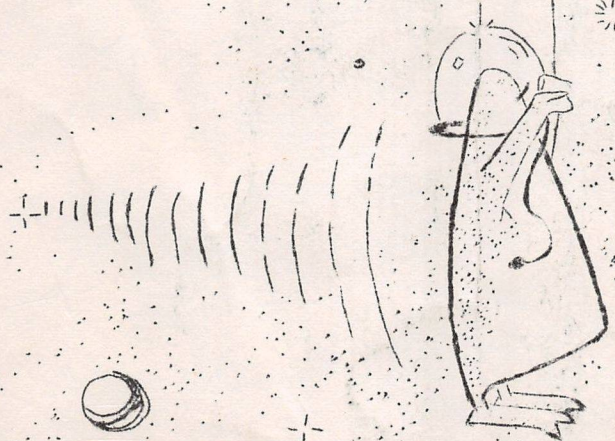


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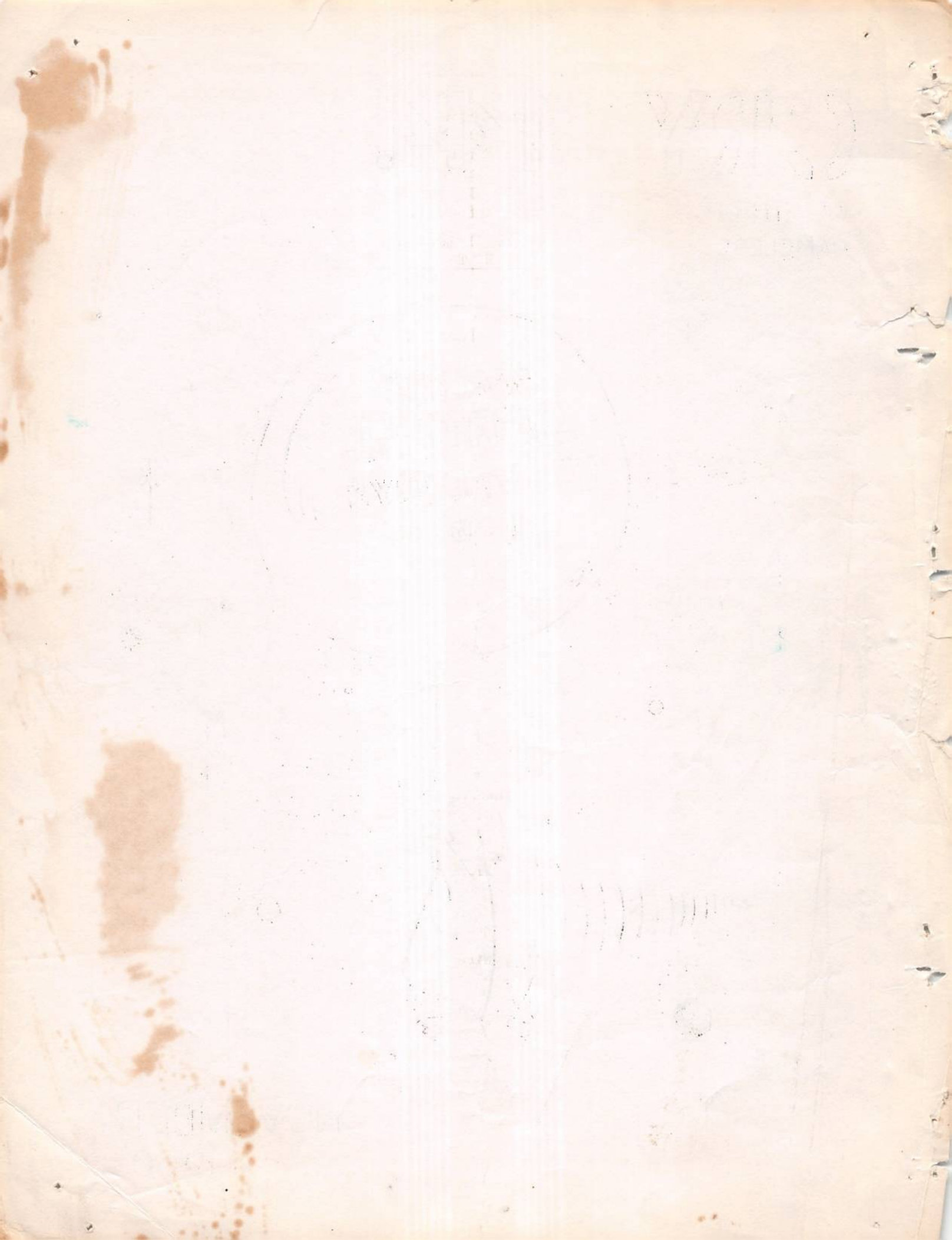
OF THE
NAMELESS

TRANS
SPATIAL
TRAVELWAYS
LTD



ATOM

NOVEMBER
1960



This is CRY #144, a gross thing dated November 1960 because #143 was October 1960 and we have a fetish for neatness around here. CRY's address is Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. CRY's UK agent is John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. CRY's fair white offset-spotted body is at the beck and call of anyone with 25¢ to spare, wholesaling at 5/\$1 or 12/\$2 (in the UK, it's 1/9, 7/-, and 14/-). I blush to admit it, but CRY can also be had for trades and letters of comment that get past wally weber's defenses. It's a sordid existence, colleague.

You have got to face up to it eventually, so here's the list of our

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((The capital-w, all too prevalent in fandom, is hotly resisted by the average run-of-the-mill stencil. The capital-w (W) thus does not print well, usually. It is for this reason that wally weber joins damon knight and rich brown and archy, here.))

Coming up next month is the photocover of PittCon shots taken by Elinor, with the PittCon Report by wally weber. we have one drastically-cut stencil of Ted Johnston's "Hobbit On Horseback" at hand, but wally Gonser got no further with the stenciling. Next month, with luck... (Good Lord. I have unwittingly just written a commercial!)

The CRYstaff: it's been a long time since we took turns slandering each other on this page, but as I recall, it used to go about like this: wally weber got his start in fandom by following a camera around at Cons. The camera gafiated, but wally is just now hitting his stride; wally is (or was) the Camera that walks like a man.

Burnett R Toskey, Ph. D., is the Ph. D. who walks like a man and a half. If you don't believe this, go climb a mountain with him; he's been to Lake Footsack!

Jim webbert is the arsenal that walks like a man; all we need to do about Fido is to raise CRY's sub-rates so as to cover the cost of Jim's ammunition.

My lovable wife Elinor is the Circulation Dep't that walks like a ~~MAN~~ WOMAN.

wally Gonser is the barbershop-quartet enthusiast who walks when necessary, only.

And I am the beard who walks as if I could use new shoes, which I could.

So much for truth and realism and accurate reporting and other mythologicals.

Art credits: ATom 1, 11; Adkins 26, Nirenberg 25, Tenn 66 and all that...

Stencil-cutters' scores: wally weber 22, Elinor 12, Buz 5, wally Gonser 2

The unfortunate circumstance of Don Franson's article being continued from p.7 to p.18 is my fault; I had the pagination all laid out, page-numbers mostly on, and most of this page cut, then discovered that Don's piece was 1 1/2 pp, not just one.

The 14th Annual Westercon (BAYCON) comes off on July 1-2, 1961, at the Leamington Hotel, Oakland, Calif. \$1 to Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St, Berkeley 9, Calif, gets you a membership (with all the perquisites thereof). After June 1, it's \$1.50, so join now! Their 1st Progress Report lists 56 members as of 1 Oct; J*O*I*N N*C*W !

- - - - -
SEND MIKE DECKINGER A LOAF OF B*R*E*A*D ! !
- - - - -

-- Buz.

The Science-Fiction Field Flowed Under

...and other such atrocities... by Renfrew Pemberton

Let's flow the field awhile; if we poop out, we can always put on the other hat and take to the Bicycle.

Algis Budrys' lead novel "Rogue Moon" in F & SF, Dec '60, is blurbed to appear as a Gold Medal novel "in expanded form". I hope the major part of the expansion is at the end of the story, to fulfill the tremendous buildup of the characters; in this shorter version, we get only the bare bones of the outcome of the personality conflicts that make the story. And I'm not satisfied of the inevitability of the original-first-gimmick ever used in a matter-transmitter^{story}, in this instance. But I think this one will hold your interest; it held mine. And I could strangle the Kindly Editor for applying the "continued on page 78" outrage to the first tale I've encountered in some time, that required considerable checking-back to earlier pages to make sure I wasn't overlooking something.

The feminine contingent does not so well this time. Winona McClintic tries for a non-sequiter tour de force but only achieves a Silly Pointless Story; Miriam deFord's piece gets by a couple of gaping loopholes pretty well but falls to dust at the end.

Avram Davidson has a short goodie, and the other John Berry contributes a 3-pager with the Utterly Perfect Punchline.

The Good Doctor Asimov speculates on the intelligence of dolphins, and I hope they are, too.

Fantastic, for Nov 60, cover-blurbs Leiber and Gunn, which is all well and good except that Poul Anderson's "A World to Choose" is better than either of the blurbed novelets and the best thing in the issue. Poul takes the switched-souls between alternate worlds theme and gives it a beautiful switch-- or rather, the logical corollary. I imagine he enjoyed writing this as much as I enjoyed reading it.

The Leiber is weak: aliens on the moon, telepathically-induced dreams giving the effect of psychoses, gross cosmic menace (like a ten-mile hunk of rock heading for us from the moon), all petering out so's You'll Wonder Where the Ending Went. Gunn's "Donor" has elements of interest, with an Immortal Man whose blood can give rejuvenation and whose characteristics are inherited, but it bogs down into the Big Interests in their usual role, and the good ol' Sharpie Out-sharped. Pfah.

Shorter stories by Fontenay, Porges, and Slesar are adequate but not memorable, and rank just about in the order named.

The entire issue is above-average for these times, I'd say.

The November 60 Amazing starts a serial (3 parts) by Sam McClatchie, a medic by trade. It's "The Last Vial", and deals with biological warfare of a sneaky type-- the disease is mild, but sterility is an after-effect-- a nice gimmick for long-range plans of conquest, isn't it? The medical part of this story, and the general plotting, go well-- but the handling of the personal-relations of the characters is awkward in spots. But since this is, I believe, a first novel by this writer...

Redd Boggs in Discord (formerly Retrograde) 7 has dissected Blish's "And Some Were Savages"; I won't presume to add to the evaluations of the Old Master ("minor Blish", he says). There's also some minor Mack Reynolds: "Medal of Honor", a tale with a good-enough gimmick but with trite elements used to make the conflict.

Bunch & Slesar have the shorts; del Rey discusses the future of polygamy.

IF, Nov 60: Leading off is Jim Harmon's "Mindsnake", based on a fascinating gimmick reminiscent of "The Game of Rat and Dragon" in some ways, and perhaps marred slightly by Jim's fierce determination to avoid the obvious ending.

Daniel Keyes' "The Quality of Mercy" is certainly no "Flowers for Algernon"; it's an overthrow-the-computer story and they don't make it this time.

Two more novelets: Biggle has an alternate-world with reverse-twists-- slight, is the word. Robert Wicks' "The Impersonator" finds that he cannot change the past, in a sort of expanded rewrite of Williamson's "Backlash" (ASF, Aug '41).

Four "shorts" in IF: Scott Grenville crossbreeds Gallagher with "Child's Play", and I find little comment pro or con on the other three at this time.

Galaxy, Dec 60: In J T McIntosh's "The Wrong World", Earth has been conquered after a savage and bitter war-- by mistake! The fully-human alien who arrives to take over the Occupation really has a mess on his hands. This one is well done, but I'm not sure whether the final extra twist adds or detracts from the overall effect.

"Round-and-Round Trip" (H B Fyfe) is the sort of story astounding used to publish. Matter of fact, it's the sort of story Galaxy used to publish, too, way back when McIntosh and F T Wallace and similar types were ^{regularly} holding down the lead-spot.

Dan Galouye's "Fighting Spirit" and R A Lafferty's "Snuffles" both have their good moments and read well most of the way, but both fold up with punchlines that do not fulfill the buildup, length of same. These are the novelets, these four.

Wm Doede's "Jamieson" suffers from insufficient development. Charles de Vot's "Metamorphosis" is a good tight suspense piece with an interesting gimmick, but I spot a trap in his overall solution. Ron Goulart has "Subject to Change"-- did this appear in Inside or somewhere like that? Its flavor is familiar. "Blueblood" (Jim Harmon) has a good problem, but did Jim flip a coin to pick the ending or was it an editorial decision? Pat Fahy's "Bad Memory": suitably illustrated by Don Martin. That's the shorts. The issue-as-a-whole just misses being good; the Lafferty piece is great in spots but ends up with nothing to say, really-- I think Blish was right, in his PittCon speech, that most s-f today has nothing to say.

Editor Gold has something to say; he speaks up for beards. As one who has been wearing some form of beard off-and-on for about 2½ years now, to the point where I have to carve it off now and then just to remind myself what I really look like, I'm pleased to see someone say a kind word for natural-grown chin-warmers.

Analog, Nov 60: JWC is in good form in the editorial, discussing the irrational consequences of the correct application of logic, to fuzzy premises, by the literal-minded. He cites the Congo mess, and the California woman who effectively is on the state payroll with regular wage-increases. Her job? Producing illegitimate children for the Welfare Department, by the normal process.

This issue begins another "the Queen's own FBI" serial by Mark Phillips or some other fella of the same or some other name: "Occasion for Disaster", 4 parts. Now perhaps it is just some great lack in my meager soul, but I do not think these things are especially good stories. Let's see why: for one thing, the author ^{repeatedly} throws in a page or two of Thorne Smith verbal-clowning entirely at random and with no relation to the development of the plot. The plot, yes-- this aspect is usually handled pretty well, of itself, for any given tale of the series. But the stories are all alike; they're not only Formula; they're cut to the same exact pattern and differ only in detail. Malone always wins; we know he'll always win, and that the horrid possibility exists that Malone may go ever ever onward just like Dick Tracy only not so stupid. It could happen-- I don't believe in Mark Phillips-- I think Garrott writes the plot-germane parts in his sleep, leaving gaps for some drudge to fill in by transcribing from Thorne Smith (and from Raymond Chandler and/or Mickey Spillane for the sequences where Malone wakes up after being knocked out or drinking to completion). This is the most blatantly-contrived hackwork ever featured as a lead-piece in a leading prozine since-- "Blue Men of Yrano" (aSF, Jan '39), perhaps? And the worst of it is that there are enough good touches to show that the writer could do a lot better except for some ghastly compulsion to write things like this present mess. "Occasion for Disaster" is a most apt title, for a genuine Alex King type
D*I*S*A*S*T*R.

I don't know whether the author or the editor overdid the (figurative) underlining of the capitalized italics to Push Home The Point of "Oomphel in the Sky" (by H Beam Piper). Not content to demonstrate that empire-building nit-pickers tend to interfere with attempts at effective action, this story stops to preach the point several times as often as I care to read such an utterly self-evident thesis, even though I fully agree with it. Well, it's possible that Editor Campbell feels that this treatment is necessary to get across to the new "& Fact" readership. Hmmm?

Analog runs 3 shorts this time. Ted Thomas tells how to cut loose from strings of government redtape if you are a schmardt old professor who has made a startling new psionic discovery on your own time. Ted Tubb thinks you can fool a telepath who is out to dig you on a vital matter, by getting and staying stupid-drunk for the interim period; Ted overlooks the fact that a drunk will have periods of utter and intense concentration on whatever is bothering him, blanked-out or not. Hal Clement's "Sun-spot" is an interesting episode rather than a story as such-- a scientific team is riding a comet through perihelion in order to make close-up studies of the sun-- the action is concerned mostly with their technical problems, with personal crochets as the side dish. Well-described, but Clement needs more length to make a story of it.

Don't all run off now, but there are two articles. First, "The Electric Field Rocket" (H C Dudley). I imagine that most physics students have at one time or another been croggled by the statement that the electrical potential of the atmosphere is on the order of 100 volts per vertical yard, and that most have given at least some fleeting consideration to how this voltage might be utilized. Like, if you are six feet tall and standing up, your head is perhaps 200 volts negative with respect to your feet, on a clear dry day. But you don't fry, and you can't run your household appliances off this natural phenomenon. So now Mr Dudley says that this atmospheric field can either help stabilize and accelerate, or can foul up, the launching of a rocket-- he gives directions for checking-out his theory, and you don't need an Atlas or a Titan for the trick. He says that the Russians are (perhaps inadvertently, I deduce) utilizing his theories, and that we are not. It all sort of makes sense, except for what I consider to be an irrelevant diatribe about how-- come textbooks still have current flowing from plus-to-minus when we all(?) know that electron flow is in the opposite direction. The connection escapes me.

Campbell has two pages of pics and 2½ of text under the title "Instrumentation For the Dean Device", but the text does not describe such instrumentation except to chew the gov't for not using strain-gauges on it. I wish to hell I could dredge up more of my sordid career as a student in the physics dep't of Alma Mammy and recall the properties of a strain-gauge-- all that comes to mind is Hooke's Law and the measurements that prove how a wire stretches in proportion to the applied stress, within limits. Campbell mostly propagandizes, rather than explaining, anyhow.

Science-Fantasy 43 (Oct 60) is below-par for this usually-toprate zine. Ken Bulmor does a thing on the order of Blish's "Surface Tension" series, with overtones of Kuttner's Venusian Keeps; "Beyond the Silver Sky" is the title, but it doesn't march.

There are 3 shorts, plus SaMosk on Jules Verne. Alan Lindsey has a story in verse: scorned inventor goes to stars in self-built spaceship but nobody realizes he made it off the ground. The other 2 are fantasy versions of "Microcosmic God" and "Lifeline". As I said, a below-par issue for usually-fine zine.

What, in this month's crop, meets Blish's test of Having Something To Say? By this, we mean something new to say, or saying an old thing in a significantly new fashion-- not just saying the same old tired catch-phrases over again.

Well, it seems to me that Budrys (F&SF) and Harmon (IF) definitely have a few things to say about people, using Sturgeonesquely-exaggerated characters to point up traits that are generally found in milder form. PoulA (Fantastic) joyfully tells us that if we take the trouble to turn over an old familiar coin, we might be surprised to see what's on the other side. And F&SF's Berry makes an awesome speculation (rather than statement) as to the limits of human comprehension.

And that's about all, this month, that passes the Blish Test for literature with anything like Good Marks.

And yet these are not the only good stories of the month; I enjoyed, say, the McIntosh and the Fyfe in Galaxy, highly, along with other items previously noted.

I guess it just goes to show that a story doesn't necessarily have to be great and enduring literature to get Good Marks from Pemberton.

No room to ride a Bicycle in this Field; I plowed too close to the fence...

--RP.

A METHOD OF IMPROVING SPELLING IN FANZINES, AT THE RISK OF BREAKING UP FANDOM
BY
Donald Franson

Progressive spelling in fanzines is a good thing ("thot" for example); inventive and humorous constructions like "potsared" brighten their pages; but the numerous unintentional misspellings that are often complained about could be reduced in number by the simple process of pointing them out.

Does anyone ever do this? No, it is easier to say "the spelling in ATROCITY is atrocious" and "why doesn't the editor do something about it?"

What can he do? He can't swallow the dictionary. He knows something is wrong, with all the remarks, but he is positive he has made no mistakes, and there are so many thousands of words in the zine -- which ones are wrong?

Not to mention mistakes at all is polite; but to mention them and then not point them out is exasperating. So why not be impolite but unexasperating? Be specific, next time you criticize. If you happen to notice a slip, not intentional or an obvious typo, mention it.

Be sure to mention it by name, though, not by number. Saying, "there were 214 spelling errors in the annish of ISH" does no good to anyone but statisticians.

Anyway, don't tell the editor in print. Don't put on the back cover of your zine (if you have one): "Beanie Veeblefetzer can't spell 'Potrzebie'". Rather than becoming a focal point of fandom, the zine may become the focal point of a destructive space mirror.

Send him a letter. Letters are always welcomed, whatever the excuse. Point out the few errors you noticed in his fanzine, along with other comment. Be tactful.

He'll be insulted anyway.

But when you consider it, why should he be? You are not lampooning him in a fanzine review, as being two steps below a baboon (you are one step). You are not offering uncalled-for literary criticism on something indefinite like style or construction, where you are just as likely to be wrong as he is. You are only calling his attention to a mechanical error, in a spirit of helpfulness, so that he will look it up (not trusting you, of course), see that he is wrong, and perhaps never make that mistake again, in fandom and out.

Isn't this a worthwhile thing? Spelling is something that can be improved by mutual criticism. The advantage here is that you don't have to be an expert to be useful -- anyone who owns a dictionary can get into the act. If anyone suspects he could use spelling help, he could ask other fans to watch his language. It could be kind of a mutual aggression pact, the object not to improve the fanzines so much as to benefit the editors and writers.

Now, I know some of you will object, fans don't care how you spell as long as you communicate. Neither do I. But it so happens we live in a world that does care.

Some fans want to be writers, journalists, businessmen or professionals of some kind. If a writer makes a few mistakes in spelling, the reader may think this man is careless or ignorant, or both. If you say, "the editor of the publication I write for will correct all mistakes," don't forget that the editor is a reader, too, the very first one, and the same prejudice may form in his mind, unprejudiced though all editors are.

((Our sincere apologies: this is continued on page 18. Happens that way sometimes))

SCIENCE FICTION VS REALITY

an Address by Hugo Gernsback

As one who has been continuously immersed in science fiction for almost 50 years, I believe it would be apropos to look at a number of facets of the art of science fiction and explain a few points which have puzzled many of its followers.

First and foremost, just what is science fiction? Second, what is it trying to accomplish? Third, why is it of such vital importance today? Fourth, what is its future? I hope to throw some light on these questions in my talk today.

There is a vast amount of confusion nowadays regarding the interpretation of science fiction as a vehicle of communication of ideas.

The average man unfortunately does not differentiate between science fiction on the one hand and fantasy, fairy tales or adventure on the other. Indeed many authors believe that they are writing science fiction, when actually they are fabricating Alice in Wonderland tales. There is nothing wrong with fantasy or adventure literature--indeed there have been countless excellent stories in this field, but they can never be science fiction. Thus if you take an otherwise excellent Western and transfer its locale to an imaginary planet that orbits Alpha Centauri, that does not necessarily make it a science fiction story.

When I brought out the pioneer science fiction magazine AMAZING STORIES in April 1926, I said editorially:

"At first thought it does seem impossible that there could be room for another fiction magazine in this country. The reader may well wonder, 'Aren't there enough already, with the several hundreds now being published?' True. But this is not 'another fiction magazine.' AMAZING STORIES is a new kind of fiction magazine! It is entirely new--entirely different--something that has never been done before in this country...."

"There is the usual fiction magazine, the love story and the sex-appeal type of magazine, the adventure type, and so on, but a magazine of 'Scientifiction' is a pioneer in its field in America.

"By 'scientifiction' I mean the Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, and Edgar Allan Poe type of story--a charming romance intermingled with scientific fact and prophetic vision...."

"And not only that! Poe, Verne, Wells, Bellamy, and many others have proved themselves real prophets. Prophecies made in many of their most amazing stories are being realized--and have been realized. Take the fantastic submarine of Jules Verne's most famous story, 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,' for instance. He predicted the present-day submarine almost down to the last bolt! New inventions pictured for us in the scientifiction of today are not at all impossible of realization tomorrow. Many great science stories destined to be of an historical interest are still to be written.... Posterity will point to them as having blazed a new trail, not only in literature and fiction, but in progress as well."

I made these remarks 34 years ago. It will be noted that I used the word "Scientifiction" then--I did not originate the term "Science Fiction" till 1929 in my magazine SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, when I observed on page 3 of the June 1929 issue:

"I started the movement of science fiction in 1908 through my first magazine MODERN ELECTRICS. At that time it was an experiment. Science fiction authors were scarce. There were not a dozen worth mentioning in the entire world."

What I said in 1929 is just as true today in respect to true science fiction authors. Note that I emphasize the word science. There are still not more than a dozen real science fiction authors in the world even today.

Classic science fiction writers of the calibre of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells will always be exceedingly scarce. Who are the outstanding authors who really write the best imaginary science stories today? The following is perhaps as good a list as any, keeping in mind the accent on science: Dr. Arthur C. Clarke, Dr. Isaac Azimov, Robert A. Heinlein, A. E. van Vogt, Clifford D. Simak, Theodore Sturgeon, and Hal Clement.

The work of these highly imaginative authors certainly will exemplify the early slogans which I used to adorn the mastheads of AMAZING STORIES in 1926 and SCIENCE WONDER STORIES in 1929: Extravagant Fiction Today--Cold Fact Tomorrow, also Prophetic Fiction is

the Mother of Scientific Fact. Through the years, in my preoccupation with popularizing science fiction, I added other slogans in variation of the theme: Science Fiction Today--Fact Tomorrow; Science Fiction is the Blueprint of the Future.

You will observe that the invariable leitmotif of my interpretation of science fiction has remained the same to this day: It must mirror the present or the future in acceptable and plausible scientific terms.

To make certain that the science facts in our stories were always correct within the meaning of the latest scientific knowledge or approved theories, every story, before it was accepted, was submitted to a scientific authority in its related field who passed on the supposed facts and either approved or rejected them as unsound or unfeasible.

Beginning with the June 1929 issue of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, I listed under the masthead of the magazine a total of 14 associate science editors in Astronomy, Botany, Electricity, Mathematics, Medicine, Physics and Radio, Physics, Zoology.

Among the distinguished scientists we had were: Prof. Donald H. Menzel, now Director of Harvard Observatory; Dr. Clyde Fisher, Curator, the American Museum of Natural History, New York; Prof. F. E. Austin, Dartmouth College; Prof. C. Irwin Palmer, Armour Institute of Technology; Dr. Lee de Forest, inventor of the vacuum tube, and others.

With such a formidable array of scientific talent, we were able to make certain that we published only the best and most worthwhile stories in science fiction, whether they were short, or book length novels. We scoured the world for authors--not only Americans, but those from England, Germany, France and other countries. Perhaps we set our sights too high, in refusing to publish anything except stories based solely on science--we never accepted pure fantasy stories as are the vogue today.

As I already pointed out, pure science fiction authors are very scarce. Sooner or later they run out of scientific ideas or plots, and if they are the rare scholars who also excel in good literature to boot, they often find it easier and more profitable to write non-scientific stories or novels.

And let us make no mistake, the average science fiction author does not write masterpieces in English. Often the quality of the genre's literature is mediocre. There are very, very few H. G. Wells's or Edgar Allan Poe's. Their quality is much more apt to fall into the Jules Verne category.

Yet we should never lose sight of the important truth that the outstanding science fiction author need not be overconcerned with belles lettres. His wholly unliterary story, such as Jules Verne's imaginary submarine in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," may set scientists and technicians aflame for years, inspiring them to translate into reality that which the science fiction author's imagination blueprinted in great detail and perfection.

Curiously too, few good professional scientists are also good science fiction authors. They are, as a rule, dedicated to their particular field, which seldom allows them to venture into uncharted depths. They must always think of their reputations first, hence they are loath to make what to them might appear as sensational predictions. The science fiction author has no such compunctions. As long as he is on safe ground as to his science, he can let his imagination soar illimitably.

Why am I so concerned in all this harangue on the science emphasis of science fiction? I think I have an excellent reason.

From the very beginning I have always strongly felt that science fiction was one of the world's greatest vehicles for the propagation of coming scientific trends, as well as an actual trial ground of man's future technical progress.

One has only to leaf through my former magazines, beginning with MODERN ELECTRICS in 1911, to fully understand this. The coming space age was fully exploited in hundreds of stories and pictures: space craft of every description, rockets, space men, satellites, space stations--all in great profusion, month after month, year after year. Ridiculed by most--even scientists--science fiction never wavered in its mission to instruct the comparatively small band of believers.

Then when on Oct. 4, 1957 the actual space age burst upon a thunderstruck world with Sputnik I in orbit, Americans were dismayed and everyone was astonished, except the million science fiction fans. To them of course it was ancient hat, and how wrathful they became

against our government and our scientists for the poor judgment and unprogressiveness that caused us to miss the space boat and fall into second place as a technologically leading nation.

Today our country is in mortal danger. Since Sputnik I and even before that, we are no longer first in many scientific-technical endeavors. We have sat too long on our laurels. Sooner or later we are certain to be eclipsed IN IDEAS by the U.S.S.R. unless we change our ways in outgenerating the Russians in the bold SCIENTIFIC IDEAS that have been our heritage for generations.

Make no mistake, the Soviet Union has already more science workers than the U.S. and their ability should never be underestimated. They overlook nothing.

Very recently they discovered science fiction and are now actively engaged in exploiting it to the hilt. They are reprinting all the best science fiction literature of the world--our own, German, English, French and others.

I happen to know this only too well because the Moscow Book Ministry informed me that they are also reprinting my 50-year-old science fiction novel, Ralph 124C 41+, in 1961. Inasmuch as we have no copyright agreement with the U.S.S.R., the Russians as a rule just help themselves to our literary works--for free.

Why does the U.S.S.R. suddenly go into science fiction so assiduously? The reason is elementary. The Russians know only too well that before there can be any progress there must be ideas. And what is one of the greatest proving grounds for future scientific progress? Science fiction, of course. It is at once one of the cheapest and most universal sieves with which to catch ideas. These ideas--absurd as often they may sound--frequently prove to be the very stimulus some sober scientist or technician needs in his work.

Take for instance H. G. Wells' Public Address loud speakers (Babble Machines), which he described so vividly in "When the Sleeper Wakes" (1899), decades before they were actually produced.

As the late and illustrious Dr. Michael Pupin, Professor of Electrical Engineering of Columbia University, and a famed inventor in his own right, pointed out, and I quote: "To discover the need for an invention and to specify it constitutes 50 per cent of the invention itself."

Let me observe at this point that in recent years science fiction unfortunately has degenerated away from the classic concept of the genre with its strong emphasis on science. There being a continuous scarcity of good science story authors, publishers of science fiction magazines and books must perforce take refuge in pseudo-science yarns and more and more fantasy. This stems also from the curious fact that far too many publishers mistakenly classify science fiction in their minds exclusively as entertainment.

Knowing little about science, they usually do not understand what science fiction really is and what it tries to accomplish.

They do not know that science fiction is educational first and foremost because it always aims to instruct. Second, it is a trail-blazer in that it heralds new ideas and trends. Third, it has a sacred mission in the future progress of the world.

May I venture here a strong conviction that science fiction, now emerging in the U.S.S.R., will certainly never be read as pure entertainment by the masses. The Russians are far too serious and practical for that. Nor will the Ministry which is to guide its future, fall into the American fantasy trap which has recently denatured science fiction to such an alarming degree in this country.

What of the future of science fiction? I see not only a very healthy renaissance for the art but I truly believe that in the future science fiction may attain a commanding rank in literature, second to none.

Several reasons that will make it more universal have already been enumerated by me. Then too, we have recently entered the space age with all its breathtaking, electrifying possibilities spreading out in every direction of the physical universe. This then in human history will be its greatest, its most fascinating age--the age of forward-looking science and technology, the greatest age of human achievement. That means also that the hitherto weak efforts of science fiction will be eclipsed a myriad fold in the future.

It has been said that the space age belongs to the young. Equally true is the fact--it has always been a fact since its inception--that science fiction is the domain of youth.

The gifted young mind often has the faculty of an uninhibited, intuitive, forceful imagination that can soar and ferret out the secrets of nature.

I could not cite a better illustration of this than by pointing to the small and dedicated band of science fiction adherents who constitute the Science Fiction Society of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This to me is vastly significant. There are, to be sure, dozens of science fiction societies throughout the land, many of them even printing their own mimeographed "Fanzines" or fan magazines.

But at the moment I do not know of the existence of any other S. F. organization connected with a learned technological faculty. Your movement here certainly augurs exceedingly well for the future of science fiction and deserves all encouragement as a permanent and growing movement in the U.S. Such a movement deserves official recognition and encouragement by every faculty.

Every college science fiction society should publish its own modest, yet outstanding magazine, edited by its own staff. Not only would other S.F. society members subscribe to it, but outside science fiction enthusiasts would subscribe to it as well.

Such a magazine should not be only the usual fanzine that discusses stories and authors from other magazines, but it must print its own stories authored by its own college men.

There has always been a dearth of short, short science fiction stories--less than 1,500 words long. In a college magazine with a modest number of pages such stories would be apropos. Incidentally, if the story is good, professional magazines will buy it--not only the regulation S. F. magazines, but periodicals such as the Saturday Evening Post, which frequently runs short features of this genre.

It seems to me that such an undertaking would be a "natural" for the Science Fiction Society of M.I.T. It has the best talent in the world, it has the access to a vast reservoir of science and technology in every form and it could easily become the leader of an important new movement in science fiction.

I fervently hope that it will succeed.

I thank you.

--END--

The above article is an address made by Hugo Gernsback to The Massachusetts Institute Of Technology Science Fiction Society, October 21, 1960.



"YES, YOU MAY QUOTE ME AS SAYING THAT CRY IS AN ACQUIRED TASTE..."

Mike Deckinger with his Loaf of Bread reminds me of Diana Barrymore.

I've been reading "Too Much, Too Soon" lately, which is, as you doubtless know, the Diana Barrymore lifestory. What a life that poor girl led! Her mother was a real classic Freudian horrid example: She was a beautiful woman, passionate, turbulent, and egocentric to a most remarkable degree. She insisted on being called by a man's name, called her second (and incomparably favorite) son by a name which, in the United States, is usually a girl's name, and kept him in long curls until he was six or eight. He died at 29, and was buried, in accordance with his request, beside another young man who had been a close friend. When his mother knew she would soon die she had him dug up so that she and he could be buried together, and had tombstones prepared with consecutive quotes from the Song of Solomon. His was "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away." Like wow, huh? Anyhow, this highly aberrative parent petted and caressed her relatively unimportant daughter only after she had been punished for being naughty. Diana grew up hungry for love, and knowing deep inside her that the way to be loved was to be naughty. One must give her full marks for having tried to make herself completely loveable. She had three husbands and was faithful to none of them, besides numerous premarital and intermarital affairs. She drank. She was extravagant even when almost broke. She was sometimes very insolent and rude. She was deeply hurt (though she tried to be brave about it) when she hit Tyrone Power (whom she hadn't even seen during her days of glory) up for a loan, expected at least \$2,000, and only received \$100. She explains piteously that she wouldn't have held it against him at all if only he had explained to her that he could only send her \$100 because that was all he could AFFORD. Diana Barrymore was not a very nice woman, but, poor thing! it really wasn't entirely her fault, or even very much her fault. The child of two violent, dynamic and tempestuous parents, it was clearly her duty to be violent, dynamic and tempestuous too, if she could possibly arrange it. She probably had a natural bent in that direction. But she did not inherit her parents' beauty and there's no indication in the book that she inherited their talents. She was an ordinary woman in an extraordinary situation. But she got a big contract in Hollywood on the strength of her name, and since she projected neither beauty nor sex on the screen, her value was dependent upon her acting ability. She was put in starring roles from the very first, and did not have the time to get the skill, the experience, to be a really accomplished actress--before too many Barrymore pictures had flopped and her career was over.

The point I've been leading up to is this--& are you with me, Mike Deckinger?--during her terrible years of poverty, Diana Barrymore and her last husband used to steal food from the supermarket. Did they steal loaves of bread? No, Mike Deckinger, they did not steal loaves of bread. They stole fancy expensive imported cheeses, to dress up their drab meals, to give them the touch of luxury they NEEDED.

* * * * *

You know, CRY is available for trades, I keep saying. But it very often happens that people send us their zines and do not receive CRY in return. This is not because we are insincere in our promise to send CRY for trades; or because we don't think other people's zines are worthy of our dear CRY--nothing like that at all. It's very simply this: I haven't as yet devised a SYSTEM to keep track of the zines people send us. This is something that it should be possible to do, and it's highly probable that one of these days I shall do it. I expect that one of these days I shall become ever so much more reliable and efficient and businesslike (or unload the job of mailing CRYs onto someone else).

And there's another goof I made: You'll remember that John Berry's story in the last CRY was the first installment of a serial? Well, shortly after we received it we got a note from John saying that he'd forgotten to make a carbon of it, and needed the story back to refer to in writing the next installment. I forgot all about sending the story back until just a couple weeks ago, and so, alas! our serial is interrupted in the middle.

Buz and I had a long talk about the Berry story in this CRY at breakfast this morning; we shed a few tears for the passenger pigeon, and consoled ourselves with the reflection that at least it wasn't our ancestors who exterminated the Tasmanians.

Which is a lead-in, sort of, for my next topic of conversation, which I think I'll save for the next page.

I guess everybody, both at home and abroad, knows that the racial situation here in US is not all unadulterated sweetness and light. But it's not so bad as one might think, whose thoughts on the subject were centered around Little Rock. About six months ago there was a bit in the newspaper (I wish I'd clipped it!). A nationally-known Seattle architect--I think his name's Benjamin McAdoo--came home from a trip to Europe, and a reporter asked him if he'd enjoyed his trip. He'd had a wonderful time! He'd seen England and much of Europe, but the most delightful experience of all had been in London, in Hyde Park (does that sound right?). He'd been strolling thru, and there was this guy from San Francisco talking about what a bum deal negroes have in the United States--how they're persecuted and pushed-around. Mr. McAdoo, himself a negro, stopped to heckle, and pretty soon the crowd asked him to get up and make a speech, and he did. He, a very successful professional man, told them of his experiences as a negro in the United States. I wish I'd been there. Oh, I wish I'd been there!

Of course, he's a Seattle man. I've lived in Seattle 17 years; I've lived in the Pacific Northwest all my life--and I've never seen or heard anyone be ^{gratuitously} rude to a negro. I don't mean to imply that it doesn't happen--just that it hasn't happened in my presence, as I feel sure that it is something that I would notice and remember, if it had happened. Negroes in Seattle may find it very difficult to find housing outside the negro district, but otherwise, they are treated with courtesy. In some of the best stores in town I've noticed that negro women are waited on with at least as much alacrity as white women. &, I read in the paper, that although negro unskilled laborers may have difficulty finding work in Seattle, Negro professional people are usually placed right away.

Mind you--I'm not saying that Seattle is a perfect place for Negroes to live. I'd be even prouder of my city if it didn't have any "negro district" at all. But Seattle is a long, long way from Little Rock, and it's too bad for Little Rock, and places like it, to get all the publicity.

Also, on the train going back to Pittsburgh was a couple--a negro husband and white wife. He was a very black negro, and she was a very, very white-skinned white woman. This is a combination that some people are reputed to get very emotional about, but, on the train, I watch the reception this couple got as closely as I could without appearing to, and so far as I could see, nobody appeared to pay any particular attention to them at all. If they had to run any gauntlet of hostile glances I at least saw no signs of it. Their oldest son, a boy of about ten, was running with three white children of about the same age who apparently all met aboard train. So far as I could see, he was accepted. There were quite a few negro passengers on the train, both east and west (this is apropos of nothing in particular) and two that I remember ^{well were a} mother and daughter, both very, very pretty women, and, in the snack bar, ^{I remember} the waiter's air of respectful and yet somehow comradely admiration toward them. I dug that scene.

* * * * *

While I'm on the subject of our trip to Pittsburgh, I must tell you that I got into conversation with a handsome young man. He was a tweedy type with dark bristly hair of the sort that would be ^{curly} if it weren't cut short, round innocent brown eyes, dark jowls and cleft chin. He was boasting of all the travel he'd done in the last month. I looked at him thoughtfully. "Salesmen do a lot of travelling. Perhaps you're in sales." He was stung to the quick. "I'm an ARCHITECT." So then we chatted about architecture, and I asked him how he liked Frank Lloyd Wright's work. He informed me that he'd been a student of Frank Lloyd Wright's--at Taliesin West. (He told me how Taliesin was pronounced, too--but unfortunately I've already forgotten. It sounded terribly improbable anyhow.) GOSHWOWBOYBOY! I was thrilled. Imagine meeting someone who'd studied under W*R*I*T*G*H*T! Someone who'd spoken to him, listened to him, shook his hand..... "Did you like him?" "No." He didn't like Frank Lloyd Wright? Why not, for CRYsake? "He was a genius, I know that--but the trouble was, he knew it too. He'd lost his humility."

It's the problem of the elves, in a world of men and hobbits, and orcs, too, for that matter. Can an elf not know he's an elf? Can he go around hunched up, pretending to be a hobbit? If he walks proudly, as an elf should, must he be reproached for it? It's the problem of the elves. Living in isolation, in a world of lesser beings, a sort of unhealthy conceit does inevitably --or NEARLY inevitably--develop. Remember in Tolkien? The elves avoided other folk, and said it was because they were boring. That was a true reason, but there was a truer reason still.

Elinor.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1960:

The September 22, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by President Jim Webbert, who asked that the minutes be read aloud. This was done and the minutes were approved over the objections of the President. The club, with the exception of the President, must be getting soft.

There was a fabulous meeting attendance, including such seldom seen folks as the Vernard Thomas's, Roger and Jerry Miller, Esther Richardson, and G. M. Carr. Jerry Miller was attending his first Nameless meeting, but when it was learned that he had once, for two years, been involved with printing a local newspaper, and that he was filled to the hair-tips with advertising lore, he found himself leading an active discussion of how the club could best make itself known to the community around it. Eventually the Sec-Treas was instructed to get the club meetings announced in print and over the air, and meanwhile the group would mull over various other possibilities suggested by Jerry Miller.

A motion was made, seconded, and passed that the Nameless change its meetings from every other Thursday to first and third Thursdays every month. The actual effect of this legislation on the club is extremely subtle, since December 29th is the only scheduled meeting date this year that will not be a meeting date under the new system. But at least it agrees with what the Seattle Times printed in its item on the 1961 Convention.

Election of officers was not due until next meeting, but several of the members were eager to get some nominating done ahead of time, so the President opened nominations for the various offices. Unfortunately your infallible SEC-Treas has misplaced his notes and doesn't remember who was nominated for what. It is to be hoped this can eventually be straightened out by the election meeting, although past experience indicates it will make little difference if anyone remembers the original nominations or not.

Without notes, we can only assume the meeting was eventually adjourned.

Infallible SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

OCTOBER 6, 1960:

Jim Webbert called the October 6, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones to order at 8:05 p.m. The minutes were read but the President didn't like them so he made the motion that the minutes be disapproved. By tradition, or some equally worthless authority, Nameless Presidents are not allowed to make motions other than the physical motions required to run meetings. Jim's motion was therefore declared illegal. Vernard Thomas then made the declaration completely pointless by making the same identical motion. The vote on the unpleasant matter resulted in a tie, which unfortunately allowed the President to cast the deciding vote. Jim cast all too eagerly, and the SEC-Treas got hooked again. F. M. Busby was not satisfied that Nameless tradition had been satisfied, so he moved that the SEC-Treas be censured in lieu of being boiled in oil. Even the SEC-Treas voted for that one.

Geneva Wyman was the next to be hooked. She had, at the previous meeting, incautiously admitted to having done publicity work for other groups. She is now Director of Publicity for the Nameless Ones, by Presidential appointment.

The Sec-TREAS reported \$30.30 in ~~the~~ the club's treasury. Wally Gonser reported that according to a note from the Arcade building, the Sec-TREAS had better cough up \$9 of that for room rent. The Sec-TREAS will never make it to Mexico at this rate.

The President asked for new business and was ignored. He then asked for old business and was immediately presented with a monologue by the Sec-Treas on the Boeing Employees Hobby Show. It was an exciting, fascinating report, and the Nameless were so enthralled by it that they suggested it be written in article form for publication in the CRY. Your loquacious Sec-Treas now wishes he had taken notes to prevent conflicts between his verbal and written reports.

The next item of business was election of officers. Geneva Wyman and Flora Jones were nominated for president, and when Jim Webbert and Wally Gonser finished counting the ballots it was determined that Flora Jones had squeaked through with just two more votes than Geneva: Geneva 5, Flora 7, 1 abstaining, and 1 who evidently was opposed to a

matriarchal government at any price who voted for Fidel. Flora declined to take over the meeting until after the elections, so Jim Webbert retained the Official Gavel for the time being.

Jim Webbert, Vernard Thomas, and Jerry Frahm were nominated for Vice President, although Jerry's name was dropped from the list when it was pointed out that he could not attend meetings. Jerry's job as chief embezzler at the People's National Bank can only be satisfactorily performed after banking hours. Jim Webbert was anxious to help count ballots again, but Wally Gonser had Rose Stark help him instead, feeling that Jim, being under such pressure as Vice-Presidential nominee, might be more likely to err. The votes came out to be 7 for each candidate, so Wally Gonser invoked a little-known law to decide the issue. (The law was little-known because it hadn't existed before Wally thought of it.) Producing a coin -- one of the major achievements of the evening, by the way -- Wally flipped it and Vernard called it. Vernard lost the toss and thereby became afflicted with the office of Vice-President.

The offices of Secretary-Treasurer, Official Coffee Maker, and Official Bem were won easily by the three respective only candidates, Wally Weber, Wally Gonser, and Cary Thomas. Ordinarily the outgoing Official Bem, Jerry Frahm in this case, would have been called upon to perform the single duty of his office, that of giving the Official Bem's Report, but since nothing ever happens ordinarily at a Nameless meeting, Jerry was excused.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:44 p.m., and the Official Gavel was presented to Flora as the members applauded. Kindly, gentle, soft-spoken Flora Jones accepted with good grace, looked benevolently at Jim who was seated in the presidential chair, and growled, "Get out of my chair!" As Jim hastily abandoned the chair and stumbled out of range of the Official Gavel, Wally Gonser noticed something that the rest of us had missed. "Now," he pointed out, "all the members of the CRYstaff are ex-presidents of the Nameless Ones."

Re-elected SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

OCTOBER 20, 1960:

President Flora Jones called the meeting to order at 8:16 p.m. on October 20, 1960. The dependable SEC-Treas had prepared no minutes, but gave a report on the previous meeting from his notes. Flora asked if anyone wanted to move that the minutes be approved but there were no takers, although Vernard Thomas wondered if it would be proper to stand in awe of the minutes. Finally the Sec-Treas moved that the notes of the minutes be accepted, and Vernard seconded. Fair-minded Flora Jones then announced, "The motion has been made and passed that the notes of the minutes be accepted." Trouble-making Coffee Maker, Wally Gonser, argued that the members should be allowed to vote on motions, and then, when everyone else voted in favor, he abstained.

Dr. Barrett's fan questionnaire had been distributed at the meeting, and when Flora asked for old business, Wally Gonser brought up question number nine, "How did the first group of fans you met with get together originally?". Geneva Wyman said she, too, would be interested in that information since, as Publicity Director, she would probably be asked this question. It wasn't long before everyone decided they would like to know how the Nameless Ones originally got together, and what the history of the club had been. Bill Austin, G. M. Carr, and Jack Speer had been mentioned as the three people who would know the most about Nameless history, so Vernard Thomas moved that those three be made a committee to compile a club history. He withdrew his motion when he was informed that it did not sound feasible. Geneva then made a motion that Wally Weber contact the three and compile the information; Jim seconded and the motion passed unanimously. So that should be the last we hear of that.

Flora obtained informal approval of a planned program of slides pertaining to the Century 21 exposition, and reminisced about the time she had attended the Chicago Worlds Fair in 1893. She said Chicago houses didn't have electricity in those days, and Wally Gonser, who has an evil mind, wondered how she knew so much about Chicago house.

Vernard Thomas volunteered posters to advertise club meetings, provided his wife would make the posters. The club accepted his generous offer, and adjourned the meeting at 9:13 p.m. so that his wife could inform him what she thought of his generosity without having it in the minutes.

Dependable SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

This is my first article for a fanzine. So I guess none of you have ever heard of me. I must say, before I tell you my astounding story, that I really feel that this fandom of yours is for me. Met a chap at college last fall, name of Gerber, and I was talking to him one night, while we were sipping cokes, and he gave me the first introduction to the microcosm. I think that's what he called it. I got the impression at the time that Gerber was sort of feeling me out, to see if I liked the idea of being a member of this esoteric organization which seems to cater for dormant literary instincts which otherwise would never get a chance for presentation.

Gerber took me to his room, and showed me many examples of fanzines, which I borrowed and read. I was amazed not only with the vastly different writing techniques, but with the utter diversity of subject matter. I had been under the impression that because science fiction was the, as it were, focal point of fandom, space ships and Buck Rogers stuff would be prominent, but no..politics, international relations, history, geography, biographies, autobiographies, humor..almost every subject under the sun and Proxi Centaurus came under the typer key.

Well, I was interested. Very interested....

But because of my studies, I just could not give any time to actually taking part actively in fandom. Sure, I read the latest fanzines, as Gerber lent them to me, and I will confess that I felt the urge to write for a fanzine, but my widowed mother is dependent on me, and I had to do well in my exams; and like that. You know.

I passed my exams, doing especially well in my major, Zoology--which came as a shock to almost everyone, including myself.

Came the vacation. Gerber dropped me the odd note, and sent a few fanzines, and hinted that I should take the opportunity, now that I was free from studies, to write. He said that he thought I would be pretty good.

I felt, too, that I had that undefinable something in my system.....the urge to get down to a typer and batter away at the keys, not counting the typos, and bare my soul before the rest of the members of fandom, a thing which other writers seemed to do with considerable success.

I felt, too, that, as a newcomer, or a neofan, if I had to write, I should at the very least try and be original..break new ground, and possibly, get the whole of fandom talking about me. I knew that every conceivable subject had been covered, indeed, I felt some of the angles had been done to death. But egoboo, that was my goal.

And success came to me in a blinding flash of pure and utter luck. I want to be serious now. I say this with not the slightest trace of modesty; I reckon, conservatively, that if I took this mss (when it is complete) to the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, or the SATURDAY EVENING POST, two random examples....I could name my own fee. I could say, "Looky here, I want \$25,000 for this," and I bet you the old bent yen in my hip pocket that I'd get it. And more. This is no gimmick. It is a factual statement. The TIMES, in England, would sign a blank check for this mss. And I am sending it to FANAC.

FANAC doesn't publish articles, you'll say, except for PLINTH, which is a column anyway. But they'll publish this. They'll publish it in a oneshot which I guarantee will be in the post within an hour or getting this mss..sooner, if possible!

For this mss is the scoop of the decade, of the century, of the world's history! TRULY IT IS.

I claim no literary technique. I probably haven't any at all. But read on....

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My name is Sinclair Lewis.

I said you'd never heard of me.

But the world will know of me in a month's time..in a week's time, I bet....and because this article will be published in a fanzine, the world will come to know fandom in a way which will cause it to be spoken of in whispered terms of awe and amazement.

I must tell you that I'm not a dope.

I've a widowed mother, like I said, and when FANAC sells the mss to whosoever they choose, they'll give me a high percentage of the fee. This will be arranged before they publish. They'll be happy with ten per cent. You'll see.....

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I live in North Dakota; I won't say just where.

Three days ago, I sat in my den and concentrated for hours, trying to think of some clever gimmick to write about, so that I could hit fandom in a big way.

I got nothing but a headache.

So I got out my scooter, filled the tank, and drove into the country.

I propped the scooter by a hedge and walked across the fields. I came to a wood, and I felt sort of inspired. You know how you feel when you commune with nature. The sun was straining, and the sweat evaporated under my arms. So I lay down under the shade of a tree. I put my arms behind my head, and I looked, and, you know?, my eyes became kind of glazed..like, I guess it's happened to you, too..you are thinking hard, and your eyes are unseeing.....

AND I FROZE.....

I COULD NOT MOVE.....

MY EYES HAD, LIKE I SAID, BEEN UNSEEING....

THEN I SAW THE VISION.....

Well, I never did believe in this vision crap.

To have hallucinations, they tell me, you've got to be in a hell of a nervous state. Well, I'd been thinking hard, like I said, but I don't think a much sought-after inspiration for a fanzine article could be construed as extreme nervous tension.

So I didn't move. I forced my eyelids closed..and kept 'em there for twenty seconds. I counted. And during that twenty seconds I said to myself....look, Sinclair..this is you; you're in supreme control of your faculties and when you open your eyes in ten seconds, it's got to be there, otherwise it's the psycho ward.

..eighteen...nineteen....twenty... I opened my peepers with a click, and the Passenger Pigeon was still there.

.....

Sure, I knew the Passenger Pigeon all right.

Last year I made a pilgrimage to the National Museum in Washington and saw the stuffed remains of the last Passenger Pigeon in the world, which died in Cincinnati Zoological Gardens in 1914...on September 1st...yeah..at one pm.

Well, until three days ago, it was supposed to be the last one alive.

Migod, when I think of it (as I frequently have done, over the years), these Passenger Pigeons covered America. Sometimes it took three days for a flock to fly over, and even with the populace banging away with guns, and trappers snaring the nesting places, there were so many of the birds that they just couldn't become extinct. But they did. Leastwise, until now it was popularly supposed the Passenger Pigeon was extinct.

Sometimes I've felt it to be a disgrace to the American people that the bird ever should have been supposedly slaughtered to the last one..and my blood boils when I remember that the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held itself a meeting in 1881 at Coney Island, and allowed 20,000 Passenger Pigeons to be used as targets for Live Pigeon Shooting.

Like I said, MIGOD.

.....

And I lay on my back in a wood in North Dakota at 3:35 PM on 22nd August, 1960, and saw a Passenger Pigeon.

It seemed noble somehow.

The tail flicked up and down every few seconds, and I swear it cocked its head on one side and looked at me. I didn't move...and I'm telling you straight....I closed my eyes several times and opened 'em again, and the Passenger Pigeon was always there.

It was quite a few yards away, but as I said, my major is Zoology, and I know my Passenger Pigeon...didn't go all the way to Washington for nothing.

In a few moments, as we watched each other, it took itself off and flew to a branch a couple trees away. It puffed out its chest, and the long tail flicked again..and its feathers ruffled and a small fluffy reddish-brown feather dipped and swayed its way to the grass below.

I got up and walked to the tree. The Passenger Pigeon flew away..not anxiously..just as though it wanted to be aloof from the species which had almost caused its extinction.

I picked up the feather, and it was warm, and you can have it for \$10,000.

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I know where the wood is...where the tree is....where other Passenger Pigeons are, too....most probably.

Make me an offer.

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I guess I've done more to boost fandom than any other fan past or present. Does this make me a BNF?

Sinclair Lewis

1960

Lewis pulled the sheet out of the old typewriter.

He read it through, and corrected the typos with a ball-point pen.

He smirked.

He addressed an envelope to FANAC, pushed the sheets of paper inside, and sealed it. He stuck an airmail stamp on, flung the envelope on the bed, pulled his black leather jacket out of the wardrobe.

He passed the wall mirror, and winked at himself.

He opened the den door, hopped down the stairs, and walked to the front door.

The water-color painting of the Cincinnati Passenger Pigeon was in the hallway on the left of the front door. He'd painted it himself; he recalled that he'd stood just six inches away from the glass case as he'd roughly sketched it in with a soft-led pencil.....

Hell, it wasn't a good painting.....but....

He closed the front door again, and went back to his den.

He looked at himself in the mirror again, and looked at his reflected eyes as he ripped the envelope and its contents into shreds.

He let the fragments fall at his feet, but he didn't look down.

He smiled at himself...knowingly.....

by John Berry

(Franson on misspelling, continued)

There's no use trying to make a list of misspellings common to all fanzines, as there aren't any. Each error is a particular one which a particular fanzine editor makes, perhaps over and over again, and is obviously not aware of. He will probably never be told of it by non-fans, and so may never correct it, to his possible loss.

This only applies to those who want to be corrected, of course. After all, everyone is wrong some of the time, but most of the time it doesn't matter, and quibbles are mainly interruptions to thought. So I would only offer criticism where it seems to be wanted. Then those who don't believe in the dictionary won't be erked (eh, Rick?)

You won't need to search for errors, as they will stand out easily enough, while you are reading and enjoying the fanzine, and possibly making checkmarks for comment anyway. You can generally spot a spelling error if it doesn't "look right". This is tricky, however. The deceptive part is that if you see "competant" too many times, you'll begin to think it looks right. Conversely, if something looks definitely wrong to you, it might not be. Check the dictionary before writing. Consult, then insult.

There is a lot of criticism of fanzines on other points. Reproduction, artwork, and content are raked over the coals and no editor seems to mind, as long as it's constructive criticism he's getting (along with practice in being criticized). In fact, there is even some criticism of spelling, but as I said, too weak. A "sic" here and there is not enough. If you're going to be a critic, criticize. And if you're a target, be a good target, and stand there and take it. It's your turn next.

Even the pointing out of a rare misspelling in an otherwise impeccable (nobody pecks at it) fanzine would be appreciated, I'm sure, by the editor. He can always claim it was an oversight--he forgot to go to school.

Spelling is tough, in English, compared to other languages. Some day it will be simplified, and there will be little difficulty. But in the meantime, let's help each other master it, through fanzines and corresponded. After all, fandom is often thought of as supplying a liberal education, besides being just a lousy hobby.

.....Donald Franson

On TAFF: I made some proposals a few months ago. Now I'd like re-evaluate them in the light of present conditions and financial realities. The TAFF is now pointing for a US fan to attend the 1962 British Con. It would be nice if it could be the '61 Con, but that's too long a shot for such short notice on an eastbound trip; Don and Eric are being realistic to point for '62. There is some danger of a lag in interest (from a fund-raising standpoint) from such a long-term schedule, but I think that 1960 provided the answer to that-- push to get the eastbound trip assured as soon as possible, so that a westbound trip can be worked up for the same year. The relative timing of US and UK Cons, plus the greater ease of raising loot for the westbound candidates, make this "2 trips, every other year" schedule a workable possibility-- as we saw this year, to our great pleasure.

But more than ever, I feel that for the eastbound campaigns, a short voting-period, followed by an all-out fund drive for the announced winner, is the only humane treatment of the candidates and their supporters. If this present voting campaign can be wound up sometime next spring, say, the candidates and their good partisan supporters won't be in all that deadly suspense too long, allowing sportsmanship to slip under an excess of tension as we have seen happen in the past. It is cruel and inhuman punishment to keep a candidate on the hook as long as the last two eastbound sets of candidates were kept hanging.

OK, that's one aspect. Here's another; how would this deal work? Well, TAFF is off to a good start just now, with a nest-egg left over from the Auction Bloch and PittCon contributions. If the ballots can be distributed (as soon as possible following a closing of nominations when feasible) with a spring-'61 deadline, there will be the whole summer to raise loot ahead of the WorldCon (like, be here-- plug). At the close of the Con, what with the Auction Bloch and whatever the Con can put in, itself, the figures will be at hand to indicate whether it looks good to go for a westbound TAFFman to the '62 WorldCon. If it looks good, the nominations can open immediately and the new drive can get off to a good start.

In other words, whether we have a British representative at the '62 WorldCon depends on how well we all kick in on this current campaign, as well as the next one. I think this 2-year schedule is a good thing, if we'll just support it. And the fannish record is pretty good in this respect lately; let's keep it up, hey?

"Seattle in '61!": I do wish I could tell you about some of the possibilities being worked on by your friendly neighborhood WorldCon Committee, but since there is nothing sadder than a Big Announcement of something that doesn't pan out after all, I'll just have to keep you all in suspense for another month, and simply assure you that We're WORKING On It. Our pre-Progress-Report for-free flyer should be out with or before the next CRY. Along with all the news that's ~~fff ff bfff~~ available at the time, our PR ad-rates, etc, we are printing the PittCon Final (Financial) Report-- it makes more sense this way, than for the PittCon group to be saddled with an anticlimactic publishing chore after the PittCon is over and the beer is all gone.

Meanwhile, "Seattle in '61!" is always pleased to see membership applications popping in at P O Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington. The same old \$2 gets you all the Progress Reports, Program Book, membership card, and kindly words said about you at Committee meetings (by vote of the PittCon business meeting, we hold you up for one more buck upon your eagerly awaited arrival here at the Con, but you can just pretend that we are two bellboys and that you are tipping us). Checks may be made payable (and should be) either to Wally Weber or to the Seattle Science-Fiction Club; it all goes in the same bank account, safe as houses. So, join now!

A Loaf of Bread, and ZOW!: This fella in the lettercol is still hung up about this other fella in jail for stealing that loaf of bread to feed his nogoodnik lazy starving family. I asked him to check his local bastille for the percentage of miscreants confined for that offense, but he hasn't done so. Can any of our other readers give us any data on this question? Check your local jail for the current and overall incidence of bread-stealers. Address your comments to good ol' CRY. --FMB.

It's amazing how insidiously these CRY deadlines can creep up on a conscientious columnist; it seems like just last week that the last CRY deadline was here. Even a superb columnist like me can have trouble turning out a measly three or four pages a month, I assure you, and perhaps that will give you some idea of the awe with which I regard people who publish 40 or 50 page fanzines every month. Sometimes I sit down at the typer and think, I'm Not Worthy. What, after all, am I doing writing a column for a phenomenon like CRY, a Hugo-award-winning fanzine? What right have I to insinuate my name on a contents page that sports names like Burbee and Boggs and Ashworth and Berry? And mainly (ah, did you guess that I wasn't all that modest?), what am I doing trying to write a column for a monthly fanzine? That's the feeling I get sometimes when CRY deadline comes around before I've even finished reading my last column more than fifteen or twenty times.

Since I last wrote a CRY column all I've done is publish three fanzines and spend ten days' vacation in Los Angeles. Time certainly does fly, all right.

Actually, of course, that vacation was what made this deadline seem to come so soon. It seems like the chair in front of the typer is still warm from last time I wrote this column. When you take ten days out of the normal schedule of your life and fanac those ten days have a way of catching up with you.

But it was worth it. We had a fine time, Miri and I. In fact, if you'll sit still I'll tell you all about it. Or all that's printable, anyhow.

It all started a week ago Thursday when we called Forry Ackerman to tell him we were coming down and see if he could meet us at the airport. Right away that other-worldly aura that surrounds all vacations came creeping in over the telephone wires. Forry said he'd love to pick us up, but, well, it was this way.....his secretary had been kidnaped.

It may have been my naturally egocentric attitude, or maybe it was a perfectly natural reaction, but I must confess my first thought was that I couldn't see what that had to do with whether or not he could pick us up. A split-second later, though it occurred to me to wonder why Forry's secretary had been kidnapped, and--KIDNAPPED? What? Eh? Forry explained that he'd hired this girl to handle his routine correspondence, requests for review copies of s-f books, help file his correspondence, and so forth. She was a member of a sorority, and that day he'd received a phonecall from her from Palm Springs, a hundred miles away; she'd been kidnapped by sorority pledges and deposited there without any money, and would have to hitchhike back. Hence she couldn't make it in time to work that day and would have to come over the next day, Friday, when we'd be arriving. (She works three afternoons a week at Forry's place.) And since Forry would have to be there to oversee matters and such (I mean, do you think anyone could handle even Forry's routine correspondence without him there to give directions?), he wouldn't be free that afternoon.

But he arranged with Charles Nuetzell to pick us up, and when we arrived at the airport there he was. We piled into his car and drove to Forry's house, discussing mostly the current presidential elections. ("Who are you voting for?--our ambassador to South America or the dissipated teenager?" said Miri.)

At Forry's we met Jacie Astrachan, Forry's secretary. Her first name is pronounced "jaysee," and she's had so much trouble with people who think it must be pronounced and spelled Jackie that she's taken to spelling it simply Jc. Nobody can pronounce that right either, but at least it makes them stop and ask how it's pronounced.

She's quite a gal. Forry said he'd interviewed dozens of girls for the job, but she was the only one who'd really seemed interested in it for its own sake. She reads science fiction, she has an active sense of humor, and she's interested in everything and everyone she runs nnto at Forry's..and that, believe me, covers a wide gamut.

Chuck Nuetzell had come over mostly to confer with Forry about a manuscript, and he left early in the afternoon; Forry invited us to stay at his place for a few days, and we gladly accepted. We spent most of the afternoon lolling around reading through magazines while Forry and Jacie were working. Advance copies of the latest issue of Famous Monsters had just arrived that day, and we leafed through it.

While we were loafing around, the doorbell rang, and when Jacie went and answered it there stood a little kid, one of the neighborhood children. He said something to her, and she said something to him, and he went away.

"What was it?" asked Forry.

"It was a little boy," said Jacie. "He wanted to know if you had any monsters to sell."

Well, actually he'd wanted to buy some back issues of Famous Monsters, but it struck me funny anyway.

Jacie went home at 5:00, and Forry suggested we go out to eat. About that time Ingrid Fritzsche phoned to invite Forry over for an evening at the Henstells' house--Ingrid works for the Henstells, though it's more like she's a friend who lives with them. When Forry mentioned that we were there, she invited us over too.

So after dinner we went out to Tigertail Road (do you think Bruce Henstell will ever gafiate, Elinor?)(Not while he lives on Tigertail Road--EB)), where we met for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Henstell and son Bruce.

We'd heard a lot about Bruce, of course; he's sort of a modern-day legend in some fan circles. He's the fan whom Randy Garrett singled out at the Detention as an example of a good (i.e. worshipful) neofan; he's the young fellow who was sort of the inspiration for Bjo's "The Littlest Fan" in 1959's MERETRICKIOUS; he's the young fanned who made a deal with Jim Warren, publisher of Help! magazine, whereby Warren would finance his fanzine in return for two pages of advertising therein. He's also the youngster who's often referred to as 15th Fandom's answer to Harlan Ellison--as if any fandom would ever have an answer to Ellison. Nevertheless, Bruce, with his loud precociousness, his enormous fund of energy, and various other attributes, does remind one amazingly of Harlan.

He met us at the door as though we were Walt Willis or something. He pumped our hands and grinned all over the place and bounced up and down and said, "You've gotta see my room!" I was kind of overwhelmed. I followed him to his room, tugged irresistibly along by the air whooshing in to fill the vacuum he left as he blazed through the living-room.

"Look at this!" he said, showing me an illo for his next fanzine. "Look!" he said, showing me a sheaf of stories he'd written during the last umptyump years, neatly clipped together. He rushed up to his desk to get something else to show me. He searched through a few papers and a pile of fanzines, and picked up a batch and threw them into a box. "Damn fanzines!" he muttered. "Why do people send me so many fanzines?--I haven't got time to read 'em!" He dragged out a letter from Jim Warren and flourished it.

"Look at my collection of Astoundings!" he said, waving a hand at a long shelf along one wall of the room; the collection went back to the thirties. "Here, I'll show you some of the stencils for my next fanzine!"

Reeling and staggering, I put down the illos, the stories, the letters and magazines he had pressed on me for perusal, and looked at the stencils. "You know," I mused, "you are like Ellison. The first time I met Ellison he showed me the stencils for the coming issue of DIMENSIONS."

Bruce looked pained. "I'm not like Harlan Ellison!" he shouted. "I keep telling and telling people that! Harlan Ellison is obnoxious!"

Well, I tried to explain that I don't think Ellison is especially obnoxious, unless maybe when he wants to be, but Bruce was still talking. "Oh well, I don't really mind being compared to Ellison," he said. "In fact, at the Pitcon, you know what I did? I went to the masquerade wearing these big comic glasses and smoking a cigaret, and said I was Harlan Ellison. It was a riot."

"But Ellison smokes a pipe, doesn't he?" I said.

"Yeah, but I couldn't find a pipe in any of the stores around the hotel," Bruce said. "So I smoked cigarets instead. Boy, was I sick later."

"Actually," I said, "the way to imitate Ellison is to stand across the room from E. E. Smith or John W. Campbell and holler at the top of your voice, 'DOC! DOC SMITH! HEY, HOW ARE YA?' or 'JOHNNY! MY BUDDY!'"

We went back into the livingroom and talked with the Henstells, who are real nice people, intelligent and interested in a wide range of things--even fandom, at second-hand. Of course, they are nonfans, and parents too. Mrs. Henstell said, "Bruce, I want you to watch your language! You've been going around calling people fuggheads so much that your little sister is picking up your language!"

"Fugghead is a perfectly decent word," Bruce said. "F. Tower Lanney used it!"

I just sort of sat there observing Bruce for most of the evening. He amazed me--really, he is the ultimate in neofans. What energy and enthusiasm he has! Miri wanted to see something, and Bruce ran the length of the hall and back to show it to her. She mentioned she liked card tricks, and he ran off to get a deck of cards and sat down to perform for her. He's pretty good at them, too.

A little later he said to me, "Boy, for a brilliant writer you sure don't say much!" And that remark just about struck me dumb.

Well, eventually it started getting late, so we had to leave. But before we left, Bruce said, "Hey, I've got a great idea--from now on I'll let you ghostwrite all my material!"

I muttered weakly, "Thanks, but I have enough trouble just writing my own stuff," and staggered out the door.

When we got back to Forry's, Miri said, "Forry, remember that Bruce said about F. Tower Lanney using the word fugghead? Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but I'll bet off-hand that Laney seldom felt the need for such circumlocutions in in-person type conversation. Am I right?"

And Forry smiled his smile and shrugged and said, "I guess you're right."

Saturday during the day we mostly sat around and talked with Forry again, but that evening we decided we'd like to go see somebody. Forry said he was busy that evening anyway. I called the Burbees, and Isabel invited us over for dinner. "Bill Ellern and some others are coming over," she said. "Maybe you could get a ride with them." So she gave me Ingrid Frittsch's number (Bill was picking her up about that time) and I called her and she said they'd pick us up in half an hour. And they did, and we went out to the Burbees--Billern, Ernie Wheatley, Ingruid, Ann Seidel, and us.

It was a nice, relaxed evening. Isabel fixed up batches of spaghetti that was so good that I was almost finished with my second helping before I remembered to ask why there were no chili beans. And the main things we discussed (besides sex, of course) were Johann Sebastian Bach and T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D.

Burbee said he'd read my last CRY column, and claimed that I'd convinced him that Sloane hadn't been as dry and pedantic as he'd always thought. (Burb had read the Sloane Amazing fresh off the stands, of course.) In the face of such a tribute I had to mention that I didn't especially believe all that I'd written, myself. (I'll be interested in reading the comments in this issue's lettercol.)

Every time I've visited the Burbees lately it's been on the occasion of one party or another, with fifty thousand fans milling about and the player piano going fullblast allnight, and such. It was a really pleasant change this evening just to sit around with a few fans and watch a little television and talk in a voice considerably below a shout. And come to think of it, the only time the player piano was used that evening was when Burb played a ragtime piece done up as a fugue, in connection withour discussion of Bach.

I mentioned that we wanted to see Bill Rotsler while we were in town, and Burb gave me his number and said I could use his phone to call. So I did, and Bill said he'd pick Miri and me up the next morning. With this thought in mind, we left comparatively early (maybe 2:00 a.m.) and hit the sack immediately upon arriving back at Forry's.

Unfortunately, we overslept, and it was nearly noon when we came down for breakfast--but that turned out all right, because when Bill called half an hour later he was just getting ready for breakfast himself. We packed our suitcases (we were going to stay with Miri's grandmother in South Pasadena for the rest of the vacation) and put them in Bill's car when he arrived, then drove out to Beverly Hills, where we spent the afternoon in talk and such with Bill and Gloria Saunders. Bill showed us a sheaf of roughs and finished strips of his new comic strip, "Sam Martian". It's a very funny strip, and Bill told us that a new syndicate had contracted for the distribution of it.

He was all enthused. "Do you realize," he said, "that if the strip sells to just five papers, I'll get \$150.00 a week? There are about 300 newspapers in California alone--it should sell to at least five of them!"

He also showed us roughs for another strip he wants to do nnce "Sam Martian" gets going. The other strip is called simply "Stuff," and has no permanent characters; instead several characters and themes will come and go. There's Johnny Flowerseed, who whizzes

through so fast that he's never seen, but he leaves a trail of flowers growing in his wake; there's the computer, who feels that his wall-socket plug is like an umbilical cord; there's the Flying Man, who has learned how to fly like birds and goes flapping around in the sky in utter delight. It's wonderful stuff.

Bill drove us out to South Pasadena that evening, and we spent the evening being fakefannish with Miri's grandmother, as might be expected.

The next afternoon we called Fan Hill and made arrangements to go over there that evening. We took a bus downtown and the Trimble's picked us up there and drove us the rest of the way. They had just picked up a photostencil which they'd had processed for the cover of their first FAPA-zine, and they ran it off later that evening.

We were at Fan Hill for ten minutes before it occurred to me that the fellow there that I didn't know and to whom nobody had thought to introduce us must be Jim Harmon. We introduced ourselves and found that it was. Goshwow, Jim Harmon, the legendary fan who in 1954--oh, you've heard that story? Well, Jim was mainly in his facet of comicbook fan that evening, and we discussed Captain Marvel and Superman and the Justice Society of America and such. He even brought out several old comics of these people, which Miri pored over in delight.

And a little bit later, through a chance remark which I don't remember, we got onto the subject of West Coast Fandom as opposed to Midwest Fandom. Jim, who's from Illinois, was defending Midwest Fandom against charges that too many of those fans were cliquish at conventions and snobbish about fanzines; he said that it was well-known that California fandom is the most inbred fandom of all. How he could make such a statement, considering that most of California fandom consists of fans who've moved here from elsewhere, is beyond me, but John Trimble took up the torch and defended California fandom right back at Jim.

"The fans in the Midwest are nice people, I agree--but they're a group all to themselves. Most of them never see a fanzine, except maybe JD-ARGASSY or YANDRO--they have almost no contact with fans outside their own area."

"Do you ever send them your fanzines?" asked Jim.

"No, of course not!" said John. "Why should we? They've heard of our fanzines; if they want them they can write and ask for a copy. We'll send 'em a sample if they ask--but they've gotta act interested first. After all, they know we're here--they've heard of us. We've never heard of most of them, or if we have we don't know their addresses. But they know of us, at least, and I think that makes us a lot less cliquish than them."

Well, it developed into a fine bullsession. Jim kept tossing out ideas, I think mainly just to run them up the flagpole and see if anybody would plunk them, and the others, mostly John, would soliloquize about California Fandom. Mostly I listened bemusedly now and then saying to John, "Yes yes, I agree, we're absolutely superb fans out here in California."

Anyway, it started getting late, and since John had to go to work the next morning we left early. John and Bjo drove us back to South Pasadena.

Tuesday afternoon we grabbed a bus and went clear out to L.A. 56 to visit Bob Lichtman--an hour and a half's trip from South Pasadena. We spent a couple of hours there, talking with Bob (who looks remarkably like Anthony Perkins, though he doesn't quite have Perkins' terribly shy manner) and looking at his fanning-area out in the garage. Bob showed us the ditto which has been giving him so much trouble lately; he explained the various troubles, one of which as I recall was that it had an ingenious hookup by which when one turned the crank three times the feed-arm would fall off. Nevertheless, it looked like a dream duplicator compared to the \$21.25 Tower ditto we own.

In fact, when Bob showed us his ditto and explained about the feed-arm difficulty, we said, "It just happens that we have the feed-arm of our ditto with us. Would you like to see it?" Bob nodded, and I rolled up my left shirtsleeve to show him our feed-arm. (That ditto of ours is manual everything: hand-feed, hand-crank, no counter, and if you run out of ditto fluid you can always spit in the fluid-tray.)

Bob also showed us a volume he had checked out of the U.C.L.A. library: the 35th FAPA mailing. (On the spine it was titled "Fantasy Fan Club".) Apparently Dale Hart had donated the mailing.

We had to get back to South Pasadena early, though, because Miri was to go that evening to visit an old friend who was sick in the hospital, so at 5:00 we left. We had a quick dinner at Miri's grandmother's and just as we were about to leave the phone rang and it was Bob Bloch. We'd written him a card saying we'd be down and had given him the phone number in case he got time to see us. He said that that evening would probably be the only time that week that he'd be free, so how about getting together somewhere? We made arrangements to meet him outside the hospital after visiting hours.

And we did so. Miri asked him if he'd had any trouble finding the designated corner, but he said no, he'd just gotten off the freeway at the wrong exit and driven right to the place with no trouble.

We decided to look for a quiet bar, and headed out towards South Pasadena. The first one we stopped at was deceiving in appearance from the street; it turned out to be a Low Dive, so after one drink we left..starting to go out the back door, but it was locked "I always leave Low Dives by the rear door," Bob said; "it's a habit I picked up in my wild youth."

So we drove a bit further and found a very nice place, quiet and comfortable, where we spent the rest of the evening. We talked about all sorts of things, starting (of course) with "Psycho". Bob was rather unhappy with the movie version; he felt that there was a bit too much sadism too lovingly presented. In his book the more sadistic aspects were more implied than spelled out.

I had a helluva time fighting for paying for drinks; Bob seemed determined to pay-- which I might have known in advance, considering what a warm and generous person he is. But since we had brought loot for the specific purpose of such things, I tried fighting him for awhile. I even out-drew him once, and had a five on the table while the waitress was just approaching for the drinks and Bob was still reaching for his wallet. But he calmly withdrew some bills and laid them on the table next to him while the waitress gave us our drinks, and when she looked down and saw both his money and mine there she sort of stopped short.

Bob indicated his bills and said, "Take it out of this; he's a minor."

And she did. I was utterly crushed for two more rounds (mainly, every time I thought of it I broke out grinning--what an outrageous thing to say!) but when Bob passed on a round and still wanted to pay for Miri's and my drinks I insisted. "Take it out of this," I said to the waitress. "I'm really sixty-five; alcohol keeps me perpetually youthful."

Well, it didn't top Bob's ploy, but at least it worked.

And eventually this evening too drew to a close, and Bob drove us home to South Pasadena.

....The number of times I've written about evenings getting late and things drawing to a close reminds me that it's about time I drew this monthly column to a close. It's unfortunate that I have to do so when I'm only halfway through the week's chronicle, but it can't be helped--if I go on writing, this thing will get so long that the CRYeds will from force of habit put Berry's byline on it, and then where will I be? Or worse yet, it might take them so long to stencil it that CRY will come out a day or two late--and I don't intend to bring about the end of fandom quite so purposelessly.

So here the narrative abruptly breaks off.....to be continued next month, same column, same typeface. Don't miss the next thrilling installment of The Rover Boys in L.A.

--Terry Carr

MY BIKE

I wish I had a bike.
Then I wouldn't have to hike.
I would have lots of fun, sure;
And I could also fix the puncture.

by Colin Berry

(reprinted from POT POURRI 15, SAPS mlg. 53, October 15, 1960)

Revengeville

25

THEY'VE ALWAYS
RIDICULED ME



THEY'VE REFUSED
TO ACCEPT THE
FACT THAT I
AM A SCIENTIST
AND NOT AN
ENGINEER



THEY CONTINUALLY
TAUNT ME, INVIT-
ING ME TO FANCY,
EXPENSIVE RESTAUR-
ANTS, & ASKING ME
FOR THEIR HORO-
SCOPES.



WHY CAN'T
THEY LEAVE
ME ALONE!



I KNEW SOMETHING
HAD TO BE DONE.



I CAN'T STAND
IT ANY
LONGER.



SO, ABOUT A WEEK
AGO, I SPOTTED A
HUGE METEORITE HEAD-
ING STRAIGHT
FOR THIS
PLANET.



YEP, HERE
IT COMES



IT'S GOING TO SMASH
INTO THE EARTH & WIPE
EVERYONE OUT



THEY MUST BE
TAUGHT A LESSON!



SO...

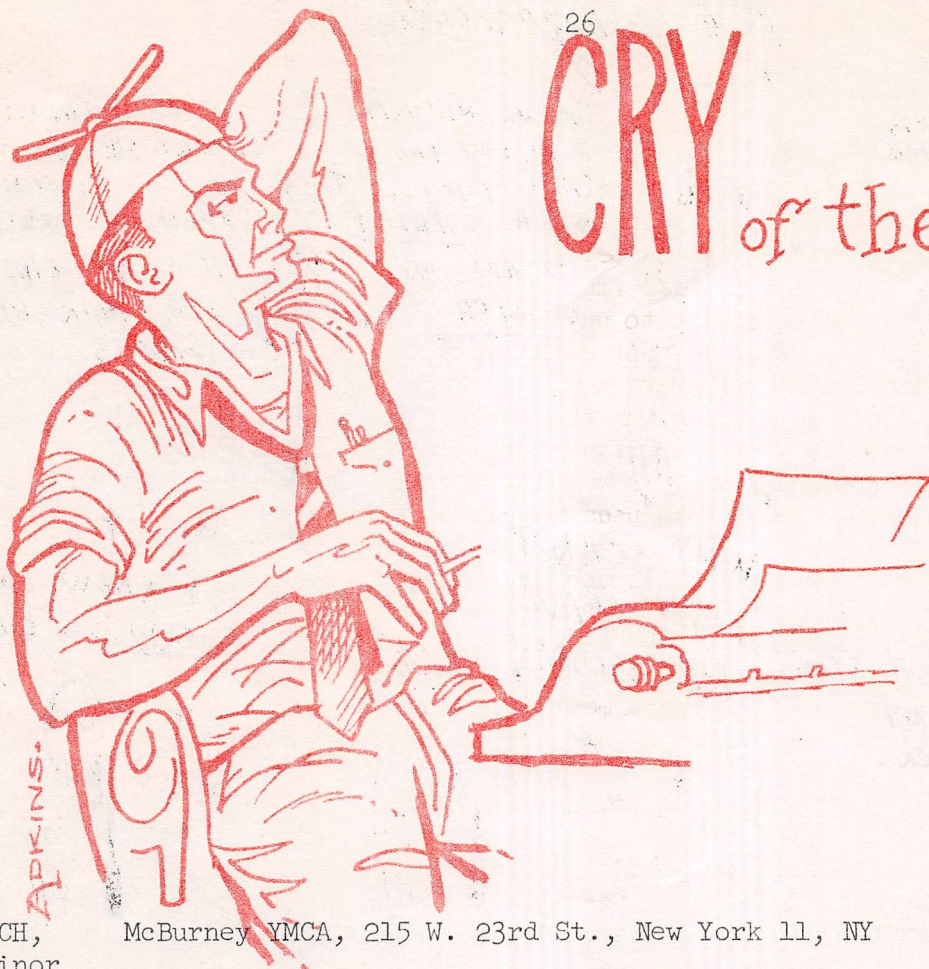


I JUST
WON'T TELL
THEM.



J. LoPiper

26
CRY of the readers



HAL LYNCH, McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23rd St., New York 11, NY
Dear Elinor

October 5

A couple of points that I had in mind after reading your Hwyl in Cry. A couple of points I was going to talk to you about at the Pittcon and never remembered to mention at that time.

First off, I wanted to introduce you to Ajax. Ajax is a truly fabulous fannish character from out our way who has placed himself in danger of getting off on the wrong foot in Cry. He is about six times as unusual and colorful as his name, Ajax, would suggest, and--

You were quite right in Hwyl. It was his fault, and you are quite right to suggest that he'll never make a mark in fandom with a name that "lacks" fannish "zest" like Albert J. Hoch. Why he signed his name in munDanish I can't imagine. Actually he is known far and wide among Eastern and MidWestern Fans by the name built from his first initial and middle name ("Jackson") in the manner made fannishly famous by Miz Trimble (and you can't get much more fannishly-named than that!). He is, then, Ajax Hoch. (There are some wild types who'd call him Ajax Hooch, but we'd better not because it'd confuse the Postal Authorities, and we all know they are having troubles enough these days.)

Second I was going to talk to you or Buz or Redd Boggs if he's Been, about the "Yellow Brick Road" article and the comments you'd made on same.

I disagreed violently with Redd at several points, but considered his piece a fine critical essay just the same. Get him to write more and more and more of these.

One aspect of it, though, we can do without. Must he attack Mr. Nye's and Mr. Gardner's foolishness of sniping at "Alice" to build up "Oz" by doing the same thing backward? All three of them have been looking at too many "Brand X" commercials on TV -- or not enough, so that they don't yet see the futility of it all: "Oz is good because Alice is no good, but no, Alice is great because Oz is hackwork?" Reminds me of a wretched poetry course I took in college wherein we were taught (?) all the flaws in all the poets who were not Shakespeare, Shelley, and Keats.

Now a comment to Buz's comment to your comment about the sex ambiguity in Baum's "Yew", "John Dough", and "Land of Oz". This struck me when I saw Shirley Temple play Tip in the recent TV production. This is the theatrical tradition -- certainly flourishing at that

time (1900-1910) and still frequently encountered -- of having young boys on the stage played by girls. You see? Baum had Shakespeare's problem in reverse, and where Will used all sorts of excuses to disguise his heroines in boys' clothes, FLB, fresh from the staging of "Wizard", would be led to think of an actress playing his hero if "Land" ever were staged. I think the use of actresses to play boys may have influenced the plot of "Island of Yew" and "John Dough and the Cherub", too.

This of course does not deny the points made by you and Buz on Baum's other reasons for the plot-gimmick. They make sense to me.

One more thought -- I wonder if some ambitious member of that illustrious fanclub panel at the Pittcon could be persuaded to put out a fat one-shot on the same subject? I felt we had a real interesting (and perhaps even useful) discussion on the care and feeding of SF clubs going on Sunday, when Bob Pavlat got us together to "rehearse" -- and we took it from there and brought out a lot more at the panel session itself. I'll certainly contribute an article, if somebody can be persuaded to get the thing going.

I cannot sign off without inquiring how Wally Gonser got through that ill-timed illness, and hope he is heckling you all as usual again. Regards to all.

Hal Lynch (fan or flegend?)

Wally Gonser survived the cure to his illness (he must be a biotic, because antibiotics really clobber him) and is, indeed, heckling us all; the Nameless Ones as Official Coffee-Maker, the Seattle Science Fiction Club Vice-President, the whole 19th World Science Fiction Convention (including you) as a member of the Convention Committee, and me as my Other Head. And I even forgot about his being a member of the CRYstaff and the N3F. Oh, you can rest uneasily now -- Wally Gonser is back in action again. -- www

PFC THOMAS E. PURDOM US52493990, Hq & Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Bn, 69th Armor, 2d Inf Div,
Dear Buz: Ft Benning, Ga. October 5, 1960

Though I thought your remarks on Gold's Golden Age were well put, I have to admit the latest F&SF and Galaxy were good issues. Galaxy was entertaining and clever and polished, though still a bit lightweight for my tastes. In F&SF, I liked the latest Reynold's on Russia story. This series is one of the best in a long time. He seems to be developing every angle and I hope he will shake up the feelings of many readers about Russia.

Tom

SANDY CUTRELL, Box 130, Reed College, Portland 2, Oregon
Greetings

Sept 30, 1960

So like yesterday arrive two copies of CRY 142 addressed to, respectively, "Sandy Cutrell (1)" and "Sandy Cutrell (0)". Perhaps your information is more complete, but by my own count there is only one of me in existence, and there are no known (to me) astral projections or material or submaterial duplications who would be in need of an extra copy. It would make things simpler for everyone concerned if you would address all future correspondence to the me that exists, since, in my opinion, any material sent to the non-existent me is, to say the least, unnecessary.

I noticed another appearance of my ~~honor~~ honorable name in CRY 142: Renfrew F M B Pember-ton mentions a story of mine which appeared in PILIKIA and implied that he has seen it somewhere before. The implication is correct. I showed it to him once, and on his suggestion I sent it to TWIG, and Guy gave it to Chuck. It is not, however, a reprint.

Yours singularly

Sandy Cutrell

WILL J. JENKINS, 5557 Pemberton St., Philadelphia 43, Pa.
My Dear Nameless One:

October Wunth 1960

I haven't seen Dear ~~Wally~~ Old CRY since my sub died some months back; except for the latestish, which I borrowed from Hal at a PSFS meeting.

Und zo, I cannot report on that issue except to say that I did enjoy Richard Ellington's letter. (Them was mighty kind words, Suh.) But Dick seems to forget that there are two or three young fans coming along who are masters of the witty wemark and the well

turned phrase. They are (let me see, now.....WHAT are their names?) Oh, yes, I got it now ... they are Bobbie Bloch, Dr. Isaac Somebody and a beatnik named Raunchy Garrett. HARLON ELLISON, famous reporter for The Village Voice, is another cat who is funny funny funny. His report (at the Pittcon) on the Detroit Jazz Scene was a gas, man. I am of the opinion that Harlon could make his two grand a week in any night club in the U.S. of A.

Pat n' Dick Ellington is nice. Hold the phone, that doesn't sound exactly right. What I mean is that Dick n' Pat Ellington is nice. That's closer to what I mean but it could cause trouble in some circles. Let us just say that Ellingtons is nice people.

Yours truly,

Will J. Jenkins --- The REAL ONE.

M. Leinster is the other Will Jenkins. I'm sorry Will F. but that's the way it is fanwise, I mean.....

DON THOMPSON, Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio

12 October 1960

Dear FM & E,

I have seen a copy of CRY (#143) which I borrowed from my fiancée-to-be, Maggie Curtis. It leaves me with mixed feelings, mostly good, but I think it's worth having.

My objections are three: 1) not enough illos, 2) the titles of articles, columns, etc. should be drawn in, not typed, to make it easier to find the beginning of a column or article and 3) the letter column reminds me of the Vizigraph.

The letters therein are pretty good, but the juvenile way the column is conducted grotches me (rhymed captions, asinine comments, misinformation to neos who are asking fair questions in all sincerity). I had never seen a CRY before this one, but frankly, your lettercol would have been enough to prevent my even considering voting you a Hugo.

It's too bad, too. The rest of the issue is good, often excellent (Terry Carr, for instance).

The Feiffer-type fan cartoons are a good idea and nicely done; Franson's ballad is very funny; Pemberton's column is nicely handled; Berry is Berry, of course, though not up to his best this time; "Dean Drive" handed me a laugh...

Here you go, Wally, make some stupid comment about this question: What does H W Y L stand for, if anything? [Help Worried Young Letterhacks... it's a pet project of Elinor's. -- www/

I see where Elinor shares my feelings about Harlan. Before going to the Detention, I had heard nothing but ill about Harlan. I thought he was funny, though often in bad taste, often very belligerent. At the Pittcon, he was extremely funny (especially in the memorable ad-lib session with Asimov and Garrett. Not at all what I had been led to expect.

Out of curiosity, was Bjo's cover illo done with a magic marker? (Come to think, that's a trade name; I mean those inked felt-tip gizmos used to mark laundry and what-have-you) [Nope. The cover was done with the Gestetner. Yuk yuk. -- www/

Yours for more interior art and a more mature lettercol,

Don Thompson

SID COLEMAN, Bridge Lab, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif.

October 12, 1960

I'm as discouraged as Buz by the New Didacticism in Analog, and even more puzzled. Campbell's motives are understandable, though deplorable: the man would rather make converts than make art, or even entertainment. (Curiously enough, converts to what does not seem to be of great importance. But that's another letter, and a more actionable one, to boot.)

But even granting his motives, I can not understand his means. Surely the most efficacious way to make converts is not through the unbearably heavy, intolerably preachy stories ASFF has been running for the last few years? In the most recent issue there is a story by H. Beam Piper, "Oomphel in the Sky", that has a clever situation, moderately well drawn characters, an ingenious resolution, and, to boot, illustrates several of Campbell's

current pet prejudices. This should be enough for any editor--why was it necessary to have Piper stop the story at regular intervals to have the characters explain, repetitively, just what the point is supposed to be?

I used to think the most offensive form of didacticism was found in stories where the villains are evil because they deny the author's doctrines, the heroes good because they affirm them. This is the classic parable, and it used to be the standard form for stories written by the Tame Messiahs. (Thank you, Buz.) I was wrong. Far more offensive is the story where the heroes spend all the time explaining over and over that the villains are bad because ...

"Oomphel in the Sky" is potentially a good story. I suspect a really skillful author (oh, say, Budrys) could have wrung the reader's heart without changing the basic plot and without destroying the point at all. A much more trivial story by Ted Thomas in the same issue is ten times as successful, even though its only excuse for being is that it illustrates a Campbell theme, simply because it lets the action tell the story and make the point, instead of preaching at the reader. But the former, not the latter, is the type of the New Didacticism, the story Garrett writes, the story Campbell encourages.

Why should this be so? Garrett is not an unskilled writer--it is not lack of ability. Campbell is nobody's fool but his own -- it is not lack of intelligence. I can see JWC eschewing the rapier-delicate style as being too subtle for his purposes; I can not see him deciding that the only alternative to a rapier is the meathook he now uses. Who does he think is susceptible to this sort of bludgeoning?

Well, I have one answer, albeit a weak one. If you are trying to convert idiots, intensive repetition is the only way to do it. Nothing else will get through. If Campbell thinks of his readers as dolts, then the method he has chosen is an appropriate one.

Perhaps this fits in with my earlier parenthetical remark. For one of the surest ways to convince yourself that you are someone's mental superior is to change his mind about something. What it is is not of great importance.

I guess I wrote that other, more actionable, letter, anyway.

Best

Sid Coleman

JAMES GROVES, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England. 19th October 1960
Dear Wallace W. Weber (and CRYgang)

Tanks for this 'ere CRY 143. Didn't get that rich brown CRY tho' I did see it; any left, rich? Ugh, you horrible people, how dare you flout tradition (correction Tradition), letter cols are always at the rear; we're followers not leaders!

That's a beautiful cover by Bjo.

On the Dean Drive, it will work if at the time the components of the centrifugal force are counteracting the weight the solenoid does come on and providing that the said solenoid is fixed to something else (for a space ship this something else would have to be a skyhook). I still think that Campbell is a nut, but then perhaps that is what it takes to be a promag editor!

Burbee's really gone overboard hasn't he? Wish he'd try to explain that power tho' I've met several people who have it and I'm damned if I can figure it out. Perhaps it's personal magnetism. Wonder what would happen if you held a compass near Bjo?

HWYL - I liked the chit chat about the Pittcon.

FANDOM HARVEST - I always like to hear about sf personalities. More please.

Liked the Song of the Dean Drive. Have just seen the Sept ASF - I might have guessed that someone would write a story round the drive now that Campbell's backing it.

Berry good. Likewise Piper and Franson. The Plow keeps to the straight furrow and the Minutes do their usual 'round in ever decreasing circles' ok. A GOOD issue. When's 144? I'm curious about that myself. -- www

yours

Jim

PHILLIP A. HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

0618-101460

Dear Wally (actually, Wallace W) Weber; and all,

Gad! am I getting adapt at opening CRY now. I take CRY in both hands and with a great burst of brute strength ~~///~~ ~~///~~ ~~///~~ pull open the two fastening staples.

I might also say "I told you so!" as I told you you would win both the Hugo (the whole CRYgroup that is) for the best zine and also the WorldCon. I also had Pittsburg in the series, so maybe I'll hang up a shingle saying "I also read ~~///~~ Coffee Grounds." (Wonder how many fen stayed for the Series?)

On to the letter column. Ye GwardsWeber you're the first person I've ever heard of that tried to rhyme Mike Deckinger with New Jersey. All I can say to that is ?????

/It looked impossible to me, too, but, like Campbell points out, I'd be a bigot if I refused to believe it could be done until I tried it myself. -- www/

Seems to me that if The lazy lout that stole a loaf of bread to feed his starving family would work, maybe his family wouldn't be starving.

If I had it all to do over again I'd still vote for Mal Ashworth for TAFF. I'd write him but I don't know the postage. Anyway he may see this and write me and that way I'll save ~~///~~.

I could Shoot rich brown. He didn't sent me any Sept. CRY.

Heh heh. Looks like Betty Kujawa & I have a mutual admiration society going on doesn't it. /Mumble mumble fickle women mumble...-- www/ I do have all sorts of models tho'. In fact I even built my own Atomic Electric Power Plant. Ask Betty; she saw it. I expect to take off for the moon any day now, that is after I finish the rocket I'm working on. I may drop in on you (that is if I don't make it to the moon) so if you hear a shrill shistling you'll know...

I will soon be putting out a copy of my zine which will be called VENTURA. The short title for it is Vent. I already have two short stories -- one from Janey Johnson and one from Marion Zimmer Bradley -- an article by Bob Farnham and much, much more. I also have a commercial artist doing my illos.

You had a Bjo Cover. (What greater tribute could I pay CRY and what more could I say?)

I know how Burb feels about Bjo. I feel the same way and I've never even met her, but if ANYONE made even the least derogatory remark about her I believe I'd tear them into a bunch of quivering shards of nothing. And I'd do it in print if I couldn't get to them to do it personally. I also think John Trimble must be a pretty wonderful guy to have ever gotten one half so wonderful as Bjo. I'm also a Burbee fan of the First water.

I for one would be glad to give a dollar instead of the usual 50¢ if I thought it would help to get BOTH Ron Ellik & Dick Eney over on TAFF. I agree with Elinor. Both are two fabulous characters.

Terry is always good in Fandom Harvest.

Personally I like Buz's song "Dean Drive" better than any of the Rock and Roll that's been written.

The serial by John Berry (which I had with milk and strawberries) would make an interesting start for a story robin.

In my THAT'S LIFE department, the 6¢ stamp came thru uncanceled, but in trying to get it off to mail a letter it ripped and the other side steadfastly refuses to come off. So here's 3¢ worth of it back. /Uh, thanks. -- www/

Fannishly yers,

Phil (The Student Bem)

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey

10/18/60

Dear Fabulous Hugo Winning fanzine,

There must be a symbolic meaning to Bjo's cover on CRY #143, right? The perplexed character with the net obviously represents the CRY staff on receipt of the Hugo (the little e.t. the fellow has caught looks very much like a Hugo). I wonder how many others caught on to this allusion. /Probably not even Bjo. And that e.t. looks more like a Hilda than a Hugo to me. --www/

"Duper" is a perfectly acceptable American term. For an Americanfan to use duper as synonymous with a mimeo would be wrong, but duper for ditto is acceptable.

Nirenberg's account of his meeting with Silverberg was very interesting. When will Silverberg write of his meeting with Nirenberg?

I've read some of the Oz books, and I haven't read any of the Tolkien books. Most of the librarians I question about the volumes have never heard of Tolkien before, which strikes me as being as fuggheadedly inclined as one can get.

Gafiation would be caused by disillusionment of fandom specifically. Fans who remain in fandom do so because they have a high regard for it, and they derive some pleasure and/or enjoyment from it. When this ceases there is no longer any reason to remain. I don't believe it's possible for one to outgrow fandom, but rather for fandom to outgrow a person. The only way to achieve perfection in fandom is by attaining the status of BNF, and after that a fan is on the highest pinnacle. I wonder if there are persons who are in fandom solely for the purpose of advancing themselves to a higher rung of success. When these theoretical persons reach BNF-dom, there is no further to go, and thus they have a legitimate cause to gafiate. I'd like to see some sort of survey, to determine whether more neos, or BNFs gafiate.

Nancy Thompson; certainly there are "dish-dryers" though in most households they commonly go under the name of "husband". And you should thank Wally for the fannish information he's given in the explanation of those contractions. May you use them with full enlightenment in the future.

Rich, your name is not a name, it's an adjective.

Apparently my statement last issue about the negro cars and dwellings was worded too strongly. I did not intend to generalize. From the negro dwellings that I've seen, there are several decrepit areas in New Jersey. I am given the idea that the inhabitants are more concerned with maintaining a shiny automobile than a well kept house. I am not implying that every colored man in the country diligently polishes his car and completely neglects his home. Nor am I stating that from what I've seen I would think this is true. It's just that the isolated example I've seen act this way, and while there are others like them, in all probability they're in the majority. Yes, I imagine cars are quite effective status symbols.

And Betty, do you honestly believe there are no degrees to theft? According to you, a man who steals a loaf of bread to support a dying family is just as guilty as a rich gangster who robs a bank purely for himself. There's a limit to inflexibility you know. Granted they are both dishonest, but one is less dishonest than the other. Agreed? For gawd's sake, Betty, agree with him so he can go out and get that loaf of bread! Last month his family was just starving; this month they are dying. Next month.... --www/

Burbee's article might have done more good in the recent TAFF race when Bjo was in the running. It had some amusing moments to it, but was not the "fabulous Burbee type article" I had been expecting to read. Oh well, it's nice to know he's on the SHAGGY staff again.

Terry Carr's column had more high points of interest than low points, and his examples of blurbs were very good. He brings up a truly admirable suggestion: why not have blurbs for CRY letters? Or at least appropriate headings like he cites. Yes, I want to see blurbs in CRY.

The "Dean Drive" song was excellent.

I assume that Berry's "Simon Twink" story is a satire of something, but of what? Anyway, the story was certainly amusing, if a bit pointless.

Americans are not the only ones unaware of the importance of jazz--so am I. Gee, what continent are you from, Mike? --www/ In my case, jazz simply fails to inspire any response. Heck even rock and roll, which sends me disgustedly from the room gives a greater reaction. With jazz I remain complacent and bored.

Don Franson's song makes two excellent fannish musical parodies in the same issue. This one simply must be set to music and sung by a chorus of fans.

I hope that from now on CRY maintains its usual monthly regularity, (except for for-seen circumstances like the cons) because you can not imagine the agony of a CRYless month.

SINcerely,

Mike Deckinger

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

18 Oct 60

Dear Wally,

Boggs: What, after successfully getting Laney off your back about "Redd", 'Dean Boggs who prefers to be known as Redd' you're thinking of getting rid of the name?

Nirenberg: Felix Ehrenhaft was the whacky inventor who claimed to have discovered unipolar magnetic fields about '43. Campbell gave this a big play in ASF for May '44. Fortunately this theory was on a less abstract level than dianetics or psionics and was thus easily discarded.

Warner: You've got company of a sort in not having read either the Oz or the Ring trilogy. My fifth-grade teacher read part of The Wizard of Oz to us and I started the first volume of the Ring on my lunch hour. Several hundred pages later a decision was reached; the only way the Ring would be appreciated was a straight through reading. If they ever clap me in solitary, will someone please send a set of the Ring?

Coswal is only on his 16th year in fandom, not over two decades.

Franson: Wasn't it in the Feb '47 ASF (or somewhere thereabouts) that Campbell actually scooped the newspapers with a price list for atomic isotopes? That's the trouble with having a spotty memory and a collection 2806 miles away.

RICH BROWN: Where's my copy of the Sep Cry? To get even I've got your Fanac and Yandro. (Anyone want two unused fanzines, cheap?)

Metcalf: You dumb cluck, Crest brought out The Wizard of Oz, not Pyramid.

Kujawa: Try this one for kicks (and believe it or not, it's anglicized) Darakjy. Even the guy I know that has this name can't pronounce the original.

Terry: You've been reading the wrong fmz; there has been mention of T. O'Connor Sloane over the years though offhand the only examples that I can recall have been in NF. The most important reason why you haven't read much praise for him was the actual poor quality of the stories during his sole editorship. Sf was in a slump then and Amazing had to share the rejects from Wonder with Astounding. The main reason Sloane isn't connected with the field is that he's dead.

Buz: The BNFs and WKF's seemed to treat the neos with all due consideration. No incidents of snubbing came to my attention. de Camp (who has been accused of this very thing) was quite friendly to a number of fen there.

Best,

Norm

BILL DONAHO, 1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

October 10, 1960

Dear CRY,

You must have been suffering from post-convention letdown or maybe beginning to realize what you had let yourself in for as #143 was a below-average issue. Not bad; just below average. Berry was good, but everybody else seemed off their feed.

About cordiality to neos, I think MZB and Walter Breen are right. It's not that people are rude to neos or persecute them, but certainly very few--if any--fans are especially cordial or welcoming. No one is unfriendly, but no one is friendly until the neo has made some contact on his own.

I think George Nims Raybin misunderstood me. I certainly agree with his position that for my own friends I want people who live up to their ethical standards, whatever they may be. I just don't consider other people's ethical lapses my business. I won't have them for my friends, but I won't interfere unless it is an emergency of some sort.

I see what Betty Kujawa means, but I disagree. Certainly if a guy steals he is a thief no matter who he stole from, but I don't think that all stealing is necessarily unethical. In the example she gives, yes, stealing from the local orphanage that desperately needs its money would be unethical; I find it difficult to imagine an acceptable code of ethics which would permit this. /Well, suppose you were Mike Deckinger and your family was dying and this local orphanage was the only place you could steal bread... --www/ Stealing from the Bank of America? While it is against my own code I know of several people who have ethical codes (and live up to them) which would permit this. To quote Nietzsche: "This is my way. This is yours. There is no the way."

I very much enjoyed Redd Bogg's article on the Oz books in #142. I have always been

sorry that I only read three or four of them when I was still young enough to enjoy them. I read nearly all of them after I became an adult, but the thrill was gone.

I understand that they are coming back into style again; that libraries are once again stocking them. For many years librarians turned up their noses at them and kept stocking trash like "The Little Engine that Could" and all its numerous descendants. It seems such a pity that less than one children's librarian in ten has any empathy with children or any taste.

While I think Wally's rhyming headings are atrocious I can ignore them without difficulty, so go right ahead if it amuses you, Wally. /Thanks for respecting my code of ethics, Bill. -- www/

Rich Brown. Oh come now. You must have been aware of and seeking all the puns that would follow when you chose Rich for a nick name.

Regards,

Bill

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

23 Oct 60

Dear Wally:

College seems to be affecting me. CRY #143 arrived early in the month but I didn't read it until last night and I am now doing the unprecedented thing of writing a CRYletter at 5 o'clock in the morning?

Maybe because of this early hour, maybe because I look at CRY from the elevated position of a college student, I'm beginning to find certain parts of CRY just a wee bit cloying. In particular, the letter column is beginning to annoy me. Now the other day I was leafing through old CRYs in an attempt to sort them out and put them back in order. Of course one does not just leaf through back issue fanzines, so I found myself reading here and there. And I found myself reading the CotR sections of the first dozen or so CRYs in my tenure as a CRYhack. People, these were good lettercols! They certainly didn't present the large diversity of opinions they do now under Wally's hand, but what letters were printed showed, for the most part, an able critical hand. What's more, Elinor participated in the column to such a degree as actually to help guide it along, something which at the time I didn't notice taking place, it was so sub rosa. Then, it took a certain amount of writing skill to make the lettercol, whereas now it just seems to be a matter of getting your letters in before space runs out.

So may I issue a plea for a return to the Bad Ol' Days, not necessarily with Elinor re-capturing the lettercol, but with a narrower selection of letters, better edited, and please more editorial participation. Then, I believe, can CRY's lettercol raise itself to the very high level of the rest of the magazine, with which I have no complaint whatsoever. CRY is a very curious anomaly as it stands -- one of the wackiest lettercols in the business, and yet some of the very best material appearing without that column.

This #143 CRY leads off with a terribly esoteric cover by Bjo. Since not a word is said about it, I wonder how many will realise that this is actually the cover used on the issue of CRY in Unicorn Production's "The Musquite Kid Rides Again"?

Congratulations not only on getting an article from Burbee, but getting one which I believe is in the classical Burbee vein, the sort of thing that Charles used to do for Shangri-L'Affaires when he was its editor back in the old days. Nearly everything that Burbee writes is well worth reading, and is well-written to boot, but it is not so often that he slips into the groove of really good Burbee-like writing. This was one of those times.

On the other hand, Emile Greenleaf just turned out another goddamned disguised Ferdinand Feghoot story, and as such draws a loud red razzberry from this direction. E'en so, this was a pretty good punchline, much as I hate to admit it.

Elinor, I'm sorry, but I haven't a single word of comment on your column. However, I will say that it was very interesting; in fact, it approached the height of interest of your SAPSzine, which is quite something.

A definite highpoint of this issue of CRY is Terry Carr's very well-written, interestingly presented report on T. O'Connor Sloane. But he failed to clear up one very important thing that has bugged me every time the subject of T. O'Connor Sloane is broached. Mainly, why did he spell his middle name with only one n???

I enjoyed the rest of the general material in this issue, especially the song on the Dean Drive and the first part of John's story, so leave me move upwards to the front of the issue and finish the letter with a few remarks on that lettercol towards which I was so critical back on the first page of this letter...

Redd Boggs: It's probably true that the terminology Berry employs in his stories is not actually used by the people from whose mouths he has it spew. This is one distinguishing characteristic of the Berry style of writing, and to make him check his conversational writing for verity would be to destroy the innate charm it possesses. ** Why do you not like "REDD" as a fan name? It strikes me, as it did Elinor, as far better a descriptive name than does your real name which is, for the benefit of those who don't know, "Dean W. Boggs".

Les Nirenberg: Someone is guilty of a typo in your letter. It should be obvious that you sell "liquorice," not "licorice," in your Coexistence Candy Store.

Don Franson: Though I couldn't agree with you less when you say that "sf is the greatest form of literature," I will go along with your comment that "it will survive." I think that unless something drastic is done, however, the field of magazine science-fiction is going to fade out even more than it has. Les Nirenberg's idea, in the latest Yandro, of Playboy-sized sf magazines strikes me as a good solution. ** Well, maybe a good thing, this idea of a pronouncing fan-directory... Let's see: Djinn:"Gin". Lichtman:"Lick-man". That equals your help. Who will join in?

Rich Brown: "RTKLW"??? Huh? What's it mean?

Don Anderson: You had your first letter published in CRY? Welcome to the club. Seriously, I wonder with how many fans this is the case? Would you-all speak up and tell where your first letter was published? My first letter wasn't even published. My first published letter was in a '46 Amazing. My first letter to appear in a fanzine was... was ... Spacewarp? Gee, I don't even know for sure. -- www/ ** Don't become too enamored with that local fan group you've created; this sort of thing can be disappointing and it is not a good idea to sink too many fan-hours out of your whole fanac-time into such a project.

I guess that's all. Be sure to read this letter when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested. It won't make any sense that way.

Bob T. O'Connor Lichtman

23787189 Cpl G Locke, 3 Company RAMC, Connaught Hospital, Bramshott, Indhead, Surrey.
Dear Wally, ENGLAND 20-10-60

It's very nice to see the CRY back with us, after so long an absence. It turned up safe and sound on Thursday morning, and was sufficient to keep me from going straight to bed after my night duty finished at eight o'clock. It provided the first tenable excuse for me to discontinue hacking out stencils for SMOKE 4, and so here I am, the night after receiving CRY 143, knocking out a letter instead of transferring the rest of Bob Lichtman to wax. That should teach him to keep his opinion of the lettercol to himself! --www/

A letter of comment is far more likely to earn me a buckshee CRY than SMOKE 4, and is more of a skive, besides. In case you were at all worried, I'm still goldbricking happily and haven't dropped any serious clangers, yet. However, life is becoming gradually more and more tense. Remember, I was about to start talking, in my last letter, about the Corps flag? What I never got round to telling you was, that two months ago, it took a walk and has been missing ever since. It's been getting harder and harder to cover up for the thing as time has gone by, and now I am on tenterhooks in case it should stop raining and Major Davies requests the Enquiries department to hoist the colours again.

On to the letters.

Warner: Intersting to find such a perceptive writer as yourself finding traces of tenderness creeping into John Berry's work. I tend to agree, from the deep and penetrating analysis I carried out of John during a recent visit to Belfast (on the army's money and time, of course). His character, which is fairly well illustrated by his writing, is changing. Slowly, subtly, undeniably changing. If you'd caught him at what some would call the prime of life, where he was shattering windows at Ghoodminton, walking through walls instead of going round them, and playing rugger instead of the slightly more gentle

soccer, you would never have found him enjoying a quiet evening in front of the fire. But now he always spends a few hours quietly dozing, and during these hours, his whole personality radiates tenderness, kindness. During these periods, the full realisation of the dire consequences of his more violent acts, however well-meaning, must strike him, for he never smashes a window then. No walls get smitten. He never uses his plonker gun on a hapless victim. He never drowns an innocent insect in the spray of a zap-gun. John Berry, in the maturity of declining years -- has found tenderness, and relishes it. Though Diane calls it something else. "About time you got up off your back and started that article for SMOKE you've been saying you ought to tackle for the last week. John! Wake up!"

Franson: Agree that over-indulgence in fanac could cause gaffiation. I think one subzine, and a maximum of two apazines are about the limit for any single fan, if he wants to maintain a steady fanac for longer than a couple of years at the most.

Still Franson: I'm afraid your method of estimating the page count of the year's CRYs just won't hold water, scientifically. The upper zines on the pile will compress the lower zines; therefore, the old pile of mags that have been hanging about for a long time will not be so high as a new pile containing an equal number of pages.

Smith: I haven't a clue how long they've been called Royal Army Military Police. I don't think they've ever been called that.

I'm right glad to find another Corporal in fandom. I find being a corporal you are forever walking the unpleasant tight-rope between the senior NCOs and the men. You have to remain on good terms with both sides. Yet they say it is the best rank in the army.

Raeburn: I suppose, when you come to think of it, England is more under the shadow of the Bomb than any other country, including America. In one manner of speaking, we're no more than an air-base, and as such are a pretty certain target. And, being a small country, chances of survival in case of attack is low. When I'm drunk and miserable rather than drunk and happy, as I usually am when I've had too many, I sometimes think of the Bomb above our heads like the sword of Damocles, with the relationship between America and Russia as the thread, but the rest of the time it never crosses my mind.

SLAVE OF THE PIXIE was amusing. Now, how about reprinting THE NIGHT LANEY BLUSHED?

Oddly enough, apart from the notes in Skyrack and Fanac, HWYL contains the first mention of the Pittcon I've seen, yet. We were faunching for news of how Eric got on over there. Now, how about a con report from someone in the next CRY?

FANDOM HARVEST was very interesting, and the extrapolation towards the end had me in fits. The Dean Drive pome was very amusing.

I've not read the Berry serial yet, as I always like to read a serial complete.

All the best, TTFN

George

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

October 14, 1960

Dearly Beloved, (Or maybe I should've saved that for Elmer Perdue.)

How's a guy going to keep from getting mixed up when he comments on the letters first?

You know, now that I think of it, the end of civilization is inevitable; a cheap, simple method to make an atomic bomb has been discovered. Whoever did think up this "better mouse trap" will probably be the Benedict Arnold of the human race. Soon it will be possible for Cuba, Formosa, or some Lower Slobovia-type country to wipe the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R., or both, off the face of the map. Gah! This may cut down my fanac considerably!

I met Bill Meyers this month; was talking to Larry Ivie on the phone, and he mentioned that Meyers was at his place, and that I could come over. Although firmly entrenched in gafia, Meyers still had dregs of fannishness clinging to him. Speaking in a generous tone he seized a can of cold bheer and offered it to me. What makes it even more fannish was the fact the bheer belonged to Larry. Meyers prophesied that we would meet again, since he would be remaining in this fabulous town.

Hey, you know that I didn't receive the September issue? I see it all now -- that announcement that you'd skip a month was a PLANT FOR MY ISSUE ONLY!! You numbered this ish "#143" JUST TO FOOL ME!!

"Slave Of The Pixie" was enjoyed (Burb was Superb) as was "The Reluctant Fan."

On the subject of the Z-D artists, I understand that there's a possibility that both Larry Ivie and Dan Adkins may be drawing for Amazing & Fantastic. Moreover Ivie has been

promised a script from Analog, and has had his work considered by Galaxy, for either Galaxy, If, or both. That's five mags. Like, holy mackerel, Andy!

Ha, I don't really know if I liked Berry's latest bit; what kind of punchline is "TO BE CONTINUED"?

John Champion's idea for including tolerance might be a good one, but I think tolerance has its drawbacks. Suppose you're in a restaurant. You sit there ten minutes, a half hour, an hour, and every few minutes a waitress breezes by with an apologetic smile that says, "Well, I'd like to wait on you, you got here first and all, but look how impatient those others are." So you smile politely, and think what a hard job she's got, and how you tolerate her ignoring you, and those gnawing hunger pangs, and the first thing you know you've missed lunch. The thing to do is to glare, to snort, to look at your watch, to hold your breath until you turn purple, and maybe even beat the table with your shoe!

Best,

Steve Stiles

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend, Indiana
Dear Mister Wonderful.....

Fri. Oct. 21, '60

Yeh--wasn't that CRY of Brown's the most???? I curled up with glee over it.

Saaaaaaay now---thanks to the lettercol have taken up a rollicking correspondence with Aussie Bob Smith--gotta photo of him (hooooooooooooo lawdy is HE a good lookin' bloke!! And in shorts with L*E*G*S --wow) and he also sent a pic of his VERY lovely Japanese wife (in bathing suit perched on the hook of his car)--like Wow! Whatta little doll, Wally!!

All this is infuriating husband Gene tho--first Bob's wife all pretty and cute--and far far away over the waves and then comes the tape from Ballard made while the Busbies were there--Gene sat up with antennae quivering at the sound of Elinor's voice (Wrai tells me all males do this--I can see why--whatta yummy voice she has!--and me I liked Buz's, myself--real smoooooooooth, he sounds)--then I have to explain that Elinor also lives far far away--all this is getting him down, you see. Poor guy.

This is my season for fascinating fannish tapes! Got another from Wim Struyck in Rotterdam with the immortal voice of Andy Young on it--talk about a jolt hearing Young on a tape from Holland! And then that darling Terry Jeeves sends me one of the honest-to-god tapings of his wedding ceremony--the vows, hymns, organ music, ministers sermon and all!!! Just like I was there, already. And Valerie went and sent me a piece of the wedding cake, too! It was really fascinating getting to hear the ceremony and all.

Wally Wally is it TRUE???? Eric told me you stood up ther and SANG at the Con!!!! Is it true???? /That's an interesting question. Its answer depends on where you draw the line between singing and screaming. Anyway the lyrics really struck me here (let me stand up so I can show you) and I put all my heart into the job -- you can imagine what a gorey experience that was. --www/

Yes---Bentcliffe and Bob Pavlat were here---and it was simply scrumptious. Both are living dolls--Elinor is SO right about Eric--he is, indeed, a livingdoll. And, lord love em, they both dig my kinda music. Eric's tapes from Liverpool and the color slides he had along were most appreciated by me. (and Elinor---Eric is a real dog lover!! He took to our pooch, even with her shedding her hair all over him, with great affection--which warmed me old heart no end---he has a golden Welsh Corgi at home, you know) All in all it was one of those Golden Moments that comes once in a life time--having those two here.

Now I got something hilarious to let you in on Wall---and it's all your fault, really. A Cryhack (who will remain nameless for his own safety) when writing to a British fan buddy of mine was chatting about Ella Parker and me---he said he figures (from our CRY letters, I judge) that I am a bit younger than Ella--me being about 60(!!!!) and Ella about 65(!!!!!!)

Yeh--of COURSE I went and told Ella!! (What do you think I am--merciful or something?)

To top it off Phil Harrell (and after seeing me, too) thinks I'm 26! So this makes me the only 60 year old 26 year old 37 year old femme fan of fandom. Or---I Led Three Lives.

But leave us move on to the sterling issue #143 of my favorite zine.

Cover a delightful one this time--a wonderful Bjo whimsy.

Twas nice to see CotR up there in front taking over like that--but I saved that part for the end of my reading cause it's my dessert, you know.

Greenleaf's pun-thing amused me. HWYL gets better and better--as I said to Wrai (often), Elinor enchants me with the way she writes---she herself comes thru like Gang Busters--a real for-real type person and MUCH enjoyed.

Carr's FANDOM HARVEST as fine as ever--I hope he and all of you, too, caught this November issue of PLAYBOY with the wonderful article on the bare breasted (pouting, thrusting, bouncing, jiggling, swaying) pulps of yore--and the Elder illios spoofing the olde covers--talk about fannish humor those illios were surely it!!! Do NOT miss that issue.

Carr delighted me with his article on Sloane--I kept trying to picture him in my mind and came up with the face and speech of the lately departed Joseph M. Welch.

Tickled by the DEAN DRIVE song. And you know me, pal--Berry delighted me, too. The Piper cartoons go on better and better in my book--specially with my digging jazz as I do (and mentioning an old stomping ground of mine--Skokie) Yeah! And, of course, the blue-eyed PLOW, too.

Now to the Letters---Don Franson's letter was a real goody, wasn't it?? And Les Nirenberg's, too--gonna get up there some day, I swear.

Franson was talking of pronunciation of fans' names--so mine's---'Koo-yah-vah'--but only a Pole can do it right--or another Slav, maybe--I'll take any pronunciation meself--am hardened to "kee-wah-wah"---"koo--jaw-wah" and like that. It makes me no never mind.

John Champion's drink "Adios Amigos" takes the cake as the wittiest name for a libation that I've heard in ages--that's real sharp, John boy.

And Lordy but that was a jewel of a letter from Locke--read the whole thing out loud to Gene and kept breaking up while doing it.

Nancy Thompson is another of those femmes that comes thru so nicely in writing, isn't she? But oh dear Nancy (with or without the laughing face) you knoweth not the ways of cathood--"cats do not feel called upon to roust one out of bed at dawn," you say??? Yours maybe but oh my ghod mine does!!! Any time after 4:30 (and we hie off to bed at round 2:15) PLONK she lands on my stomach--tromp tromp she clomps up over me chest to me face--grabs a curl of hair (from my HEAD not my beard) pulls back on it and smartly shakes her head (ouch) then the tiny soft paw is gently pressed against my lower lip--claws gently extended just a wee bit---then she yanks back. If that doesn't work she tries again with claws more extended--I'm getting that Ubangi look. Then comes the brushing of tickly whiskers across my face---THIS gets me awake and kitty gets put out in the garage too wake up time (10:30 or 11:00--ain't we the lucky souls?)

Meanwhile our dog is fast fast asleep under the covers at the foot of the bed never bothering a soul--though steadily taking over the lower third of the bed, of course. Nancy, me girl, appreciate that cat of yours!

I kinda go along with Boyd on the why bite one's lips over the human race being threatened by bomb extinction--like, yeah, who does go round every moment of the day worrying about it--I mean every single moment???

Do tell us if you get any reaction from the Junior Group in Rochester that Don Anderson gave the Crys to--won't you??? Wonder how they reacted to it? I dunno, but their parents are suing. --www/

Love and Kisses---

Betty

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.
Dear People:

October 23, 1960

Maybe the post office people held up this 143rd issue of Cry to see if it turns obscene after a week or two, because it arrived just the other day. On the other hand, the little assistants of Mercury helpfully returned to the editor another fanzine recently without delivering it to me; he assumed that I'd refused it, and was very much upset about it. I'm the one who will become obscene pretty soon, not the fanzines, if this goes on.

Somehow I don't like a letter column that leads off a fanzine, although this is sanctioned by the tradition set by Max Keasler in Fanvariety and Opus, and it is logical. There are only a few notes on this one. I think Donald Franson forgets two important factors in his system of determining the annual production of Cry. Stacks of Cry settle, just as skyscrapers do, and a scientifically minded fan should determine by what portion of a

millimeter a dozen issues sink into themselves through sheer weight in a dozen months. Humidity is also a factor. Nancy Thompson's shorthand is just slightly off the rim of my comprehension. I suspect that it starts out "Don't forget to" something, and the ending looks like "back work a hill," so she's obviously digging up some more Australian slang. And I don't think that Bloch or anyone else really writes a film script; every big production is written by one person, revised by two, edited by four, and rewritten by 16 until it's impossible to determine who has the greatest responsibility. I like what Steve Stiles says about slums and landlords. I had a great aunt who owned about half of the Negro section of Hagerstown and I never could figure out how this nice old lady who lived to be 92 or thereabouts could have been such a force for evil in this respect.

It has been my impression that the TAFF nastinesses come during the long campaigns, not after someone is elected or in the course of his trip. The quick campaign followed by a long money-raising period would minimize this in the future. It's not that TAFF is not administered properly, it's just that there's always one or two fans with grudges or the ambition to make a big noise who burst into print with sensational charges or begin sticking the needle into someone's most sensitive spot, and the administrators can do nothing to halt the fussing that follows.

I don't know how serious Terry Carr is in Fandom Harvest this time, any more than he knows how serious T. O'Connor Sloane was in Amazing Stories. But it's an article that needed badly to be written. The only thing that Terry fails to mention is that those Sloane Amazings exemplified the sense of wonder perhaps more consistently than any other prozines for an extended period of years. I think that I did more re-reading in them than in any other 1930ish magazines. I was 11 years old when that barebosom cover came out; I had seen only a few naked women in that modest span of years, and as a result of that cover I assumed that some women are four-breasted and kept looking for evidence of this situation, until I must have been considered a precocious lad indeed by the females who passed me on the street or came into the house. It would be possible to go on and on with reminiscences about Sloane's interesting way of handling his magazine. There were the times he tried to convince his readers that space travel was impossible, the mild scolding that he gave to a fellow who was unlucky enough to misspell his name ("We do not have anyone by the name of T. O'Connor Sloane on the staff of this magazine"), his astonishment over the way baseball fans enthused over the pennant-winning Athletics of the early 1930's.

The Astounding Adventures of Simon Twink is such topnotch Berry that I feel like starting a new Berry Fund to bring him across again. Why don't you send a copy of this issue to the Gestetner people? They might publish a trade magazine that would like to reprint this, or offer to sell Gestetners at cost to fans for giving all this publicity, or even sue you.

The other material suffered mostly from brevity. Everything in Cry seems short after TGGW, but one- and two-pagers seem more so.

Yrs., \$c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

BOYD RAE BURN, 89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont., Canada
LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY # 143

October 24, 1960

Elinor asks "What's wrong with leaving TAFF in the hands of the two most recent TAFF representatives?" Nothing, particularly, but also, what is wrong with the fans who are expected to contribute to TAFF making a few comments and suggestions about it, for the administrators to ignore if they wish....but at least let them know about any ideas? The idea of a shorter voting period followed by a fund raising drive seems to have received a lot of support from a lot of people. Sure, it was publicized nicely in CRY, but apparently Ron Bennett for one doesn't read CRY, for at the time he was a TAFF administrator, he claimed he had never heard of the suggestion.

Terry Carr on T. O'Connor Sloane was interesting, but he hasn't completely convinced me that Sloane was being a dry wit. It still seems possible, from the examples Terry gives, that Sloane could have been serious in those blurbs.

Berry's Simon Twink was excellent. I hope he can keep up this standard in the next episode. Nirenberg's Piper strip, as usual, was a gas.

Gad, what a large lettercol. Nirenberg is being a trifle Berry-factual in the recital of his encounter with Bob Silverberg, for he knows well that I would never drink a bottle of (ugh) root beer, no matter be it free.

BOB SMITH: " 'E took a bottle of dark to the swy game with 'im, but the cheese 'n kisses 'alf-inched it from 'is strides." Unless there is a greater infiltration of cockney slang into Australia than I expected, this is a mixed up mess. Anyway, I translate this as "He took a bottle of beer to the two-up game with him, but the Mrs. purloined it from his trousers." ("two-up" is a wicked gambling game involving tossing pennies. I understand Australian fuzz bust swy game players with the same ferocity their U.S. counterparts do horse pushers. Of course, the derivation of "swy" is obvious.)

JOE PATRIZIO: "The knock is on the brace". This simply means "The clock is on the mantelpiece." But look you, Patrizio, if you're going to try being cute by dragging up bits of archaic Scottish dialect, I also will play dirty by throwing things like "Py Kori, kapai te kai" back at you, and before we know what is happening, the CRY lettercol will be full of medieval Provencal dialect and ancient Bulgarian.

Boyd

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
Official Editor, CRYapa,

October 26, 1960

Here are some comments on Cry #143.

Bjo: Cover nice, but needs caption. How about: "Let me go! I don't care what you read in 'Transient,' I'm not going to grow."

Buz: Upping the deadline date may cost you some comments. What's the idea of two issues in October? How irregular can you get?

Boggs: Your complaint about the letter column is about two years too late; isn't it? Such comparisons to the Vizigraph were quite common circa 1958.

Patrizio: Cry didn't reprint from SD, but from the manuscript Terry Carr resubmitted when SD played dead. /Well, it wasn't quite the manuscript; it was a mimeographed copy from the SD stencils that had been run off ahead of time. --OEwww/

Nirenberg: Say, you wouldn't be one of Silverberg's pseudonyms?

Warner: I know why you wrote the full name "Elmer Perdue". You unconsciously wanted to distinguish him from Poo Poo Perdue, a fabulous fan of the early twenties. Poo Poo started a fandom of his own, built entirely around Ray Cummings. Unfortunately he was so enthusiastic about his idol that he believed in the magic potion that caused people to reduce in size to the vanishing point. He concocted some himself and vanished. Maybe he is still around, but small. If anyone has heard mysterious voices at conventions, maybe it is Poo Poo.

Groves: How can you have a reaction to the Dean Drive?

Fitch: Welcome to Cry, which may be incredible but not inedible.

Deckinger: When you say that about Hawk Carse, smile, or step outside the airlock with your ray-gun.

Franson: But Ziff-Davis mags do occasionally print letters two months later.

Ashworth: What ROT!

Hanlon: For "gafia", see Ashworth, above.

Smith: There are many other illustrious Smiths in SF and fandom.

Ebert: Did you ever try writing a CRYletter on your motorcycle?

Ethel: The SFCoL has much in common with the Nameless and LASFS. Maybe we could form a federation of some kind (this was the original purpose of the NFFF) and put out Joint Minutes.

Champion: By "super-letterhack" do you mean quality or quantity? I was first going to give cards only to the "tens" with a special one for rich brown marked "23" or whatever it was, but decided that anyone who would write to the Cry deserves recognition.

Locke: The name George has an unpleasant reminder of GW, too, but fans don't automatically hate everyone named George.

Nancy: Hate to disillusion you, but the September Cry was the other Cry, and you sent comments to the wrong Cry.

brown: RTKLW must mean "Rite The Kry Last Week." Only I didn't.

Raeburn: The main worry about the bomb is that someone will worry about it to the exclusion of other things, or will adopt a care-nothing philosophy, like the (ugh) beatniks.

Lichtman: The last guy who said the Cry was sloppy was Dainis Bisenieks, and he gaffed -- so watch out.

Raybin: I drop my middle initial when writing, because I don't think anyone would confuse me with a hypothetical Donald M. Franson. The "L" stands for Lewis.

Metcalf: Hey don't fold Galaxy and If -- there are some good stories in them I notice, whenever I have time to read a few. And Gold is a good editor. At first, when I looked at the Simak manuscript I bought, I thought: Look at all the corrections--doesn't he think this veteran of thirty years of writing can write? But they are all improvements. The story is "A Death in the House," a fine one.

Devine: Welcome to Cry.

Betty: You were the only one to be croggled by the rapid reply from Bob Smith. Fans just aren't curious any more.

Harrell: The fact part of Analog is partly fiction too, so it couldn't possibly go all fact.

Stiles: Great Ghu have you been reading Planet too? That opening...

Anderson: You're not supposed to tell anyone about fandom. It's our little secret.

Wealsoheardfrom: Sorry, you don't get a comment. Don't blame me, blame Wally.

Burbee: Pages 26 and 27 are missing in my copy.

Greenleaf: What, Feghoots, in Cry?

Elinor: I'll wait for the deadline, to see who-all is running, before commenting on TAFF.

Carr: I liked Sloane in 1930-1931 but he seemed to deteriorate as an editor every year after that. But since he was 80 years old perhaps he did not work hard at it.

Dean: Nice poem.

Berry: There's more? Nirenberg (Piper) : Funny. Pemberton: Agreed.

Weber: Wild. Second wave of WAHF: Sorry. Buz: Hope's mention of new column refers to "we also got money from, a new column".

Yours,

Donald Franson

BILL MALLARDI, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron 13, Ohio

Oct. 26, 1960

Dear Wally and the whole Cry gang,

Yes, that's right....it's me again, the Bem. A somewhat subdued Bem. Yes Wally and dear readers, I am now typing in small letters, and this may mark the end of a brilliant era.

Hey, it looks like us Cry-hacks are taking over the zine. On page four, yet, we see the lettercol start! Uhhh, lessee that head illo. I see you there, Wally, holding up that sign, and there's Les back there underneath the "Y", and in front of him we see Mike Deckinger, and rich brown's THERE; by the rich brown sign, Joni Cornell, mebbe, or is that Ella? And who's that with the booze? But where am I? OH, waitaminit! THERE I am, that dark shape holding up the big sign!? YES, that must be me.

Enjoyed Les's "account" of meeting Bob Silverberg. Les, you should try some faan fiction for Cry, besides your cartoons. Rich brown, whuffo I didn't get a copy of the Sept. ish of Cry? And rich, I wouldn't have believed it, if I didn't see it with my own three eyes. In all the times I've seen your letters appearing in Cry, this was the first time I've seen you print your name in all caps! And to think that I, inadvertently, caused you to do that. It creegs me, it does.

What is my all-caps typing making everybody do?? Sheesh. Here we have Nancy Thompson writing backwards, backwards; then she writes in shorthand. Then rich brown types in capitals...

Burbee in Cry?? THOT it'd happen sooner or later, and I wish it was sooner. Got a kick out of "Slave of the Pixie". And ya know, he's right about Bjo too, she is hard to resist, and can enslave anyone. Lucky John Trimble.

HWYL. Elinor, you've just got to make your column longer, unnerstand?? Just got involved reading about the con and you upped and stopped on me.

FANDOM HARVEST. I kinda groaned inwardly at first, thinking, "Oh, no, Carr's gotten sercon at last!" But then, as I read on, doubt began to fill my mind, and by the time I

got to the end, I was thoroughly confused. Like, did Terry mean to be serious, or was he trying to be his good, funny, self? Still haven't quite made up whuts left of my mind on it, but I presume it was a subtle humor. At any rate, I liked it.

BERRY was ok., and I'm awaiting to see whut happens in the next episode of Simon Twink, Gestetner Salesman Extraordinaire.

FRANSON'S parody was enjoyed, particularly since I'm just breaking loose from the post-con-gafia that hit me when I returned from the con.

Lessee, whut's left? Hell, I was entertained by the whole damn ish. A darn good ish this time. Could be that month off contributed to that fact a bit, huh?

Well, gotta run, 'til nexttime, bemmishly,

BEM

Bill

ED GORMAN, 242 10th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Gangdom,

Mighod, thot I, if that damn bunch of Seeatlrs didn't send me their zine, and after I'd only sent money and two issues of my fanzine. Ghod. So I read it, and that was an effort, too, for yesterday just wasn't one of my fannish days. I read Playboy, and it was rotten. So I read ANALOG and it was just so-so. So I read CRY all the way thru - and it was good.

Mike Deckinger: I agree with you about theft being justified in some cases. Hell, there are certain cases where a man CAN'T feed his family, let alone his own person. We owe it, morally, socially, to the starving person to help. And if we refuse this help, then what else can the man do?

Betty Kujawa: Usually I like what you have to say and the way you say it. But about Mike, I can't go along. He is very careful about not making any rash or unfounded statements. (However, if what Mike had to say about Negroes was as you said it was, then I doubt I would agree with him. I didn't read what Mike had to say.)

You know, CRY reminds me of several things - of course, I can't say What in print - but somehow, and this must be ORIGINAL, it seems a fannish New Yorker. Subtle humor, obscure scratchings, carefully chosen illos, tongue-in-cheek-like outlook and morons who contribute MONEY. Now all you need are advertisements with Cary-Grantish men standing in showers with their Spillane-designed trench-coats, and broads slimly adorned in clinging and irregular fashions, and cartoonists who depict everything in a menacing sor of way.

I think you'd better consider my suggestion - why, it'd be a fannish stomp.

Carr on Sloane AMAZING's was good and well done. I'm inclined to agree with him. Certainly some of the junk that saw print in those days couldn't be taken seriously.

Afterthot: I just wonder how Palmer could remain serious about Shaverites, etc.

PLOW was good. Agree with Renfrew about ANALOG, tho a good percentage of its stories agree with me, personally. Of late, I've begun to ENJOY science, especially the popular variety such as Campbell presents. Figger that out.

Well, I-LIKED CRY. More and you'll be getting the original, the dynamic, the controversial, the awe-inspiring, the triumphant, the amphibious, the preposterous, supremely mimeo'd, painstakingly stencilled, accurately planned CILN in a week or so.

tanks,

Yhed Gorman

ALBERT J. HOCH Jr., P. O. Box #256, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland 21 Oct. 1960
Cry,

So you think my name lacks zest! Not only that but your telling everyone about it behind my back! You could have at least sent me the issue containing the insult. I didn't find out about it until Hal Lynch officially announced my zestlessness before the entire assemblage of a formal meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. I could only gape foolishly as all seven of them turned and looked at me.

Actually it's really not half bad if you pronounce it right. The Jr. should be added to give it a proper melodic contrast and hoch should be pronounced like hoak with a soft k. This last adds a pleasant note especially for scottish listeners who will be reminded of the bonny banks of Loch Lomand.

1st Arab: "Bah, I am assured that your parents sprang forth from the vomit of a camel.
2nd Arab: "Wouldn't you?"

All those who went to previous conventions and lack the energy to expedite their ideas on the improvement of conventions will send these ideas to Seattle in the hope that they will fall on fertile soil. The existence of fertile soil in Seattle is indicated. Here are my ideas.

Target: The masquerade ball. Object: Make the ball more popular, more interesting, and more publicized. My own feeling is that there is not enough emphasis on Science Fiction. Less than 30% of the Pittcon costumes had anything to do with science fiction. More recognition should be given to science fiction themes. Recognition could be given by the award of prizes as, "Best representation of a science fiction character," "...interpretation of a science fiction monster", and so forth. Also why not have the board of judges or a similarly knowledgeable group attempt to guess the theme represented by each costume.

Incidentally that bit by Emile Greanleaf in #143 is great. Blast! The present day fixation is affecting me, too. "Great" indeed! Echh! People think of nothing but quantity these days.

Cordially,

Ajax

JAMES R. SIEGER, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Rural Route #3, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Honored Sirs:

October 27, 1960

Your somewhat interesting issue (#143) of CRY OF THE NAMELESS received recently, and I don't know what to make of it. It was page 25 before I found out why I got the fanzine in the first place. The first time, as far as I know of, that my name appeared in print; but I would have preferred that it was in more dignified circumstances...

If I write often enough I might be able to go on indefinitely without paying a cent. Wonder how you guys expect to break even on this, let alone make money. [???! --www]

After reading CRY through, I begin to agree with X (no, better make him anonymous) who said: "If you've had any dealings at all with hardshell fandom you'll find more characters per square inch than in an Endsville coffeehouse". Is this Betty Kujawa real?

Just one question: what does all this stuff have to do with science fiction?

Me, I think I'll stick to being a bibliographer-collector. I have little enough time to read without having to digest stacks of fanzines -- there are already over a hundred books and several hundred magazines unread in my collection. Which makes me wonder how a fan can find time to read the stuff he's a fan of.

I might mention that Tuck has just finished Set II of his Authors' Works Listings (biblios) which ought to reach DeVore in a couple of months. This includes bibliographies of Poul Anderson, Murray Leinster, Arthur C. Clarke, David H. Keller, Otis Adelbert Kline, Nat Schachner, Henry S. Whitehead, Arthur Leo Zagat, and Nelson Bond (completely revised from Set I). The price from DeVore is 25¢ for the entire set.

If anybody can supply a listing of the contents of Brunner's Shocking Tales (1946) and Cowles' The Night Wind Howls (1938) we will be most grateful. The information can be sent to either Tuck or me.

Yours,

James R. Sieger

WE ALSO HEARD FROM Darrell C. Richardson, Frederick Norwood, Jack Grill, Sir William C. Keller, Sr., R. F. Wald, Lenny Kaye, and Donald W. Anderson.

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