crutch and an Evasion of Reality. This is almost certain to occur if he makes close friends in the non-fan world.

The age at which a person enters fandom is important. The person who enters fandom in his teens may stay in fandom for the rest of his life, having been molded to fanhood early, but it's more likely that when he achieves adulthood he'll dismiss fandom as an adolescent folly. The person who enters fandom as a settled adult may stay in fandom forever, but it's more likely that this is just one of a series of hobbies he's tried, enjoyed for a while, and eventually discarded.

The thing of it is, most fans eventually gafiate.

One factor of course is egoboo. A fan who gets little or no egoboo may decide he's a hopeless failure in fandom and wander away. Or, he may decide he's getting just what he deserves and stay in out of masochism. Or, he may stay in fandom just to show 'em. A person who is very talented and much appreciated, and who receives plenty of egoboo may enjoy this response so much that he stays in fandom forever. But it's possible that he will be tortured by self-doubt and feel that those who appreciate his work are ignorant clods. Or, his self-confidence may be built up so much by fandom's appreciation that he will seek new and harder worlds to conquer. Or, he may receive so much cut&dried indiscriminate egoboo (the 'Bloch is Superb' syndrome) that he begins to feel fans are reading his stuff with their eyes closed, and becomes a bit bored with it all.

One of the main things that keeps the fans who stay in fandom is their friends. If a person's closest, favorite friends are all in fandom, he will stay in fandom because that is the bond between them. If a person's closest fan-friends gafiate he will, probably, soon gafiate too.

So, those of us who like to like fandom, and want to continue to like fandom forever should be most wary of where we bestow our fannish affections. We should like most of all those fans who are sure to remain in fandom for many, many years. How can we tell 'em? How can you pick 'em out? What are the signs? Here's a few thoughts:

1. A fan should have considerable mental and physical energy--especially the latter. Many very energetic people will consider themselves limp and lazy, because most of their energy is expended in avoiding the things they ought to do, so what a fan says of himself in this respect can be ignored. An outsider can eventually tell whether a specific fan has lots of energy or not.

2. A fan should enter fandom full of goshwowboyoboy enthusiasm, especially if he is in his teens. An adult may possibly enter fandom in a non-goshwow manner, and still have enough enthusiasm to stay in permanently, but I think teen-agers should be as goshwow as can be endured at all. Furthermore, teen-agers who show great signs of maturity, sophistication, or excessive literacy are almost sure to gafiate within three years. One must remember never to become ¹⁰⁰fond of a prematurely sophisticated, literate teen-age fan.

3. A fan should have a memorable name. A fan will never be really happy in fandom, if nobody can ever remember who ^{he} is, and people are always confusing him with some other Bob Stewart, or whatever. Also, some names are just sort of basically infelicitous--like Claude, for example. Claude means 'clod' to fans, and connotes Degler and his curious ways. If a person has a commonplace first name, like Bill, or Bob, he's well-advised to have an unusual last name, like Rotsler (a superbly fannish-sounding name), or Silverberg, which had the supreme merit of being scientifically shortenable to 'Agberg'. A name should, if possible, present an image, and the image the name presents should be more or less compatible with the fan's actual personality. Esmond Adams had a superb name. Adams is a real first-family-of-Virginia type surname, and Esmond is the name of a character in a novel of Thackeray's ("Henry Esmond") who ended up in Virginia back in colonial days. So the first and last names re-inforce each other, and make an image of a Southern gentleman, which fitted well with The Esmond Adams personality. And the names re-inforced each other so well as to have a definitely humorous effect, and cool Es was definitely humorous. So, people remembered Es and noticed him from very early in his fan career--but to no avail. Bill Meyers (a neither good nor bad fan-name, intrinsically) was Es' closest friend-in-fandom. Bill Meyers went gafia; Es eventually followed. What are some other fan-names? Dean Grennell is fine, especially since, with a middle initial "A", a short brusque word can be made from the initials. Dean Boggs would be a mediocre fan-name, but Redd Boggs is superb. The extra 'd' on the end of Redd is vital. Charles Burbee is a superb name. It is euphonious, and yet there is a subtle incongruity between first and last names that prepares one for great humor. Charles is a romantic and debonair first name. Burbee is a cheerful, light-hearted name. F. M. Busby is a good name. Busby is a cheerful name, and yet the "Buz" sound prepares one for an occasional bit of loving ferocity. Laney was a good name, as is Eney. In general, two syllable names with an 'ee' on the end sound well in fandom. Sound well with an 'ee' on the beginning, too. 'Ellick' so pronounced is infinitely more effective than it would be pronounced the way you'd think.

THE END, believe it or not, and I'd just got going, too.

M I N U T E S

by the Hon Sec-Treas, Wally Weber

FIRST JULY 3, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The first July 3, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by Jim Webbert at 4:20 p.m., Mountain Standard Time, in the Platinum Room of the Owyhee Hotel in Boise, Idaho, U.S.A. By a decree of the President, the minutes of the preceding meeting were approved as printed in CRY #1141 without suffering through the technicality of having them read. The meeting was adjourned at 4:20:10, Mountain Standard Time.

Sleepy but Honorable Sec, Wally Weber

SECOND JULY 3, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The second July 3, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by President Jim Webbert at 7:00 p.m. Mountain Standard Time in Harold's Golden Mirror Dining Room at 1117 So. 10th, Boise, Idaho, U.S.A. The attending membership, consisting of Jim Webbert, Diane Terwilleger, Doreen Erlenwein, Miriam Carr, Terry Carr, and Wally Weber, passed a motion that the Sec-TREAS relinquish \$1 of club funds for the purpose of obtaining a membership for the 1961 Westercon. (The honorable Sec-TREAS wishes to complain at this point that it was not made clear until after he had voted for the measure that the membership was for the Nameless Ones rather than the Sec-TREAS.)

The meeting was adjourned at 7:00:20 p.m. Pacific Daylight Saving Time.

Hungry but Honorable Sec, Wally Weber

JULY 4, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The July 4, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by President Jim Webbert in room 201 of the Owyhee Hotel in Boise, Idaho, U.S.A. at 3:15 a.m. Mountain Standard Time. F. M. Busby debated the possibility of a show of leniency toward the SEC-Treas on the grounds that the officer had been too occupied with other matters to write the minutes of the previous meeting, but finally surrendered to tradition and moved that the SEC-Treas be censured for his delinquency. The motion was passed by a motley assortment of neo-Nameless Ones who couldn't possibly have known what they were doing. Strangely enough, tall, blond Wally Gonser seemed more disturbed by the approval of the motion than small, crew-cut, Wally Weber.

For lack of any real business, a crazy mixed-up conversation between Jim Webbert, F. M. Busby, Wally Gonser, Wally Weber, Charles Bogard, God, Andy Maine, Chuck Devine, John Champion, Jean Bogert, and Bob Wilson wandered aimlessly through a variety of subjects, until the meeting was adjourned at 3:23 a.m., Mountain Standard Time.

Confused but Honorable Sec, Wally ~~Gonser~~ Weber

JULY 17, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

A portion of one wall of the meeting room had been knocked out -- the outside wall at that. An overhead beam, which by its size and location seemed to indicate that it played an important part in holding the roof up, was propped up on the end near the demolished wall by a shakey arrangement of spindly sticks in a manner more suggestive of a trap than a support. One would have thought the Boycon had been held here rather than at Boise. Jerry Frahm climbed out the window to satisfy his curiosity about the structure of the building. The window was on the third floor, of course, and the whole program of Jerry's made it obvious how curiosity could kill cats and things.

Despite the destruction, not to mention the absense of the President, the meeting was called to order at 8:30 p.m. in the remains of the THALIA studio at 509 Tenth Ave. N., Seattle, Washington. The Sec-Treas presided and started out by dispensing with the minutes, but it didn't work. So much for the reign of the mighty Sec-Treas.

President Jim Webbert finally arrived about half-way through the July 4th minutes, and later seconded F. M. Busby's motion that the minutes be approved as corrected. (The correction was much too trifling a matter to go into here, and after all what is past is past, and it isn't as if it was a matter that concerned the readers of the CRY, or even the Nameless Ones themselves. Just a minor correction that isn't worth using up precious space describing.)

The official bone was passed over to the official President, and the Official President asked for the old business. And of course he got it. "What's with the Prexy?" Wally Gonser wanted to know. Well, actually, we all wanted to know, but Wally was the only one clever enough to bring it up as old business. The question referred to Jim Webbert's late and bedraggled appearance at the meeting. Jim's answer was as short as his wind. "Pooped," he croaked. And that, considering everything, probably considered everything.

Further investigation into the condition of Jim Webbert was cut short by a sudden realization that there was something strangely lacking with F. M. Busby. Again, it was Wally Gonser who mentioned it first. F. M. BUSBY WASN'T WEARING A BEARD!!

The meeting room was practically demolished, the President was scarcely in shape to stagger, and F. M. was all depilated. What other incredible, mind-shaking, soul-searing revelation would come next?

The subject of Otto Pfeifer's wedding came up. It had also been the wedding of a girl once known as, "Pat Stenek," but the Nameless Ones referred to it as, "Otto's wedding." Elinor Busby was asked to report on it. She paused for a second during which we could almost see her mind at work selecting the highlights to describe, the phrasing, the technique of presentation she would use. "He was married," she reported at last, and settled back in her chair.

Eventually Otto's wedding was described in detail as some of the participants got into the conversation that followed, and it was only natural that the subject of Bjo's marriage to John (or was it the other way around?) came into the discussion. Several members of the Nameless Ones were curious as to how Bjo and John reacted to Don Day's beard, which had been one of their wedding presents. Nobody knew; we need better spies.

And now we wish to make a statement that all of us would make individually if we were not such lazy, inconsiderate louts.

CONGRATULATIONS TO GUY AND DIANE FOR A GREAT WESTERCON!

The Boycon was rehashed briefly. Wally Gonser gave an impressive recommendation approving the driving ability of Doreen Erlenwein, girl chauffeur. She has also received good recommendations from Jim Webbert and Wally Gonser's mother. For her driving ability, of course.

Somehow Wally Weber got control of the conversation and delivered a detailed report of his encounter with and narrow escape from a girl from Boise who was waiting for him at Ritzville when he returned there to visit his parents the weekend after the Boycon. Her name was, and fortunately still is, Florence Morency, and there was some speculation as to whether Guy and Diane Terwilleger knew anything about her. Again, our spies failed us.

In view of the fact that our meeting place was being demolished, F. M. Busby moved that the July 31 meeting be skipped, and that the picnic be held August 14th, in hopes that another meeting place would come up by that time. The motion was passed and the meeting was promptly adjourned, before the roof beam could give way, at 9:33 p.m.

Most Honorable Sec, Wally Weber

HYWL ADDENDUM -- Anybody can hindsightly admire the names of established fans. Let's look at this month WAHF dept.: JOE PATRIZIO has a remarkable name, especially for a Scot. STEVE STILES--good--alliteration usually helps. JOHN M FOYSTER has a fine surname. ALBERT J. HOCH's name lacks zest. RANDY SCOTT will go thru his fannish life hopelessly confused with Randy Brown. MARTIN HELGESEN and NORM METCALF have inbetweenish names. EMILE E. GREENLEAF has a fine name (& magnificent address). CRAIG COCHRAN has a good name. GEORGE LOCKE's is not bad. PHILLIP A HARRELL's is inbetweenish. DICK SCHULTZ' name is poor. KEN HEDBERG's is good. ARTHUR THOMSON is beautifully known as ATOM. MALLARDI and BERGERON both have excellent names, oops, I have almost no more room and have a couple more things to say: Fans who gafiate are more to be pitied than censured and are not necessarily to be pitied at all; and the signs of incipient gafia are these. (1) They stop writing letters to the CRY. (2) They drop out of SAPS, because they wish to devote their time to putting out a Really Good Genzine. That's it, boy. --Really THE END, Elinor Busby

K E T T E R I N G R E P O R T

George Locke

The difficulty with the army, more than corporals bawling at you, getting boots to shine like mirrors and getting into the habit of saluting anything that moves and painting that which doesn't, is of course the complete lack of certainty. Thus, when I was called into the Medical Corps a shade over a week before Easter, I hadn't a clue as to whether they'd let me home or not over the holiday. They didn't, after keeping us on tenterhooks for a few days. So I was doubly dubious at the prospect of getting Whitsun off and of attending the mini-con which was to be held at Kettering.

About three weeks before Whitsun, hopes were not too high. The week before, we'd first been promised a 48 hour pass, then had it turned down for no apparent reason. According to the book of rules, we should not be kept at camp for two consecutive public holidays. But what the rules say and what the army does are two completely different things. My big chance for finding out came one Friday when our squad was on fatigues. It had been my lot to report to the dreaded guardroom. The Regimental Police are not like the civilian police--these are killers. But I was lucky, and they sent me off to report to the Chief Clerk's office a couple of huts along. Here, I started making discreet inquiries as to which company would be on duty over the holiday. A corporal informed me that he thought it was our company which would be staying.

I dropped the envelope I was steaming an unused stamp off of. I was indignant. "Hey, what's the big idea? We were landed with it over Easter, and all."

The Corporal shrugged. "Ask the CO. But I'm not sure; I'll check for you later."

It was then that I began to hate the Army. I knew there'd be no point checking--it was just our luck. C company was the one fated to be hauled off in a flying saucer that wanted some specimens, to be sent to Christmas Island en bloc, and to be given an official leave the day war breaks out. First Easter, then our 48.....

It came as an anticlimax when it turned out to be E company which would stay, not ours.

After all the uncertainty, we were released with no more than the occasional threat of a leave stoppage. I arrived at Kilburn around five in the afternoon, which immediately earned me a dressing down from Ella; she'd been expecting me nearer three. I was going to say how I'd spent that part of the afternoon visiting some of my mates at the hospital where I used to work, but decided it would be unwise under the circumstances. Ella did her best to replace some of the food I'd been missing for the past eight weeks. Then, with Ted Forsyth, we trooped off in the middle of the rush hour to catch the 6:30 from St. Pancras to Kettering. We also hoped to meet Jimmy Groves, but he was nowhere to be seen. So as the train was rapidly filling with people, Ted and myself were ordered to find a smoker and bag four seats.

A smoker?

Among the very last compartments, we found one capable of holding four of us. It wasn't a smoker. Ted, who is cautious when it comes to bending Ella's orders, was very worried. Thinking at least I did have the British army behind me, I said: "You go back and tell her we're fixed up, and that it's my responsibility. And, while you're about it, try and swipe her cigarettes off her, so she won't mind what compartment we're in." And I sat down, surveying the only other passenger in the compartment. He was a heavily built man of about thirty with the general physique and expression of a gorilla with neuralgia and wore a blazer with a badge on it. The badge said that he belonged to the Royal Army Military Police.....

I made myself small in a corner, and tried to think up a way to let the others know that they were not to mention my Army life.

A couple of minutes before the train was due to depart, Ella, Ted and Jimmy came along, Jimmy clutching to his breast a lagge bag which contained, presumably, the official documents of the BSFA.....

The next few moments are not very clear---I remember a certain amount of shouting and screaming. When I awoke, I saw Ella glaring at me, with a fighting look on her face. After a while she calmed down and became almost plaintive, as she asked: "What am I going to do for a smoke?"

Jimmy Groves, possessed of a wonderful knack for the practical, suggested that Ella stick the cigarette through the keyhole of the compartment door and smoke it with the business end outside.

"Jimmy dear," said Ella, "I've just thought of something that needs making when we get back home."

"Yes?"

"A piece of wood about seven feet long, stood vertically, with a horizontal bar fixed to it. A piece of rope with a noose at the end of the bar. And I'd like you to carve your name somewhere on it....."

We arrived at Kettering, which turned out to be a fair sized town. In the walk to the long-suffering George Hotel, we paused to observe a notice on a garden gate saying: "David Kyle, MRCVS, Veterinary Surgeon." Nobody had arrived when we booked in, so we wandered off in search of something to eat.

There was one cafe open. I was quite eager to go in--there's very little about egg and chips which can go wrong--but the others were more dubious. However, in we went, and were attended by a young girl of about thirteen. She took our orders, then, always after the extra few shillings, asked us if we wanted anything to drink. Jimmy and Ella asked for teas, and Ted and myself plumped for orange juice. I added--"with lots of ice." The weather was hot. The girl vanished for a minute, then came back.

"I'm sorry. The ice machine has gone bust. The defroster won't work."

"What matter," Ella--kind, considerate Ella Parker--said. "Give him a chopper and he'll shop some out for himself." 'Him' being, unfortunately, me.

I groaned, but as this was the only way of getting some ice. I followed the girl to the frid. Faced with a solid block of ice, I was given a puny little knife and told by the girl (who had decided that we were amiable company) to get on with it; her mother, three other customers, and the cat wanted some as well. I was also told not to break the knife. I started hacking away, to the massed band of the other CRY letterhacks chortling away in the background.

Eventually, with the help of another man, and after chipping a small piece off the knife, I obtained some ice. The girl very kindly put it into a little glass dish, and carried it to our table. She then said, "We haven't any orange."

I began to feel as though the fates were not working for us, or, at least, were fast asleep. "We'll have some coke, then," I sighed. I was determined to get that ice.

During the main course--yes, egg and chips--the girl hovered around us. It was obvious from the changing expressions on her face that she was going through some tumultuous process of thought.

Eventually, as we were busy eating, she came out with it. "Which one of you's her husband?"

I swallowed three chips, Jimmy choked on a piece of egg, and Ted dropped his peas on the floor. I won't say what Ella did. We vigorously denied everything, the most vociferous of us being Ella, who chose this moment to add a few comments on what she really thought of us. The girl digested this with the placidity of a cow who's just decided it's finished its quota of milk for the day, and looked at me.

She looked at me for a long time. Then she said: "You must be her son."

I decided it wouldn't be worthy trying to explain--I'd end up as her blasted mother, next--and suggested that while she--the girl, that is, not Ella--was still floating round, she might as well fetch us our sweet. We all plumped for fruit salad.

Especially, I noted, Ella, who placed hers on another table, a considerable distance from me. I finished mine quickly, and looked at Ella, then at her fruit salad. Ella looked at me. She shook her head. I sat with my spoon poised. I knew she'd have to bring the bowl of fruit back onto our table to eat it, not being blessed with a trunk like Cecil's. Then she did, she slapped a plate over it, and, every now and again, when I wasn't looking, she sneaked a mouthful.

I am of the opinion--and I record it quite freely--that Ella Parker is a Glutton, and was ashamed of the fact that day.....

Saturday morning dawned bright and cheerful and hang-over free. We were expecting various others to come, but as there were several meetings of an official nature--BSFA,

Convention Committee, and the like, and as we were not involved in any of them, Ted and I decided to wander off and return when they were over. I've always had a passion for nosing around old second-hand bookshops, and dragged Ted along with me.

Then we decided to go to Leicester. Ted had no objections to hitching it, and so we set off for the outskirts of the town. Outside the town, we reached a suitable cross-roads, and waited there. And then Ted...

Ted is a fairly young Scotsman with a face very much like that of a kindly gnome. But when he put on his sunglasses....

"Take 'em off, Ted!"

He looked at me bemused. I explained, as delicately as I could, that sunglasses transformed him into a picture of a simpering psychopathic killer after the style of Rod Steiger, and that we wouldn't stand a chance of picking up a lift. He took them off, and very soon a car picked us up and dropped us five miles up the road, from where a very talkative travelling salesman took us the rest of the 22 miles.

Leicester was a much bigger town than I thought, almost the size of Belfast; one incident pretty well convinced me that somehow we'd cross^{ed} the Irish sea. We'd spent quite a while in this shop when I noticed one of the Pogo books. I expressed a mild curiosity in it, asking if he had any more. He had one other volume--priced somewhere about 30/-- a ridiculous price--and launched into a voluntary tirade on how he'd ordered a complete set from America from a customer.

Could this customer have been a fan?

"Can you remember his name?" I asked, "You see, quite a number of our friends read these books, and you never know...."

The man thought. "I can't remember offhand. He was a policeman....."

"A policeman! What did he look like?"

"Rather tall. With a whacking big handlebar....."

"Was his name Berry?"

He shook his head. "I'm not sure. It might have been."

John, were you ever in Leicester, or have^{you} a twin brother serving in the constabulary there?

Back at Kettering, we met Archie Mercer, Alan Rispin, Jhim Linwood and Keith Freeman; the rest of the evening, and a good bit of the night, was spent in drinking, fannish natter, and, later, in wandering around the now deserted Kettering.

Sunday morning there were several official-type meetings to be held--the sum total, in actual fact. The four of us who were not involved departed for Wicksteed Park and its boating lake. Ted Forsyth and myself were the only CRY letterhacks, being opposed, in a way, by Alan Rispin and Jhim Linwood. However, we were not even mildly hostile until we decided to hire two canoes. Alan and Jhim clambered aboard one, and Ted and myself struggled to keep the other stable.

The Rispin/Linwood craft left the shore first, and we followed. When we felt that they were in range, and with Ted keeping us stable, I lifted the paddle and slapped the water with it. The salvo of displaced water shot towards the enemy. There was panic; Rispin and Linwood tried to avoid the deadly fire, and the canoe capsized and sank.

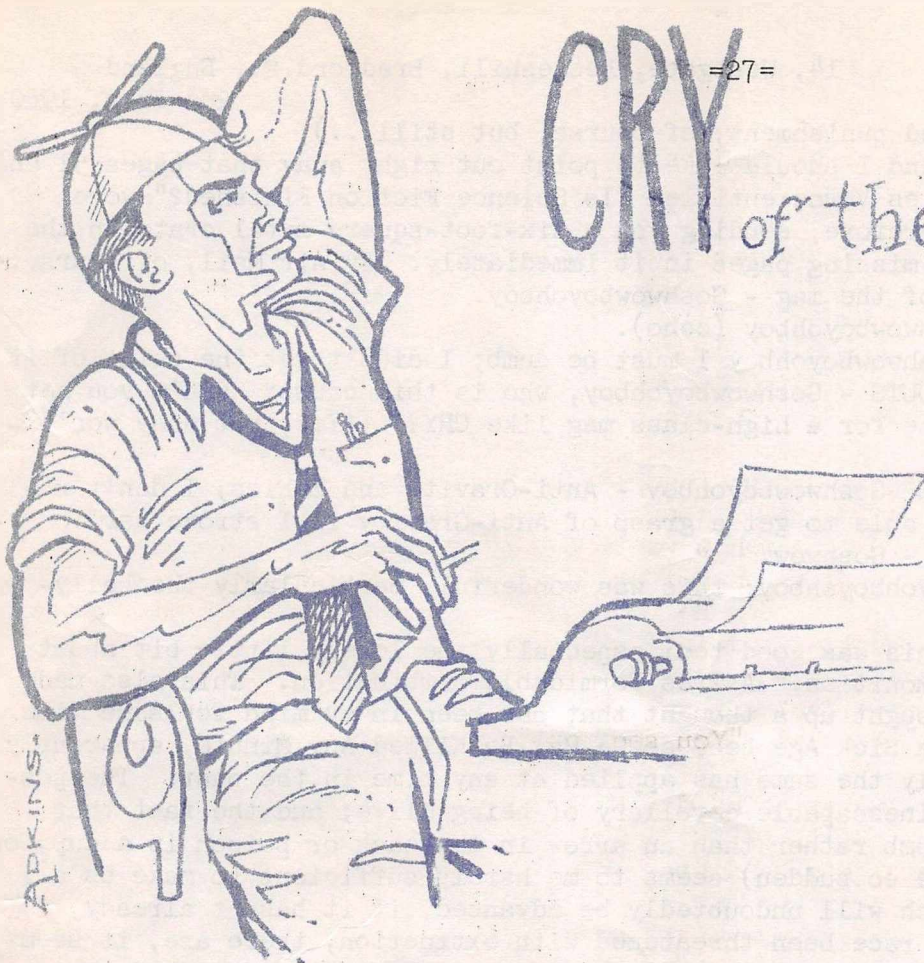
For a moment, two figures floundered helplessly amid the pieces of broken timber, paddles and oil, then they were gone.....

The lake was only a couple of feet deep, and the defeated fans crawled out onto the bank. We salvaged the sunken canoe, but found we weren't going to get any prize money for salvaging the thing.

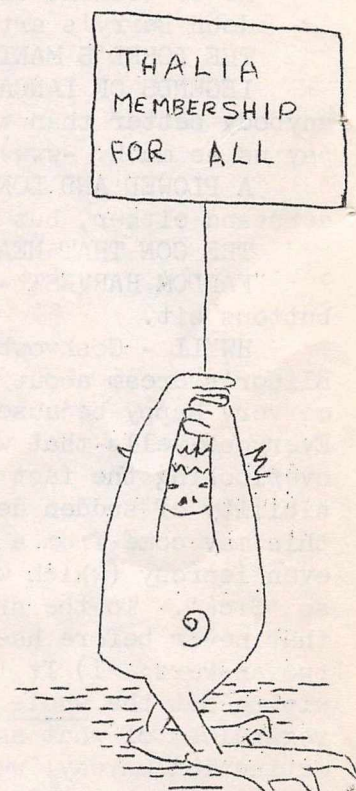
We found Rispin and Linwood sitting disconsolately on a very low seat listening to a grey-haired, motherly old woman lecture on the dangers of paddling too freely in the children's pond. Ah, victory was sweet.....

When we returned to the hotel, we found Ken Slater and his wife had come up for the day; the party moved out to Wicksteed Park once more, returned just in time to beat a thunderstorm, and eased off into a party in Ella's room. Next morning, on the way to town, I noticed that the David Kyle sign was no longer on the gate. And now as I type these last few lines, I can hear Jimmy in Kilburn hammering at a wall. The Parker Penitentiary has another souvenir.

THE END



CRY⁼²⁷⁼ of the readers



CHEERFUL CHARLIE BURBEE NOTICES A DISTRESSING THING

June 25, 1960

Dear Cry:

I just now noticed a distressing thing. I find that my copy of CRY #138 is incomplete. Pages 19-22 are missing. This I consider serious because they contain my article, "The Morning Laney Ran Naked Down a Street in Malibu," or some title like that. I admit this is not the best thing I've done but it is mine own. Since I never keep carbons of anything I write I have no copy of this thing. So would you nice people please send me another copy of CRY #138?

Charles Burbee

((You don't know how lucky you are, Mr. Burbee. I thought we were all out of #138 because of its great popularity, and I was so stricken at the thought that you did not have a copy of your article, which was largely responsible for the popularity of the issue, that I nearly sent you my own file copy. Fortunately I noticed that Dick Schultz's copy had been returned for some reason, so we are air-mailling it to you immediately. We hope this has not delayed your work on the sequel, which we have tentatively designated for the lead article in our September issue. --www))

CHEERFUL CHARLIE DeVET GIVES THANKS

768 W. Nebraska Avenue, St. Paul 17, Minnesota

June 27, 1960

Gentlemen:

Thanks for the missing pages from #138. Lucky you sent them first class, they'd never have gotten through the mail otherwise. That Burbee article was really something! I can certainly see why Laney blushed. But how could Burbee tell -- under the bed the way he was?

Thanks again,

Charles De Vet

((You're welcome. --www))

MAL ASHWORTH CRAWLS AGAIN

14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2., England
2nd July, 1960

Dear CRYman (Punishment?)(Belated punishment, of course, but still...),

Thank you for CRY No.140, and I should like to point out right away that pages 51 and 52 containing the article by Jules Verne entitled "Is Science Fiction Finished?" were missing from my copy. I am, therefore, sending you a six-foot-square metal crate in the hope that you will dispatch the missing pages in it immediately. By Air Mail, of course.

As to comment on the rest of the mag - Goshwowboyohboy.

John Berry's article - Goshwowboyohboy (echo).

THE LORED'S MANIFESTO - Goshwowboyohboy I must be dumb; I didn't get the point of it.

LEGENDS OF LANCASTER LAYABOUTS - Goshwowboyohboy, who is this crumb? Can't you get anybody better than that to write for a high-class mag like CRY? ({Yes, but they won't pay us as much. -www})

A PLOWED AND LONELY BICYCLE -Goshwowboyohboy - Anti-Gravity and Ethics; I don't understand either, but I might be able to get a grasp of Anti-Gravity if I strove hard.

THE CON THAT NEARLY WASN'T - Goshwow.

FANDOM HARVEST - Goshwowboyohboyohboy; this was wonderful, particularly the belly-buttons bit.

HWYLL - Goshwowboyohboy, this was good too; especially the lovely little bit about Elinor's dream about Miri's premonition. A Tres Formidable combination. This also made me very happy because Elinor brought up a thought that has been in my mind for some time. Everyone yells that we live in a Sick Age because We May Be Killed Any Minute, apparently overlooking the fact that exactly the same has applied at any time in the past. The possibility of sudden death is an inescapable corollary of being alive; and the fact that this may come from a Hydrogen Bomb rather than an arrow in the back or poison in a cup, or even leprosy (which would not be so sudden) seems to me hardly sufficient to make us all so 'Sick'. To the argument which will undoubtedly be advanced, if it hasn't already, that never before has the human race been threatened with extinction, there are, it seems, two answers: 1) It isn't threatened with it now either; even granting Hydrogen Bombs wiping out the whole of the human race is a job no present-day Smart Aleck could manage, regardless of what anyone says, and b) ({ "b"??? -www}) We don't feel the threatened extinction anyway; we may think about it unhappily, but we feel on a personal, not a racial, level. Kudos to Elinor for talking sense on the subject; the practice is out of fashion.

CRY OF THE READERS - Goshwowboyohboy, lots of letters and all interesting. As regards Ethel Lindsay's comment; I realised before I started that I was bound to fail in putting the Potter's on paper, and, of course, I did; but if I managed to get even a faint whiff of them across, I am content. They are incommunicable, to say the least (and say it politely too).. Dick Schultz is right too, of course, about 'old retired fen crawling from der voodwork out when they get a TAFF nomination, and perhaps the process might be tried on some of the really worthwhile 'old retired fen'. Then all we need to make us all complete is some comparable invention to encourage young, hyperactive fans to crawl to der voodvork in, and we can all take things nice and easy.
AND THERE WE ARE - Goshwowetc. A great issue.

I want to thank you all for the tremendously heartening support you gave me over TAFF. It has been fun standing, and all the more so because of people like you. As you will know by now, Eric Bentcliffe won the nomination and it couldn't have been a better result. Eric will make a very fine and a very popular delegate and I hope you will all get to meet him.

En garde - stencils!

Mal

(We will certainly be most eager to meet Eric at the Pittcon; we have been planning the lynching ever since the TAFF results were made known. Seriously, though, Eric will make a fine TAFF representative, and we look forward to meeting him, friendly-like. We'd be even happier, of course, if you could have won, too. And Sheila. and all the other fans in England, even the CRY-letterhacks. And Ireland, and the rest of Europe. And Asia, and Africa and South America, and Antarctica, and Australia, and all the islands. Now that I think of it, the only thing I have against Eric is that he was so greedy. -www})

DICK ELLINGTON CATCHES UP

P.O. Box 310, Canyon, Contra Costa Co., California

June 21, 1960

Dear Buz and Elinor with various asides in the direction of whoever gets comments on CRY:

I was going to run through some CRYs wasn't I? I have a goodly stack here, starting with No. 132 and I will attempt to keep out some of the more dated commenting on the earlier issues. It seems impossible that this soon (well, it really is in normal time-cycles) after Berry was here, I am sitting here regarding this huge stack of CRYs, the earliest of which came out after he left.

I think any comment I could make on the Berry report would be superfluous. Needless to say, it's quite up to snuff all the way through.

Wally's conrep also a fine job. I note he failed to mention that Dave Kyle -- really inadvertantly, too -- failed to introduce the only two people who would be likely to take such a thing personally; Harlan Ellison and Evelyn Paige. And of course Wally's spirits will never be lifted by the appearance of those pics in ROGUE which is a shame. The photog was well worth any trouble she caused though -- ask Nick Falasca. Likewow! But a dish. Name of Joy and though a little reserved and suspicious of the whole business she proved to be a real nice kid and lots of fun.

It's interesting that with convention-time growing closer, Squirrel and Terry are getting more distracted-looking -- I was going to say thinner, but Terry would be dead if he was any thinner and Trained Killers never lose weight. Anyway, whenever you disturb their worried reveries they just sort of look through you and mutter, "Bookends."

The Mansion Cottage yarn failed to impress me much. Sorry. And the footnote reminds me that Djinn's back in L.A. though not mingling much with the fen. Bjo relates her return and her muttering about having to go away and do some soul-searching to which Bjo replied, "Now think, Djinn, where did you see it last?"

FANDOM HARVEST remains one of the high spots in CRY for me. In my own tongue-tied way I am a Terry Carr fan, but don't let the bastard know it or he'll get a swelled head.

I'm damned if I can figure out your various positions on the '61 con. Like sex, you seem to have 52, but I'm all for it.

We are (I'm reading the letter column and damn the bloodhounds if you can't follow my train of thought) teaching Ron Ellick to play poker. Of course he won the first time he played but as Donaho keeps telling me, with a worried look in his eye, it was just a fluke. He'll fall next time. ((You mean you fell for "Full-House" Ellick's old gag about not knowing how to play poker? -www))

Nirenberg on Meeting Andy Young is a gasser. If he wasn't so damned good natured in person it would be lovely to have somebody pull all of those on him at one time, just to see what would happen. Piper's Pfeifferisms are really funny -- I think one per issue would be not-too-much to demand.

Heinlein's own little starry-eyed neo-fascistic mish-mosh is only exceeded by Art Rapp's defense of same. Especially the support of this bit about full citizenship reserved for those who are honorably discharged vets. Oof! On the other hand, as far as I'm concerned there is no logical reason for any such thing as forced draft of men into the armed services in a democracy (so-called or for real). It's all very well to talk about making sure every one Does His Bit, but hell, if the people don't think the whole thing is worth fighting over and won't volunteer, then obviously, regardless of what the mucky-mucks in Washington think, it isn't worth fighting for. I think a really jim-dandy way of making decisions as to going-to-war-or-not would be to put it to a vote, restricting said vote to only those men who would then actually be drafted. Rather pointless for this to be called democracy when a majority forces a minority to fight for it, especially when you consider the number of men eligible to be drafted in proportion to the total voting population, and it's even more hilarious (yeah, a real scream) when you consider that the first draft is of those who aren't old enough to vote at all. Ho-ho, I'm in stitches. On my third hand (I'm talented) I agree with Rapp about the training being completely inadequate to equip him to deal with life in a Chinese POW camp. But I think the armed forces are totally incapable, under their present organizational setup, of even making a start at teaching Joe Blow off the street the extremely difficult talent of being able to cooperate with your fellow man whenever necessary and still retain withing yourself the necessary self-sufficiency and inner-directed mentallity necessary for mental

survival in such circumstances, particularly when everything else in Joe Blow's civilization counteracts this.

Let's clamber over to #134 before this gets out of hand. Re Keen Blue etc.: It wouldn't really be necessary for New York fandom to stop feuding for them to put on a successful world con but merely for one group among them to become strong enough and well-knit enough to put on said con themselves, providing the others would forego sticking their paws into it.

Boy, this Franson just doesn't believe in nobody, does he?

I really think Terry and the Squirrel should live up to their own Frankenstein monster and start a real tower of bheercans to the moon.

#135: A very nice ATom cover which I do heartily applaud. Actually the best way for Berry to meet Bloch would have been to have him assume his sometime famous pose in a straight chair with Harlan Ellison on his knee, looking amazingly like -- say Edgar Bergen and Charlie Macarthy, or Arthur Prince and Sailor Jim -- any ventriloquist with an evil-minded, well-dressed dummy.

Warner makes his completely far-out idea highly believable with writing -- I mean Writing that continues to coggle me. I liked it. Hal Lynch also kind of funny. I wish these crazy Philadelphians would write more -- they are a damnably funny bunch of people when they get wound up, particularly Will Jenkins (the other Will Jenkins) who I personally consider to be one of fandom's greatest in-person wits, if not the greatest.

On to No. 136 -- are you still with me?

I agree with you about 100% or so Buz on your suggestions for reworking TAFF rules.

I must be running dry -- the lettercolumn leaves me with nothing to say, and #137 is missing. I couldn't move from here to look for 137 if my life depended on it so you can relax that that's out of the way.

#138 (we're getting close to daylight). It's now June 23. C'est la silly damn life. That's quite a cover -- a very nice job, too, by the by, and a switch away from the run of space art and fannish odds and ends that's nice to see.

I really don't see what you found so All-Fired Dangerous in Nick's piece. (Of course not -- we cut those parts. -FMB) It was good clean fun, and I thought it was a little too quiet if anything. Ashworth is superb. I hope the not-winning of TAFF won't mean a stop to all this fannishness of his. Piper again comes up with a gem.

Actually, I wasn't sorry to hear that Eric Bentcliffe won TAFF this year though I would have preferred MalAsh. For that matter even Sandy wouldn't have been a bad choice. On the other hand, unless there are some drastic revisions of the rules or, on the other hand, unless next year's slate of US fen are all trufen, I am giving up supporting the campaign from this side. I won't do any campaigning against it, but neither will I yok it up, give it any free ads, run any free ballots, or vote in it myself.

Sorry for running on like this but it's the sad process of getting caught up that does it..

Alors,

Dick

THE RETURN OF ELLA PARKER

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn. N.W.6. London, England
June 16th. 60.

Dear CRYsissies; (Alright, what is the plural of CRYsis?)

Much as I am aware it will upset you, I feel it no more than my duty to write and let you know what I thought of the last issue received by me of your fanzine, namely CRY#139.

I've run out of superlatives to describe John's TGGW. I still say you are doing him a diservice if you insist on using the same stencils for the book version as used in CRY. To publish it in bookform with all the defects to be found in it will detract from it to some extent. (What do you want, a fresh batch of defects just for the book? -www)

Terry was a bit daring in his attempts at prophecy. According to Terry I'm going to have to find something else to do with my spare time instead of using it to write letters to you lot; it's bad enough writing and being insulted for my trouble without wasting my time writing to a fanzine that will bs defunct. There will, no doubt, be an autopsy. It's bound to be a violent death for CRY.

I'd got so tired of hearing folk tell me how well Mal could write, it's a real pleasure to find out for myself that all they said on the subject is true.

Once more the Sec. Treas. talks about his Pres. in a most disrespectful manner. (You never did tell me how the club got its name???) ({It's to be explained in the September issue. -www})

Again Buz talks and to good purpose. Thank ghod we don't seem to have been subjected to the same kind of things as have been happening in the States, but I think you could have taken this a bit further than you did, Buz. A couple of things for which 'fannishness' is made the excuse over here and which I, personally, dislike are slovenliness and, in too many cases, downright bad manners. I cannot see why informality should be mistaken for license to be rude or boorish in behaviour. In their way I consider them to be every bit as bad and inexcusable as the examples quoted by you. About the only thing I do in fandom that I wouldn't dream of doing in 'mundania' is the practice of using first names on short acquaintance or even when I've never met the people to whom I'm writing.

I deny any responsibility for Ethel having bought herself an electric duplicator. On the evening she made the purchase I wasn't even in the house; I had to go and visit a friend who was in the hospital (no, I didn't put her there). When I got back the poor salesman had been and gone, but to say I had anything to do with it would be a lot less than the truth.

Les Nirenberg's letters are a tonic! I just beat him to the comment "here we go again," when I saw he'd taken up John's plane ride for one of his anecdotes. Long may he receive and comment on CRY.

Bob Lichtman: You'd be surprised the things I take to bed with me. I've been known to take my type-writer, books of various kinds and even cups of tea; you mean this kind of thing isn't natural behaviour? Oh well, I must be plain unatural (alright, WWW. plain and unatural). ({That's another punch-line you've cheated me out of. Now stop it! -www})

Odd thing, Len Moffatt's letter, short tho' it is, reads more like Sid Birchby than Len. This could mean that at last I've gone completely round the bend. Not to worry about me, I'm happy.

Hmn, a letter from ATHomson! Look, I know Arthur well, and it's about time you people really knew what and how he does look like. F'rinstance, he's a mediumly built, well stacked man around....um thirtyeightish. Dresses well, and smokes cigarettes as if he'd just heard that they were about to stop making them. He likes to drink, doesn't mind what he eats, within reason and including breakfast....and, ghoddam it I just don't know the color of his eyes though I'd guess a greyblue. He wears spectacles and a quizzical expression on his face. He's outstandingly outspoken, a sort of take me as you find me attitude, and when he wants to, he makes you hear him. Inside he's very quick to take hurt, though he'd rather die than show this. He has a heart of gold and hides this (the miser). He's also somebody that can take a good joke and humour. Yeah, for my money, Arthur is alright....but don't tell him I told you so or he'll bite my head off for telling you. ({Gee, he sounds a little like somebody I've heard described before.-www})

June 22nd. 60.

Hi!

Before reading CRY #140 I riffled through the pages gloating over the feast of fun in store, and all of a sudden I caught sight of the illo heading CotR. I nearly fell out of bed and broke my neck I laughed so much at it. ({Gosh, just a little something I dashed off. -www}) Oh Wally, that's a wicked takeoff. ({Aww, shucks, 'twasn't nothin', gee.wv}) Excruciatingly funny! ({Well, I did rather think it had a humorous twist to it at that. -www}) Brilliant! ({Well, actually I can hardly help but be otherwise, but I was rather inspired. -www}) A self portrait, of course? ({Well naturally I patterned...uh, that is, er, uh.... but ... OH GRRRR!!! -www})

Page 3 seems to be getting shorter and shorter each time round, but as long as it still bears the inimitable style of Buz I can't really complain.

Ah, the last chapter of TGGW. I doubt John will ever equal this, let alone surpass it. Good for you John and many thanks for sharing it with us in as much detail as you did.

I didn't much like Joy's Conreport, and yet, I can't quite put my finger on why this should be so. One correction I must make; I've never had anything to do with putting on any previous Conventions, and come to that I didn't have anything to do with putting this

one on, either. All I did was help out the same as a lot of other people did. Admitted, there seemed to be a jinx on it this year (no, Weber, it's name wasn't Parker), but all things considered I think things went off better than Joy's report would lead you to believe. And I wish she'd quit making these jokes about Inchmery having taken over either the LC or the BSFA. She knows, none better, there are too many people around prepared to give credence to such an idea. It's a joke in rather poor taste, and I see later in the lettercol Sanderson giving voice to much the same kind of cracks. So, just for the record, if anyone thinks that Inchmery had anything to do with me becoming secretary of the BSFA or chairman of the SFCL I suggest they ask the membership of either body and they'll find out differently.

"Fandom Harvest" had me in stitches this time. When I was reading of Miriam's pre-occupation with bellybuttons it made me wonder if she had ever seen one of ATom's BEMs with the hairy ones, and to see they actually received one was perfect.

Oh, CotR already and that illo again! The opening para of Mal's letter was a real dilly, he really seems to be getting into his stride, at last. By the look of the last half of his letter he broke into a gallop! Why stop at half the truth, Mal? You didn't tell Wally of my talent for chewing nails and spitting rust; nor yet that I chew planks and spit saw-dust. Ashworth, with you for a friend I don't need Weber for an enemy. Sheila, tell them I didn't call you what Mal says I did; you are about the only person I was polite to. Of course, if that husband of yours doesn't recognise when I'm being polite can I be blamed for it? Pshaw!

I loved that throw-away-line in rich brown's letter: "Franson's piece is so magnificent it's a wonder I didn't think of it first."

I was really stumped at Mike Deckinger's attempts to justify theft on any scale and for any reason. He must have written that with tongue well in cheek, didn't he? Too often the idea seems to be that if the concern being robbed is a large one the guilt is felt to be less. The government always seems to be fair game for these kind of people and they consider it to be some sort of game only slightly unfair but not downright illegal. Theft is theft and can't be excused no matter from who one steals, and to lay the blame for it on the shoulders of society is begging the question.

I shudder at the picture conjured up by Dick Schultz's letter. A rat, 6ft. tall!! Some kind of mutation, I s'pose? Time someone drew your fangs, and I don't want the job.

Enclosed for your amusement are a couple of pics showing some of your British readers. I tried to find you a better one of Arthur but all the others have him among a cluster of other folk; he can hardly be seen. ({Gee, Ella, did you notice how you and ATom look like twins in that picture? If you'd only have been holding a glass, too, I'd have been sure of it. By the way, just how complete are the birth records pertaining to you and ATom, huh? -www~})

Yours sinSERELY.

Ella

BILL MALLARDI REGAINS HIS SANITY

214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron 13, Ohio

WHAAG!!

THE PAST MONTH I WAS STRICKEN WITH A SEVERE ATTACK OF "CRYITIS"--WITH ALL OF ITS HORRIBLE STAGES. AT FIRST IT WASN'T TOO BAD, WITH SLIGHT SWEATING, WORRYING, WONDERING, WAITING OUT THE LOONG GRIND...THINKING TO MYSELF..."PRETTY SOON NOW...ANY DAY...IT'S GOTTA COME!"...BUT AS THE DAYS WORE ON INTO WEEKS WITH NO RELIEF IN SIGHT, IT WORSENERED, AND THE SECOND STAGE SYMPTOMS SET IN...MUMBLING TO MYSELF, STARING INTO NOWHERE WITH UNSEEING EYES...HOT & COLD FLASHES ALL OVER...FEVERISH BROWS, AND FROTHING AT THE MOUTH....AND AS I STUMBLED OUT EVERY DAY TO THE MAILBOX WITH HOPE ON MY FLUSHED FACES, UTTERING..."IT MUST BE THERE...WHERE IS IT???...I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!...MY LETTER...GOTTA BE PUBBED...BUT IT'S NOT THERE!! AAAAAARRRGGHHH!!!" TURNING SLOWLY, TEARS IN MY THREE BLOODSHOT, BLEARY EYES, BABBLING INCOHERENTLY, I CRAWLED BACK TO MY HOLE.

THIS WENT ON FOR WEEKS, UNTIL ONE NITE MY WEAKENED BRAIN SNAPPED FROM THE STRAIN, AND THE MUCH FEARED THIRD STAGE HIT ME WHILE I WORKED. NO MATTER WHAT AISLE I PUT UP STOCK IN, I SCREAMED, RANTED, & RAVED THW WHOLE NIGHT, SUCH THINGS AS..."FHANDHOM...GAFIA...WWW...CRY-HACKS...GHU VS ROSCOE....LETTERSACOMMENTS...CHIPMONKS....LETTUCE....HHAAAAALLPPPP!!!"

BEFORE THEY COMMITTED ME INTO THE ASYLUM WITH THE STRAIGHT-JACKET AND BARRED CELL, I BEGGED THEM TO GIVE ME JUST ONE MORE DAY, 24 MORE HOURS TO REGAIN MY SANITY...ONE MORE CHANCE TO LIVE!! I PLEADED ON MY KNEES, MY PROPELLER BEANIE ALL AWRY, UNTIL THEY FINALLY RELENTED FOR ONE MORE DAY. BACK IN MY LAIR I WAS A RESTLESS BEM, OOZING BACK & FORTH FOR HOURS UNTIL THE SCREECH OF OUR MAILMAN'S BRAKES REGISTERED ON MY DELERIOUS MIND...I HEADED BLINDLY FOR THE DOOR, EYES WIDE, NOSTRIL DILATED, LIPS FOAM-FLECKED, AS I AUTOMATICALLY DRAGGED MYSELF BY MY FINGERNAILS ACROSS THE GREEN LAWN TO THE MAILBOX...FEEBLY OPENED ITAND AS MY DOPED EYES REGISTERED BRIEFLY I SCREAMED IN ECSTASY.. "THE CRY! IT'S FINALLY COME!!" BUBBLING HAPPILY, I STUMBLED BACK TO MY ABODE, LOOKING FOR A KNIFE! GLANCING AT MY NAME I SAW NO SUB NO. AFTER IT--MY HEARTS SANK--"MUST HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE"--MY SHAKEN MIND THOT--I SENT THEM MONEY. AHH, BUT WAIT! IT SEZ HERE LACK OF A NO. MEANS I GOT A FREE ONE! EUREKA!! GHODD GHOD!!! I'VE DONE IT! CRASHED THE "CAPITAL" BARRIER! THEY DID PRINT MY LETTER! HOO-RAY!! I FAIRLY LEAPED IN THE AIR & CLICKED MY LOWER PSUEDO-PODS! "MAY THE CRY-EDS NEVER KNOW GAFIA! MAY THEY DWELL IN ROSCOES' FAANISH HEAVEN FOR ALL TIME! MAY CHIPMONKS NEVER DIE!!", I YELLED HAPPILY. GRABBING A BUTCHER KNIFE, I ATTACKED THE STAPLES FURIOUSLY, NEARLY RIPPING OFF THE WHOLE LAST PAGE IN MY HASTE. (AND MY LEFT HAND, TOO!) FLIPPING THRU THE PAGES I SEARCHED FRANTICALLY FOR MY LETTER--WHERE IS IT??WHERE??? I CAN'T FIND IT!! (Look in the Letter-Column, you nut! -www)) UGH!!!! THERE IT IS! JUST LOOK AT THOSE MIND-CROGGING CAPITALS! WEBER SURE WAS BRAVE TO PRINT SOMETHING LIKE THAT!! BUT, THEN, HE SHORE CUT OUT A LOT, TOO. 'TAS MUCH LOONGER THAN THAT--AND MY BEAUTIFUL (?) "BROKEN-HEARTED MALLARDI" PUN--HE EDITED THAT OUT, TOO! GROAANN!! JUST WHO DOES WEBER THINK HE IS?? CUTTING UP MY WUNNERFUL LETTER LIKE THAT???! HUH?? (Just the editor of a letter column editor who has decided to offer, as a sort of booby prize, the opportunity of being mailed to Ella Parker with an "I am Wally Weber" tattoo to some lucky CRY reader. -www)) OH, SO SORRY! YOU FHABULOUS CRY-ED, YOU! I PROMISE I WON'T TALK LIKE THAT ANY MORE!! 'S OK?? THIS CAPITALISTIC BEM IS REALLY & TRUELY SORRY!! SORRY I'VE EVEN STARTED THIS MESS! AND ALSO SORRY I HAVEN'T ANY MORE LETTUCE TO GIVE YOU FOR A WHILE EITHER. AND SO, OFF I GO, INTO THE HAZY SUNSET, A SORRY MESS OF GOO, WAITING FOR THE NEXTISH OF CRY! REGARDS, BEMMICALLY

BILL

KEN POTTER IS DELIBERATELY INSULTING

1 Dunsmure Rd, Stamford Hill, London N16. ENGLAND

Dear Witless Wally and all you other creatures.

Yes, that's right, I am being deliberately insulting. (May I suggest you head this letter "KEN POTTER IS DELIBERATELY INSULTING") But do not presume to compare me with all those weirdos who write to you regularly. (Heavens, no! You write to us very irregularly. -www)) They seem to insult you for pleasure, but I have a Good Reason for my ire. You have violated my ethics. Yes, and flagrantly, too. If I had run a series of articles about you and your associates, written by one of your favourite drinking companions, I would have sent you a copy of the thing even if I'd never heard of you. Still, everybody isn't as High Minded as me. Therefore, allowing for the fact that your ethics are primitive, I have decided not to swear an eternal vendetta. Instead, I have sent Berry money for a few issues of Cry, and provided I get them, I will try to keep ahead of my sub by hacking letters. I borrowed Ella Parker's copies of Crys 139 and 140, and I am in a position to state that Mr. Ashworth's articles are substantially true. Not that I supposed you cared. But I will maintain with my last breath that you should have sent me the things. I am not angry, just terribly terribly hurt. Peeved.

In retaliation for your baseness, I would refuse to comment on the Crys I have read, were it not for the fact that I enjoyed them, and you didn't expect me to comment anyway, and you won't give a damn wether I do or don't, and I don't really hate you because I've forgiven you, and I would rather insult you than keep quiet. So I will comment.

I enjoyed them.

I don't suppose you have any spare copies of 139 and 140 for me, and I don't suppose you'd adopt my morality instead of yours if you had, in spite of the fact that your morality is but beebble and mine is better than yours, see. But to attone for your sins, you might insert a note in your next issue stating that I am ready to open negotiations with anyone in your audience who does not mind relinquishing his copies.

You know why Bentcliffe won TAFF, don't you? It was retribution for this dastardly omission of yours. Mend your ways, I say.

With muted snarling,

Ken

ANYTHING BUT NAME AND ADDRESS, ANYWAY. DONALD FRANSON

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor,

July 10, '60

I have been reading your magazine for over two years, and ababababababa...

Comment on CRY #141 seems in order here, instead of commenting on YANDRO or SPECULATIVE REVIEW or other goshwow items. I see you have a new cover artist, Ray Nelson. Is this the Radell Nelson of Vizigraph fame? ({Yes. -www})

First, issues appear in which pages are missing, then the covers change to monochrome, then plans are announced to publish "monthly except for September, etc." Perhaps it is time for all us rats to desert the sinking ship. Do you realize you plan on no issue of CRY the very moment that CRY will perhaps win the Hugo award and Seattle the con bid for 1961? What timing! ((Well, how would you celebrate? -www))

Terry Carr's Solacon report was excellent. It didn't seem like the same con that I attended, somehow, but I enjoyed reading about it. The incidents and conversation were entertaining.

The presence of a few uncorrected typos toward the end of the article indicates that Jim Webbert was rushed. Everything is rush these days -- Boggs is even coming out monthly -- the pressure, the tension, I'm cracking up -- WHY DON'T YOU GO BIMONTHLY? (A serious suggestion.) And get an art editor. Really now, CRY is a crudzine. I like it, though.

Minutes by Wally Weber. Cartoons by Wally Weber. Lettercol by Wally Weber. If only he and GMCarr would leave town, the CRY would improve, I read somewhere.

And now to science fiction. I have a one-word review of "Drunkard's Walk": Bah! When I started to read the Plow, I thought I ought to finish the last few pages of DW first. I had read to page 166 of part two and got stuck; I often get sidetracked and don't finish something. It didn't take long to finish it and read Pemby and agree with him. I have some comments to add. The plot is the worn standard Modern Science Fiction one of boy-meets-revolution. Pohl adds gadgets and ideas, and proceeds to prove his case by a few cute poems. "Strike the twos and strike the threes, the sieve of Eratosthenes," I remember. I don't know what it means, but I remember it. The main objection I have to DW is a chronic one: I don't like the main character enough to care what happens to him. At least Courtenay was a likable schnook -- "Gravy Planet" was far superior. I really didn't give a damn if what's-his-name committed suicide or not. However, a secondary character, with his foibles and all, appealed, and he gets killed off. The ending is sound and fury, and reads like the ending to a bad movie -- everything is a mess right up to the very end, then amid the wreckage everything is Straightened Out, too quickly for belief. The TV school scene is reminiscent of "John Jones' Dollar," but then it was science fiction.

I am glad to see Berry still in the CRY every issue. # "The Cuckoo Crumbles" is reminiscent of Mal Ashworth. # If the cartoons are not always good, just remember, old CRY readers, the goshawful humorless "illos" that used to appear in the CRY a few years ago. Even Garcone looked good, compared to them. Nirenberg, Wanshel, Reiss, etc. are a great improvement.

Readers of the CRY: do you realize that this Cry of the Readers has ordinary, normal letter headings? The last CRY, that is. This CRY better have something smashing. Like, well, er...anything but name and address, anyway. I like to see these inserts that end with a babble, "www". It used to be a Bronx cheer, "BRT". However, there is one in a certain slapstick contemporary of yours, in which every answer is ended with a BOP.

Les Nirenberg: You asked me to classify you. You are a "hoax." Not a real hoax, but a "hoax."

Harry Warner, Jr: I don't think Campbell is hoaxing, though it sure sounds like it, for this reason: In 1934 he wrote a story for Astounding, called "The Irrelevant", in which he defied the law of conservation of energy in much the same words as he used in the recent defense of the Dean Drive. Of course he could have been using his stock of thoughts to bolster up a hoax.

Betty Kujawa: I count three people in the current CRY who say they don't get ASF any more, though two of them go on to say they read F&SF. I just subscribed, though, so JWC needn't worry. I'm tired of fighting the battle of the newsstands, and there are only a few mags left, so I did it, I got them all, every one. I'll regret it, I know.

Bob Lichtman: I know the reason you reread "Tombaugh Station" was to dig the fanisms, but it sounds funny out of context: "Reading the story through the second time I find I didn't particularly care for it." Reminds me of the time LASFS was discussing a restaurant for the Fanquet, and someone said, "I go there often, and the food is lousy."

Mal Ashworth: There are about 150 different magazines being published over here, but most of them are fanzines.

Yours,

Donald Franson

MIKE DECKINGER, THE UNTYPICAL IDIOT

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.

Dear Hearts,

7/10/60

The quality of CRY's covers are declining I feel. From the well drawn, but unhomorous Bjo cover last time, to the fairly well drawn, but still pretty unhomorous Nelson cover again. Howcum if this guy with the suitcases has travelled about on Venus, Mars, and Mercury, the clerk wants him to sign with a quill pen? ((So he can register, of course. -www))

The news that CRY will skip its September issue leaves me stunned. Are you trying to destroy fandom or something? ((Certainly! -FMB))

"I Heard the Beat of Fannish Drums" was good, and the only trouble is that I, too, heard the beat of fannish drums, about 3-1/2 weeks ago when I read the same report in Shorrock's SPACE DIVERSIONS.

Your analysis of the Dean Drive, skimpy though it was, proved to be extremely interesting, and I'm sorry you didn't delve into it more thoroughly. But at least it's a good start.

I think you were entirely justified in your action on the Rickhardt/Berry Fund matter, and I won't complain this time about questioning fans' ethics.

Berry's "Officer's Mess" wasn't bad, but after finishing TGGW it was a sort of let-down to encounter such a skimpy peice. But John, please do write of the 15 year old German girl in your bivouac. The readers demand it -- don't let them down...

One final point on the editorial about fans/crimes. Have you ever read "Les Miserables"? And would you say that Jean Valjean, who was a petty thief, was guilty, and payed for his crime? ((Yeh, and in those days they executed petty thieves, and nowadays we parole murderers to try again. -FMB))

Ashworth's article was the best one in this series I've read. How I'd have loved to see that play!

Wanshell's CRACKERJACKS wasn't too good, but then I kept comparing it to Nirenberg's earlier "Peanuts" parodies which were so much better. On the other hand "I'm not beat" was most enjoyable, and I wonder what Donaho's reaction to it will be.

Ok, all you UPA lovers, before you go for your guns I'll say that I do enjoy Mr. Magoo a bit, though not as much as other cartoon characters, and I definitely do think he is better than the other UPA features. Well not Gerald Mcboing-boing perhaps, but then what can be better than Gerald Mcboing-boing?

Bob Smith: If corporals are the backbone of the Army, in what anatomical region would you classify Sergeants?

Jeff Wanshel: you know, I never realized till now the similarity between your name, Raeburn's and Nirenberg, but now that you have clued me into the truth, I feel like one of the enlightened ones. How you get them to appear at cons, though, I'll never know.

Joe Patrizio: the fallacy of your statement that "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" is that if this is your case, a man with a reasonably high sense of ethics would do nothing to intervene if he saw a robber breaking into a bank, for instance, because he would realize that this robber must possess a lower set of ethics than him, and since he has sworn not to interfere with anyone else's code, well he'll just walk away. Is this what we want? I shudder to think of the outcome if all policeman casually decided they had no business in interfering with a lawbreaker's

code of ethics. ((Oh, but you have the picture all wrong. Let me straighten you all out. The man with a reasonably high sense of Patrizio-type ethics is loitering around this bank -- not casing it, I hope, or this whole theory of mine is shot before it gets off the ground. Anyway he sees this robber breaking into a bank. Here is where our story differs -- the loiterer reasons that the robber, breaking into the bank is interfering with the code of ethics of the President of the Bank who feels it is unethical for anyone to break into his bank. Referring back to Patrizio's First Law of Ethics, the loiterer realizes that the robber can not have a code of ethics for the simple reason that he is interfering with the ethics of another. So he walks away because he is a coward, not because he has ethics. -www))

Walter, MAD does run ads, real ones, too. I remember when they ran the ad for solid gold cuff links, for only \$57 a set, and as they reported in a later issue, only one person took advantage of the ad. On the other hand, the What-Me-Worry T-Shirts are the biggest rage around here, and you should see all the people who go about wearing them.

You know Wally, you've opened up new vistas to me. Perhaps I am an untypical idiot. But then how would this differ from a typical idiot? If it is completely the opposite, that would make everyone who is not a typical idiot, an untypical idiot. Do you think that you're a typical idiot, Wally? And how do you like the tables being turned on you? ((Splut-splutter-grumpf. I think our ethics are clashing, old buddy. -www))

About the film PSYCHO, after seeing it twice I must report that I could find no fan-nish allusions in it. Even the reference to a traveling salesman (obviously Lynn Hickman) who left a science fiction magazine in a bathroom has been removed. But it's an excellent film just the same -- don't miss it.

Say, where was "Hwyll" this time? ((The column was getting too popular -- rivalling the Minutes and the Lettercol. We pulled her fingernails out, so she didn't feel like doing another column right away. -www))

Bob Lichtman gives a very accurate picture of the negro dwellings. These people only care about the automobiles, and think nothing of the condition that the houses are in. ((We whites are much superior. Those of us who lived at Swampouse never cared about the condition of our automobiles. -www))

Rich Brown: So that's what MFFYF means... Very sage words, too.

DON'T GIVE AWAY THE ENDING, IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

BILL DONAHO WITH MORE ABOUT ETHICS

1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

Dear CRY,

July 19, 1960

Terry's Solacon Report was superb. Didn't Willis say that it was the best con report he had ever seen?

Berry was amusing, but not as good as he has been. But after TGGW, what can you expect?

Malash was again top notch. Jeff Wanshel was good. Best cartoon I've seen from him.

The true highlight this issue however was J. Les Piper. Such genius! Such keen portrayal! Such universal insight! A masterpiece! An undoubted masterpiece. Damn it, it was funny.

A lot of people seemed to misunderstand my point about different systems of ethics. I certainly did not mean that a different system of ethics was conventional ethics somewhat watered down. Unless you believe that ethics are marals (i.e. sanctioned by God), there is certainly much room for differences of standards. And even if you do believe that, you can still recognize that the other fellow is sincere according to his lights.

I don't know any ethical person who steals from a department store or a supermarket because these places "can afford it". I do know ethical people who will steal from institutions and not from people. On the other hand they make demands on themselves that conventional ethics do not. One fellow who shoplifts regularly will share anything and everything he has with someone needier than he is. I saw him once give his one and only coat away; it was zero weather, too. At the same time he did not make me uncomfortable because

I didn't give mine away. He has ethics that are far harder to live up to than conventional ethics, and he lives up to them. I know a lot of people like this.

I think that this is again a matter of conditioning. People are so used to the standards of conventional ethics that any deviation from these standards is automatically considered unethical rather than an example of another system of ethics. Of course 99 times out of a hundred it is unethical, but not always. Of course someone who has unconventional ethics can not and does not expect to be patted on the head because of it. This is not what I am interested in, either. I would like people to think before/instead of reacting according to their conditioning, however.

Another point entirely. I've known people who shoplifted from stores not because they had different ethics, but because they had weak conventional ethics. Not one out of a hundred of them would steal from a friend. That is a different category entirely. I do like and get along with people who I consider ethically weak but who I know won't steal from me. I may not respect them too much, but I see no reason to condemn them. It's none of my business. If they are somewhat more unethical I won't associate with them, but still won't condemn them. When they start harming other people, that's a different story, then I both condemn and try to interfere. But I, too, distinguish between people and institutions and between harming and inconveniencing.

And how dare you miss a month! It's just not done. ((Now, Bill, don't condemn us. We just have a different system of ethics is all. -www))

Best,

Bill

BOB SMITH IS FREEZING DOWN UNDER

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia

Dear CryEds:

12th July 1960

Some comments on Cry 141: That's a really natty cover by Nelson -- that traveller sure gets around. Hell yes, go ahead and have a rest, CryEds; you sure deserve one. Terry Carr's SolaCon Report was very interesting, even if it was sorta oldish now. It had the flavour of Berry when he was writing about the Detention in "The Goon Goes West." Buz's prozine reviews helpful and interesting, as usual. My Ghod, more John Berry! Doesn't the man ever sleep or whatever? His output is fantastic. "Officer's Mess" was the most. I liked Mal's piece this time, also the Piper cartoon.

Luverly, 19 pages of comments! You know this letter-column is awfully quiet. It's too quiet; something is brewing. The false calm before somebody Takes Over, maybe? Boyd Raeburn: Too right, mate; that riddle of yours sounds like me commenting on the army. However, there are a couple of ways one might interpret that sentence, one of which is a trifle bawdy so we won't bother with that one. Translated into Mundane, we have: "Bonzer (good) screw (means money in this instance), crook (bad, lousy is the meaning here) tucker (generic title for food of any description)." Re the previous riddle: "The grouse sheila with the joker in the groppy mocker was crook on the plonk" -- would be interested to know where you got the words "groppy mocker" from? "Mocker" could be a derivation of "bocker" which is Australian slang for the English "Bowler" hat or the American "Derby", but "groppy" -- never heard of it. The rest of the sentence is typical Aussie slang, but I'm not gonna tell everyone in the Cry; let 'em puzzle it over for a while. Betty Kujawa: except you, of course. Write me and I'll tell all. Actually, I'm getting all sneaky over these, because it took me about four letters to find out from Lichtman what MFFYF! means. Puckapunyal is just as real as I am, Betty. In the Winter it's the most miserable, wettest, windiest hole in the whole Antipodes, so naturally the army has a camp there. As a military area it does not appear on the larger maps, but about 60 miles north-east of Melbourne there is the hamlet of Seymour, some six miles from Puckapunyal. The name comes from the Aborigines, of course, but they (wisely) have not lived around here for many, many years. It means, roughly, "Place of Winds". Wally Weber: You know, some times I wonder about my existence. I'm pretty sure Puckapunyal exists 'cause right now the place is damn near freezing my feet off, but me...after all, I get letters from Alan Dodd, and if he doesn't exist...it's a problem, alright.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

BOYD RAE BURN AND THE GROPPY MOCKER
LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #141

Terry Carr's Solacon report must have timeless qualities, for even at this late date it reads very well. Occasionally, though, I wonder whether Terry attended an alternate dimension version of the Solacon. In my dimension I stayed at the Alexandria, where the con was being held, not at any "nearby hotel", and I remember that coffee-shop session very clearly, and at "my" con Walt Liebscher didn't talk to me, but whizzed right by, in a fast blur. Otherwise the con Terry describes was the same as the one I attended.

I no longer read Galaxy regularly, but I did read the August issue, and I'm slightly aghast that penetrating critic Busby takes such a kind view of it. While the issue as a whole struck me as pretty nothing, I thought that "Sordman the Protector" was a pretty ghastly thing. Unoriginal, and so derivative that it was almost a plagiarism on a previous story or stories on the same theme, and here Buz almost flips over it. I croggle. Also, I creeb a little.

Both Ashworth and Nirenberg were very good. The Berry item was most fine.

DeKlinger says, "I still maintain that too much of one thing is not good". Why? And then goes on to say "and the complete assininity of anyone questioning the veracity of that statement is croggling." I say that the complete assininity of anyone who believes implicitly in cliches, bromides, proverbs, and pat sayings, is croggling.

Betty Kujawa: The "South Bend JB-9" in Tucker's "To the Tombaugh Station" is not clear to me either, but here's a possible clue: Tucker used to own a Studebaker. Studebakers are made in South Bend, are they not? "The grouse sheila with the joker in the groppy mocker was crook on the plonk". I applaud your effort, and you were partly right. Translation is: "The (goodlooking)(pretty)(goshwow) girl with the fellow in the sharp clothes was sick on the (cheap wine)(booze)." The sentence is Northern New Zealand dialect, and while "sheila" is certainly borrowed from Australian slang, I don't know whether any of the other terms are also found in Australian slang. "Mocker" (pronounced "mockah") is of Arabic origin, I believe, as is "bint" which is not at all uncommon, and, indeed, the sentence could also have been written: "The grouse bint with the joker...." Or, "The groppy sheila with the joker in the grouse mocker...." in which case "grouse" would simply mean "goshwow". "Crook" is an interesting term. In the sentence, it meant simply "sick". But if one were to say "The bint went crook..." it would mean that the girl expressed anger or indignation. On the other hand, if one were to say "Jack Speer is crook on the plonk" that could mean, not that Speer is sick from drinking too much, but that Speer is an ardent prohibitionist. Complex, isn't it?

Boyd

IAN McAULAY, DOWN TWO IN ONE-UPMANSHIP

Ballycorus Grange, Kilternan, Co. Dublin. Eire
10th. July 1960

Dear Elinor,

Many thanks for sending me Crys 137, 138 and 139. You wrote and said you were filled with rue, RUE, because they hadn't been sent out when they should. I think this was just a ruses to lull me into a false sense of security, because issue 140 hasn't turned up yet!!

You at the CRY are causing me great grief! Every time I see Walt Willis, he works a one-upmanship ploy on me by asking if I've got the latest CRY yet. Even at the best of times, he gets his CRY before I get mine, due, no doubt, to some illicit influence with the Post Office; but when he asks if I've got the CRY before the last, it's too much, I tell you! So please, PLEASE, put my name back on the list.

'Bye and Best,

Ian McAulay

DAVID B. WILLIAMS CAN'T ESCAPE

714 Dale Street, Normal, Illinois

Dear Cry-type people:

July 8, 1960

Sigh... I thought that by resorting to the degrading act of actually paying money for Cry I could escape writing letterocomments, but, alas, I can't restrain the urge. So....

#141 was larger than the last three issues or so, even without the Berry epic. I note that you plan to skip the September ish. Could this be the first sign of Terry Carr's

prediction coming true? Creeping lethargy is settling in on the Nameless Ones!

"I heard the sound of Fannish Drums" is one of the best examples of a fandom within a fandom that I have seen. Namely, the only time science fiction was mentioned to any extent was when Carr stopped and realized with a shock that he was actually at an s-f con. This was also one of the best write-ups on a con that I have seen, business or faanish angle.

"The strange case of William C. Rickhardt" was saddening, but "Legends of Lancaster Layabouts" made up for it. John Berry's article didn't strike me as having much to do with fandom, but if Cry is going to publish articles of this nature I hope you run the one about John and the 15 year old German girl -- it sounds rather interesting.

I must agree with R. C. Rowe in that no really NEW angle has turned up in s-f in recent years -- nothing as big as time travel, shrinking people, space drives, or aliens. In fact, much of the stuff now in the prozines isn't really s-f or even fantasy. It's more "social" or "prophetic" fiction, or just rehashing of old ideas.

Yours,

David B. Williams

NANCY THOMPSON EXPLAINS ABOUT "THOMEE"

3616 Panola, Ft. Worth 3, Texas

Poor Wally,

7-8-60

Are you confused? ({Yes. -www}). Allow me to set the record straight. "Thomee" is my alter-ego, who gets loose sometimes and wreaks havoc in my otherwise orderly life. I herewith disclaim any responsibility for her future actions.

"Thomee" suffers under the delusion that she can write, but she doesn't suffer half as much as the poor jokers who accidentally get exposed to her stuff. Warn Bjo to look out, because "Thomee" covets a distinctive scoubriquet to write under. ({What kind of brick did you say? -www}) She seemed very attracted to "Bjo."

On to #140: I like Bjo's cover. It is a fine tribute to the resourcefulness of today's youth.

Berry brings the Goon home in fine style. I was especially tickled by his escapade with the electric dishwasher. Much has been written on the subject of peculiarities in the American personality. An outsider, who can be objective to the point of cruelty if he has to, stands a better chance of getting the true picture. The same goes for any people, not just us. ({Then how come I can't understand Texans? Like what electric dishwasher were you talking about? Honestly, if it weren't for the MFFYF! lobby, I probably wouldn't dare print your letter for fear that it contained secret messages. -www})

Hedberg's Manifesto is a fine bit of tongue-in-cheek moralizing. At least, I think it was tongue-in-cheek.

Ashworth...hmmmm...what can I say? He keeps getting better.

Fandom Harvest: is delightful nonsense in the vein that appeals to me. (The jugular vein, perhaps?) TCarr seems quite suited for what can be a difficult form of writing.

HWYLL: Elinor has done a neat job on the subject of Now vs. The Good Ol' Days." Besides, we might as well be satisfied with what we've got, at least until someone invents timetravel backwards. (Good trick, No?)

Piper was more intelligible thish, seems to me. Being a neo-fan, I don't always get the point to his cartoons.

COTR: My favorite section. Rich Brown seems to appear here and here only. Does he write anything but letters for you all? If not, I hope he gets around to it.

And here's #141! What I mainly want to know is this: is TCarr given to exaggeration? ({Never. It's just that exaggerated events seem to always happen when TCarr is there to observe them. It's a strange power that few possess. -www}) I'd like to sit in on a Con one of these days, but owing to my tender years and sheltered upbringing, I'm not sure but what I'd be better off sitting in my living room reading about them. I almost might as well have been there, tho, while reading "Drums". I feel like I know a few of the fans a little better, even though I've never seen a one.

WKBEAB: Goodness, a bunch of you guys are down on Galaxy. You're quite right, tho. Galaxy has been getting over some rather contrived-sounding situations lately. "Sordman

the protector" surprised me, pleasantly, I might add. But the laurels for this month must go to Anderson et al for their neat job on the "Covenant."

Berry again. Good deal. I like this guy. He writes like my kind of people.

So the "Legends of Lancaster Layabouts" is over. Sorry to see it go, but Mal ends in a blaze of something real fine.

Oh gee, Piper lost me again. And I thot I was coming along so nicely, too.

This is my last page of paper, so you'll just have to wait until next month for more deathless prose from...

~~Thp~~(Back in your cage, you beast!)

Nancy

TED FORSYTH ESCAPES FROM PEN

c/o Jaworski, 11 Ferndale Road, LONDON SW4 England

Dear Wally,

24th July 1960

I've managed to escape from the Penitentiary and have taken refuge about six miles from West Kilburn. Ella is North of the Thames and I'm South. My nearest fan neighbour is Arthur Thomson whose recent revelations about Ella caused some comment. You should take his letter with a pinch of salt, Mal Ashworth paints a more lifelike picture. The real truth about Parker is something the world is not yet ready for, mainly because I do not consider six miles to be a safe distance.

In 140 Don Franson, to whom I have not yet acknowledged receipt of my CRY-letterhack certificate, mentions fans and fandom and wonders how John Berry would have explained fandom to the customs inspector. I recently tried to explain fandom to a nonfan when, in an interview for a job, I admitted to being interested in 'Amateur Publishing'. I got the job. Shortly after joining the firm I saw a copy of their printed fanzine and found that the publishing staff had acquired Kingsley Amis, the SF writer. He is reported as saying that he found a stronger element of fantasy in the technical reports he had to read than in present-day SF.

The Plowcycle remains as interesting as ever. Each month seems to bring new evidence of the decline and fall of Astounding. The Norman Dean device seems to be another nail in the coffin.

Terry Carr's contribution towards this year's attempt at a record page count for CRY was a high spot in both 140 & 141. The bellybutton article was hilarious and the con rep was one of the most interesting I've read, mainly because of the vast amount of conversation that was reported.

Let's have a compstition between John Berry and Mal Ashworth to see who can account for the most pages this year. ({A good plan! -www})

I still have not commented on VOID 22, or SMOKE 3, ...OR ORION 25!!!! This is disastrous! I can see I've got some explaining to do.

Yours,

Ted Forsyth

BOB LICHTMAN READS SOLACON REPORT TWICE

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

So

15 July 1960

that's how you intend to keep CRY from going over 600 pages this year! You're going to skip an issue so that 50 or more pages won't be added to the total, which is a quite bloated 408 pages counting this 53-page July issue. So OK: I don't really object that much. Just so long as you continue to appear at least nine or ten time per year, I'll be rather pleased. As a matter of fact, I'll probably be the only one who will be pleased. ({Oh no you won't! -www}) I expect this to be the sole example of sane, logical thinking in the entire lettercol in #142.

Wally are you the person responsible for that odd lettering on the cover? ({Yup.wv}) I teenk I prefer the multigraphed headings that usually prevail.

Heck, no sooner than I finished reading Terry's SolaCon report in the Space Diversions in the latest OMPA mailing that CRY arrives and in order to check for differences in the two editions I am forced to read it again. It's a fabulously good conreport, though, so I

didn't mind. And it's one of the best things Terry has written, so far as I can remember.

I've been wondering when someone would bring up this business of the Berry Fund money that Rickhardt was holding, so I'm pleased to see it appearing here in CRY.

So here we are again with normal--which is to say good--Berry stories in the CRY. It almost seems out of place after so many long and enjoyable chunks of the epic The Goon Goes West, but I'll get used to it again. What I'm waiting for now is for John to get back on the same lark he was on in late 1959 and early 1960 when he wrote things like "All the Way".

I must say something that no one's said about the minutes before in CRY. THE MINUTES STUNK TO HIGH HEAVEN! (Not really true, but pretty damned original, n'est-ce pas?)

These articles of Ashworth's have damned little to do with their titles, but they're entertaining and quite excellently written just the same. In Ashworth you have, without a doubt, the best columnist you've picked up since Terry Carr joined your happy crew.

Wanshel's Peanuts imitation isn't as good as Nirenberg's, but it's passable. In the meantime, Les reaches new highs with this latest comic strip of his.

I'll have to agree with Franson that fanzines are indeed better than ever, Madison-avenue as that term sounds. In the years past, there were good fanzines, but there were so relatively few of these shining lights that they've overshadowed the nameless crud (no pun intended) that now all you hear is the good titles. So you get the idea, wrongly, that all these great fmz of the past appeared throughout all the past. Not so.

I see that Rich Brown has given away our rallying cry -- MFFYF! -- More Femmes For Young Fans! Hoo-boy, but I second the thought.

Well, that's all for now.

Best,

Bob

HARRY WARNER JR. WRITES TO US ON "DIXIE FANTASY FEDERATION" STATIONERY

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

July 11, 1960

Dear Northerners:

I think that you are making a most wise decision in breaking to some extent with the rigid monthly schedule. Publication by the calendar is really a pointless survival in fandom from a custom that was caused in prodom by such things as advertising contracts, distribution systems, and the need for keeping neat financial records. In fandom, the only conceivable reasons for adhering to any particular schedule are when it's something that requires the cooperation of lots of individuals over a wide area, like FAPA, or a psychological quirk that causes the individual to get more done if he sets himself a standard and tries to live up to it. I must admit that I've noticed a sort of tiredness creeping into Cry in the past half-year, evident in such things as dependence on the small group of contributors, much the same balance among lettercolumn, brief items, and one big hunk of article, and lack of the snap, crackle, pop of humor that prevailed a short while ago in the editorial areas.

This sameness of the issues doesn't make them less entertaining. I skimmed rapidly through Terry's article, even though I'd read it at leisure only a couple of weeks ago in its British incarnation. As I told the people who beat you to it on publication, it's particularly good for the sense of immediacy that Terry gives by the direct quotes.

It is impressive that someone had the nerve to use plain language about Rickhardt, and it is good that this unfortunate anticlimax to the Berry fund was not allowed to erupt earlier when it might have spoiled the final stages of the trip for John.

This Berry factual story sounds like a really factual one. But I confess to complete ignorance over the matter of the regimental silver. From this yarn, I can't decide whether every regiment in the British Isles has a couple of boxes of silver as a sort of family heirloom, or just this particular bunch was distinguished by the possession of such a treasure, or represented the back pay for these soldiers. ((Have you considered the possibility that it might have been the regiment's eating utensiles? -www))

I found Mal Ashworth just a trifle less entertaining than usual this time.

In line with those comments on the last Fandom Harvest, I've just become aware that for some reason, 1960 was a sort of Shangri-La to fandom a long time ago. Going through old FAPA mailings from the early 1940's, I've unearthed such things as a complete report on the convention of 1960 (entirely inaccurate, I suspect) and a battlecry which I'm

thankful that the fan world forgot, Hagerstown in 1960!

You really ought to tell people what 920 3rd Avenue contains, in addition to all those boxes. I assumed at first that it was just someone's home and the box number was used to separate Cry's mail from private mail. Then it occurred to me that it might be a post office substation, but in every other city that I've encountered, these places that are big enough to have lock boxes are given names. Now I get visions of a large supermarket which makes a little spare change on the side by numbering its empty cartons and letting dubious characters like Cry editors receive mail in them, or the state reformatory for males, run on a benevolent system that prevents anyone but the inmates from knowing that it's a mandatory hotel. (Actually, it's almost as interesting a place as that. It's in a book store, Raymer's Old Book Store, and it features, as a sideline, the "Wanderers Mail Service." It's for people who move a lot but want a permanent address, or people (like the club) who have no address but still want to get mail. The owner has approximately 1,000 boxes for rent, and when you go to pick up the mail you sometimes have to ring a small, brass bell to attract somebody's attention for service. If the owner is there, he usually greets you by your first name; apparently he knows all his customers by sight. This sort of thing has been going on at Raymer's Old Book Store for, I think, over fifty years. Anyone visiting Seattle is invited to drop in the place and tell them you're a friend of Box 92, and you will be immediately ~~continued~~ welcomed. -www))

I forgot to tell you at the start of this letter that the principal rule of the Dixie Fantasy Federation was: No member shall use its stationery without possessing in his typewriter a fresh, jetblack ribbon. It's certainly a good thing for me and a terrible thing for you that there no longer is a Dixie Fantasy Federation. (I needed stronger lenses in my glasses anyway. Think nothing of it. Squinty Weber))

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

RICH BROWN, THE KING OF FANDOM

box 1136, tyndall afb, fla.

Dear Nameless Entities;

Well, I'll tell you. I was laying there on the bunk, reading CRY #141, which I had just received, and all of a sudden I started feeling this pain in my side. "AAAAAAAAAAAArrrrrr" I gurgled; "gggggggggggg" I continued, putting my heart & soul into it; "gug" I finished, not so triumphantly. I thot it was appendicitus, a friend in the barracks thot I was just starving to death (I occassionally am known to skip four or five meals, without noticing it). He took me to get something to eat, and I couldn't hold it down so he took me to the hospital. But it wasn't anything as serious as an appendicitus. Just a few itsy-wity teensy weensy ~~little polka-dot bix~~ kidney stones. I mean, like, my first impression on hearing the pronouncement by the Good Captain was, "Wow. How Alex Kingish." (OK, Raeburn, I guess we know who is really the Alex King Of Fandom, now). But it was bad, that first night, people. They had to give me an inter-veinal (I think it was), and they tried four times in my left arm (digging around each time) before they gave up and switched to the right (it took only two, before they made the connection, there). "Your veins are like rocks," the petite & very pretty 2nd Lt Nurse said. "Rocks in my veins, Rocks in my stomach, Rocks in my head -- first thing you know, they'll be calling me Rocky," I said. Very Alex Kingish like. She laughed. (Ooh, I hate those kind! A fellow gets off a superb bit of wit, and they just laugh! -www)) She was a sort of fannish type, who I could get witticisms off to every once in a while ("How are you?" she would ask. "Oh, cogito ergo cogito sum," I would answer back.). And there was this obnoxious character whom she delt with most fansmanshipishly. He was in the hospital for a sore finger. (Pause.) He began hitting the bell, cling, cling, cling, cling...and the nurse (the pretty one) comes walking down the aisle. "Yes, what is it? What's wrong?" she asks. "Oh," he says, leeringly, "nothing's wrong, really -- I just wanted someone to talk to." "Well..." she said, hesitatingly, "you've got people on both sides of you to talk to. Why don't you talk to them." "Well," he says, his eye-tracks going over her like ants over a jelly sandwich, "I would, but they keep laughing at me." Then she gives him an ever-so-faint smile, while giving him the once-over; "No wonder," she says, as she walks off.

I kindof have drifted the slightest bit, haven't I? I was intending to say that I Bin Sick (so vote for me?) which is why I am late in writing. And, too, it all started with the CRY, you know. I'm not hinting that it was bad or anything. Still, I hear Bob Lichtman just had half of his thyroid removed. I'm not saying anything about the quality of CRY, mind you, nor the possible effects it has on its readers. Not until I've heard from Walter Breen, Boyd Raeburn, Les Nirenburg, Mike Deckinger, Don Franson, Ella Parker, Betty Kujawa, etc., etc.....

As usual, I have five hundred million other things to say, but I have to leave you to go to a class I'm attending:

de profundis,

rich brown

(I actually you said about five hundred million things in your letter that I cut out. I did not cut your letter because it was uninteresting. I did not cut your letter because of lack of space. I did not cut your letter due to lack of time. I cut your letter because I am lazy and can't wait to go gafia. I will now cram a whole fistful of really printable letters into the ...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM collumn...

and get a head start on our month of vacation from CRYpubbing. Heh heh heh heh. -www))

Yes, we also heard from JOE PATRIZIO, who praises Tolkien but is embarrassed explaining to normal folks "all about elves, goblins, and little people living in holes in the ground." He goes on to suggest, "Ted Johnstone's new group should compose a standard explanation, very erudite, which could be used on such occasions." STEVE STILES tells about sucking cheap pens and getting his insides all blue. JOHN M FOYSTER from Australia warns his sub is on the way. Subscription, not submarine, I hope. ALBERT J. HOCH liked "Ezra the Protector," but doesn't agree that it is an outstanding novel. RANDY SCOTT was going to object that his money was not sticky, until he noticed he had spilled jam into his coin purse. MARTIN HELGESEN wants to know, "What would Bob Lichtman prefer? Belly Zipper?" NORM METCALF encourages Donaho to defend himself against Piper. "Rise up to your full height," Norm urges, "and overawe fandom from Berkeley to Toronto. But be careful or the Civil Aeronautics Administration will require 15 forms in septuplicate for being an aerial hazard." EMILE E. GREENLEAF, JR. offers to give free lessons on prying out CRY staples at the Pittcon. CRAIG COCHRAN says, "'I Heard The Beat Of FANNISH DRUMS' was the best con report I have ever read." GEORGE LOCKE's handwritten letter did not return from the team of interpreters in time for this issue. PHILLIP A. HARRELL says his life is complete since he had a letter published in CRY. "Now when I walk down the street people will point at me and say, 'There goes Whatshisname, he had a letter printed in CRY!'" DICK SCHULTZ sends us postage to get his CRY #138 back. KEN HEDBERG says, "Heeg! I predicted Cry would fold within three issues and what happens? Buz mutters in his beard about taking a vacation. Well, I was right, this is the end of Cry." But he's mistaken, loyal readers. Buz shaved. And thanks much for the slide, Ken. ARTHUR THOMSON couldn't comment on #141 because he loaned it to Ella Parker, who hadn't received hers at the time. "She practically pleaded on her bended knees to borrow my copy until her own arrived -- Now that's a real Cry addict for you." BILL MALLARDI has two letters in the WAHF column in addition to the one that got printed. He wishes that he could draw, sends us several cartoons and remarks, "GHOD! IT SEEMS TO ME THIS LETTERCOL IS JUST GETTING OVERRUN WITH NEFFERS!" Bill is a Neffer himself. ANN CHAMBERLAIN wants us all to vigorously oppose proposed amendment of U.S. P.O. Rule 39 CFR., Part 22.2 (7), which would supposedly, "...cause a raised rate for all second class printed matter, which will be the death of many zines." You are supposed to write to: Mr. E. Riley, Director of Postal Service, Bureau of Operations, Postoffice Dept., Washington 25, D.C. And we got money but little comment from MICHAEL J. McINERNEY (read of us in FU), JOE SANDERS, RICH BERGERON, JOE ZIMNY (saw a CRY review in Dafoc), LENNY KAYE, MARTIN LEVINE, and JAMES TURNER.

WE ALSO GOT MONEY FROM (a new column, readers) from CLAUDE N. SAXON JR., but it was only 10 cents. Gee Claude, we're much greedier than that!

And now...GAFIA!!

Wally Weber

WALTER BREEN GOOFS!

((Yes, Walter Breen goofs up Wally Weber by interrupting the latter's gafiation with an air-mail special delivery letter. Walter, you win a free CRY, and it only cost you 37¢ postage. Congratulations. -www))

311 East 72, NYC 21

Dear CRYckerjacks,

Terry Carr is not the anticlimax I thought any conrep would be after TGGW. He is great and worth getting goshwow about. Whoever stencilled this report must have been REALLY excited, to judge by the hundreds of typos. But I can hardly blame him.

So "fans will drink anything at a con party"? Hey Terry, did you ever try to drink Studebaker's Folly? That makes blog seem like 20-year-old Scotch by comparison...

Buz--any chance of getting a reply from JWCjr or "Norman Dean" to your critique of the space drive? ((Very slight. -www)) I showed the Analstounding article to several wacky but brilliant engineer friends of mine, and the consensus is that JWCjr either has been hoodwinked or has taken leave of his sanity, possibly both; that the "3-body problem" ref is completely irrelevant, and that the physics is completely wrong. They anticipated many of your criticisms, which is a good sign. ((It is? -www)) They are all ready to give a sympathetic hearing to anything offbeat that might have any possibilities (like the Hapgood shifting-crust theory, UFOs and a lot of other Fortean stuff, ESP, etc.).

Berry provided a few laughs, but he has done a lot better. This bit read like something out of TGGW -- and maybe that's why: too factual, not enough opportunity for hilarious visual imagery or Goonish hyperbole. Owell...

Jeff Wanshel is really Going Places, just like Snoopy. I hope this is the beginning of a long series. OK with you, Jeff?

Even Bill Donaho got a kick out of Nirenberg's cartoon bit on him -- so he tells me. So did I.

Letterhacks. Jim Groves: Mental hurt to adults can include ostracism or vicious slanders or libels -- the kind of stuff that gets a person thrown out of his job; and this can hurt far worse and far longer than a beating. An adult can cope with a lot, but mccarthyist smears are too much, so why exempt this sort of thing from your proscription?

FAMILIARITY BREEDS

Mike Deckinger -- Why is a cartoonist who throws new light on everyday situations "sick"? Or are you simply trying to say that everyday situations are sick? (There I might agree with you.) Hell, by your criterion Jeff Wanshel is sick: the little boy watching his dog dash madly around is an everyday situation, and Jeff's caption put a new insight on it... ((Jeff, aren't you well? -www))

Don Franson: I can't agree that "fear of war is a useful weapon for peace." Not when it is always possible for some neurotically distorted individual on either side to press a button that will start the bombs dropping. Damn it, man, don't you even think of that possibility?

FISFF and all that,

Walter Breen

((And on that cheerful note, we say goodbye to you neurotically distorted readers. -www))

CRY

Box 92, 920 3rd Ave.
Seattle 4, Washington, U.S.A.

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Make sure this gets to

Number after your name is the number left on your sub. (House numbers don't count, you goof! If you don't have a number after your name, then you got a "free" one, i.e. it probably cost you several times the regular sub rate in one way or another.)

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