

# CRY

one hundred forty six

JANUARY 1961



# 11TH ANNIVERSARY



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one hundred fifty six

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THE AMERICAN

So, Happy New Year! Another year has rolled around (somewhat lopsided and wobbly, but it did get us here OK), bringing along C R Y 1 4 6 for January 1961 which is also CRY's Eleventh Annish, no less.

Purists could claim that this is only CRY's 5th Annish (purists who have a complete CRYfile, that is), because it was only with CRY 99 for January 1957 that CRY bothered to notice that it was even having Annishes at all, so that "7th Annish" was hurriedly added to the dittomaster for the cover. Egad! Remember dittoed CRYs?

This issue is dedicated to Jim Webbert, in penance for failing to give him his egoboo last month as Duplicating Engineer on the crank of the FenDen Gestetner. Jim is out there right now, by the way, here on Jan 1st, 1961, cranking out a good half (maybe more) of this issue, in advance of tomorrow's windup publishing-session.

Distribution: CRY goes to subscribers, contributors, and some trades. The sordid financial side is: one issue for 25¢ or 1/9, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-. US subs to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash (checks payable to Elinor Busby). UK subs to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. CRY is ordinarily so monthly they set the moon by it; however, there will be no July or September issues for 1961 unless the loyal outlying precincts take over again as Rich Brown did for September 1960.

CRY the next will be published on Jan 29, 1961, to give you half a chance to get the Fanac Poll ballots in to TCarr by his Feb 15th deadline. So now let's look at

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Stencil-cutters: WallyW 21, Elinor 13, WallyG 6, Buz 4, TCarr 1

Duplication: looks to be mostly Jim, though Tosk may get a hand on the crank later

Assembly & stapling: probably the whole furshluggin' crew: 2 Wallys, Elinor, Jim, Tosk, and Buz. Wally G generally <sup>also</sup> improves the hour by cutting <sup>some</sup> next CRY's stencils.

Delivery: this is the last month you get to cuss Summerfield. Next month a new man...

The Late Late News: Robert A Heinlein will appear as Guest of Honor at the SeaCon, to be held at the new and fabulous Hyatt House over the weekend of Sept 2-3-4, 1961. Convention membership fees (\$2) are faunched for at P O Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash (checks payable to Seattle Science Fiction Club or to Wally Weber). The additional \$1 registration fee will be bled from attendees' veins at the Registration Desk, on the spot (yum).

There are a couple of Good Men named like Ron Ellik and Rich Eney running for TAFF. One of these two (too bad it can't be both) will hit the '62 BritiCon if we get on the stick and support TAFF. Don't let the timing put you off; Don Ford has announced that it's planned to try for a UKfan to come over here in the same year. So let's help. ##Apologies to one and all for whose deals we ran outa space. --Buz.



I knew Bob Healey and Ben Lucas back before they were even neofen. In a way, you might say I was their recruiter, since I introduced them to fandom. I met Bob at a second hand book-store, buying up back issues of aSF and F&SF, and we got to talking about science-fiction, and quite naturally in the course of events I broached the subject of fandom to him. At first he didn't seem too interested in active-fandom, but I thought I might at least get him to come down to the LASFS, so I took down his address and promised to come by some time and give him an outline of fandom.

What with one thing and another, it was about three weeks before I was able to get a day free to go visit him. I phoned before I left home, just to be sure he'd be there, and he asked if it would be okay if an interested friend of his were there. I said sure.

The friend was Ben Lucas. Whereas Bob seemed to be the sober, serious, slow but intellectual type, Ben proved to be the direct opposite; that is, witty, excitable, quick, but not as bright. He wasn't dumb -- you certainly couldn't say that -- but he didn't have Bob's solid intelligence.

Anyway, I had brought along a few things to introduce them to the best side of fandom --- old promags, good fanzines, and a case of beer. You can probably guess what happened. Lucas immediately wanted to put out a monthly, 28-page, hecktoed fanzine, which would undoubtedly bring in enough profit to buy him a mimeograph, and once he got the mimeo, he would have the best fanzine in fandom. You know how it is. Of course, I'd heard the same story enough times to realize that he probably wouldn't make it, but Ben had real enthusiasm, and I could sympathize (though I couldn't tell him that's what it was) with him. I was a neofan once myself.

Bob, well, Bob wasn't quite as enthusiastic, but it was something new. As he put it, "The concept of putting my ideas down for open-minded people to read, and reading the ideas of other open-minded people, appeals to me." That was the way Bob was; I might have expected it.

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That was all three years ago, but I can still see, in my mind's eye, Ben's enthusiastic face and Bob's unenthusiastic-but-interested response. It was quite a contrast to the two I saw just a few weeks ago -- Bob, with a haggard look about him, worried, jumpy, excitable; and Ben, worst of all Ben, with a typer on his knees, and tears streaming down his face.....

Bob's monthly never really got off the ground. It was heckto, and pretty poor heckto at that, and even if it had been offset, the material wouldn't have been worth wasting a glance on. The second issue, which came out three months after the first, was just as bad. It folded with the second issue.

But Ben wrote letters. Ghod, though, did Ben ever write letters! I never liked his fiction or articles -- and in the two issues of BEN-GAY, his "monthly" fanzine, I'd seen enough of them to be able to tell -- but his letters were superp. He had a facility with words that he couldn't develop in the style-characterization-ploy ridden forms such as articles or fiction, but in writing letters he held his own with the truly greats in fandom from the very beginning. He was good. It surprised me when I saw his first letter in print, because in person he never said much, except when he was really enthusiastic. He had a lisp, and I once ventured the idea to a correspondent of mine that because of his lisp he never talked much, and so most of his ideas had been kept bottled up inside him until he came in contact with fandom, where, via his typewriter, he could talk and be understood, and not feel self-conscious. Once, when we were drunk, Ben told me his lisp had always bothered him, but that hadn't been all.

"I always get ahead of myself," he told me. four just think faster than I can talk. By the time I get one idea spoken, I'm three or four ideas further ahead. Not only does my typer omit the lisp, it doesn't have to stop and start again when a trend of thought is lost." He lapsed into silence.

Ben's letters had a kind of sarcastic humor to them. As I've said, he held his own in letter-writing. I remember Bill Bryant, who was one of the worst sercon fuggheads I ever hope to know, didn't like Ben's sarcasm about good old ScienceFiction. Well, Ben was an SF fan right down to the core, and he said as much, adding, "but I'm a humorous



writer." Bryant's reply was hot and angry. I don't even remember most of it, but it called Ben out for being "a traitor to Science Fiction" among other things, and added, "I am a serious writer." I'll never forget Ben's reply. "Well," he said, "maybe we're both wrong."

Whatever the reason might have been, Ben wrote some mighty fine letters. And a good number of them went for ZEUS, Bob Healey's zine.

Bob took his time about coming into fandom. At first, after he subbed to a few fanzines and let the subs run out, I began to think he might not make it. Bob was averse to making a fool of himself, as he noticed so many neos doing. Instead, he often spent parts of Saturday and Sunday afternoons talking to me about fandom, asking questions and testing his opinions. I answered the questions, argued the opinions I thought unsound, and tried to give him an insight to things fannish. I had thought then that he would probably rather be fannish in the serious sense (discussing seriously everything under the sun) than in the humorous sense, and I was eventually proven right.

ZEUS came out mineoed on 40 half-sized pages. 25 of them had been taken up in an editorial discussing everything from religion to box-top bargains. There was a satire by Leman about an advertizing executive who couldn't find a mistress, a fannish poem by Geo. Stevens, and fanzine reviews by Leslie Gerber. It was quite good, in fact, for a first issue.

Now Bob, unlike Ben, could express himself easily, but the way he phrased things sometimes confused people. Sometimes, but not often, he would forget to put in some connective thought in his arguments or opinions and his readers would blink twice, wondering, "Now, what in hell does he mean by that?" Like this one time I remember him writing a great article on the works of Edgar Allen Poe. It was a great article, and while I was reading it, in that issue of ZEUS, I kept thinking that it was possible the most interesting thing Bob had ever written. The article had given a detailed history of Poe and his writings and added several profound observations on what had made Poe the way he was. The article had been edifying, interesting, and totally logical, except for the offending last sentence -- "Poe enveloped himself within a world of fantasy, within a world of his own creation, and lived in fear and dread of reality." There had been no build-up towards this ending; and it had been entirely useless.

Bob had other writing faults as well, but even so he did quite well. He managed to attract attention to himself and his fanzine, and it wasn't long until ZEUS had a paid circulation of 55 and was heading towards becoming a Focal Point. Although it had been listed as "irregular" all through its first year, ZEUS saw seven issues. After two monthly issues in January and February it officially went monthly. It had by this time, dropped the half-size sheets and was running about 30 pages a month, dittoed. And at least five of these pages were letters from Ben Lucas.

I never talked to Ben about his opinions on ZEUS, but it was pretty obvious, even from the first, that he liked the zine. A friend of a friend later told me that Ben had once said that ZEUS was the fanzine he'd always wanted to publish, but didn't have the time, money or ability to do so. In a way, ZEUS was partly Ben's fanzine -- he was more regular than anyone else in writing for it, (no doubt the fact that he lived so close to Bob helped) and a lot of his ideas were incorporated, as well as opinions adhered to. But don't get the idea that Ben was a master puppeteer, pulling all the strings behind the scenes; Bob and Ben often had differences of opinion, sometimes getting heatedly angry with one another. It was to be expected, though, that their personalities would clash occasionally. And their arguments were always interesting, even to those uninterested in the topic. Ben, using his wit and fine letter-style against Bob's sometimes cold, always intellectual replies. As I said, living close together probably helped them a lot. They never misunderstood what the other was saying, nor his object in saying it. They were really a fine pair.

ZEUS lasted 31 issues. The last four were possibly the worst of them all -- they were beginning to show signs of the speed with which Bob had to put them out (there was once a rumor that Ben helped type the stencils for many issues of ZEUS; this was completely unfounded. Ben was one of the world's worst typo fiends, as witness his own BEN-GAY), and the number of pages per issue was dropping off. And there were no letters from Ben Lucas.

About the time of the last four issues I had been, first, attending the NyCon III, and when LA won the next year's bid, I had been put on the con committee. Busy was hardly the word for it, and when I finally for around to writing Bob, noting in my letter the



decline of ZEUSes #28 - 31 and the two-week lateness of #32, it was too late. He wrote me a postcard saying that there would be no ZEUS 32, and that he was losing interest in fandom.

I was driving out in his direction, some weeks later, and I decided to stop by and see how things were. Now I wish I hadn't. I wish to Ghod I hadn't.

I rang the bell and a voice inside said, "Come in," and I came in. In the center of the room was a table with a lamp, which cast a feeble yellow glow on the typewriter beside it. Next to the table, on the floor, were a few letters and a pile of seven or eight fanzines, several used envelopes and a few unused ones, a small stack of typing paper, a cardboard box containing some old PLANETs and aSFs, a pen, three pencils, and eight or ten paper clips. Bob was reclining on the divan, long-uncut hair strayed about his head. Even from half-way across the room I could see his eyes. They seemed grotesquely out of proportion to the rest of him -- large, bloodshot eyes, with heavy dark bags hanging under them. I could see this, even in the dim light, from halfway across the room. He seemed thinner, too.

"Hi," he said sluggishly, half-heartedly waving a hand up from where it lay listlessly beside him, and then he added with more fervor, "you goddam fan." I was even more stunned; to see Bob like this was one thing, but to hear him say that was totally unexpected. He was the soft-spokenest, un-cussingest fan I had ever known, and I had often wished I could have been more like him in this way.

We exchanged a few more words; somehow, though I'll never be able to remember how, I managed to find out what had happened. He'd lost his job, for one thing. "I called the foreman a fuggheaded rosebud," he told me, "and he was. That son-of-a-bitch was a slob stuck to a 21-inch universe, and when I told him so he got mad and fired me." He told me he was quitting fandom ; ; "I'm through," he said. "Fandom is too much for me. I let everything go just to put out a goddamned fanzine. There was even a time when I didn't eat, just so I'd have the money to buy more stencils. I finally came to my senses when I got so hungry I could have eaten the stencils. They tasted horrible," he added with a little laugh. Then he was very serious. "Now I don't want to see another fan or read another letter or fanzine or prozine. Ever. I've been burning everything today -- what you see on the floor is all that's left. You can have the fanzines and prozines if you like; if not, I'll burn them anyway. Then I'll see if I can get my job back ....and maybe get stuck in a 21-inch universe myself. Now, you represent fandom. If you want any of these zines, help yourself. If not, goodbye. Goodbye to you, and goodbye to fandom!" I left.

A few weeks later I was going by Ben's. I knew he hadn't written a letter in some months -- they weren't appearing anywhere. I hoped that things weren't as bad for him as they had been for Bob; but my hopes were in vain.

I knocked, and Ben came to the door. His demeanor was strained too; in fact, he looked like hell. "You," he said bitterly. I said hello. "Come in," he said, "come in. I just want to show you what in the hell you've done to me." I followed him in, hesitantly.

"No doubt," he said, "no doubt you're wondering why I'm not writing letters any more. Come here, and I'll show you why the hell I'm not writing letters any more." He went to his desk and I followed him. He snatched a piece of paper from the wastebasket, thrust it at me, and sat on the edge of the desk as I looked up at him blankly. "Read that," he said. I read:

Dear Bob,

Got ZEUS #31 today. I liked it. YOur editorial was interesting. Liked Warner's piece too. Bellemay's had quite a humorous twist to it. I liked it. Tate has an interesting article, but he doesn't say much. I don't agree with him that Hubbard's characters are bad. Gerber's fan reviews are as good as ever. Letter column is getting more interesting.

Best,

Ben.

I looked up. "Yeah," he said, "that's why. I've been writing that way for months. I've been blaming you for letting me in for this, but I don't know why. It's not your fault, Ghod knows. I'm sorry I went off half-cocked. I'll be okay pretty soon. I've lost the touch, but I'll catch on to it again pretty soon. Real soon, because I've got



a lot to say. Just wait and see -- yes, I'll be back on the road -- just wait." He turned and sat down at the desk, in front of the typer. He seemed to be ignoring me. He got two sheets of paper, rolled them in, and started writing. For five minutes I stood, horrified, rooted to the spot, watching him type each letter of each word slowly and painfully, remembering all the while how he used to complain about the slowness of the typewriter, because even it couldn't keep up with the fast stream of thoughts that poured out of his head. While I hadn't been watching, he suddenly grabbed up the fanzine he was commenting on and hurled it across the room. He put a hand to his head and moaned. Then he smashed one big fist into the typer, choked, and leaned forward, resting his forehead on the carriage, and sobbed silently to himself.

I left.

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It was four or five months later that I walked into the second-hand book-store where I had first met Bob Healey. I was down to pick up a batch of PLANETs the owner had been saving especially for me, and I noticed this fellow perusing a copy of IMAGINATION. I started talking to him, thinking only of passing the time of day.

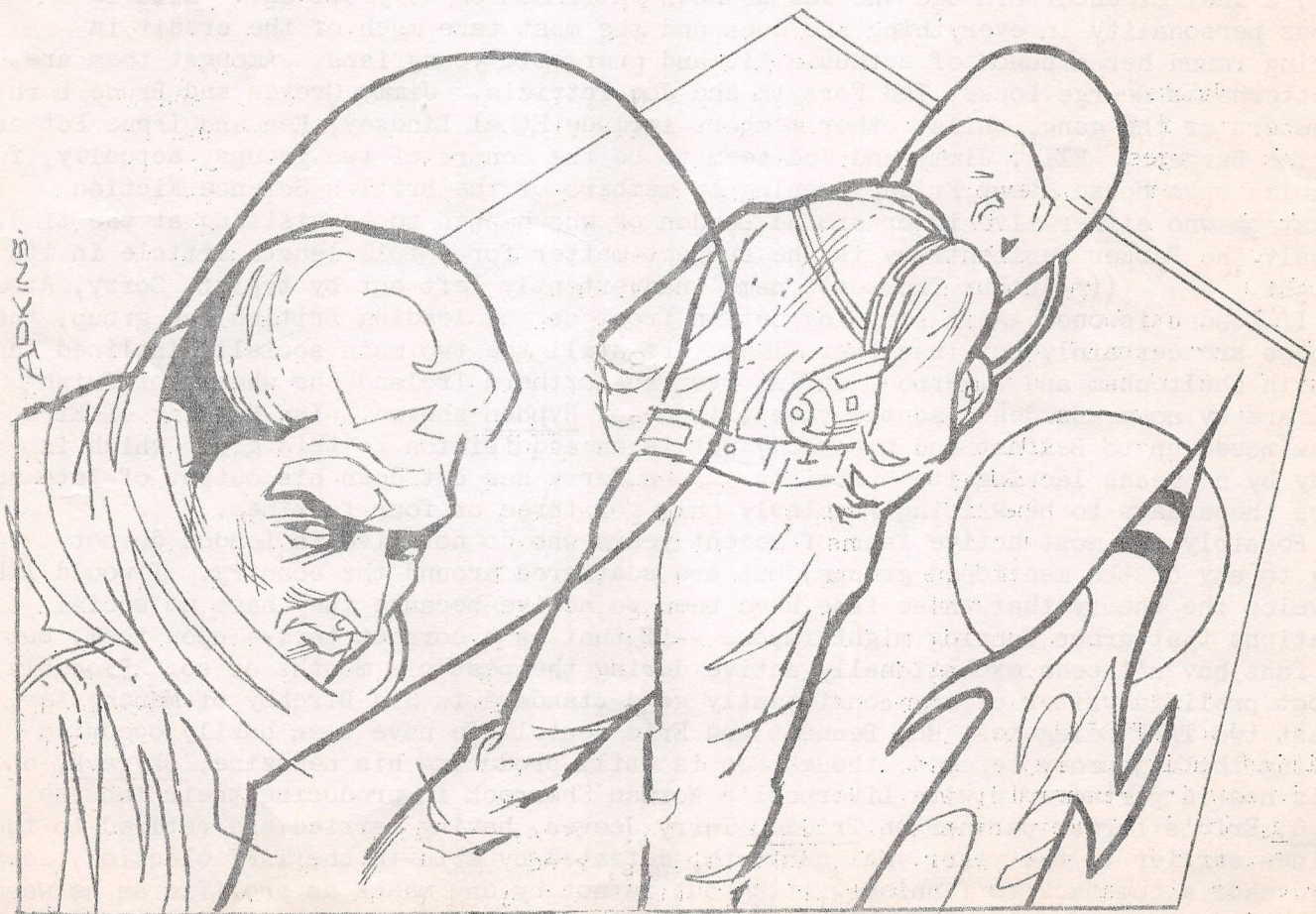
"SF fan, eh?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. We started talking; just about this, that and the other. "I don't usually read this type of mag," he said, "aSF is more my speed; I'll be picking up the ones I missed, since it's gone down so much since it became ANALOG. But I've been noticing this column by Robert Bloch, talking about these 'fanzines' and stuff. I wonder, at times, what it's all about."

I studied him for a few seconds. "Sometimes I wonder, too," I said. "But damned if I know," as I walked out the door.

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rich brown





Dear CRY,

So you're not sitting back resting contentedly in the shadow of your Hugo? Instead you are branching out into new items? Well, I'm naturally honoured that you should ask me to write you the latest news from the British fan scene and I think that it's probably a good idea. So many fans over here have come to regard CRY as the fanzine that American readers may care to know a little of what's going on over here. It would probably be a good idea to start off by giving you some impressions of who is exactly who on the British fan scene, by way of introduction, and as British fandom has undergone many changes during the past couple of years, it might also be an idea to go over just what is what for some British fans, too.

The old guard of fan faces here in London has virtually retired to the sidelines. We still run into well known fans from time to time at the Globe on the first Thursday of the month, but the old place is no longer a weekly rendezvous of pros and fans. It's probably sad to see people like Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer, who have done so much for fandom, drift away to the outer fringes, but it's generally conceded that they lost heart with fannish affairs after the London Circle rows toward the end of 1959. The Ratigans are active only in OMPA and the Buckmasters are now living in Scotland, where Ron is at present stationed. Daphne is keeping the fannish flag flying, however, with an excellent sercon discussion magazine called Esprit and she is also the OMPA Association Editor this year. There has been little activity since the Easter Convention from Mike Moorcock and Sandra Hall who were engaged early in the year and Ivor Mayne is now living in Sweden. The most active London fans during the past three or four years were the Inchmery group and it will be know that they split up in extremely sad circumstances. Little has been since heard or seen of Vinç who seems to have lost heart with fandom completely.

This is not to say that London fandom is either dead or dying. Far from it. On the credit side of the ledger there is the Science Fiction Club of London which is an extremely active and thriving group. The Club meets twice a month at the home of Ella Parker, a lady of uncertain age who was unknown in fandom three years ago. Ella is a fabulous personality in everything she does and she must take much of the credit in gathering round her a bunch of enthusiastic and energetic young fans. Amongst them are CRY letterhacks George Locke, Ted Forsyth and Joe Patrizio. Jimmy Groves and Bruce Burn are members of the gang, whilst other members include Ethel Lindsay, Ken and Irene Potter and Brian Burgess. Ella, Jimmy and Ted seem to be the centre of two groups, actually, for Ella holds open house every Friday evening to members of the British Science Fiction Association who either live in or around London or who happen to be visiting at the time. Obviously the Parker Penitentiary is the subject matter for a full length article in its own right. ((\* Arthur Thomson's name inadvertently left out by typist. Sorry, Atom))

If London is once again stepping out in front as the leading British fan group, the provinces are certainly not inactive. There are still the two main socially inclined fan groups in Cheltenham and Liverpool whilst over in Northern Ireland the wheels of Irish Fandom are by no means dead, as the recent issue of Hyphen showed. Ian McAulay of Eire has now moved up to Belfast and his ready wit is an acquisition to this group which is already by no means lacking its humorists. John Berry has cut down his output of late and appears these days to be writing regularly only for three or four fanzines.

Possibly the most active fans of recent years who do not live in London do not belong to any of the mentioned groups, but are scattered around the country. I would like to develop the theory that these fans have been so active because they have no social obligations that group fanning might impose --if that is a correct term-- upon them, but these fans haven't been exceptionally active during the past six months or so. Probably the most prolific writer of any consistently good standard is Sid Birchby of Manchester. The last two TAFF Delegates, Ron Bennett and Eric Bentcliffe have been busily occupied compiling their journey reports, though Ron is still producing his newszine, Skyrack, and Eric is now in partnership with Liverpool's Norman Shorrock in producing their fanzine Bastion, Eric's former partner on Triode, Terry Jeeves, having married and retired to the sidelines earlier in the year. Mal Ashworth, defeated by Eric in the TAFF election, seems to have made a comeback to fannish writing but is not by any means as prolific as he was during his peak years. Archie Mercer, the B.S.F.A. Treasurer who made his name entirely from letter-hacking to fanzines, is still highly active and probably does more beneficial

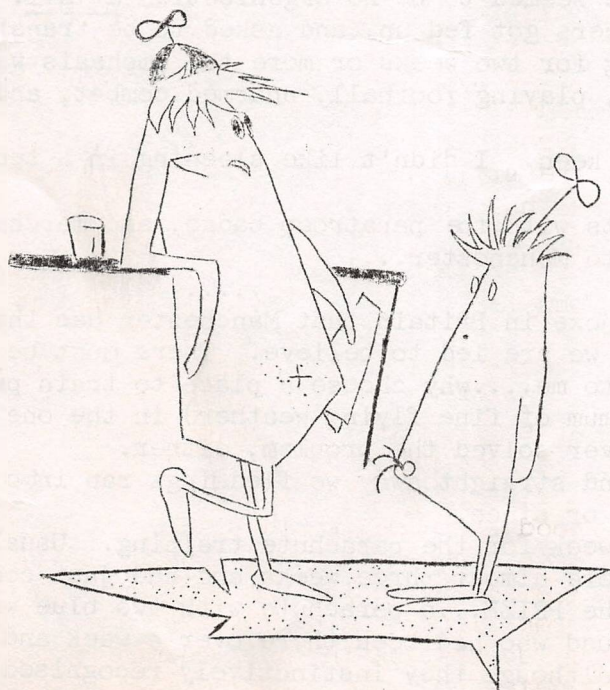


All in all, things are pretty quiet on the fannish front over here. It may be that people are sitting back in some contentment, for things are pretty quiet right now, there are no burning feuds in the air and everything in the garden is fine and in keeping for the time of year. I'm writing this just before Christmas; the Science Fiction Club of London is having a party and no doubt other groups will be celebrating in fine fannish style, too.

No doubt many eyes are looking to the Cheltenham group which contains such well known fans as Eric Jones, Bill and Bobbie Gray, Bob Richardson and Keith Freeman. These west country fans are responsible for producing the 1961 national con in Gloucester. Originally the idea was to hold the convention in Kettering once again, but the Cheltenham gang, even with the blessing of St. Fantony, were unable to book the well known George Hotel at Kettering. On reflection, it may be that the Cheltenham's patron saint knows what he is doing, for the popularity of the Kettering conventions is mainly traditional. British fandom held its annual Easter gathering in the Northamptonshire market town for four years, 1955-58 inclusive. There were many dissatisfactions apparent at the third and most certainly the fourth gathering and fannish opinion opted against Kettering in 1959, when the convention was held in the central city of Birmingham. It is perhaps indicative of the recent turn-over in active British fandom that the new BNFs would like to revive fannish tradition and hold a convention in Kettering. Even so, holding a full-scale national convention, which caters for both sf fans and faaanish fans in Cloucester, may have its hazards. The chosen hotel is not large enough to accommodate everyone who is expected to attend and conventioners will have to be farmed out to other nearby hotels. The London Committee which organised the 1956 Kettering Convention (which was attended by Dave Kyle, Lee and Larry Shaw and Dick Wilson) met with this problem, too, and it was agreed at the time that having convention attendees spread over three or four hotels was not the best of arrangements. Still, optimism reigns, and everyone is looking forward to overcoming this difficulty in spirit. The Cheltenham gang are known to be fine fans who have aided other people's conventions in many ways and it is to be hoped that "their" convention is well supported. They are an enthusiastic bunch and there can be nobody in British fandom who can see them putting on other that a first rate affair.

Best wishes,

Geoff.



"WHAT'S HAPPENING  
TO FANDOM- THERE HASN'T  
BEEN A DECENT FEUD FOR  
WEEKS."



People often ask me what it was like to be a paratroop. They always seem to have a totally wrong impression of the risk involved. Just because a man is willing to throw himself out of an aeroplane, they (if they haven't done it, or because of ridiculous movies like "The Red Beret") think that such a man is endowed with a much-above average physique and nerve. I mention "The Red Beret" specifically. It starred Alan Ladd, the film was made in England, and it shook me rigid. It demonstrated that Alan Ladd, in his character of a paratroop, had grit with a capital GEE. I sobbed and had to be led out when a battle-hardened Scots Regimental Sergeant Major called him 'son'.

I have the theory that anyone reading this article could jump from an aeroplane. Could actually jump and like it. Because it is a great thrill, whimsically termed by an instructor as 'the second greatest experience in the world.' The point is, however, although it is a great thrill, it doesn't require above-the-average nerve. I did seventeen parachute jumps, and never once did I see a man the slightest bit worried about it. When we were asked to volunteer for display jumps, the officer had to jump backwards hastily and try and ballot who wouldn't be able to participate.

So I'll tell you all about it.....

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When I was sixteen years old I knew I could jump from an aeroplane.

I was in the Air Training Corps, and I was spending a weekend at an R.A.F. station. I was allowed a flight in an Airspeed Oxford, a twin-engined trainer. I sat behind the pilot, and looked at the ground below, and instinctively it struck me that sure it would be a cinch to step out. I knew I could do it.

When I was seventeen, almost eighteen, I passed tests at an R.A. F. recruiting depot which promised that when I joined the R.A.F. at eighteen I would be trained as a wireless-operator/air gunner. Most of you know I'm mad about aeroplanes, and you'll never know how thrilled I was at the immediate prospect of joining the R.A.F. Trouble was, in 1944, there was a surplus of aircrew, and I was dumped into the army without any choice.

I volunteered for the paratroops specifically to be as near aeroplanes as I could. That was my sole reason. The fact that two shillings danger money was paid per day was simply a minor detail.

After a few weeks of basic training I was posted to an Army Air Corps training centre near Chesterfield. This place was designed to weed out the unworthy. Conditions were rough. We had to sleep in tents, and there seemed to be no organisation at all. 'Seemed' is the operative word. Many of the volunteers got fed up, and asked to be transferred to their parent regiment. And all day long for two weeks or more the emphasis was on physical training. Climbing trees, cliffs, playing football, unarmed combat, and long route marches in double time.

I loved it. I was fit and strong and keen. I didn't like sleeping in a tent, but our numbers gradually thinned.

One day, we were issued with red berets with the paratroop badge, and marched from the camp to Chesterfield, and thence by train to Manchester....

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It is a standard music hall (and TV) joke in Britain that Manchester has the wettest climate in the country. It rains all day, we are led to believe. There must be something in it, too. And it always seemed strange to me....why choose a place to train paratroops to jump (which of course required the maximum of fine flying weather) in the one place in England with the greatest rainfall? Never solved the problem, either.

Our camp was at Ringway aerodrome. And straight away we fledglings ran into a type of class distinction I've never met before or since.

Squads of men came to the camp every week for the parachute training. Usually there were three squads. The ones who'd been there almost three weeks and had just concluded their training and were actually wearing the PRIZE...a parachute with two blue wings sewn on their right arm. Secondly, the squad who had been there over a week and done three or four jumps. These felt good....although they instinctively recognised they weren't as good as the boss who'd done their eight qualifying jumps, they were better than us new chaps. And they wouldn't speak to us, except, perchance, under the spell of



free beer brought for them by us neos, and then their talk would deal solely with the dangers which were in front of us. Fair put the wind up us, too. They said it was superb, admittedly, but you had to be tough to do it....and they looked at us and sort of spread out their hands, telling us silently that we were just not the right sort of material.

Our training took a more practical turn. We were taken to a big hangar, and taught how to put the parachute on. We were taught how to fall, to sort of keep the knees and feet together, and to roll over like a ball. The instructors had a certain degree of superiority, too, and expressed the opinion quite often that few of us would get our wings.

We flew many times.....'air experience' it was called. We were piled into Dakota's (American Douglas D.C.3's in service with the R.A.F.) and the yawning pilot took us a few miles away to get the feel of being in the air. Most of the men in my squad hadn't flown before, and I wasn't slow in letting them know I didn't actually need the air experience.. Then the pilot wickedly banked sharply to port and I scrambled to prise my stomach off the roof of the plane with the rest of them.....

In an endeavour to inspire us with some degree of confidence from a practical point of view (although it seemed official policy to baffle us) we were taken along to a room where the parachutes were packed. This chore was done by W.A.A.F.'s (the feminine counterpart of the R.A.F.) and they worked at long tables in a well-lit room. We were shown in detail how the parachutes were rolled and packed, and we were assured most gravely that if a girl did pack one wrong and it didn't work she was frightfully peeved about the whole thing. "Once, a girl packed a blanket by mistake," we were told rather wittily by an administration RAF man whose duties didn't include parachuting.

We neos went to the canteen at night, and sat quietly and it must be admitted nervously in the background whilst the boys who had their wings and the apprentices who nearly did sang bawdy songs about parachuting, one clever line of which informed us happily that "they scraped him off the tarmac like a pound of Strawberry Jam."

One wingite who was being posted next day supped up our beer and condescended to tell us that parachuting from an aeroplane wasn't so bad, it was the parachute from a captive balloon which really shook him. He allowed an ostentatious twitch to flicker round his mouth, and in a voice oozing with evil portent gritted, "God, it was rough."

Next morning, our instructor had a particularly noticeable leer.

"Get in the truck, lads," he said. "It's the balloon for you, today."

We staggered to a room, were each issued with a parachute, and got in the truck and were driven to Tatton Park, a few miles from Manchester.

There was no singing in the truck. Soldiers usually do have a sing song, but we didn't. We each looked at the packs holding our parachutes, and we pondered. Could it contain a blanket? Was the W.A.A.F. really keen on her work?

We each got out of the truck and looked at the balloon. It was fat and silver and it strained at the hawser which bound it forever to a heavy truck with a big wheel on it round which the hawser was wound. Underneath the balloon (a slightly modified barrage balloon) was a small square on canvas suspended by wire from the base of the balloon.

Four of us got in with the instructor. He helped us put our parachute on. He grinned. He didn't have one on. The wings on his arms showed that he'd been through it before.

He looked over the canvas wall, and waved, and we began to rise. "We'll go to about 900 feet," he said. Nobody said anything. Faces turned from grey to green.

The R.A.F. man looked at me. "We should be there now. Berry, have a look over the side and see if you can see a red light from the truck."

I looked over the side. I did a double take. I did it better than Edgar Kennedy ever did it.

My protruding eyes followed the hawser. It got thinner and thinner and then vanished. I followed its apparent course, and then saw a little dot below. A little red dot. It pulsed with life. A couple of black dots moved slowly round it. That little red dot was a heavy truck?

And we were only getting two shillings a day danger money?

I turned back to the instructor and nodded mutely. I tried to make my head go from side to side as if to deny the brutal fact, but my head went up and down to confirm it.



I was the last to go. I saw the torture.

The R.A.F. man took the hooked end of the static line, which appeared from the innards of the parachute pack. He clipped the hook over wire along the top of the cage. He told the sucker to stand at the opening in the canvas which was supposed to be a door.

"GO!" he shouted. He screamed it. The idiot at the door went. He was obeying a command, and his instinct was so fully trained that even though he didn't want to go, he went.

My turn came. I stood up, and looked at the green fields below....and at a parachute miles below, it seemed. And the parachute crumpled as its wearer hit the ground... and a little black dot scampered away.

I stood at the door.

"GO!"

I went too.

Everything was blurred.

I know I said to myself that I was an idiot.

I could have had a nice job in the army cleaning out the lavatories. Nice hours and the same pay. But no, I had to assert myself.....

Then a sort of thump as if someone kicked me in the pants.....and everything slowed down.

Gradually, the grass below got nearer. A voice boomed "Keep your legs together... you're like a starfish."

It was a loudspeaker below. The operator had a cushy job, too, shouting instructions to men who didn't quite know what the hell they were about.

I closed my legs quicker than a jack-knife. I swear I bruised my knee caps.

And the grass suddenly became clear, even every single blade of grass, and I rolled over and stood up.

The balloon was way up.

AND I WAS DOWN.

I rolled up my parachute, held it in my arms like my first born, and swaggered over to join my party.

I saw them searching on the grass, and I knew of their quest. When the parachute was packed, various thicknesses of silk were tied in a certain order, so that those with a lesser breaking strain snapped first, so that, obviously, the parachute unfolded to plan. These little bits of silk floated to earth, and it was the recognised thing to tie a short length of silk to the zip-on brown jumping jacket we wore, so that folks could see we had jumped. The object was to get eight short silks hanging in a bunch. Then you had earned your parachute wings.

Seven to go.

The chorus in the truck going back to camp was like something from "The Student Prince." I hit High C three times.

We got out of the truck, and the instructor said, "Back here at 2.30 for another balloon jump."

During dinner, we discussed it.

We worked out the fact that the static cord was looong, and the opened parachute was even loooooonger, and from a balloon you were in free fall until you had reached the entire opened length of both. The kick in the pants effect was the parachute opening.

The nail-biting started again.

Back at Tatton Park, the nervous strain was much more pronounced. Nefore, we didn't know. Now we did. The balloon wasn't exactly.....nice.....

It took much more effort to stand at the door.....much more screwing up of the fists waiting for the GO, but we all went just the same...and then the hurried search on the grass below for another bit of silk, and the proudness with which we attached it to the zip.

"Look, lads," the instructor said with the first hint of kindness, "jumping from an aeroplane isn't half as bad as the balloon. From now in, it's fun all the way."

Another batch of neos were in the canteen that night. We didn't speak to 'em, though.....

.....

.....

.....



We sat in the Dakota. Parachutes on our backs, and the ends of the static lines clipped to a wire which ran the length of the inner fuselage. We smiled at each other... we were told to stand up...to move forward, and as soon as a green light showed about the jumping door, we were ready. We moved slowly forward under directions, and shuffled to the door. The chaps behind were keen to go, and I swear my feet didn't touch the ground....I was at the door and OUT.

Everything blurred again...but the kick in the pants came immediately.

I had time to look round going down. A long row of parachutes below me, each one lower than the other...each hit the ground in turn....then came my turn....no trouble, feet together, a quick roll, and a frantic search for a bit of silk....

Three done.

.....  
And four....

.....  
Thre was a slight difference of approach to the fifth 'plane jump.

I was first to go out. I stood at the door. The instructor stood on my left. We both looked at the red and green lights on a switchboard above the jumping door....the green light eventually came. I looked at the R.A.F. man.

He looked at me and nodded slightly, and I jumped. No raucous "GO!"....no tense-ness..I stepped out as if I was crossing the road. I floated down. I tried to do what some of the other boys had suggested. The lift webs, which are strong cords which run from the parachute pack to the parachute, rose above me. I reached up as far as I could, gripped them, pulled, and I turned round. I could see the horizon behind me, and I slowly: relaxed my grip and swung back to my normal position, and I hit the ground without being prepared. This was, in a way, a good thing. My body was relaxed. No pain, just a slight loss of breath. I punched the parachute harness, and scrambled for my silk....

.....  
More complications, when we thought we had finished.

Two kit-bag jumps.

A heavy bag, designed to hold ammunition and guns, but, for training, filled with sand, was fixed to our right legs. A thick white cord came from the bag, was foleed several times, and was fixed to our belts with a toggle.

This was the plan. We jumped, and as we descended, we released the bag, and allowed it to slowly dangle below us to the extreme length of the cord. A leather holder was supplied, so that if the cord ran quickly, it wouldn't burn our hands off...and we could also control the descent. When fully extended, it would hang 20 feet below.

Our instructor was deadly serious. He said, and we saw it to be obviously true, that if we landed with the haavy bag still attached to our leg, we wouldn't like it. Most probably get killed. So the bag had to be released. BUT. If we panicked and let out the bag too quickly, the cord would snap and a hundred weight of sand would fall at 32 ft. per sec to the grass below, and parachutists were always landing, and there were also some nice girls below who gave us tea when we did land. So it had to be taken calmly but with despatch just the same.

Chee, it was strange. We couldn't jump from the plane, because the bag was too heavy; we just stuck the bagged foot out, and were whipped round and under the tailpane and a heavy kick in the trousers.

From my point of view it worked perfectly. And it was a funny landing, because when the bag hit the grass, I stopped twenty feet up for a couple of seconds at least... then sloooooowly down to land on my feet. I didn't hit the ground, I stepped onto it.

Six jumps, two to go.....

.....  
We were now the senior squad, and another crowd of neos stepped to one side as we passed.....

The seventh jump was a minor tactical one. We were shown a wooded copse on a map, told that we should have to jump. We'd have a Sten Gun in our kitbag....we were to jump, punch off the parachute, leave it, rush to the copse and take up defensive positions.



It worked, sort of....I don't know whether it was done purposely or not, but when we landed we saw several small woods in the proximity, and the first one down rushed to the nearest one, and we followed in a panting line.

Seven lumps of silk.

.....  
The last jump was uncanny.

A balloon jump at night.

No fear this time.

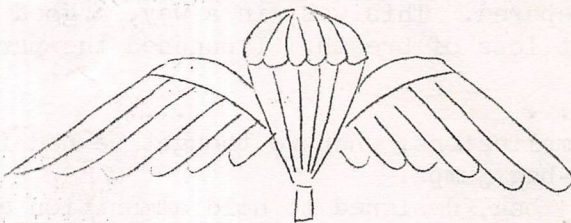
The same stillness of time before the parachute opened, and then dropping 800 feet in darkness. The lights of Manchester on the horizon....not bright lights because of the blackout....but the shaded lights of vehicles and street lamps were at least noticeable.

I didn't know where the ground was; I let it just come up and hit me.....gently.

.....  
It was a nice swop...a bunch of eight short lengths of silk for the presented parachute wings....two soft blue wings each side of a white parachute. We raced to sew the wings on our uniforms.....some boys got wings which they sewed on their shirts and vests, and there were three authentic cases in our squad of men getting the wings tattooed on their right arms....

.....  
We had a booze-up that last night....beer flowed like water.....come to think, it was mostly water.....and much has flowed under the bridge since then.....But I still have those wings....

-- John Berry



\* \* \* \* \*  
The Journal of the  
Interplanetary Exploration  
Society, Volume 1, Number 1,  
December 1960 (I.E.S., 37 Wall St,  
New York 5, N. Y. Edited by Hans

Stefan Santesson, 489 5th Ave, New York 17), \$1.25: printed (not litho'd) on a high-quality textured paper, this first issue consists of 32 pages (8 1/2 x 11) plus the wrap-around covers (about 65-weight stock, attractively patterned).

"We agree that \$1.25 is too high for a 32 page journal" says the editor, "but printing costs make this necessary. Help us do something about it. Subscribe today and help make this the most exciting and authoritative journal of opinion in this field! Your subscription, sent in tonight, can make it possible for us to add more pages to the next issue, now in preparation! Let us hear from you."

The economics of printing are that after you have paid the cost of getting your first copy run off, you have to run off one helluva lot of copies before the addition-  
costs mount up much-- but you have to sell a lot of copies to break even on the cost of the initial setup. I have no exact figures on the printing-process, but for photolith (at the friendly prices available to the SeaCon Committee for the PRs, etc), it would work like this: with copy provided suitable for photography, it would cost a little over 90¢ a copy to put a run of 300 copies in the mail. For a run of 1500, the per-copy cost would be nearer 45¢; that is, the extra 1200 copies would cost about 35¢ each. Transposing to the higher costs of printing, and the circulation of the I.E.S. Journal, I can well believe that a few hundred additional subscriptions could well make a lot of difference in the Journal's feasible-pagecount.

But this is not a Charity Pitch-- quite the contrary: Pandom is currently even more than usually wound up on the Discussion of Ideas, and Ideas is what the Journal features-- Poul Anderson, for instance, on "The Velocity of Gravitation" (like, does such exist, and if so, what are some of the ways we could measure it?). And some FOX illos, which I've been missing sorely for some years now. And for free comes "Logic at Work", informal, litho, 40 pages in the first 4 issues. I recommend these. --J.B.



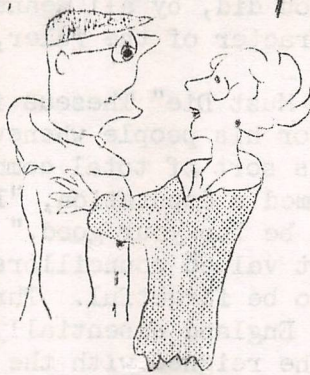
# Soft Sell

To be perfectly honest  
with you, my dear, I  
never really con-  
sidered it.

please?

?

pretty  
please?



Now will you  
join the NBF,  
Mr Raeburn?

J Les Piper



A couple weeks ago at the grocery store I cast my eye over the racks of paper bound books and it fell upon "Elizabeth the Great," by Elizabeth Jenkins. Now, Elizabeth the Great at that time meant very little to me, but Elizabeth Jenkins is a biographer for whom I have a considerable respect, having much enjoyed her book about Jane Austen. But good as "Jane Austen" was, "Elizabeth the Great" is better.

Did you enjoy Mary Renault's "The King Must Die," or C. S. Lewis' "Till We Have Faces" or Robert Graves' "I, Claudius"? If you did, by all means read "Elizabeth the Great." Like the others, it deals with the character of the ruler, and the relationship between the ruler and the ruled.

You'll remember that in "The King Must Die" Theseus is taught that the king rules by virtue of having consented to die for his people whenever it may be necessary for their welfare. Queen Elizabeth had just this sort of total commitment to her job and to her people. In November of 1602 she informed a deputation, "It is my desire to live nor reign no longer than my life and reign shall be for your good." There can be no doubt she meant it. Her dearest friends and most valued councillors were all dead, she had gotten old, tired easily, and was beginning to be forgetful. Three months later she was dead. She had reigned for 43 years, had kept England essentially free from war the entire time, and her proudest boast had been that she reigned with the love of her people.

She came to the throne at a time of great turmoil. England was half Catholic and half Protestant. Henry VIII had left the throne first to Edward, then to Mary, then to Elizabeth, and then to Lady Jane Grey. But what with Elizabeth and Mary being sometimes legitimate and sometimes not, and what with religious problems, and what with Henry having passed over Mary Queen of Scots although her claim was superior to Lady Jane Grey's, there was lots of room for differences of opinion.

Until the day of her death Mary of Scotland never admitted that Elizabeth was the rightful queen of England. She considered herself the queen of England, and never ceased her plots to capture the throne. When she died she left England to Philip II of Spain, and this was why the Spanish Armada attacked--to win the throne that Mary had left Philip.

Mary was a contrast to Elizabeth: as Elizabeth was a good ruler, Mary was a bad. She despised Scotland/pitied herself for being the Queen of such an inferior nation. She antagonized the people who would have helped her. She scandalized everyone by plotting her husband's murder and then marrying the murderer. After making Scotland too hot to hold her she took refuge in England, and was there kept captive after her brother showed an investigative commission some letters she had written indicating that she knew her husband was to be murdered. Quite apart from the murder, they couldn't set her free for fear she would collect Spanish or French troops, and she couldn't go back to Scotland; they wouldn't have her on any terms!

She was a prisoner in England for 17 or 18 years, kept by the Earl of Shrewsbury at his country estate. (On his deathbed he stated that God was delivering him from two devils, his wife and Mary Queen of Scots). As long as Mary lived Elizabeth was in constant danger of assassination, and yet Elizabeth defended Mary at the risk of her own popularity as well as her life. Elizabeth was a notable miser, and yet she kept Mary alive as long as she could, at her own expense, while Mary used her own money to conspire for Elizabeth's throne.

Why was it so important to Elizabeth that Mary be allowed to live? The author suggests that it was not so much that Elizabeth wanted Mary to live as that she did not want her executed, and that she had two reasons. The first reason was that Elizabeth, a crowned queen, a ruler, did not want another queen executed as tending to disprove or disallow the sacrosanctity of the ruler. The second reason was that Elizabeth had suffered too much, too early, from the beheading of queens! The beheading of Mary Queen of Scots was the first major defeat of Elizabeth's reign.

The author suggests that Elizabeth never married because, in her early experience, marriage led to beheading. Anne Boleyn was beheaded when Elizabeth was under three; what she was too young to understand then she learned when she was eight, when her affectionate young cousin and stepmother, Catherine Howard was beheaded. Elizabeth could not hate her father. She admired him intensely, and was very proud of being his daughter. All she could reject was the idea of marriage. When she was eight she said, "I shall



never marry." It's apparent she meant it.

Elizabeth held the throne of England over rather important opposition. The pope, one of the Pius's, issued an act of excommunication, which forbade any Catholic to obey her laws. The next pope, when asked whether it would be a sin to assassinate her, said that it would not only not be a sin, but would be a positive means of obtaining merit. And she ruled a country that was half-Catholic!

Why was she not assassinated? I think it must have been because of her courage and her love for her people. This book mentions that one man had planned to assassinate her, was in company with her, and was unable to do it, attributing his inability to her resemblance to Henry VIII. Elizabeth herself said that her preservation through the years was due to God's protection.

This book is intensely interesting, and deals not only with Elizabeth's virtues, her courage, intelligence, piety, devotion to her people, beauty (the character of which was fire and elegance rather than seductiveness), learning and skills; but also with her many faults, such as vanity, jealousy, parsimoniousness (although she never discharged a servant for age or disability without a good pension), irritability, irresolution, etc. For her time and place she was a superb ruler; even her faults were advantageous. For example, without her actually rather ridiculous vanity she would have been unable to carry on, convincingly (at the age of 45), her lengthy marriage negotiations with the very young Duc d'Alencon which prevented the French from allying with Spain against England.

Elizabeth Jenkins is a biographer of scholarship, imagination, good sense, and unobtrusive wit. If you like history, or if you're interested in people, "Elizabeth the Great" is well worth your time and 50¢.

There's been some talk as to what the CRYstaff are like. I feel that we should all be described, and shall lead off with the CRYer I've known the longest.

I am 5'5" in height, and am somewhat pudgier than I care to admit. You have my permission, however, to visualize me as most elegantly slender, as I plan to become so very early in 1961. I have medium long hair of a medium brown hue, with bangs. My eyes are, like those of a character of Tolkien's, grey as the sea: a peculiarly apt description in that the sea is not grey and neither are my eyes. My eyes are (like the sea) a sort of dark blue green gray, with amber floating around the pupils like partially submerged garbage. I wear glasses, with the usual slanted plastic frames.

In "The King Must Die" Theseus often describes people as having "thinking mouths". I have gazed at my mouth in the mirror very carefully, seeking signs of intellect. To no avail. In repose my mouth appears rather sulky and insipid, but when I smile at myself in the mirror it looks very amiable. My mouth does not think; my nose, however, is very intelligent-looking, and when I flare my nostrils slightly it looks quite spirited. For the rest, I have a roundish oval face, largish head, medium weight bones, and, since I have yellowish skin with pinkish cheeks, I can wear almost any color under the sun and no color outstandingly well. I am healthy, cheerful, melancholy, amiable, hot-tempered, physically active and yet inclined to sloth and gluttony. I intend to become almost perfect in the near future.

Buz is 5'7" in height, and weighs 147 lbs. He has a largish, well-shaped head, with rather sparse, close-cropped, graying hair. He has a high broad forehead, deepset eyes of a very pleasing light reddish brown color rimmed with green (at times his eyes glow like amber with the light behind it), a large oddly shaped nose (here Buz begs that I mention that his nose was not shaped quite so oddly before he fell off a truck onto his face), small mouth and pointed chin. He looks handsomest with a beard and moustache. He has medium weight bones, and has an immense ribcage, like a Peruvian Indian born on a mountain top, or a Martian, or something. He has a terrific lung capacity. In personality he is lively, intelligent, amusing, irascible, deeply pessimistic, kind-hearted, generous, and in fact he has lots of qualities.

Wally Weber? Ah, who could start Wally Weber at the bottom of a page! Such an impious act would bring down upon me the wrath of all the letterhacks! We'll save Wally Weber for next month.

Elinor



Christmas is just over as I write this, and among other things Miri and I got several fannish Christmas presents too. In fact, I suppose this is the most fannish Christmas I've ever had. Once my parents gave me a copy of "The Conquest of Space" for Christmas, and last year Dave Rike gave me a pound of Impress ink gift-wrapped in paper from the wrappings of a ream of Speed-O-print mimeo paper--it made surprisingly festive wrapping. But this year Maurice Lemus gave us his whole science fiction collection, and Lou & Cynthia Goldstone gave us a copy of the Wallace Smith Portfolio, and Ray & Kirsten Nelson gave us an auto-graphed copy of Keller's "Sing of the Burning Hart," published in 1948 by the N3F in an edition of 250. And to top it all off, a nonfan friend gave us a couple issues of Unknown.

We spent Christmas Eve with the Nelsons at their new home. It was a pleasant evening, highlighted (if that's the right word) by Ray's showing us His Portfolio. We'd been talking about the Wallace Smith Portfolio, which was what led Ray to dragging out his own. It consisted of all sorts of extremely miscellaneous sketches, paintings, drawings, cartoons, posters, and such that he'd done years ago when he was studying Art at the University of Chicago. "They told us to Let Ourselves Go," said Ray, "to draw whatever came into our heads. So I did."

It was a fantastic conglomeration of stuff, which Miri and Kirsten and I looked through with....well, not exactly a Sense of Wonder, but certainly with considerable amazement. There was the college yearbook, loaded with Nelson cartoons--"Many of which have never been published elsewhere!" said Ray. There was a somewhat abstract painting which Ray said was "a pregnant turtle, swimming underwater." There was a quick brush-sketch of a smiling face, and written under it, "This is a Friendly Face. Whenever the world is getting you down, look at this Friendly Face and feel yourself uplifted." And there were many other things. I'm sure the Art teachers must have been pleased at the carefree way in which Ray expressed himself.

We got to talking a little later on about children, specifically their First Words. We mentioned that Astrid Anderson, Poul & Karen's daughter, had first learned the word Money. And we mentioned too that Marie-Louise Ellington, Dick & Pat's daughter, had first learned Sick. She used to lie in her crib during fan-gatherings, murmuring over and over, "Sick, sick, sick...."

"Do you know what Walter Tryge's first word was?" said Ray. We shook our heads. "It was Burbee."

"Burbee?" I said.

"Yeah--one day I was pacing around the room reading an article about Burbee aloud to Kirsten, and he picked it up. He'd been saying burble burble burble for months, of course, so it wasn't hard."

We were delighted. It also turned out that young Walter (he's about two) has been working his way up through the arts ever since. Ray was showing us some experiments Picasso had done with silk-screen prints, and Walter Trygve looked at them, smiled, and said, "Picasso."

Ray says he also says "Globlies" when he sees any of them.

Anyway, that was how we spent Christmas Eve--looking at paintings of pregnant turtles swimming underwater and having Walter Trygve Nelson identify artists for us. I guess we had a pretty fannish Christmas Eve at that.

In the last of a series of seriously typoed articles in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, about a year ago, I wrote that I thought the era of purely fannish fanzines was drawing to a close, saying that too much fannishness is just too much, and I expected an upsurge in stf-centered material in the future. And in an installment of "Fandom Harvest" last year I tried out my predicting abilities in a description of what I thought fandom would be like in 1965, one of my predictions being that the main type of material that would be featured in 1965's fanzines would be the personal-essay.

Well, at this point I still think those were sensible predictions--but things don't seem to be working out quite like I'd hoped. In the first place, when I referred to discussion of science fiction I very definitely didn't mean seventy-five consecutive articles on What's Wrong With Science Fiction--which seems to be what we're getting these days.



There have been occasional articles dealing with stfsy in a more readable manner, of course --Boggs' "Follow The Yellow Brice Road" in CRY was a fine example, as were the discussions of "Transient" and "The Sirens of Titan" in YANDRO--but for the most part the discussion of stfsy in fanzines seems to have sunk to the everybody-gets-in-his-redundant-two-bits'-worth level.

And while it's not yet 1965, perhaps it isn't too soon to say that my other prediction, the one about personal essays, is also going wrong. The term "personal essay" is a bit misleading, I suppose, because ordinarily when we say essay we mean a serious discussion of something, whereas a personal essay is simply an informal article written in the first person. It needn't be serious and it needn't discuss anything; it can be, for instance, a convention report, a subjective book review, a reminiscence about childhood experiences, or an article on the basic works of Aristotle.

But the type of personal essay which has been appearing more and more frequently during the past year, and which at the present rate will take over all the fanzine-space long before 1965, is the Serious Discussion sort--the type of thing you see in HABAKKUK, KIPPLE, ESPRIT, WARHOON, etc. Several weeks ago in FANAC I gave forth a somewhat intemperate blast at this type of material, a blast composed on stencil with insufficient space left before the bottom of the page to adequately explain my views. I'd like to do so here.

Actually, the blast as it stood was not at the Serious Discussion Fanzine, but rather, at an article which appeared in ESPRIT #2 peering down a lofty nose at fannishness while singing the praises of Serious Discussion. I stated in FANAC that such Serious articles are not per se superior to purely fannish material, and made a remark to the effect that just because some guy decides to air his own views on H-Bombs or Beatniks it isn't necessarily a sign that he's going to write a worthwhile article.

Shortly after that issue of FANAC appeared I had a letter from Redd Boggs, himself the editor of a fanzine (DISCORD) largely given over to serious discussion, in which he agreed with me for the most part and went on to describe the attitude of those who laud Seriousness as analogous to that which says an intelligent man can always effectively criticize an expert in the expert's own field. The attitude in so many of today's fanzines seems to be that any Joe with a rudimentary knowledge of the English language (but not necessarily of how to spell) should be given space in print to rant on about whatever subject he's just read a Sunday supplement article on.

Redd and I seem to agree on far more than just the way we state our case; we agree on the basics of the matter. The average person's opinions on practically anything outside of his own immediate field of interest or endeavour are practically worthless except for their curiosity-value. If a person writes an article discussing a subject on which he is not well-informed it's likely the article won't be worth reading unless he's either a remarkably intuitive thinker or a good enough writer to make his basically unimportant opinions interesting to read.

For instance: Bill Donaho or Art Castillo writing in HABAKKUK on beatniks are worth reading because they know what they're writing about; most of the countless comments on their articles from less informed people are interesting only as reactions.

I think that's the operational word in most all of this Serious Discussion that's going on: reactions. It isn't really Serious Discussion that most of these people are interested in, no matter how they may praise the idea of it. They're really interested in something far less cerebral: reactions. They enjoy the outraged letters that inevitably result from a diatribe on miscegenation from Bill Conner, and they enjoy seeing how Bob Leman or Art Rapp will respond to Castillo's radical social commentary. If the primary value of Serious Discussion is that it can help us discover truth, I must say that there is very little value in the Serious Discussion Zines currently running, because the writers seldom even bother attempting to define their terms. (HABAKKUK would have folded two issues ago if Donaho had been so imprudent as to lay down solid definitions for four or five terms in common usage in its lettercolumn).

There's nothing wrong with this interest in reactions rather than logic and facts, of course, and I'm not trying to say there is. I enjoy all of the fanzines most often mentioned as Serious Discussion Zines.

But my point is that there is nothing intrinsically more noble and lofty about these discussionzines than the most frothy of fannish humor. I wouldn't even bother making



this point if it weren't for people like Bill Gray in ESPRIT, Dick Lupoff in XERO, and Ted Pauls and Marion Bradley in KIPPLE who seem to think that the particular brand of discussion featured in these zines is somehow Important. The trouble is, you see, that some of the contributors (and editors) of discussionzines are beginning to feel so self-important that they are turning out utter crud, and I'd like to do my bit to try to stop this early deterioration in discussionzines.

Certainly when we reach the point where a discussionzine features as utterly worthless an article as Mike Deckinger's in the latest KIPPLE ("Mediocrity Rides The Airwaves," which takes two pages to tell us that most television stinks), then something is going wrong. I think what's wrong is that too many people are taking discussionzines--and themselves--too seriously.

This has been a Serious Discussion.

--Terry Carr

## PROGRESS REPORT...



Everyone said we were  
NUTS to get hooked on  
a Convention Committee



But everyone has  
been most cooperat-  
ive, really. The fanzines...



AND FOR AN  
ADDITIONAL  
\$500, WE  
WILL ALSO

The hotels...



We got an encouraging  
note from Big-Hearted  
Howard...



The local club  
has been a lot  
of help



except for the idiot  
who is trying to get us  
an Air Force display



and to get us TV coverage!



But our next Progress  
Report will be out  
Real Soon Now!



This is still November,  
isn't it?

-Buz



"A Canticle for Leibowitz" has probably received more reviews in the general magazines than any science fiction novel ever published. By science fiction novel, I do not mean a novel on a science fiction theme. I mean a novel which, having been first published in a science fiction magazine and having been written by the author of several science fiction stories, came directly from the ghetto. It has been received by the reviewers as another novel about atomic war, not as a science fiction novel. So far this hasn't done it much good.

Time said Miller couldn't seem to make up his mind whether the world needs more bomb shelters or more Roman Catholics. They called it a product of atomic age jitters. The New Yorker chided Miller for wooden writing and too much reliance on irony. In The New Yorker the word starship had quotation marks around it; the reviewer must have been deeply immersed in modern science fiction. The Reviewer for The Nation listed it with several atomic doom novels, "On the Beach," "Leven Seven," "When the Kissing Had to Stop," and the rest of the grisly gang. All were regarded as pious sermons for action to prevent nuclear war. All were judged bad novels and futile gestures.

The reception disappointed me. Since "The Last Canticle" appeared in Fantasy and Science Fiction, I had been hoping the Leibowitz stories would be published under one cover. On first reading, "The Last Canticle" had all the power of high tragedy. I felt it was a science fiction story which could enter the ring with the best fiction written in the United States in the 1950's.

Admittedly it lacked the psychological depth of our best fiction. But it compensated for that lack with a vision of man as a creature who lives in society, participates in a meaningful history and has a relationship to the Cosmos. Very little American fiction can make that claim. This story held up a mirror to the whole of human life. For that one can sacrifice a little psychological insight.

The important thing in fiction is not that the characters be deeply analyzed by the author. The important thing is that they live. Miller's people had flesh on their bones, grappled with important human problems and involved the reader in their lives. For all the grandeur of his theme, he seemed to have the true writer's interest in people and what they do. A very human crisis, the young monk's fear and indecision when he is offered the responsibility of leadership, was not dwarfed by the holocaust.

As for style, Miller had been developing his for a few years and in "The Last Canticle" he seemed to have it under control. He did not overdo things, as he did in "The Big Hunger." It was a style ironic, bittersweet, inventive and compassionate.

When I read a story I ask that the characters seem real, the events be interesting and the background be vivid. This is a big order and I'm satisfied if a writer meets only one of these requirements and doesn't botch up the others so much he annoys me. But when a story meets all these requirements and is built on a profound and moving theme, then I become excited. "The Last Canticle" excited me.

Three years later I reread "The Last Canticle." I was disappointed to discover it lost much of its power on rereading. If great literature is literature that can be reread, then on the basis of my subjective reactions, I have to admit this isn't great literature. But that first reading was so good I still insist it is a fine piece of work and deserves much better reviews than it got.

It deserves, too, some exploration of what it means. It is unfortunate that no reviewer has bothered to mention the story's real theme.

I think it is significant The Nation's review did not seem to realize "A Canticle for Leibowitz" was the only story on his list by a science fiction writer. No one who has been reading and writing science fiction for years would write a story just to warn his audience nuclear war will be a catastrophe. That can only be done by a writer who thinks the message is original for a mass audience to whom it is news. To the science fiction writer, atomic war long ago became one more stock situation, and an over used one at that. He will take it off the shelf only if he feels he can do something new with it. He may use it as the basic situation of an action and suspense story, or to put characters in revealing and dramatic situations, or just to clear away our civilization so he can build an imaginary world.

Miller took the hackneyed old situation and used it to write a tragedy based on the Christian view of man.



What is this Christian view? It is the opinion God created man to live in a certain, happy way but gave man free will and the capacity to live in other ways. Man, selfish and proud, rebels and violates God's intentions. Through all history God pursues man and tries to win back his love and save him from the evil he has brought upon himself. The major evidence of this pursuit is the history of the Hebrew people and the life of Christ. Through this history and this life, God has revealed his intentions. Wherever man turns, he must encounter God. But man, always Adam, always rebels and brings evil on himself. The only hope is that the infinite love of God will finally overcome human folly and somewhere in eternity man and God will be reconciled.

It is a pessimistic philosophy, for man cannot save himself and is doomed by his own nature to a life blotted with evil. And it is a hopeful philosophy, for it trusts God.

I am not a Christian, but I have always considered this a respectable theory. Nothing in it contradicts physical science or the bloody history of mankind. Assuming there is a God (and there is no reason not to) the theory makes very good sense. It is a theory which can offer many insights to the non-Christian thinker.

Miller's story is a dramatic expression of this view of human history. This means, of course, that there is nothing original in what it says. But dramatic art doesn't have to demonstrate original ideas. The basic values of art, to use two words Jacques Barzun favors, are grace and power. The theme is one of the attributes that gives a story power. The more profound the theme, the more potentially powerful the story. We need not ask that the theme be original, only that it be a good one and honestly developed. Miller did one little thing the mass audience atomic-doom writer could never think of. He showed us men building up a civilization and destroying it with hydrogen bombs for the second time. As the story reaches its climax, it draws its power from our knowledge that all this has happened before. Every line tells us the tragedy is inherent in the nature of man. Man by himself cannot regain Eden. He can only try through all eternity, until at last he admits his weakness and turns to God for help.

You might say Miller speculated, in the best traditions of science fiction, on the assumption his Catholic theology is true. If it is true, then something like the cyclic tragedy of "A Canticle for Leibowitz" is inevitable.

But though his story expresses the Catholic world view, it is not religious propaganda. Miller does not alter life to suit a theory. There is, for example, the wonderful scene where the scientist and the priest argue over euthanasia. Neither one wins the argument. One knows no evil but pain. The other knows no evil but sin and the loss of God. Starting from different assumptions, arguing with perfect logic, they finally stare across a void no philosophy can bridge. Each man has presented the best arguments for his position. Each could be told his philosophy is a major cause of the world's pain.

For that moment we are not living in the Christian world. We are living in the human world, where men act in ignorance and their powers are too weak to penetrate the mystery. Another framework, another set of values, has been placed around the tragedy, adding new dimensions to the stage bounded by the Christian frame. We know Miller is a Catholic and we can assume his interpretation of the tragedy is the interpretation voiced by the monks and the priests. But like a true artist, he has concentrated on telling us what actually happened and what people did and said and thought about it. From this we can assume what Miller believes, but we can also draw our own conclusions.

In the end he presents two different paths to salvation. The monks board the starship. God will not let mankind perish. Adam will live among the stars and perhaps, before the end of eternity, he will be reconciled with his Creator. In the meantime, expect a few exploding suns and millenia of suffering and folly. On Earth, in the face of the mutant woman's second head, suddenly come to life, the dying abbot sees what he can only call Immaculate Conception. There is the hint God is going to start all over again with a new humanity, born without history and without sin. (I can only admire His courage.)

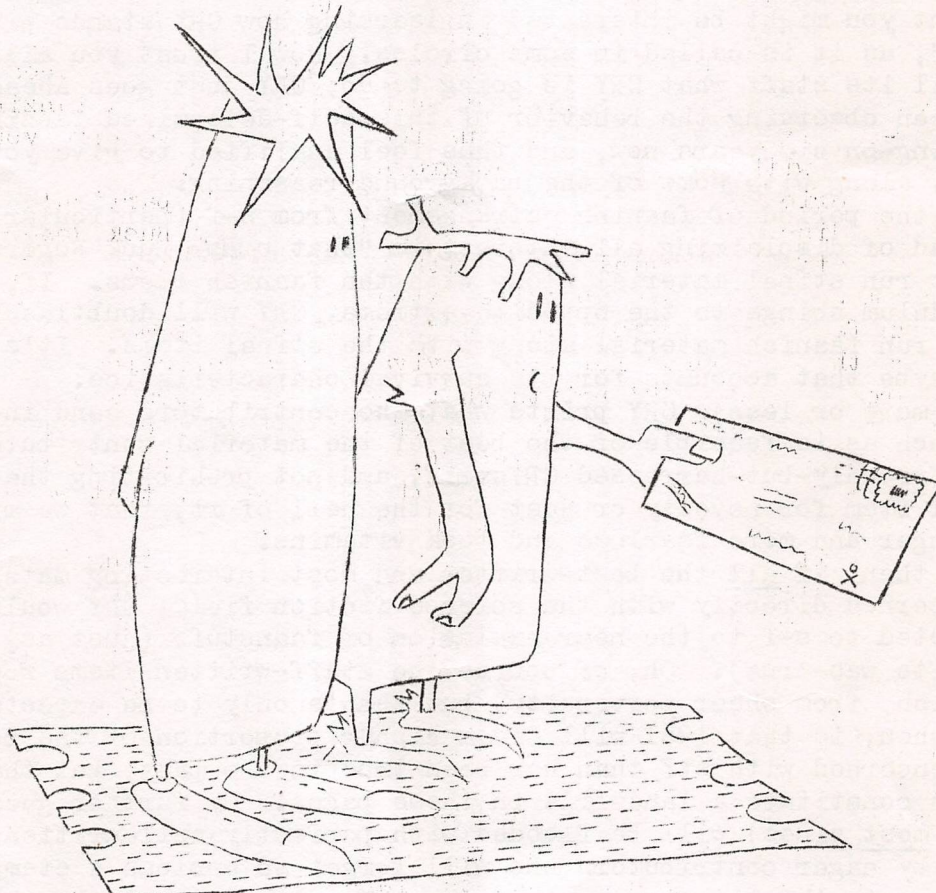
The hope in this book is not the easy hope of those secular thinkers who believe in a perfectible humanity. Nor is it the easy hope of those theologies which pervert Christian doctrine by claiming men will gain Eden if they love one another or if everybody is baptized. The best Christian thinkers are sadly aware that everything, including the rule of love and the Christian faith, can be corrupted by man's willfulness and egoism.



The only hope in this book is the hope of the Christian who, despairing of man (and with good reason!) can only look to God for rescue. That, and the harsh, bitter hope that man and all his sins will survive.

This is not a plea for bomb shelters or disarmament or a return to religion. It is not a sermon on the terrors of nuclear war. Nor is it a futile attempt to avert the catastrophe. It is an attempt to create a work of art, a tragedy which draws its values from the essence of Christian theology. I will not say it is a complete successful attempt, but I will say Walter Miller should be very proud of his achievement.

--Tom Purdom



Tom It says - "Top secret - Destroy before reading!"



With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle --

..F. M. Busby

Fandom is a-whithering again, it seems. If 1960 wasn't a Boom Year for new fanzines, I'd like to see one that is. Or perhaps not-- at the present rate I do barely manage to read everything that comes in (and a high proportion of it is fine stuff), but it's impossible to find time to write comments on more than just the occasional item that catches me with a loose moment before the zine vanishes in The Stack and is lost forever. The point, though, is that roughly every-other fanzine, lately, carries an article or editorial or letter discussing fandom's big swing away from faannishness and back to science-fiction. Some of the writers are in favor, a few are opposed, and some point out that the whole thing is a ~~ps~~ cyclic phenomenon, which is more or less true. It makes you think, if you're not careful.

So I thought you might be interested in learning how CRY stands with regard to this "New Trend", as it is called in some circles. Now I trust you all realize that CRY does not tell its staff what CRY is going to do; CRY just goes ahead and does it. But I've been observing the behavior of this self-determined fanzine at close quarters for going-on six years now, and thus feel qualified to give you an educated guess, at least, along with some of the background reasoning:

Throughout the period of faanish estrangement from s-f (particularly through the height of the fad of disclaiming all interest in "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff"), CRY continued to run stfnal material along with the faanish items. If, as seems likely, the pendulum swings to the opposite extreme, CRY will doubtless be stubborn and continue to run faanish material along with the stfnal items. It's the nature of the beast; maybe that accounts for its survival characteristics.

Seriously (more or less), CRY prints what the contributors send in-- rather, CRY prints as much as is feasible of the best of the material contributed, as judged by your friendly-but-harrassed CRYstaff, and not prohibiting the inclusion of an occasional item for novelty or just for the hell of it, that we might reject if we were stronger and more fearless and took vitamins.

Obviously, then, if all the best-written and most interesting material received by CRY were concerned directly with the science-fiction field, CRY would find itself pretty well devoted to s-f to the near-exclusion of faanstuff (just as, in years past, the opposite was true). Oh, of course the staff-written items would probably be all-out faanish, from sheer perversity, but that's only to be expected of us.

My guess, then, is that 1961 will see a higher proportion of the better contributions to CRY concerned with stf than has been true in the past, but that this trend will by no means constitute a landslide in these pages. My further guess is that CRY (along with most zines) will be flooded with perfectly well-written restatements of the obvious, by eager contributors who will forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope in the likely case that the fan-editor in question has read it all before and perhaps even written it at least once. But that's just the breaks.

In light of the above, the timing of the demise of the Pemberton Plow-column as a regular item (late '59) would seem to be just about right. The column started in 1955 when I felt like trying to write something to go into CRY: I had little to write about that might be of interest to general-fandom (of which I knew little or nothing), but at least I was up on the current prozines, so I took a cut at that for a subject. I think it was about a year before Plow received favorable comment; I, but then Bob Madle gave with kind words in his review-column in a Lowndes zine and things picked up rapidly; the Plow became alluvassudden popular and we were stuck with it, you and I. I've always felt that that column drew a lot of egoboo that could & would have gone to any other writer who was doing the same thing-- that is, pulling the only regular monthly coverage of the Field. "Regular monthly coverage"... boy, sometimes the Plowing was great fun and sometimes it was a real drag as you might well imagine, trying to condense impressions of the month's output onto 4 or 6 stencils and have it make sense (composing on stencil of course, after the first few months-- and, as now); sometimes it flowed right out and sometimes it didn't at all. There's nothing like digging the blurb and then the ending, hunting for a chunk of



insight that will encapsulate a half-recalled story in a one-line comment; it's a positive relief to come upon a real stinker that can be clawed to shreds with no holds barred. 48 consecutive months of attemptedly-complete coverage was more than a plenty of that routine as a steady diet, because the time came when it was no longer possible to avoid excess-repetition of the quick-punchlines, in summarizing one story and another. It wasn't fair to the material under the scrutiny, for one thing. So it was about time to beat the Plowshare back into a sword or something.

And what with renewed stefnal interest breaking out in print all over the fmc as of the Detention, it seemed to be a good time to unharness ol' Renfrew and let him go chew grass or whatever. He was getting all too cynical, anyhow.

Mind you, I regret not at all the sweat that went into the Plow, pulling of. If I hadn't enjoyed it, mostly, over the long haul, I wouldn't have hauled. And it is a cinch that the sheer persistent repeated attempt to judge&analyze published stories could not help but give me some idea of what it takes to put some whammy and structure into any tales I try to write-for-sale from here on. In this sense, I recommend the critic-column routine to any budding writer-- you may or may not write anything and sell it, but if you don't, at least you'll have some idea why not.

OK, let's talk about writing, for a bit. Assuming a good grasp of the language, spelling, punctuation, vocabulary, idiom, grammar, syntax, and general ability along the lines of self-expression (like, you have access to a dictionary), what more does it take to produce a story that holds interest and satisfies same?

I've been told (and it seems to be true) that The Basic Plot is: Joe gets his fanny in a bear trap-- how does he get it out in one piece? The whole thing has to be plausible in both human and physical-possibility terms in the adopted framework.

I must admit that plotting is my own weak point, and a bad one. I just plain do not like to identify with Joe whose rump is beartrapped, and I can't write without identifying with my characters. Plastic surgery might help; those beartraps are wicked. What I do like to write is Climactic Situations-- I can churn out pages and pages of taut dialogue leading from a vague background to an inchaote solution. But the ignorant grade of editors we have today-- they don't seem to appreciate the merits of this sort of vignette as a substitute for the standard novelette.

I guess I am just born out of my time-stream; what we need is an editor who can ignore plot-requirements and bend his efforts to satisfying the big fat egos of his hopeful contributors. Right, fellas? Hmm-- I was afraid you'd say that...

OK, kidding aside: there's a lot of loose talk about "characterization" and "cardboard characters" and "making the characters live"; this is all well and fine, but what does it mean? Obviously a short story does not give scope for loving and careful delineation of well-rounded characters, whether by description or implication, yet short-story characters can and do come to life under skilful handling.

Let's put it this way. One of the worst faults in any story is that of having a character speak or act in ways that do not logically follow from the author's prior presentation of the character and of the situation, "for no good reason except that the author made him do it to save the plot"-- this is poor characterization. Conversely, then, we could say that if a character's actions (particularly the more crucial ones as at the story's climax) can be seen to follow logically from the picture the author has given of him as a person, the characterization is adequate. This does not mean that the crucial actions should be predictable by the reader-- the author doesn't have to (and can't, really) show all his cards in advance, or the whole thing gets to be pretty ho-hummish-- but that after the impact of the crash ending has sunk in, the plot-solution feels right to the reader. Characterization is an integral part of plotting and cannot be evaluated in vacuo, separate from plotting requirements. Of course there are stories in which the plot consists of little more than a demonstration of how nothing fazes Grandma Thingummy, not even a first contact with interstellar aliens-- but there, I shouldn't be reopening old wounds that way, when likely you had nearly managed to forget that sort of thing...

A quick pagecount shows that we can stay within the 60 postage limit this month if I stop here. So I am stopping here, and thank you one and all. Happy New Year!

--Buz



## M I N U T E S

by Wally Weber

## MINUTES OF THE DECEMBER 15, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

President Flora Jones called the meeting to order at 8:23 p.m. and demanded that the minutes be read. The SEC-Treas was more merciful, however, and refused to read them. The fact that nobody at the meeting had a copy of the CRY containing the minutes had something to do with all this mercy. The SEC-Treas did go through his notes on the previous meeting to refresh the memories of the amnesic members, only to have F. M. Busby observe that many of the items in the notes hadn't appeared in the CRY version of the minutes. The SEC-Treas observed right back at him that the CRY minutes will continue to be incomplete until the thoughtless club learns to end their meetings even with the bottom of the page like it should.

Finally F. M. Busby said, "I move that the minutes be." The Nameless will pass anything that's moved, and this was no exception.

The Sec-TREAS reported \$19.05 in the club treasury. Nobody was impressed.

Flora Jones asked for, and got, Old Business. F. M. Busby wanted to know if the policy of announcing club meetings in the papers had been disbanded; he hadn't seen anything in the papers for the last couple meetings. Publicity Chairwoman, Geneva Wyman, was not present to comment, and Ed Wyman, husband of the Publicity Chairwoman, could shed no light on the matter, but the discussion did remind Wally Weber that he had not run off the forms Geneva had requested two months before.

The business about when to hold the New Year's party came up. The Nameless Ones is probably the only club in the world that has trouble figuring out on what date to hold a New Year's party. Evidently the club decided to get an early start on 1961, because the date was finally set for December 29th.

Flora announced that in the interests of increasing the club treasury, she would donate a number of small gifts which would go into a grab bag and be sold for 25¢ per gift. She would need a bag, however, and wondered where she could obtain one. Wally Weber offered to bring one back from Ritzville, a wheat-farming area that abounded in bags, where he would be having Christmas. F. M. Busby couldn't see Wally bringing Florence Morency all that way, though, and offered to bring a bag from the Fenden instead. I hope for his sake that Elinor Busby understood what he meant.

Vernard Thomas and others gave additional reports on Seattle's subterranean city. A man who apparently had little use for progress is reported to be operating a store down there among the skeletons and prehistoric animals, and 10,000 members of a religious sect are still hard at work saving their world, too busy to realize it has been buried. It is hoped that Greater Seattle will have installed plate glass sidewalks by convention time; a people colony is so much more interesting than an ant colony.

Further discussion of postcards and posters were tabled in hopes that the meeting would end at the bottom of the stencil.

Having got nowhere with Old Business, President Flora Jones asked for New Business. There was F. M. Busby again to start things off with a new project for the club. It was time, he pointed out, that the club band together to help out one of its most famous members, Joe Corbett Jr. Joe is in danger of being executed for murder in the barbaric state of California. The thought of poor Joe in such a plight aroused the Nameless to furious action. In a moment a resolution was passed that the club would do all it could for Joe. When the time comes, Joe can rest assured that the club will send his relatives a card of heartfelt sympathy.

The Busby's announced that Elmer Perdue had married somebody named Rachel on November 20. Jim Webbert announced that Mr. and Mrs. Alan E. Nourse had a new baby. Somebody mentioned that the N3F had advertised the SEACON in their latest fanzine. Ed Wyman wanted to know when SHAGGY was coming out -- his withdrawal symptoms were showing -- and was informed that Fan Hill had moved. So much for fandom.

Jerry Frahm described how he visited a local celebrity, Mr. Rockwell, about the same time as Mr. Rockwell's stepdaughter was starting to bubble in the septic tank, but this pleasant account was cut short by the adjournment of the meeting at 9:07 p.m., just at the bottom of the stencil.

Exceedingly Honorable SEC-Treas, Wally Weber



## MINUTES OF THE DECEMBER 29, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Well, it wasn't exactly a meeting; it was a party. It started about 5:00 p.m. when Marge Wyman and company arrived to find the Wally Weber residence locked and nobody home. A half hour later the host arrived, but Marge had left by that time. Minutes later F. M. Busby arrived wanting to know where the Wymans were and did they have to walk to get there? Naturally the informative host hadn't the least idea, so Buz went home with visions of Wymans hiking through the wilds of Queen Anne Mountain in the bitter cold.

This left the tidy host free to straighten things up a bit for the party. Actually what remained to be done was to remove approximately 1,500 cubic feet of fanzines, printing devices, used manuscripts, boxes, books, magazines, and miscellaneous trash from the dining room and put it all in the basement to provide room upstairs for the guests that would be arriving.

This project had scarcely been started when Marge Wyman and company returned. One look at the magnitude of the project was sufficient to convince her the party would consist of spending the evening moving junk, so she left again, leaving a supply of tasty date-nut bread to keep the host from starving.

As soon as he was alone, the host pulled the secret swith that flipped the dining room floor, depositing the whole mess in the basement and leaving the upstairs free for gaiety and partying. A large sign, left over from a Nameless picnic, was displayed on the porch to attract the crowd, and all was as ready as it was going to get.

Frank Carr was the first person lured in by the sign, but he had only dropped by to report that G. M. Carr was too ill to make it to the party, but that she did send her best wishes and a huge box of potato chips.

Before he had a chance to get out the door, Vernard Thomas arrived with his wife and little one. Vernard had stored two jugs of his most deadly cider with the host two weeks earlier, and was now prepared to take notes on its effects on the other guests. Of course the host had thoughtfully spent the two weeks in diluting the cider with water (but don't fret, ol' buddy -- notta drop was washted).

Nameless members, most of them bearing refreshments of varying kinds and potency, began pouring into the place after that. Evidently the theory is that when the Thomases are there, the cider is with them, and in a short time the house was full. There were Nameless Ones like Lee and Ruth Noon who hadn't been to meetings in ages. There were Nameless Ones who had been there just recently, like Marge Wyman who stayed for a while this time. There were Nameless Ones who have only attended meetings infrequently, like Roger and Jerry Miller. There were BNFs like Buz and Elinor and Tosk. There were the newlyweds, Pat and Otto Pfeifer. There was the about-to-be-wed Jim Webbert. There was the Official Coffee Maker, Wally Conser.

But the host didn't worry. If too many Nameless showed up, he could always flip the dining room floor again.

One of the last to arrive was President Flora Jones herself. She brought refreshments, grab-bag gifts, folding chairs, a daughter and a son-in-law. The latter pair were Virginia and Bill Cowling, the latter of which came in full beard, preparing for a forthcoming trip to Mexico. (Trips to Mexico have become quite popular around Seattle since the Seattle Science Fiction Club won the Convention for 1961.)

If things had been lively before, Flora really got things going with her grab bag. With radar-like accuracy she tracked down guests with quarters and got them grabbing. Since nobody knew what was in the packages until it was too late (Flora would not tolerate a refund), there was considerable exchanging going on, and some cowardly folk presented their packages to other guests without even opening them. When business at the grab bag slacked off, Flora started an auction for a double deck of cards. After selling a set for \$1, she produced a duplicate set to sell to the runner-up in the bidding for the same amount. Jerry Miller was expecting her to announce that now they had decks containing all the cards from aces through sevens, another dollar would get them the eights through kings, but apparently Flora had overlooked that plan.

During the early moments of the party, Burnett R. Toskey and Wallace W. Weber had been acting in suspicious manners. They cast furtive looks about them from time to time, held



whispered conversations at frequent intervals in dark corners, and generally gave the appearance of fans with something on their consciences. Finally, when it seemed that their nerves might give way under the strain, they took a mysterious object from a kitchen cupboard, hastily stuffed it into a paper sack, and reluctantly drew the attention of the crowd.

"I have a presentation to make," the host quavered, paling a little as something in the sack seemed to rustle impatiently. "This presentation is to the Busby's for their work in making Seattle fandom known to the rest of the fan world." He hastily thrust the sack at Elinor, who happened to be the nearest Busby in sight. "Take it," he pleaded.

Buz was cautious as Elinor accepted the presentation, and wanted to know whom the presentation was from. "Wally and me," Toskey blurted out before Wally could put the full blame on him alone.

Elinor opened the sack and peered in. A Busby peered out at her. It was made out of plastic and it was not yet assembled, but the manufacturer had named it "Busby," and the real reason it was being presented to Buz and Elinor was because Toskey hadn't any sales resistance the day he saw it in the store. If the thing was capable of being described, it would be described in this report. There are no descriptive words in the language for it, however; it can only be seen to be known. If you visit Buz and Elinor they may let you see it. Perhaps they will display it at the convention. If you are curious to see one like it, perhaps a store in your town sells them; any grulzak dealer should have one in stock.

Jerry Frahm showed up, a bit late, and Flora nabbed him for four packages out of the grab bag. His first three items he kept, but he traded the fourth item, a crocheted doily, to Pat Pfeifer for a San Francisco cablecar. One wonders just where Flora got all those gifts.

The last guests to show up at the party were Bill Faris and a girl named Karen something-or-other. Bill was on vacation from Princeton where he is doing graduate work in stamp-licking or something, and it was his ill fortune to run afoul of Toskey earlier that very day. The chain of events that followed led him to the party. How Karen came to be there is unknown, but it must have been under fantastic circumstances; from what could be gathered about her home address, her mail has to be delivered by African Eskimos, and you know how rare those are.

As the cider ran low, the party slowed down and people began to leave. (How people ever got into a Nameless party, I'll never know.) Bill and Virginia showed some of the guests through their camper, a complete apartment mounted on a truck frame which they had specially built for their Mexican adventure. Virginia described how the shower worked, and how it feels to be tearing around busy Seattle streets in a bed eight feet above the pavement. Virginia's only real complaint about the arrangement was the difficulty she has communicating with Bill when he is driving and she is in bed above the truck cab. She got enough suggestions to set communications back to the era of smoke signals, but if she ever really solves the problem she may become the world's first upstairs driver.

Roger Miller, who had somehow retained a few dollars from the grab bag, left the party with his brother and the host to go up the street to the Fenden where he bought some of the club magazines. (Don't feel bad, Flora; before the night was over he had to borrow money from Jerry.) About sixty magazines later he staggered out to his brother's car, a financial ruin, saying goodbye until he could afford to come to another meeting.

By this time Jerry Frahm, Wally Conser, and Ed Wyman were the only members left, and they had just about exhausted the subject of how Virginia could remind Bill their camper requires nine feet of clearance when he is driving sixty miles per hour into an eight-foot high tunnel with her in back taking a shower. It was a little after midnight when they left the host standing there alone in his unusually empty dining room.

The world would celebrate New Years two midnights later, little realizing the super-efficient Nameless Ones had already taken care of the formality. So far as the Nameless would be concerned, January 1, 1961 would just be another CRYday.

Honorable Host,

Wally Weber



# CRY of THE READERS

RICH BROWN: A FAN FAREWELL

Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Fla.

Dear Nameless Pipples;

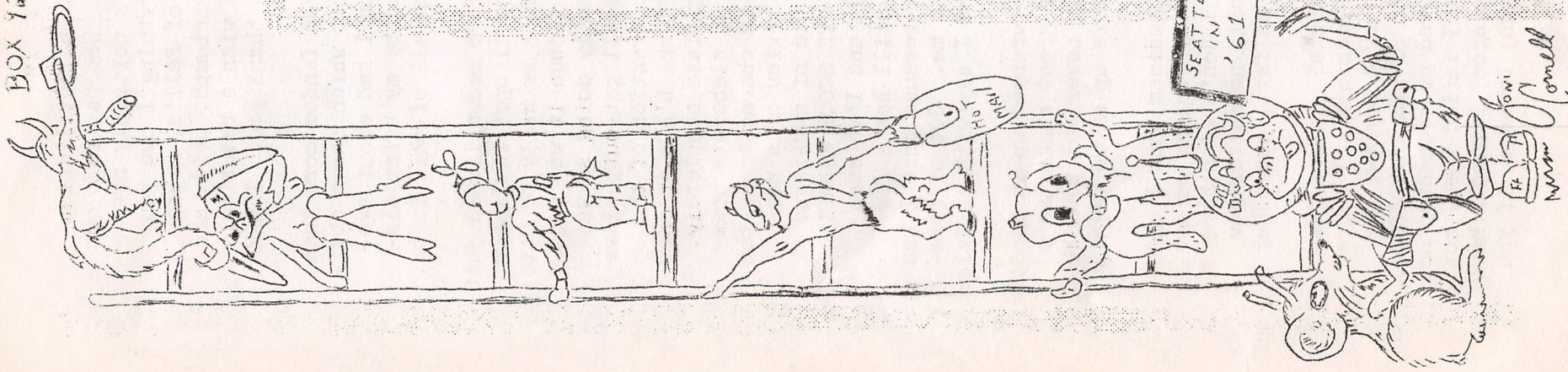
I have some very, very sad news to tell.

Sad for me, anyway; I have no doubts that it will bring rejoicing in some quarters. For you see, for some time now, I've been stumbling down the dark road toward eventual Gafia -- ah, yes, it really is inevitable, you see. It's too late now to do any good to try to help me out.

I'm sticking with CAPS another year, and I want to experience FAPA for a while -- but everything else is going... CRAP, an apa I can't mention, but promised to join, and now won't be able to, The Cult, and all of Genfandom (I have an issue of The Crudzine Quarterly almost finished; after it is out, no more anything with genfandom).

Oh, well, I haven't done too badly, have I? CRY #146 will be my 50th issue marking almost non-stop letter-hacking; plus, of course, the stories, articles, poems, columns, covers and art-work that was published mostly during the Taking Over The CRY Stage. So let someone try to beat the record I've set there; you can't have any competition unless everyone knows the highth of your abilities. And that marks mine. Records are set to be broken; I send accolades to he who breaks mine. I want to thank you, Buz, Elinor, Wally, Tosk, Blotto Otto -- and John Swearingen too, I guess -- for everything: and I owe that thanks to you. You are all very wonderful people, and I'll never forget you: for CRY was my first fanzine, and it opened up the wide wonderful world of fandom for me, and just to read over them shows me my month-by-month progress. Surely, someone will say, "And he who begins by the CRY must end by the CRY." Perhaps 'tis so. At least, my beginning in fandom was somewhat heralded by the CRY and now so is my end: two more SAPS mailings and a full year of FAPA pubbing is all that remains.

Or is it? (By the by, I hope you don't mind what probably seems excess verbosity on a subject unworthy of it; but, bigholly, it's my gafiation, and I guess I can do anything with it I want.) It's all that remains for me, yes; but practically everything I've experienced in fandom, with which I grew up, will remain with me. And look at the friends I've made: the CRY-gang, Bill Meyers, Es Adams, Lar' Stone, Bruce Pelz, Marty Fleischman, Stony Barnes, John Champion... say, you know, Pelz is the only one left who isn't either gafiated or noticeably on his way... and the 'newer' letterhacks;





Les Gerber, Ella Parker, Betty Kujawa, Norm Metcalf... I'd go on, but listing names would lead me well into the third page of this epistle. Whoops, left out one of the older letter-hacks, good ol' Bob Lichtman, and he's certainly not headed gafia. Anyway, I do want to thank you people for everything I owe you, all of you; I've had four Summers (and a fairly equal number of Fall's, Winter's and Springs) of heartbreak, torture, bitterness, love, sweet triumph, pride and enjoyment, and I have no doubts that I'll look back on it all with a beautiful nostalgia; it's a lovely, not lonely, thing to be a fan... So thank you. Thank you all.

Now, since I've always made it obvious that I have enjoyed fandom more than the common mundane life, and since I'm writing this in a manner which shows obviously that this gafiation (as compared with the semi-gafiation I had about two years ago, when I dropped all genfandom but CRY) is not caused by my being disillusioned, distraught, or in my Angry Young Man mood... since all of this is so, I think I will have to explain why.

Actually, 'Why?' has a lot of answers. For one thing, I've accomplished just about everything I could hope for; I've seen the CRY go to the #1 spot in fandom, and that was a dream I had a long time before the Busbys or Tosk or Wally or Otto; I Took Over The CRY -- yes, I did, literally and truly, and though it was a joke in two senses (Taking Over The CRY was always a joke and actually doing so was another joke), it made the whole esoteric bit as realistic as all get-out; I've published a few readable fanzines of my own; I attended the convention of the Century, South Gate in '58; I've been in every APA except FAPA and N'APA at one time or another, and the former will be recognized before I gafiate completely. I've feuded twice with Ted White -- once seriously, and once an elaborate hoax -- and I've come up with a couple of little hoaxes on my own (a character by the name of Manley Throne, who wrote letters and did some art) a review of a non-existent fanzine while I was reviewing for the CRY, and a couple of two-issue fanzines (two-copy, that is) that printed DNQ's in a FLASH! - WE SCOOP FANAC! style that have gone to the person who sent me the DNQ, etc.), and I've even written a few things that I happen to like. So while fandom still has a few things to offer me, I don't want to walk off with all of them because once I had done everything there was to do, fandom would become a bore to me. Out of boredom, I might make a stab at becoming Fugghead Of The Year, and I say with no false modesty that I have the talen for it.

Another reason is that I'm 4Opp into a novel, and I'm so wrapped up in fandom that I haven't got the spare time to finish it. It's not any great shakes as a book, so far, and it's not science-fiction, and it'll probably never get published, but I just don't feel right, having started it, to have it stare up at me begging to be finished.

And, too, I'm getting tired. I just haven't got the enthusiasm that I once had for things. And somehow, no matter how busy I am, I'm always taking on new activities, getting behind in my mail, getting fanzines that I don't even have the time to read, writing like mad and looking down to see that, no matter how fast I walk, the tread-mill beneath me is always going twice as fast, the other way.

And so that, my very good friends, is about it. Any regrets? Yes, a few. I regret the mis-judgements I made, about Les Gerber and Bob Lichtman. I regret, in my neofannish days, calling 4e Ackerman "A rat" for doing movie reviews for Palmer (maybe I made up for that, tho, by the defense I put up of him in YANDRO). I regret the letters and fanzines I got that were never answered or commented on. I regret the Big Projects I tried...and failed; but just that I failed them, not that I tried them. I regret the one-shot I put out at the Solacon; I should have met more people. I don't think I'll regret them always, though; because, if you



have all good and no bad, how will you judge how good the 'good' is? Take the good with the bad, and at least then you know what you're talking about when you say 'good.'

As a bit of reflection: I used to fear gafia almost as much as I feared death. To a Fandom Is A Way Of Life fanatic (which I admit to having been), it's practically the same thin, you know. I remember how I kept telling myself that I would be a Harry Warner Jr -- Jack Speer-Robert Madle-Dan McPhail-type-fan. The kind who stays around, year after year after year. And I told myself I would never go gafia, and in practically no time at all I'd become disillusioned with general fandom and put out the DisEnchanted Duplicator and tell everyone Just Where To Get Off and how I was DisEnchanted and all and was quitting general fandom, etc., etc., ad. naus. And now I'm heading for the real thing; final and complete. Whenever I thought of final and complete gafiation, I thought of it in terms of me writing a second installment of Ah! Sweet Idiocy! (which would be a mean feat indeed, since I never read the first, Laney-written installment) Or, at least, I would be taking one last Angry Young Man blast at old feuding partners --Hullo, Ted White; Hullo Bob Leman; Hullo, William Deeck; Hullo Bill Meyers; Hullo whoever you are that I'm obviously ignoring -- or maybe just slandering G. M. Carr for a treatment in her own medicine (of course, she hasn't got a reputation worth ruining, anyhow). But certainly I expected nothing like this; not the water-eyed Pagliachi (sp?) that I've barely let show once or twice. Oh well. It'll take some normally calm, out-wardly happy fan to produce that kind of gafiation; John Berry or Guy Terwilliger or Ted Johnstone. Me, I'm satisfied with these three pages, I guess.

And so it is...goodbye. Parting is such sweet sorrow; but let neither you or I show it. Like, as if this were a melo-drama about a negro, I'd probably be saying something like; "I don' want no weepin' or wailin' durin' my gafiation! I want singin' -- yeah, I want singin' and happiness, 'cause I'm goin' to the mundane with mah head held high! Sing for me, brothers, sing for me! I want no sadness, no sorrow, no tears -- 'cause while it may not be as happy there as it is here, at leas' I'll know that, somewhere behind me, there are the happy one's." And then, I dunno, maybe they'd sing The Battle Hymn Of The Fanation, or something like that. I guess.

Sadness or happiness, either way is time to say good-bye. So, ... good-bye, this time.

Fans may come,  
And fans may go,  
But the CRY goes on --  
Forever!

rich

P.S. Well, I've let this sit here for a week, just thinking everything over. Nothing has changed; it's still all the same. I'd re-write this whole thing, probably, if I had the time; if I even had a strong inclination, I would. But I'm not; I'm going to let everything stand as it is.

Tha's all.

/Gee whiz, rich, you use up more letter column space gafiating than most fans use up acti-fanning. And don't worry if your novel doesn't sell; we'll trade you a copy of CRY for it sight unseen. -- www

/Oops! Not enough space left on this page to do much in the way of starting another letter, so these last few lines will be used to introduce the next item. It is referred to as an "item" because it was originally an article that somehow wound up in the letter column. Well, what would you call it, particularly if you had to use up five lines at the bottom of the page doing it? -- www



RUTH BERMAN: SCIENCE FICTION VS. SCIENCE

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17,  
Minnesota

Basically, I disagree with Hugo Gernsback's article, "Science Fiction Vs Reality," because I expect to get from stf something totally different from what Mr. Gernsback expects. "They [presentday stf publishers] do not know that science fiction is educational first and foremost because it always aims to instruct." I join the present day stf publishers in saying "Uh uh!"

When I was in Sunday school the Hebrew textbook was arranged so that each week the students did a reading drill, and then had several short drills in reading and writing. The short drills were always in the form of parlor games: match the picture and its name, unscramble the words, and so forth and so on. I hated it. Everyone in the class hated it. Work is not play, and the two should not be mixed. It annoyed us to have the subject presented as a game, a hobby, a "fun way to learn".

In Little Golden Books, it is not the Johnny and the Steamroller books that sell best; it is the whimsical fantasy, The Color Kittens, that sells best, or the equally whimsical Nurse Nancy, which happens to be as educational as the Johnny books, but is primarily a good story. We resent having our amusements made over into work. If the amusement happens to be educational as well as amusing, fine, but it must be amusing first and foremost.

A similar case is in the problem of "serious novels" with a message. Every great book (with the possible exception of Alice in Wonderland) has a "message". A book that has only a message (unless you are Shaw and can get away with it) is worse than a book that is only story.

Therefor I say that science fiction, first of all, must be fiction. It may not be primarily educational, or, if it is, the writer had better have enough of Shaw's skill to get away with it. Russia is reprinting Mr. Gernsback's Ralph 124C41-? Fanac, November 14, 1960 reports that the Golden Gate Futurian Society took a poll among its members, and Ralph won as most "Boring Stfantasy 'Classic'." It's no good to have the book reprinted if it is so dull, because people do not care to go away from the tv for a book that is not amusing.

Mr. Gernsback says "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." Ah, but 20,000 Leagues is not wholly unliterary. Captain Nemo is an excellent character, and the novel is an exciting adventure story. From the Earth to the Moon has more interesting (if less prophetic) science, but it is forgotten, and it is wholly unliterary. The science fiction author is still writing fiction. If his work does not stand up as fiction, it will not get through to the reader, and the "message," and the "education" and the "prophesy" will not be heard.

I do not think science fiction is primarily educational. I think it cannot be primarily educational, because it is set in the form of an amusement. It can, incidentally, be educational. A good writer can write primarily to educate. But first science fiction must stand up as fiction. Then it is time for Mr. Gernsback to look for his educational stories. Otherwise he may print his educational stories, and they may be important, but they won't be read.

FREDERICK NORWOOD AND HIS DIGITAL LAB

Box 401, 3 Ames Street, Cambridge, 39, Mass.

Dear You,

The Gernsback speech you reprinted was far from all that Hugo Gernsback did at that meeting. Before the speech there was a talk by Mr. Gernsback about a Dr. Tesla, who was his friend, and afterwards there was a question and answer session livened by The Good Doctor Asimov during which it was remarked by an astronomer that "The Black Cloud" was in the opinion of some not the first science fiction that Fred Hoyle had written. And some unidentified clod /me/ called a certain book Ralph 124C42+, which, thanks to the plus, is at least mathematerwhokkily correct.

Let Mike Deckinger eat cake! If your family is starving, overthrow the government that is letting them starve -- after you make sure that the government won't feed you if you ask.



# The Digital Lab:

Here I rate the stories articles etces and things by a numerical system based on the total number of words divided by the page number plus the number of times it made me laugh to a power which is a variable constant and a function of -1.

We also heard from.....0.0000000  
 Fandom Harvest.....0.00016  
 Minutes.....0.00074  
 Cry of the readers.....0.00119  
 HWYL.....0.00175 /figure out the odds/  
 Revengeville.....0.00175  
 Cover.....0.00176  
 Science fiction vs. Reality....0.00199  
 With keen blue eyes and a bicycle....1  
 Stool Pigeon.....3.01987  
 A method of improving spelling in fanzines at the risk of breaking up fand  
 My Bike.....

I refuse to commit myself as to whether the high numbers or the low numbers are better, on the grounds that I don't want to.

Youalls Truly

Frederick Norwood

MAL ASHWORTH REPORTS.....PROGRESS? 14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford.2., ENGLAND  
 Dearly Beloved Friends, 4th December, 1960

We are gathered together here in strict solemnity and reverence to find out why the hell I haven't written to you earlier about CRY 143. This brings us to the second thrilling instalment of 'Mal Ashworth and His Seductive New Typewriter'. You may recall that in the previous chapter our Hero has acquired a new typewriter which he finds so pleasant to use that he realises with horror as soon as he walks into a room and sees it sitting there with its green plastic keys looking so neat and bashable, he is actually tempted to sit down and start writing an article!! The ghastliness of his position overwhelms him when, before he knows he is doing it, he is three quarters of the way through an article on horoscopes for CRY OF THE NAMELESS. He goes to bed that night a man sick at heart. But help is at hand; while he sleeps, his Subconscious, never yet defeated by any ruse which will result in him doing anything more than is necessary to barely keep alive, comes up with a brilliant answer to the problem. If the typewriter is kept in its case (which is absolutely essential, of course, in order to keep the dust out of it!) and never opened, he will not be enticed by the Siren-like keys! Brilliant.

And I am here to tell you that it worked, too. Of course, this wasn't to be a permanent state of affairs. 'Tomorrow' I was going to finish the article, naturally (and, as a matter of fact, still am) and then 'tomorrow' I would send it off to you, writing to you about CRY 143 at the same time.

So here I am, at long last, writing to you dismally about CRY 143 and telling you that there is an article in course of laboured production, which is ear-marked (and tear-marked, not to mention beer-marked) for you, when it finally flops from the typewriter. Um.

And so to CRY; well, like every other CRY it is an eminently good CRY (and, as you know, a good CRY does everybody good), and if I didn't congratulate you all earlier on winning that Hugo, which I hope I did, I should like to do so now and add that you richly deserve it. By Ghod, if you have many dilatory, off-and-on, come-day-go-day, fly-by-night contributors like me, you deserve a dozen Hugos. You really do.

I don't quite remember all the fabulously witty and scintillating things I had to say about CRY right now, but, gosh, I must have had some, mustn't I? Mustn't I? Huh? Oh well. The only thing I had the good sense and foresight and enterprise and initiative to make a note of to comment on (By Jings I am enjoying this sentence! Ninety five grammatical rules broken so far and still going strong..) is that point of Donal Franson's about modern technical advances slowing thing us. No truer word has ever been spoken in jest (or in aspic or cranberry sauce for that matter); it keeps on tickling me considerably - ho ho ho and all that - the way British Railways (a purely national phenomenon for



which you should all get down on your knees and thank the Good Lord Above) keep proudly announcing that electric or diesel or mouse-drawn trains have been introduced on some lines and that the run can now be done in so many hours and so many minutes which is only three hours and thirty minutes longer than it took Stevenson's Rocket in the year 1232, or words to that effect. Oh, they've got cause to be proud, I can tell you.

Otherwise CRY was only wonderful, I'm afraid. The Minutes and all the other fabulous features were just simple old mediocre marvellous. You're going to have to do better than that, you know.

Eh bien. One of these months you should be receiving an article. Try to nerve yourselves for the shock. And try to think kindly of me till then.

Culpably,

Mal

LYNN HICKMAN AND A BACKBONE OF FANDOM  
Dear Busbys, Weber and Toskey,

224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois

December 4, 1960

Cry received. First one in ages and I'm sorry to say, a bit below average of the ones I used to get. I guess you've been extra busy.

The first thing I took note of was Fandom Harvest. The only thing I can say in regards to the John Trimble-Jim Harmon discussion is that there are more fans in the Midwest than there are on the coast. By this I mean SF fans, not Fan fans. Again the difference might be termed in age and taste classification. Most of the fans here have varied interests. Fandom to us is a place where people with like interests (with the basic interest being SF) meet. Not fandom for fandom's sake.

But, all in all, Midwest fandom is a backbone of fandom. The Midwestcon is probably the best regional convention held. Some of the best collections of SF are here. Yandro and JD-A are popular outside of the Midwest or they certainly would not have been nominated for Hugos the last two years. Parsection and Bane are promising zines as is Stymie. Who Killed Science Fiction is deserving of a Hugo in my estimation. Boggs and Coulsons put out a monthly zine. Midwest fans flock to Conventions all over; go through your lists of convention goers over the years. In almost all facets the Midwest has been a leader over the years. But when you come down to it, who gives a damn? I don't care where a fan lives; it's the person that counts.

Best close now and hit the sack.

Yo's,

Lynn

NANCY THOMPSON; SNIPER VICTIM  
Dear Wally,

3616 Panola, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dec. 1, 1960

Starting with the cover as a matter of habit, #143 was a good ish. I can just see that leetle creature saying, "Smart guy, now you've brushed all the Peter Pan Pixie Dust off my wings."

COTR has Taken Over at last! Hmmm, from the evidence, Wally, I would guess that you have tres petits feet. This is not a compliment, but a sly way of saying that you are a lousy poet. Lad, if you must play games with the letter-headings, please go back to the puns.

Nirenberg's bit of nonsense about his meeting with Silverberg was most enjoyable.

I agree with Champion that few people make up original codes of ethics. After all, there are only so many ideas to go around. Take my case, for example: I am a Cynical Romanticist (or  $\frac{\infty}{0}$  That's infinity divided by zero, in case you couldn't make it out.)

What is this TTFN? You've been so helpful in the past, I know I can count on you to clarify matters. [It stands for Tenderfoot Thompson, Foolish Neofanne. Now for pity sake will you stop pestering us BNF's with your questions? Just shut up and admire us like you're supposed to. -- www/

RTKLW? Aw c'mon, rich, don't be mean. Figure it out and tell us. [!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

Slave of the Pixie: I have yet to meet any fen. Profiles of this sort are, therefore, interesting and enlightening. I sort of formed an opinion of Bjo from her drawings, which I like. Burbee's article pretty well confirmed it.



The Reluctant Fan: Oh, ghooood grieffff!

Hwyll: The con report was fine stuff. I see El has more space. Hmmm. Letters to the editor must have some effect.

Fandom Harvest: Enjoyed this bit of obvious hero-worship.

Dean Drive: Campbell will never, never hear the end of it: I predict a suicide within a couple of ishes. That or a gruesome mass murder.

Berry is good as ever, especially right toward the end.

This Piper lad seems to be one of those people whose stuff you either like or don't like. Except me. For the most part I am not amused, but now and then he gets in a lick that appeals to me. Like this'n.

Oh, no! Franson can't gafiate! Do you suppose he'll want his Cry Letterhack Card back?

That's all for #143 except for this PS. For the longest time I have had the strange feeling that you /Me? --www/ yes, you, Wallace W. Weber, have been sniping at me. Keep it up, lad. There's nothing I enjoy more than a verbal free-for-all. /oog... -- www/

Ensuite, #144. A good beginning with that ATom-ic cover. I see they've relegated the lettercol to its usual place at the end. The trouble with you is that you are all bluff.

I have been accepted! I made it into the lettercol without even writing a letter.

You guys ought to lay off poor ol' Deck. Everyone gangin' up on him at once seems very unfannish and mean. One at a time, please.

Well -- what can you say about an ish that's good all the way thru? Goshwowboyoboy?

Looks like the illos take the honors this time. That Atomillo on p.11 and Piper's strip just about take the pineapple-banana upside-down cake. The rest of the zine was merely great.

Nancy

KEN CHESLIN WITH A CRY OF HIS OWN

18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire,  
ENGLAND

Thanks for this CRY, 144, ...even tho' I'm not certain why I got it. Honest, I never had a CRY of my own before... oh, I admit I did just glance thru' a couple of back numbers while staying with Auntie Ella a while back...but I never (had time) got down to an intensive reading of 'em... Not wanting to seem ungrateful, but truly, it doesn't seem to be very fabulous.

aw.. I read CRY once.... lacking inspiration, I guess I'll have another look thru', just to see if there's anything in there I can write about, or around, or something.

Viva Don Franson..I myself have a somewhat uninhibited outlook when it comes to spellings...It's not that I mean to make those bloomers, but, darn it, I've lived with them so long that the "dictionary correct" versions of some words looks to me most strange.

Hugo GHOD Gernsback, only wish I could have heard it rather than read it. Maybe there's something in what he says, ie; - educational first, then entertainment...hum. I wonder if a prozine slanted this way would get readers?

Mebbe what he really means is not so much "educational S/F" but rather S/F that, while it is entertaining, also tells or informs. The nearest things, stories, I can think of in the educational line are VENUS EQUATORIAL, MISSION OF GRAVITY, the "SECTOR GENERAL" stories to some extent. If H G means this type of S/F then I'm all for it, tho' I still wouldn't like to part with some Campbellian items, and much fantasy.

So, all that babble can be expressed as.. Yes, more educational S/F.. provided that it is also enjoyable reading..

I rather like the idea too of more S/F in fandom..like, perhaps an APA-like body devoted to amateur S/F writings, of maybe 20 members with a loose constitution which enables the members to print outside material, and maybe a yearly OO in which the members vote for the best half dozen stories in the year, and in which the top 6 or so are re-printed. The whole idea of it being that it does not encroach upon fandom in general, and is merely a place where S/F writing-inclined fen can have their efforts displayed and criticised...

ken the cheslin



BILL DONAHO LIKES CRY SIZE

1441 eth St., Berkeley 10, California

Dear CRY,

December 15, 1960

You have finally found the right size for CRY. This 62-page issue was definitely just the right size, and all crammed throughout with damn fine material too.

Berry was magnificent. I think that "The Searchers" is by far the best short thing he has done and the best thing this issue although he does have some stiff competition.

Terry's column was good and Ron's saga of squirrely mountain movers was very funny. I knew I didn't go to L.A. that week-end for some good reason or other.

Les Nirenberg was double funny this issue. I don't know whether I laughed more at J. Les Piper or at "I Think, Therefore I Fan". I wish he would put out AVOIDUPOIS. If he does, the main feature should be the letter column with letters from all the fannish letter hacks all seriously discussing the question: "the N3F is composed mainly of Communists and homosexuals". Of course Les would write all the letters himself, copying the various styles of various fans, but the results should really be worth the work. And what a fannish thing to do.

Last issue Elinor mentioned Diana Barrymore's book Too Much, Too Soon and told of how Diana would shoplift food, not our proverbial loaf of bread, but the luxury items she craved like caviar and fancy imported cheeses. Elinor forgot one little point (or maybe it was Diana's rationalizations): caviar and fancy imported cheeses come in small, easily concealed packages which are a damn sight easier to steal than a loaf of bread. In New York some beatniks I knew had a daily shoplifting round. They mostly got away with these small-luxury-goods items. It was their practice to trade \$1.00 worth of caviar for 20¢ worth of rice and beans (not a loaf of bread I'm sorry to say).

Boyd Raeburn, can't understand your and Buz's reaction to Rogue Moon. It was one of my favorites from F & S F this year. I did think it fell apart towards the end and that the characterization was ridiculous, but it certainly held my interest and I had no need to "keep checking back". Buz reports that to the best of his knowledge he liked the story while Boyd disliked it, so Buz can't understand your reaction of considering his reaction to be the same as Boyd's reaction. Hmmm. I think that's what Buz said his reaction to your reaction of Boyd's and Buz's reactions were. Good grief. -- www/

Well, here's to bigger issues of CRY. O.K. buddy, we can play that way too. Here's to bigger issues of HABAKKUK! -- www/

Bill

THOMAS E. PURDOM WRITES ABOUT WRITING

US52493990, Hq & Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Bn, 69th Armor,  
2d Inf Div, Ft Benning, Ga. December 12, 1960

Dear Buz:

Enclosed are three essays for you. They are all well under four single space type-written pages.

Expressing ideas has never come easy to me. It seems to take more effort than describing action and writing dialogue. The only kind of writing I have found equally difficult is the description of scenery. So if these seem a little stiff, there isn't much help for it. They are second draft pieces, too, third if you count the final, neatly typed copy, and that accounts for some of the stiffness. But I can't fight my conscience enough to take too much time off from writing fiction. Anyway, what do you expect? What other writer who has been published in Star, Galaxy and Analog would condescend to write for your sloppy rag? Mighod, you have had stuff published in the prozines? I didn't even know Star and Galaxy had letter columns! --www/

I started reading Cry partly because I wanted to see what somebody thought of my stuff. Now you want me to be your excuse for dropping the Plough. Bah.

In Cry #144 there were several letters from the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. Beware. They are infiltrating you. Harold Lynch, one of the cleverest politicians of our age, is plotting to form a Seattle-Philadelphia Axis. Lynch, Philadelphia's leading ex-writer, has already been exiled to New York for his actions while president of the PSFS. He has a secret desire to be the ~~Abolitionist~~ Napoleon of Science Fiction.

Anyway, now I can go back to writing fiction.

Tom



GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN, SILVERCON CHAIRMAN

1326 Grand Concourse, Bronx 56, New York

Dear Cryphiles;

December 16, 1960

I am very much in agreement with Jock's comments (Cry # 145) on the question of prizes and catagories for the costume ball. Five prizes are inadequate to express the appreciation for so many wonderful and highly original costumes. Incidentally, considering the magnificent masks that Stu Hoffman has come up with year after year, I think maybe there should be a cumulative award (although how to judge, I don't know). But, as Jock said, "Let's have more catagories!"

Incidentally, isn't there some way we can have big spotlights facing the platform so motion picture photographers will take their pictures without having to blind half the audience with their light bars, and then trip the rest with the extension cords? Surely the rental of such spots, if arranged for with the hotel sufficiently in advance, should not cost too much.

I am sure you will be glad to know that Dave, Frank & I have gotten together, and after court calendar fees and examinations before trial fees were paid, the action and counterclaims were discontinued. Thus, another lawsuit dies a well deserved and unlamented death. /How about WSFS Inc? Is it still lamentably in existence? -- www/

The committee arranging the 25th anniversary regional con here in New York voted to change the name from Fair-con to Silvercon (Silver anniversary) and then went hog wild and voted me chairman for the present year (probably because no one else would run). But there may be a "silver" lining; I'll probably get enough committee members mad at me, during the next year, so that I won't be reelected. That'll "learn 'em". /I don't want to sound like the Voice of Doom, but Silver anniversaries are terribly unpopular. Once you've held one, you very seldom hold another. -- www/

Who else:

George Nims Raybin

BOB SMITH; A KANGEROO WITH WEAK KNEES

I Timor Street, Puckapunyal, Victoria,

Dear CryEds:

AUSTRALIA

13 December '60

By Gholly, the Cry comes thick and fast these days, don't it? I only just got through commenting on I43, when I44 clatters into my overworked mailbox.

Pemby was interesting, as usual. There is plenty of truth in what Don Franson writes. If such little errors can be called to the editor's attention without the "you clueless clod, why don' yer learn to spell!" kind of routine, I'm all for it. The Gernsback address was also of interest, but I got the impression that he wasn't telling the MIT SF Society anything they didn't already know, and if A.E.van Vogt is "one of the outstanding authors writing science fiction today" I'm a weak-kneed kangaroo! Elinor's column was quite enjoyable, but nothing that I cared to comment on was within. I found John Berry's yarn rather 'confusing' -- the writing was fine, but... I like Buz' ideas about the TAFF campaign; get the voting over and done with, and really get stuck into the big problem -- money! Don't think I've ever read a bad Carr "Fandom Harvest", but definitely prefer him in the more fannish mood of I44. Waiting for the other half of Berry, and now the rest of Terry's column...ah, it's agony, I tell you.

Cotr: George Locke: You are so right about the rank of Corporal. You are usually the last chain in handed-down responsibilities in the army, and this can often be tough. Perhaps it's not so bad in the British Army where a Cpl. used to be almost Ghod, but the good 'ole independant Australian character won't stand for that sort of nonsense!

One good thing about living in Australia: the country is so damn large that, given enough time to clear out of the cities, a person may be reasonably safe from atomic attack. However, I understand that we won't be given much time, so...

Betty Kujawa: Lissen, I would like to go on record with the statement that I have a photograph of Betty Kujawa, and she doesn't look a day over... well, maybe 23, 24ish.

Don Franson: You mean I'm an 'illustrious' Smith, too? I did have horrible visions of being moved from Puckapunyal and drifting into nothingness in fandom, but you never know: I might end up at Bullamakanca, or Wow Wow, or even Lake Cadibarrawirracanna -- all genuine place names.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith



CHUCK DEVINE BACK FOR A FIX

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

Dear Wally,

December ???

Alright Weber! What are you trying to do to me? The very nerve of your pubbing my letter! Just what are you trying to do to me? Make me into a hollow-eyed, nervous, CRY letter-hack addict? Is that what you're trying to do to me? Is that it, Wally? Well, I'll tell you now, I won't stand for it! A monkey on my back I could stand, but I refuse to be seen going around with a Wally Weber on my back!

What a letter this has turned out to be. I think I'll send a quarter instead. (Hey Wally, will ya loan me two bits till the Baycon?) [Sorry kid, don't have a quarter on me. How about this -- heh, heh -- little ol' CRY here? There -- that's it. Hmm. Has anyone ever told you your vertebrae need padding? -- www/

Blessings,

Chuck Devine

BOB LICHTMAN CAPTIONS THE PHOTOS

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

Wally:

17 December 1960

Wowee, CRY's first photo-cover since November 1958. Offhand, I'd say that Norm Metcalf is anxiously saying, "What's that? They're taking applications for a new apa? Hooboy lemme at the sign-up sheet!" The center picture could be captioned like this: TEW says, "Hey, cut it out. Laney's ghost might be watching!" BHH retaliates with, "Faugh, I thought you were Sylvia!" And down in the lower right, Rich Eney is protesting, "But, dammit, I'm not Belle Dietz!" The rest of the pictures inspire no immediate captions. Ought to note that Buz looks a lot like pictures of Pierre Curie that I've seen. Andy Main looks like he's 12 years old, which is perfectly ridiculous (he's really only 7), and Art Rapp looks sort of like a uniformed, bemedalled Toskey in a way. Earl Kemp looks like he just got touched by the legendary King Midas; if the rest of Advent Publishers cashed him in, they could probably get enough money in exchange from our gold-starved government to issue a book or two.

I hope, too, Buz, that Rich's gafiation is just a passing thing. I take gafiation of fen that I know a lot more seriously now than I did when I first entered fandom.

Of all the Weber convention reports I've read, I think this one is my favorite. This is because it makes no attempt to cover the entire convention. It merely picks up on specific events and covers them at great length.

The Pittcon isn't getting nearly so much coverage as did the Detention, despite the predictions of those who thought it would be even better covered in the fan press. Perhaps convention-report writing reaches a saturation point every so often and has to start over again.

If it weren't for the fact that it dealt with fannish things, John's story in this issue could sell easily I'm sure to the Twilight Zone program. John, why not change this around and give a try at selling it?

Johnstone was totally engrossing reading. I hope you have further ones in the series for publication.

Nirenberg's cartoons were sort of weakened this time by the use of typed captions. That isn't the Feiffer thing to do, people. Handletter the captions.

As you may know, I ride to UCLA every class-day with Don Durward. Well, the day after this CRY came, I got into the car and said very off-hand, "Good morning, Elmer." The other rider didn't hear me, but Don looked at me through the rear-view mirror with that terrified look of his, and when he seemed certain that I wasn't stealing his carrots, said, "I knew you'd say that." ### This was a good conclusion to your vacation report, Terry. You'll simply have to make this an annual, or more frequent even, feature, n'est-ce pas? CRYhacks unite on the Send T&MCarr to Los Angeles Fund, or STLAF.

Elinor, it's rather a good thing that CRY doesn't care much for lettering guide headings, because it absolutely refused to let whoever did the lettering do a neat job. CRY seems to be content with nothing more than typed and/or multigraphed headings. It seems to accept artwork on occasion. During the Toskey lettercol reign, it would accept all sorts of artwork, none of it much good. However, when you, Elinor, took over the lettercol, the



CRY was so struck by you that it allowed you for a time to put in all sorts of illustrations. However, just when you got really expert at putting artwork on master, the funneling-out cycle began, and the artwork grew sparser and sparser. When Wally took over, it continued, until today there's almost no artwork at all. Perhaps if you took over the lettercol again, Elinor, it'd let you double, or maybe even triple, the number of illos per issue?

Ella Parker: Aside from Wally's objections, I can see one big thing that would make it difficult for a Neo's TAFF to succeed. The neofan of only one year's experience tends to have rather a limited range of activity. Not everyone knows him. This makes it difficult to canvass for money. No one with less than five year's fannish activity at the time of election has ever won the TAFF. ~~##~~ Yes, I am rather "tall and very thin" -- 6'4" and around 150 pounds. You'll have to translate that into stone and hands yourself, I'm afraid.

Merry Xmas all. Happy new year.

Best,

Bob

MIKE DECKINGER REMAINS BREADLESS

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.

Dear Santa Claus,

12/19/60

My confidence in the sincerity of CRY has been shaken. Buz's appeal for some kind, generous fans to send me a loaf of bread resulted in only one reply: a very crumbled Ry-Crisp cracker from Alma Hill. Nonsense. Underpaid postal authorities are stealing the bread for their own starving families. -- www

The cover was very good. I see you have L. Garcone back doodling more caricatures. The pic in the center of Ted fondly embracing Howard deserves to be ranked as some sort of fannish classics, and resurrected each year for the purpose of displaying to fandom.

I enjoyed Wally's Pittcon report very much. Did you know that several fans put forth the suggestion that we stick G.M. Carr's doll full of pins and send it back to her?

Berry is entering into the realm where he is adopting an "uncommentable" style in his stories. THE SEARCHERS was a good bit of faan-fiction but beyond that my words are limited.

Johnstone's item was little more than pleasant, and diverting reading.

"Filksbille" was a stinger, but Juanita should be insulted by Piper's drawing of her. Now she looks a lot better than that.

I'm pleased to learn that Buz's attitude towards theft, etc.etc. was not as narrow minded as I first assumed. People today generally do not care about their neighbor's welfare. As long as they are unaffected, they deem it unnecessary to aid the others. I tend to think that a truly philanthropic organization is impossible. Look at the Salvation Army or Ted Cross for instance.

If Ella Parker takes over CotR, then chances are CRY will become an Anglofanzine, with a British staff and publishing company. In that case I imagine the title would become WAIL OF THE CHAPS, the price would be a shilling and a sixpence, and every copy would have to be registered with the British government.

According to Big Brother, Ella, we do have relief in the states for destitute families and the like. That is, this fact is emphasized to make the U.S. look good and invite immigrants. In actuality, however, this relief does not venture much further beyond an annoyed sneer from a welfare official who tells you to go back home and have a lot of children and then you'll get money for the children.

Walt Cole had a biblio of Silverberg's works, plus all of Bob's pseudos in the last issue of THE COLE FAX, for the information of Mr. Sieger.

John Champion: If God is blameable for all things, then who can an atheist blame?

I have sad news to report. Both Ghu and Yngvli are no more. Last week I awoke one morning to find them floating on the top of the water. A sharp intake of breath assured me they were quite dead. After reading a few words from FANCY 2, I wiped away a tear and flushed them both down the toilet. And now I must content myself with the thought that they are on their way to goldfish heaven.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger



ETHEL LINDSAY IN TELESCOPED TIME

Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue Surbiton. Surrey.

Dear Wally,

ENGLAND

19.11.60

Either time has telescoped or the time between issues of Cry gets less and less, why it's only the other day I was commenting upon 143 and here is 144 knocking on my door!

The Plow is as usual excellent, and how I agree with his criticism of the "Queens own FBI series". He has never said truer words.

Donald Franson's article on spelling mistakes interested me very much. I do agree with him that they ought to be pointed out, but I agree even more with his suggestion that it be done by letter. When I first started out pubbing I made lots of spelling errors and typos, mostly by not giving enough attention to the job in hand. Also I had a letter from an older fan who said, "I don't bother using correcting, I just strike the correct letter on top". So I blithely did the same. Two things helped me correct this. Archie Mercer used to send me postcards pointing them out, he always did it in a nice way. When he stopped I felt quite neglected. The other help I got was a 'talking to' from my friend Frances, who said she wanted to see my Ompazine better and this was one way. So now I use correcting (mostly -- I'm human) and the dictionary. The dictionary was in fact a Xmas present from Frances! One word that I consistently misspelt was huge, for some reason I always spelt it 'hugh'. Curiously enough it was a mistake that Sandy Sanderson always made. I once misspelt the Kennerdell part of Bill Danner's address, causing him rather a lot of inconvenience. He reproved me in a letter, and started what became an enjoyable correspondence. Typos are another thing entirely. I once carefully went over every stencil, yet not till I had run it off did I discover that I had wrongly spelt the first word Offtrails as Offtails. Then there is the spelling of fans names, what a rumpus that can cause. The trouble here of course is that I think I know how the name is spelt and therefore need not look it up. For instance I 'knew' that Alan Dodd spelt his name 'Dodds', it was with considerable surprise that I received a letter from him complaining that this was wrong. I wrote him a letter of apology, altered it on his file card, and resolved to be more careful in the future. Then I received "Bug Eye" No 5 which contained a fanzine review column by Alan. He reviews it in 6 lines of which half consists of "What a pity we get so many odd spelling mistakes -- I'm glad I didn't get my letter printed this time because I had my name spelt wrongly five times in the previous issue. So we must be grateful for small mercies I suppose". Yes -- I will remember how to spell Alan's name in the future, but can you blame me if it is remembered in no particularly friendly manner? And the consarned fact is that Dodd still doesn't look right to me without an S on it!

After reading Jimmie Grove's letter, I wonder, did anyone try holding a compass to Bjo?

Say! I do like this guy Franson, now he says we are like (we being the SFCOL) the Nameless and LASFS. Well, I sure hope so.

Actually I should be on my way to a meeting, but I want to finish this lett off first. I wonder if writing a letter to Cry will be accepted by Ella as an excuse for being late?

bestest,

Ethel

ELLA PARKER PENS AGAIN

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London. N.W.6.

Dear Wally and helpers;

ENGLAND

November 18th.60.

You will have deduced by now that as I'm writing to you again CRY must have come; or I've really taken a dislike to you and intend haunting you by sending you letters for no good reason. I'm too mean to spend the money on stamps for that so it must be because I got CRY. 144 no less. Doesn't that number horrify any of you in retrospect? [It horrifies me right here in Seattle. -- www/] I wonder, what is the highest number of issues any one fanzine has ever reached under the same name; any idea? There's surely never been one that beat ol' CRY. [I think SFTimes went beyond the bounds of reason long ago on its numbering, but CRY's staples can beat its staples any day of the year! -- www/]

About your front cover I refuse to do more than exclaim: ah, ATom!

Yes, Buz is back to normal. Much more like himself this. I really am hard put to figure what you look like, Wally. Buz says you're the Camera that walks like a man, Betty says you sound like a chipmunk, you describe yourself as a wastebasket; what is a girl (alright, old woman) to think? I know I've heard the CRYstaff described as a bunch of weirdies, but isn't this carrying things too far?



Don Franson brings up a thing about which I've always been annoyed. I don't care how interesting the content matter of an item, be it fanzine or a prozine come to that, when riddled with mistakes it is annoying and stops me cold. I'd like to write pointing them out, but when you hardly know the person concerned it could be thought impertinent.

Howcum you got the Gernsback speech? [We forgot to get vaccinated. -- www] Verry verry interesting. My first reaction on being told they get and write SF in USSR was to wonder what they made of it. It has been said "the British take their pleasures sadly," but in my opinion this is even more true of the Russians, at least I imagine it would be as far as SF is concerned.

I like Elinor better when she is nattering about this and that as in her column this month. I don't know how you feel about Diana Barrymore, Elinor, but having read what you had to say about her I felt sorry for her. I've never believed that education or plenty of money has much to do with the actuality of YOU. If you are essentially good or evil then no matter what your advantages or disadvantages in upbringing it will come through. All the Barrymores were 'odd' tho, weren't they?

Talking of negroes: I'd be interested to know what you think of Sammy Davies jnr? I saw pics on our TV of his marriage and by the time it was finished I was ready to explode with exasperation. "I'd like to thank the American people for being so gracious." I got very strongly the impression he was apologising for his colour and even for being alive. I disagree strongly with the way in which Paul Robeson is now taking every chance he gets to alter the words of some of his old songs to suit his political credo, but I don't ever remember seeing or hearing him behave as if he is ashamed of his colour. In effect his attitude was: I'm black, you don't like it then ignore me. If only Davis would behave in the same way instead of giving the appearance of cringing.

Having met AndYoung, the Piper cartoon really threw me, but I deny that he could be so heartless.

Berry: light and all but not up to his usual standard. That doesn't mean it was bad; rather as if he's stood back to take a breather and had sent you this as a filler until he felt like going at it full tilt once more.

Buz: I tend to agree with Elinor where she said last month to let the chaps administering the fund get on with it without interference. BUT, I don't think they should mind too much the discussions and suggestions put out by fen for improvements in the scheme. I know this is going to be frowned on with disfavour but what croggles me with a fund like this is the fact -- as I understand it -- that each succeeding administration can run the fund in the way s/he thinks fit. Why isn't there a set of rules or some wort of charter which is unalterable and by which all must abide? A hard and fast ruling on the method to be used for counting votes, a definite ruling on how much time must elapse before someone who has stood and lost can stand for it again. I know it will be a bit more 'organisation' in fandom and that some think we already have too much, but I consider those kind of things to be a safe-guard for TAFF much to be desired.

I explained what TAFF was to a young chap on the fringes and he was quite disbelieving that a group held together by nothing more than an initial common interest in SF could bring such a thing to fruition. His Sense of Wonder was showing!

I liked Terry's column thish. I love to read of meetings between fen. One thing really sends me and that's the ease with which he says: "I called him and he came over", meaning of course he phoned. Everyone over there seems to be on the phone while here it's the exception rather than the rule to have a phone in the house. I can think of only one faan who can be contacted in that way... 3 really as they all live in the same house: Forsyth, Patrizio and Burn. Bulmer of course has one and I believe Walt has, but I'm thinking of those whom one could 'call' and have them come over within the hour of the call. There again, Terry talks lightly of fen 'coming over' a mere distance of 20 or more miles. Even though by comparison with you we live all packed together in London it's a major operation getting any of them who live more than five miles away to come over for an evening. Traffic is hell.

Laughed to see Harrell solved the problem of opening CRY in exactly the same way I did. There, I told you it works, but the grip has to be 'just right.' \*\* How about buying an air-letter form and writing to Mal? That way the postage is already paid.



Mike Deckinger: One thing that would make any fan gafiate would be to sit down and take stock of just how much time and money they spend on it especially if they publish fmz. I know my non-fan friend thinks I'm nutty as a fruit cake because she saw a copy of the last O in my room and asked me how it was selling. When I told her that most of them went in trades for letters she was horrified. I don't honestly think that anyone who came into fandom for the sole reason they wanted to gain BNFship would last very long. Mind you, we come up against the problem here of definition of terms; what do you mean by BNF?

Bob Lichtman: Hmm, where was my first letter published? I know, it was in Perhilion, the fnz put out by two lads in Clacton who unfortunately gafiated soon after No.3 came out. This was one 'zine that never was a neozine in the accepted sense of the word. Barry Hall and Brian Welham were the two lads concerned. Altogether after just over two years in fandom and before I took to hacking to you lot, I'd had less than a dozen letters printed -- or written for that matter -- to any fnz; I used to send money.

Nice to see Betty doing her share to hog the lettercol. Keep at it mate. I'm still trying to figure who it could have been made that remark. Now there's perception for you! But Betty, that's how I've been pronouncing your name ever since we first wrote to each other!

Saw the funniest pic in one of our papers. It showed a small boy sleeping on the floor under the bed and his dog, an alsation, fast asleep in the bed. They'd fought for it and the boy lost out. Before putting things to rights, the father had taken the pic.

What is happening in Harry Warner's corner of the States? He's been having p.o. trouble for some time now, hasn't he? Someone putting the word in maybe? I can't understand it.

If you are ever in danger of taking up the ideas put to you by Ed Gorman then I suggest you get Bo Stenfors to do the girlie pics for you. He rates tops in this kind of art work.

All that remains is for me to thank you all for giving us another good issue. Talk about dedicated fans, you pipples must take the accolade or something. Your HUGO was well earned and deserved.

Keep 'em coming or else.

Yours til.....?

Ella

WALTER BREEN MEETS THE COTRODACTYL

1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, California

Dear CRYckpots--

Maybe this time I'll manage to escape the ravenous, all-engulfing maw of the WAHFosaurus. I've been bitten twice already, and you'll never know how close you came to losing me altogether...Sic transit gafia postconensis.

First on #144.

Franson--just how do you go about telling common (and therefore oft-repeated) typos from ignorant misspellings? Another thing: in many zines the stencil cutter is not the author, so whom do you blame then? And I think I can prove to you that style and construction, however subjective, are not in the least degree "indefinite" as you termed both -- but the CRY letter col is not the place. Tell you what: when you get around to pubbing a zine, whether gen- or apa-, remind me of this little argument and I'll gladly write you an article on the subject. (And before leaving the subject, may I suggest you aim a well placed boot at whoever stenciled the third from bottom line of page 18. I'm sure you wouldn't spell "correspondence" the way heesh did.

Owell, I suppose the MITkey Mice deserved the Gernsback speech. Under the circs, I'm not at all surprised that Uncle Hugo joined the N3F. For a whiff of the flavor of the society he was addressing, see Bill Sarill's article "The Little World of the MITkey Mice," in TESSERACT 3 which you should have coming ~~Real/Soon/Now~~ in a few weeks, Summerfield permitting.

Elinor--the Problem of the Elves deserves a book, nothing less. Wilmar Shiras flubbed it miserably in "Children of the Atom", giving way at the end to her churchly and egalitarian prejudices; Ayn Rand gave a distortion of one possible solution in "Atlas Shrugged", and has been roundly sneered at for dealing with the problem at all, even more than for a magnificent failure at it; Heinlein tried it in "Gulf" (ASF Oct.-Nov. '49); Simak botched it stupidly in "City"; Stapledon tried it several times, in "Odd John" most of all, yet



found no successful solution. Should a successful variant -- call him homo sapiens plus, homo novus, homo superior or whatever -- actually arise in our present society, his would be the Problem of the Elves in a most excruciating degree, probably worse here in the USA than anywhere else outside the Soviet orbit; not only would he have to buck a neighborhood of hobbits and orcs (as it were) almost anywhere, he would have egalitarian propaganda rammed down his throat almost from the beginning of his life. I'm more involved with this problem than you would think, being involved with the Foundation for the Gifted Child and the project of founding a school for the Elf types and higher variants that already exist. And there are few more heartrending sights than an Elf child trapped in a human or orc household. Read Katherine MacLean's "Origin of the Species" for one particularly gruesome description of the results.

Letterhacks. Mike Deckinger: Why, of course -- more BNF's gagiate -- that's partly how they get that way. Ask Burbee.

Lichtman: You have a Good Point about handling the lettercol. Too long the tail has been wagging the dog; and I begin to suspect that many fen regard their monthly CRYletter as a Sacred Duty--to be hacked out, with enough quantity so that www's shears won't cut them down to bite-size chunks for the WAHFosaurus.

Harry Warner: You think you got troubles? Nine copies of TESSERACT 2 were held up by the USPO while they were deciding, in nine different cities, whether said copies were obscene. And a bacover from your last HORIZONS arrived, with postage due yet, in Berkeley sometime around the middle of November; no zine, just the bacover. I'm almost ready to go along with Ayn Rand's suggestion that private enterprise in competition with Summerfield might be more efficient at less cost.

Now to #145. That photocover brings back memories. One photocover is worth 69 mediocre conreports..

Www--better not go to NYC ~~1/1/84~~ anytime--the pay phone situation is even worse than in P'tugh, or whatever the name of that con town was. You get Cut Off after three minutes, regardless, and before that you get interrupted four or five times--actually disconnected--as though to remind you that ~~the~~ the operator is able to listen in should she want to.

This conreport showed me other sides to the Pittcon than those I saw, and I guess this is one genuine thing that can be said in favor of the genre--you can't cover everything, no matter even if your name is Bruce Henstell.

Just in case you read #145, Summerfield, those were orally collected--I wouldn't even think of so dastardly a thing as publishing a collection of pornographic verses, horrors!

Berry--splended!

TAJ--So now you've come up with a mundane use for plonkers. Good work, better report.

LesNi--You mean people actually tune their guitars for these affairs?

Ghu's gills, GMC is in coin fandom too? How could you do this to me, www? At least I haven't seen any of her moralizing in print in "Coin World" or any other coin zine with any influence--yet.

Letterhacks. Ella Parker: But if a worthwhile neo is in fandom for a year, he's hardly a neo any longer, unless his name happens to be Bruce Henstell. But seriously, I think your/Berry's idea a fine one, and would like to see it given some serious discussion.

Ella, I may just take you up on that invitation, if a certain business prospect comes through and I find myself in England one foggy day next summer. Thanks in advance, and don't say I didn't warn you.

Relief isn't all it's claimed to be. You have to be a resident of the town for (usually) a full year before you become eligible for relief. Just last month the cops found a couple dead side by side (apparently a suicide pact) in an apartment empty except for a hifi set and records. They'd been unemployed for months despite being listed with all the local agencies; grocers etc. wouldn't let them have any more goods on credit; they were broke and starving, but wouldn't be eligible for relief for another couple of months. And what on earth do you think Mike Deckinger can do about it? Or you? Or me?

Willis Was Wonderous.

Champion: I though "fued" was just a faanish spelling, like poctsarcd? As for blaming God, go find "Star Short Novels" in which is a story, "For I Am A Jealous People."



This makes a point closely related to yours, and makes it in most vigorous terms. Bravo for whoever wrote it. ((Lester del Rey. -- FMB))

Buck Coulson: It doesn't necessarily follow that the bread thief has been lazy as you suggest. Take for instance the case of the fellow who moved to another state because his (then) job required it; then he got laid off, and after his unemployment insurance ran out was still unable to find work. Or who was ineligible for compensation because of the kind of work he was doing--not all classes of jobs are covered, at least not in California & NY. As for putting old fmz in the nearest wastebasket--may I suggest that they be bundled and sold at cons or club meetings? This is done at the Lunacons and perfectly good TAFF \$\$ raised that way.

Groves--"THE code of ethics is the one of the society in which you live since that's the one the laws are based on"? Here we have GMC in a clever plastic disguise or something it sounds like. That something is the law of the land doesn't make it ethical. (Like for instance denying negro children their lawfully entitled place in schools, etc.) That something is part of the mores of a neighborhood or region doesn't make it desirable. /You mean that a code is not ethical unless it is desirable? If so, then to whom must it be desirable? If not, then why can't Groves' statement stand as a definition of "THE code of ethics," even if it is a fuggheaded code? Good grief, here I am using up good space and I don't even know an ethic when I see one. Sorry. --www/ If you need examples, try the soviet satellites where informing on relatives and neighbors used to be taught to kids in school. That something is in the bible or even in the commandments doesn't make it universally desirable. I'm not trying to preach a complete relativism, but I am trying to suggest that your view--which is clearly the orthodox one--is shortsighted, at the very best, and leads to quite undesirable results if rigidly applied. End of sermon.

Ed Gorman: I hope you didn't get too much soaked while nailing that card in the toilet--but surely you don't expect your guests to stick their heads down...?

Jock Root--there's more substance in half a page of your loc than in ten pages of the usual letterhack stuff.

Chuck Devine--you think you've got it bad? In Georgia, should the house dick peep through the keyhole and catch some amorous husband making love in shall we say an unusual position, the husband and wife can both get life imprisonment for "the abominable and despicable crime against nature". The reference is Georgia Statutes 26-5901 and 26-5902.

30 & goodnight--

Walter Breen

PHIL HARRELL , THE WISE ONE

2632 Vincent, Norfolk 9, Virginia

Greetings, saulations, & a Yo Ho Ho,

O drat I lost count-122060

I was a Wise Man in our annual Chorus show here. Just about everything happened that could. Things had gone fine up to a point and then came the time the angel was to climb upon her perch. She came out knocking over a portion of the barn with her wings and the comedy of errors was on. As she turned to try to catch the wall, her large wings knocked the manger over and the doll rolled into the audience. They finally got the wall back up, and the baby back into the manger. Now Joseph and Mary are in place and the angel starts to get up on the platform to look down on the infant Jesus, so what happens? It held long enough for her to almost straighten up and the thing collapsed. Guess where the angel most ungracefully fell? Yup, right on top of Mary who knocked the manger over again and, you guessed it, right into the audience.

Now if it had been me I'd have called the show off right there, but no, we have one of those real Ghun Ho Dramatics Instructors of the "Damn the torpedos, Full speed ahead" set. So after the baby had been retrieved from the audience (who was now in stitches), we got on with the show. I was the lead wise man and the other two followed me, at least they were supposed to. I still say if the third guy hadn't tripped on his hem they would have. Anyway I helped both of them up off the floor (by now I'd passed caring one way or the other) and we finally made it and I don't know who was laughing the hardest, those two guys or the audience. I was so mad I was the only one who wasn't laughing (except for the angel who was now crying and redfaced). Joseph, who was on one knee for about five minutes now, began trembling from the strain (or maybe it was from the near hysterics he was in).



After it finally got over (I was beginning to think it never would) the curtain closed, and took half the props, the stable wall ("But Mr. \*\* I thought the curtain would clear it") and, you guessed it, the manger along with it half way down the stage before he could be stopped.

I don't think we'll have it again next year.

I'd like to start a campaign called "LET'S BRING SPARKLE JANNEY JOHNSON TO THE CRYCON FOR HER BIRTHDAY." I'm sure you all know Marijane Johnson who lives in Spokane, just 200 miles (I think it is) from where the CRYCon will be held. Will you help get Sparkle Janey to the CRYCon? /But I plan to be in Mexico around CRYCon time. --www/

Fannishly yers,

Phil

THE STUDENT BEM

BETTY KUJAWA BACK IN BUSINESS

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

What hae, Bhaltair???? (St. Andrews Day was just past and the Spirit is still on me.)

Sat. Dec. 17th '60

I've run clear out of superlatives.....ain't got none left tremendous enough to describe the cover of CRY #145. Norm Metcalf looks good--like a Norm Metcalf should. My favorite, though, is Art and Nancy--ah, and that twinkle in Nancy's eye--just right!

By the by, what with the Con being held in Seattle this next time, we'll all be expecting another cover on CRY after it with more photos --- hint hint. /Of Mexico?--www/

Was so happy to read of Bruce Pelz confronting Campbell on the Dean Drive thing. I'd have loved to have seen it all!!

Am relieved to read of the annexation of Canada on that con-fee thing--now we've finally cleared up that! No more of these complaints about Statesiders being called 'Americans' and the Canadians not. But how did Boyd, Les, and all take the news that they had just lost their country??? /They didn't mind; it was the \$1 that hurt them. --www/

For me the high-spot of this CRY was made possible by Nirenberg/Piper. Put me down as one who flipped, rolled, and whooped with glee over Juanita and that ever-lovin' guitar. And I wish I could-a been down in Wabash with her when she turned the page and saw it!!

And bless F.M. for the items on stealing and local news, etc.. excellent examples, Buz--that couple spending 70 bucks in the pin-ball machine was one of those examples of fuggheadedness that make ya wanna throttle some idiots. A pity that type has children they are responsible for. This was a darn good report with a well put point at its finish--- 'desire and irresponsibility' and haven't we all been loused up or lost out because of it??

Terry's further report in FANDOM HARVEST was much enjoyed. Specially the part about the ocelot and the cheetah--what a rare treat to see and pet those exotic critters--envy envy.

Good two pages to HWYL!!!! Keep it growing and growing, Elinor. On amateur journals ...I seem to recall one other in fiction this time...anyone recall in LITTLE WOMEN how Jo March pubbed one???

Gasp!!!! Ella is taking over the CRY!!

By the by--comments are made about CotR being not--well--not--umm--sercon or 'sing me a song of social significance' enough--for my own part after writing in that vein to HABAKKUK, DISCORD, ESPRIT, KIPPLE and in personal letters and tapes to Glynn, Bergeron, and so on to CRY, I turn my nuttier face. And it's fun and a joy to relax and cut-up a bit. You, yourself, wouldn't want me all grim and sercon, would you??? You'd rather have me try to seduce you and toss posies in your path and blow kisses...no?? /No! --www/ (no?? well, tough.) /Oog. --www/

Wally Wally Wally!!!! This just shows how innocent and untouched and how ignorant you are to the ways of Worldy things-----'madame' is NOT the term--when a gal runs a 'house' she is a 'madam' ---and I'm surprised Buz didn't tell you. /Gee, Buz didn't know you were still in the business either. --www/

Six pages--forgive me, Wally--and forgive my more-than-usual typos--have two fingers festooned with bandaids thanks to peeling potatoes and the freezer door--one more finger and I apply for disability.

Blessings---

Betty



The deadline is upon us, dear letterhacks, so we have prematurely arrived at the....  
WE ALSO HEARD FROM column.

PETE GRAHAM comments on #142, and remembers how Terry perfected his style of piano playing at Barrington Hall; "The piano was in the pingpong room. Every now and then Carr would have to duck to avoid the ball and he'd hit a fine bass chord; that game did wonders for his piano." NORM METCALF carries his letter-hack card with the rest of his ID, and visualizes the day when an air policeman sees it and puts him in the stockade on suspicion of possessing subversive literature. JOHN M. FOYSTER tries to comment on #142 through #144 but finally gives up and sends a money order instead. ART RAPP says CRY-145 was an excellent issue, "except maybe Earl Kemp ought to sue you" for the photo on the cover. DONALD FRANSON would like us to print a list of all the people who get a particular CRY, so the letterhacks know who they are talking to. STEVE STILES reports, "I realize the fact that there is s.f. in fandom, only for the most part it's produced by neos, not by skilled fen. Secondly I'm not asking for fandom to be overrun with the stuff, just maybe an occasional oneshot." DONALD W. ANDERSON laments, "Instead of useful gifts, (Please, Santa. I want a new Royal Futura ana coupla pounds of Speedoprint Economy ink, ana gross or so of A.B. Dick 930 stencils, and a cover by Bjo) I got all kinds of useless junk like socks and underwear and a winter jacket. Sigh." ALMA HILL prods the CRYCon committee to tie in with the Century-21 Exposition (to be held in '61, if there is a Seattle after the CRYcon). DICK LUPOFF says the best things in CRY 145 were Berry's "The Searchers" and Page Three. MARTIN LEVINE reports, "Some time ago, Wayne Green, the editor of 73, a ham radio magazine, told me that a California aviation firm has successfully tested the Dean Drive with an electric motor. He said the device rose 50 feet into the air before the power cable reached its full length, and that this represented 3,000 pounds of thrust for 75 horse power." He goes on to say, however, that he is still skeptical, partially because of Campbell's elliptical treatment of the Dean Drive. WRAI BALLARD, MAGGIE CURTIS, FRED GALVIN, JEFF WANSHEL, AND P. B. SKEBERDIS sends us money, except Skeberdis who sends us stamps. WE ALSO HEARD FROM AGAIN: RUTH BERMAN, who says she had been the neoeest of neos at the Detention, but received nothing but courtesy and kindness, even from MezB, terror of the neofan; CHUCK DEVINE, who sends the proceeds from his latest service station burglary to pay a German fans sub to CRY; PETE GRAHAM, who continues to comment on old CRYs which he has borrowed from Ted White.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN etc., BETTY KUJAWA as she works her way from Panama City to Pompano Beach (both in Florida) to Decatur Alabama, trying to earn enough money to supply Mike Deckinger with bread, finally giving up and returning to South Bend where she pairs fannish names with those of show biz, like, "Harry and H.B. Warner...Ruth and Shell Berman....Ethel and Howard Lindsay..." etc.

but I see it's time to go

from: CRY  
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A number after your name means  
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