

CRY

MAY 1961

NUMBER 150



STEVE
STILES

"Well, are you Mike Deckinger, or aren't you?"

As might be expected, in CRY, whose Box 92 has been moved to 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4. All the oldtime hard-core CRYhands know by now that our US and UK sub-rates for 1, 5, and 12 issues are: 25¢ or 1/9, \$1 or 7/-, and \$2 or 14/-, that John Berry is Our Man In Belfast, and that subbing-checks sent to Seattle should read "Elinor Busby" on the payee-line. The oldtimers are reconciled to the fact that trades are a bit on the confused-and-precious side, so they eke out their subs with contributions, which should mainly be taken to read "letters". They are accustomed to our normal relentless publishing-schedule (generally the Sunday nearest the first of any given month) and have mostly given up griping about the typed headings and clutter.

Perhaps we may give a fillip to their jaded tastes by mentioning that this is

C R Y # 1 5 0 f o r M a y 1 9 6 1

Very few of you will remember CRY #50, the Big Deal Issue that became such a big deal that it is now a Legend rather than a publication. CRY #100 was a little bit of a Big Deal, but was rigidly ramrodded to appear on schedule. Where the gang did go overboard was on the Tenth Annish (#135), which ran to 102 pages but on time. Anyhow, for years there has been a certain amount of foreboding about CRY #150. But luckily we all just let it sneak up on us without hardly noticing, at all. And so the 150th issue of this relentless fanzine appears with little damage to the staff.

You were expecting, maybe, the C o n t e n t s ?

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Stencils (and how many) cut by: Weber 19, Elinor 9, Buz 6, Wally Gonser 3.

Gestengineer: Jim Webbert. In attendance (expected): Doreen Webbert, Wallys Gonser and Weber, Burnett Toskey, Steve Tolliver, F.M. and Elinor Busby, and the little fella from the Treasury Department who keeps hoping we'll print some money, so he can collect the tax on it. He's just got the wrong deadline, is all.

We hope that as many as possible of y'all will answer as many as possible of the questions in the CRY Poll, page 11. Needless to say, no individual answers will be published without express permission. If response warrants, we may get some help from a couple of out-of-town fans who dig the statistical-analysis bit, so put your name on your response up in the corner where it can be snipped out, before the stack is forwarded if at all. And of course you'll answer only the questions of your own choice. But-- a warning: some of the questions may seem frivolous and some serious. Do not be misled: it is not the questions, but the answers, that determine which of the questions are important. So, having put you all into a suitable state of self-conscious anxiety, I urge you to read straight thru to page 11, pull up a fresh sheet of paper and a stale outlook, and fill out the CRY-Poll right away before you forget. After all, we are standing at the crossroads, watching what the traffic will bear.

SEACON membership now stands at an even 250. If you are not among this 250; a simple kindly two dollars sent to Wally Weber, P.O.Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington, will remedy this condition, cover your shame, and enable you to stand proudly tall and hold up your head once again in polite society and even among fans. Ad-copy deadlines for PRs 3 & 4 are May 15 & July 1. Be heard!

The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle

... by F. M. Busby and Renfrew Pemberton

That is to say, I need a new title around here. "Plow" was almost entirely a prozine-review column; "Bicycle" was initiated to cover non-Plow items; neither is quite suited to a single combination-type item such as now seems most practical. You may get a kick out of guessing at the derivations of some of the following which came to mind but not quite up to the mark: The Plow Goes South, From the Shady Side of the Field, Beyond Koshchei, Fombustion Point, The Plowcycle, One Man's Plenum, Field & Scream, Thru Darkest Fandom with Plow and Bicycle, Swivel, Grotchville, Small Truths and Big Ideas, The Incompletist-- oh, that's enough...

I need a title for a miscellaneous column that includes but is not restricted to discussion of the science-fiction field. Any ideas, out there in CRYland??

I wonder if the Blish review of "Rogue Moon" in the June F&SF is the first piece ever submitted to and stencilled for a fanzine and then yanked for professional publication? I can see Dick Lupoff now, looking at those stencils with a rueful feeling of reflected (or maybe refracted?) glory, and wryly noting that his version at least did not twice typo the book into "Rouge Moon"!

My reason for highlighting this incident (as reported by Dick in the letter section) is to call attention to fan-pro relations in general and to their current stage of improvement. It has become quite a catchword to say that fanzines should be more concerned with the professional side of the field. True enough, but...

What seems to be generally overlooked in the confusion is that the rightly-lamented estrangement of the fan and pro sides of the field is the result of a mutual turning-away, one from the other. About the time the fanzines began to show a marked disinterest in science-fiction as a subject for discussion, so did the real fan-participating lettercolumns go by the board in the prozines. And it was about this same time that the occasional appearances of professionals in the fanzines dropped first to a trickle and then dried up almost entirely.

This is not meant to "absolve the fans and blame the pros" or indeed to place blame at all; it is an observation to the effect that the mechanism of estrangement is essentially a feedback mechanism. Once started, it snowballed.

In the past year or two, fanzines in general have shown increased interest in the professional side of the field. Reciprocally, professional by-lines are appearing more frequently in fanzines. Here again there is no intent to assign credit to one group or the other for this increased rapport. (Nor would I say that professionals have any "duty" to contribute to fanzines; it's just sort of nice when they do, is all.) Rather, I point out that reconciliation is just as much a feedback phenomenon as is estrangement. But a lot more fun.

By the time you read this, the Hugo nominations will have closed and we will be feverishly counting points and endlessly rechecking until we come up twice with the same answers, so that we can make up the final ballots to send to SeaCon members. I hope that CRYreaders will have voted both ballots when the final count is in, of course. But I would like to discuss some of the ~~gribes~~ suggestions that have been made with respect to changes in the Awards system for future years.

While many of the suggestions are impractical for either financial or administrative reasons, several require further consideration. For instance: Harry Warner and George Willick have independently questioned the justice of having five Awards to the professional side of the field and one to the fan side. (Let me immediately disabuse you of the idea that it would be either practical or equitable to award ten Hugos, five pro and five fan. Besides the discrepancy in scope, the costs are prohibitive. Awards cost Detroit \$510 and PittCon \$365, and Awards are an all-expense-and-no-income item on a Con's financial report.) So I would like to toss out (for comment) the idea of a separate series of fan Awards: different symbol, different name, and (it should go without saying) lower-cost items. And so, what are the fannish symbol and patron-saint that correspond to the rocket and to Hugo Cornsback for the professional science-fiction field? Beer-cans?Beanies?Tucker??

There has also been some comment concerning the requirements for nominating and final-voting on the Awards, and (as you might have expected) I have a few ideas on that subject, also. Including alternatives.

It is like this: the Awards are paid for out of Convention funds; approximately 25% of each membership-fee goes toward paying this expense. It is generally recognized (outside of politics) that responsibility and authority go hand-in-hand, that the man who pays the piper calls the jolly ol' tune and all. So at first look it is reasonable that Convention members should vote the Awards.

But the timing is such that this is impractical for the nominations. At first look, it is. Would it not be fair to restrict nomination-voting to those who hold membership in either the preceding or upcoming Convention? With final voting held down to members of the upcoming Con only (like, they've all had plenty of time)?

However, this system is in my opinion (1) too simple to appeal to the complex fannish mind, and (2) not altogether fair, at that. So let's foul it up BIG. Like this: "There shall be a 25% fee for the nominating-and-final-voting franchise (or for the final-vote alone, for the late-starters), except to members of either the preceding or next Con in the case of nominations, and to members of the upcoming Con in the case of the final vote." People who pay their two-bits first and join later are simply out the 25% for lack of foresight and because the extra bookkeeping would be more work than it's worth. It could be improved by rephrasing, but this is a system that strikes me as fair and practical, both.

Of course, this is not the sort of thing you bring up at a WorldCon business meeting. Not if you have ever been to a WorldCon business meeting, you don't. In fact, if anyone brings this up for vote in this fashion at the SeaCon business meeting, please look me up afterward and tell me how it came out, because I will be down in the bar waiting out all that nit-picking. No, it would be better to present the business meeting with a simple resolution to the effect that the existing Hugo Committee (set up at PittCon) be empowered to determine voting-standards subject to veto by the next business-meeting if necessary. Then (or previously) hand the plan to a member of the Hugo Committee and let them worry about it.

At least, that's the scoop from my Irish wardheeler buddy, Macky O'Vellie.

Hang Up On Me, Will You? Dep't: Well, actually, Redd Boggs hung up while I was not through talking with Don Wollheim. So, since Don gets CRY: ...it was this way...

In DISCORD 9, I said "Heinlein says once again in "Starship Trooper" (that) ..wolves survive better than sheep do, left to their own devices. It is possible and desirable to protect sheep, but they don't and can't do it for themselves. Strip off the ways-and-means trimmings, and there's the major premise. Sheeplike, I agree with it."

In DISCORD 10, Don Wollheim said (that Heinlein) "has always been consciously for the wolf against the sheep. My own viewpoint is that basically mankind is a herd animal, not a lone hunter, and that all anthropology will show that mankind always moves, lives, and raises his offspring in communities rarely ever less than 30 individuals in number. Our social organization from tribal days to the present parallels that of herd animals (with certain exceptions, of course). In that sense I must continue to believe that Heinlein is simply wrong. Human society was not built and cannot be maintained by men preying on other men, but by men supporting and sustaining other men." Now I had several disagreements with the above and wrote these in to Redd. Since they did not appear in DISCORD 11-- here we are now!

My disagreements do not concern the virtues of cooperation; rather, I balk at Don's pictures of (1)wolves, (2)sheep, (3)mankind as compared to real wolves and real sheep, and (4)therefore, his picture of Heinlein's views, in the terms given.

First, wolves are not "lone hunters". The term "lone wolf" means OUTCAST from the cooperative and communal society of wolves; the lone wolf is a freak among his kind. The wolf is a pack animal with a surprisingly complex culture that includes monogamy and chivalry (not only by sex, but also to the younger-and-weaker members of the pack in normal circumstances). The sheep, on the other hand, is a herd animal and as such knows not cooperation but only flocking and huddling.

Sheep, and herd animals in general, are a tawdry lot. They tend to mindless mass actions such as huddling for warmth to the point where many are smothered and die in the crush; they "cooperate" in blindly following a herd-stampede over a cliff or into a drowning-type river. Individually, sheep quite often kill each other by starting out to chew the crud from each other's dung-hung wool and inadvertently gnawing right on ahead into a vital artery. Sheep are pretty blah, I'm afraid.

I beg off in advance from the charge of nit-picking, in this wise: If we are going to use an analogy (wolves-sheep), let's base it on reality rather than on an anthropomorphic Walt Disney stereotype in which carnivores are Bad and herbivores Good, per se. The analogy is sufficiently confused by comparing two genera to two facets of a third, without leaving facts for sentimental fancies.

I submit that man is at his best survivor-potential when behaving as a pack-animal (wolf) rather than a herd-animal (sheep). I cite Karl Lorenz ("Man Meets Dog" and "King Solomon's Ring") for evidence of true cooperation among wolves; I can only recommend personal observation for disabusement of false notions concerning sheep.

I'll go way out on a limb and state further that the wolf has his own individual dignity as a pack-member, whereas the sheep is one of a faceless horde; even in the leader's position he has only the circumstantial dignity of his position. (And here I see that we have inadvertently got into politics.) But to get back to cases...

Heinlein likes wolves better than sheep. So do I, if we ^{keep the analogy as} close to reality as possible. ^{in this context} Don Wollheim was talking about ^{something} besides real live wolves-and-sheep, or he would not have compared "lone hunter" to "cooperation". I think Heinlein was (in "Beyond This Horizon", say) referring to the Real Thing.

Your move, Don, in this here discussion, transplanted from DISCORD.

The other day we received a fine fanzine from one of the more promising of the younger faneditors, and he is becoming disillusioned with CRY-- a not-unusual state of affairs, to be sure. So Elinor and I got to kicking this around-- this bit as to how several better younger fans over the years have first come on all goshwow about CRY and then have become saddened and disillusioned and like bitching. And Elinor came up with a hypothesis to account for this phenomenon.

Somewhat paraphrased, it reads this way: the more goshwow a younger fan first comes on about CRY, the more apt he is to be turned off badly within a year or two. Whereas the older fan who can stomach CRY at all will most likely continue to enjoy the zine (unless he dug a specific aspect only, and that aspect fades out of CRY). So the question was "Why?", and I think Elinor has come up with a fair sort of answer. To wit: any time anything strikes you with much impact, it has to be both new to you and also at or near the top of your range-of-appreciation. Reasonable? So some of our younger cohorts discover CRY at a time when they find it to be the MOST. And then they develop and grow a lot faster than CRY does, so that CRY is no longer at the top of the gamut they can appreciate. So they are disillusioned and go away, having outgrown poor ol' CRY. Whereas the more beatup older-type fan who first stumbles onto CRY does not at any time consider it to be the utmost in mankind's achievements to date, so he goes along and CRY goes along, and the two are reasonably satisfied with each other so long as his sub-&-letters hold up.

And if you think I am investing CRY with an undue amount of Social Significance, just plug in "fandom" in place of "CRY" in this passage and see how it simplifies all these complicated discussions of "Why Fandom?" and "Howcome Gafia?" & like that.

Out of the bag has the cat been let, yet, out. Ted Tubb, at the recent British Bash, kicked off the Parker Pond Fund, to bring Ella Parker to the SeaCon. There is one major difference between the Parker Pond Fund and any seemingly-similar projects: Ella had already planned this trip on her own hook, but was going into hock up to her gleaming eyeballs to finance it. And it was all going to be a Big Secret until she popped up in person to clobber Wally Weber for the SCoaW bit! But since T.Tubb has blown the whistle on the secrecy angle, leave us get out and beat the drum to help reduce the term of the mortgage on Ella's future after the trip, hey? There is no official word as yet on a US agent, but Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St, South Bend 14, Indiana, was Ella's original co-conspirator on this...

The way of the symbologist is hard. Remember the patient (every picture the psychiatrist showed him reminded him of sex)? The doctor said, "Son, you're sick." "I'M sick?" the patient shouted. "How about you? Showing me all them dirty pictures!" And it's only about three years ago that Damon Knight (in S-F FORUM) was attempting to cast space travel primarily in terms of phallic- and womb-symbols. However, it is not of the primal urge that we would speak here, but rather of the inherent dangers involved in delving too deeply into the symbolism in someone else's writings: beyond a certain point, it is legitimate to ask how much of the symbolism is the author's and how much is the analyzer's very own.

Yes, we are back to Budrys' "Rogue Moon" and to James Blish's review of that book in the June F&SF. I have read that review several times, and last night I reread "Rogue Moon" again. And I am forced to conclude that Blish must have stayed in mental contact with Budrys-M considerably longer than I did. Or something.

((Of necessity, I must write for those readers who have read both "Rogue Moon" and Blish's analysis. If you are not one of those, please become one right away.))

Certainly there are parables and symbols galore to be found in "Rogue Moon"; the difficulty may be in determining that we are taking from the book the same things Budrys put into it. Blish finds an overall parallel to "modern warfare" and states categorically that all the characters in the story are insane, while superficially he classifies the book as a "man-against-nature" piece. I could hardly agree less: at any level you care to choose, this book is concerned with man (individually and collectively) against himself; against himself individually, it can be said, in order to find common ground with or against his other selves-- people, others, They.

Budrys' characters are "insane" only in the sense that each of them embodies a particular concentrated abstraction from or facet of human characteristics. Hawks the scientist-director of the project personifies Reason; in order for him to do this effectively, he is shown as emotionally undeveloped with regard to "normal human relationships". Perhaps the least believable thing about Hawks is that he realizes where he has hung up, and wastes no time in getting caught-up on his emotional growth-- all he needs, it seems, is a girl who is willing to listen to him. In all fairness, it must be said that Elizabeth (who personifies Understanding), is not too credible-- anyone with all that Understanding must have been in a deep-freeze all this time in order to turn up emotionally-uninvolved at this late date.

And I don't find Connington particularly "loathsome". He does seem to be too weak and unstable to have become such a wheel or to have been any great shakes as a manipulator of others, but otherwise he's just another egotist, in the Tradition.

Al Barker is the Battler who is largely his own battlefield; he personifies the compulsive drive to prove himself over and over again to others in the hope of someday proving himself to himself. And Hawks gives him the ultimate opportunities: over and over, via one matter-transmitter and two receivers, Barker/dies on the Moon in successively-greater penetrations into the alien artifact, and Barker L wakes up on Earth with all of Barker M's memories, including the successive deaths. But it doesn't help; facing up to and experiencing a series of deaths still does not prove Barker to himself. It is only when he (and Hawks with him) successfully wends his way through the death-dealing maze and out the other side that Barker gets the insight he's been needing so badly. And here is where Blish surprises and disappoints me; he misses what struck me as the tops in tragic irony. Barker M suddenly sees the light, but after Barkers M and L have lost "connection". Barker M is stuck on the moon, to die or to live as a no-return "zombie" (Blish makes much of this choice and the fact that Budrys left it hanging). Barker L, who could use the insight, was under anesthetic when the connection broke-- he experienced the ordeal but did not gain the benefits thereof, which might have made a human being out of him.

Then there is Barker's girl Claire Pack, essentially (in several senses of the word) a bitch. Budrys gives us some insight into her confused motives, but not enough to convince me that she ran off with Connington for any purpose other than that she had become superfluous to the plot. Up until then, she is not only believable; she is all too familiar as a type.

Wonder what Budrys would say about (1)Rogue Moon, (2)Blish's bit, (3)this page?

THE CLASSICAL TOUCH

by John Berry

I used to have a Musical Appreciation Group when I was in the Army. It wasn't much, really. It was the spirit behind it which counted. The gramophone had a big horn on it, and a defaulter was detailed to wind it up like mad, and sometimes they went berserk when a forty minute symphony was on the programme.

To try and make the occasion a social one, I organized tea and cakes at half time. The soldiers were wont to spend all their money in the eateries in the camp and vicinity, and when word got round that free food was available for a modest sacrifice, the circle grew to a fantastic size. The "modest sacrifice," as I actually heard it called, was listening to the music. Soon, I had to get Regimental Policemen to guard the door, and seats were booked for months ahead. True, most of the pseudo-classical soldiery were engaged in poker, but this didn't worry me so much, as the silent flick of cards and the chink of coinage changing hands was but a minute decibel when the "1812" was being performed. I had to put my foot down when ninety percent of the audience participated in a game of football one night, with my cap as the ball, but I only had to mention that I'd stop the tea, and they became as quiet as church mice.

I've never regarded myself as cultured, but the fact that I loved (and love) classical music was no flamboyant affectation, but the real thing. Tears frequently came to my eyes when a particularly wonderful theme staggered forth from the horn.

Quite a few German prisoners came to the concerts too, and they were by far the keenest. Give them a few bars of the "Mastersingers" and a couple of currant buns and they were happy.

I never did study music, but one day I looked at a copy of the score of "Romeo and Juliet" as it was playing, and discovered I could follow it. I didn't go by sharps or flats and things -- I went by the sound. If there was a pianist going up the scale like mad, I looked for a lot of black dots with tails on them ascending rapidly, and I followed from there. After a bit of experience, I could follow a complete concerto or symphony. I even signalled when the oboeist should come in.

To further my musical education, I took a potential music lover to see Dr. Malcolm Sargeant conduct the Liverpool Symphony Orchestra in Manchester. This was in 1946. I had the score of Greig's piano concerto with me, and was prepared to whip myself up into a frenzy, but my partner insisted on holding my hands all the time. I told her that the lights didn't go out, like in a cinema, and that she was quite safe, but habit dies hard. Spoiled the whole performance, it did. I forgot all about music. Those eyes...like moist pleading pools...but that's another story.

After I left the army, although my interest in classical music never waned, I was only able to listen to odd selected items on the wireless. A couple of times in the last twelve years I managed to go to a concert, and on a few choice occasions I persuaded the university student next door to bring his record player in, and after six jazz records he would slip in one side of a classical record to appease me. When I settled in Belfast, my work ensured that most evenings were free, but then came TV, and it's hard listening to the delicacy of Dvorak's "Nocturne for Strings" when Cheyenne is on TV shooting folks down like ninepins.

I well remember my sojourn in Seattle. Elinor Busby had quite a nice collection of classical items, and I played "Scheherezade" twice before meals. When I left Seattle, the needle had worn through the disc to such an extent that Elinor had to wind it up like a ball of wool.

And so I've brought you up to date. Up to last night, that is.....

* * * * *

Yesterday morning, I looked through the Radio Times...the title of the BBC publication isn't really true, because it details TV programmes too. As I looked Tuesday night, 28th February 1961, I saw that at 10:15 pm Sir Malcolm Sargeant was conducting a performance of Tchaikovsky's "Violin Concerto in D", and that the soloist was American virtuoso Roman Totenberg.

Tuesday is always Canasta Night...a couple of friends pop in, and Diane and myself make up a foursome...and we usually play until after 12 midnight, but I told Diane that I was going to listen to the Concerto, and that play would cease at 10:14-1/2pm.

During lunch time at the office, I was walking around Belfast, and on divine inspiration I went to the Music Branch of the Reference Library and asked for the score of the Concerto. Nice girl. Wore those new sexy stockings, sort of off-black, and shimmering...and seamless...sort of give a halo effect to the calves and...but this is a cultured story...sorry.

I couldn't concentrate on work that afternoon. It was over a decade since I'd followed music with the score, and I wondered how I'd get on...if I'd be able to follow the notes, and Tell Totenberg when to flog his horse-hair...

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It was 10:10pm. My partner, Mrs. Jones, from across the way, was playing a canny hand. She'd sealed the pack, and with 4-1/2 minutes to go, before the commencement of the concerto, there was no obvioussign that the game was due to finish. Fortunately I had dealt last time, and sensing the way the game was going, I'd inadvertantly dropped five wild cards in my lap. With the four wild cards also dealt in my hand, I was able to go out with two concealed canastas, which took us over the 5,000 target and to victory.

I leapt across the room in one slashing movement of sheer physical virility and switched on the TV to the BBC channel.

I flung myself backwards onto an armchair, and opened the score just as the picture came on the screen. Sir Malcolm (who'd come up in the world since I'd last seen him in 1945) was just introducing Ramon Totenberg.

I looked at Diane and Mrs. Jones and Anne, showed my teeth, and screamed "BE QUIET!" They tip-toed gently out of the room, and closed the door behind them.

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It was a snip. I couldn't go wrong. After a couple of dozen opening bars, Totenberg lashed his Stradivarius at the exact second. He gave the strings a smattering of "Moderato assai" as the score demanded. Every note was as clear as crystal. Even when confronted with a "Ben sostenuto il tempo" he didn't show any signs of fear. His Strad seemed a part of him. Then, for a few bars, he played ducks and drakes with the rest of the orchestra...he played a few bars, then they did, then he did...it was really exciting. "Piu mosso" inspired him to the heights of virtuosity, and he showed no signs of taking it easy when "Moderato assai" came back. Such elemental skill.

I turned a page dead right; I was with him, so to speak. Then I saw the dreaded instructions "Molto sostenuto il tempo moderatissimo." Hell, they were giving Totenberg the works. Could he navigate it? He...

The door opened, and Diane, Mrs. Jones and Anne came in. Diane held a legend above her head, bearing the stirring message "FAIR PLAY FOR TRADS".

I snapped the score like a bear trap. Nearly broke my wrist. That bear trap allusion wasn't an allusion at all, really.

"Well?" I said.

Diane was spokeswoman.

"It's cold out there," she said, and shivered. The others shivered, too.

"It's only for just over a half hour," I pleaded. "Totenberg is doing a Cadenza in a minute. I want to see how he handles a "Quasi andante."

Mrs. Jones dropped onto the floor, and pleaded for warmth.

"Oh, alright," I shrugged. I knew I'd never suffer the "Allegro giusto" with the intimacy I would have liked. And three females together, whoosh.

"You can stop if you'll be dead quiet," I hissed, and opened the score to the second movement, CANZONETTA.

Totenberg had a few bars pause, then he bashed the Strad like a man possessed. There was nothing to obstruct him, you see. "Tempo's" and "sostenuto's" and suchlike were non existant. It was just good old "Andante" all the way, and that's good.

A shot of Sir Malcolm, tears oozing from his eyes as he conducted really hit me for six. I got the shivers down the spine, like when you go out in the snow without your wooly vest on. You know...then it started.

"Psssst."

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Murphy's expecting twins."

"Nooooo!"

"Yes. And her husband's been in Hong Kong for a year."

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!"

"I always told you the insurance man was working on more than her premiums."

"Fancy that."

"Her with a daughter sixteen years old."

"That reminds me, I heard a rumor about her daughter, too."

"Noooooooooooo."

"'S'fact. She was seen in the cinema with a coloured medical student."

"I always said...."

I just noticed that the FINALE was "Allegro vivacissimo" when I went berserk.

"Look here," I said. "Play the blasted game. Here's a chap come all the way from America, and he's doing his nut with his Strad and rapidly approaching a "Poco meno mosso" and you're sitting there nattering like three old ladies locked in the lavatory. You'll pardon the expression, Anne. I'm flogging myself to death, too. I was with Sir Malcolm all the way until you started your idle chatter. Can't you have any consideration for anyone? It's the first time I've ever asked to listen to a concerto on Canasta night, and you won't give me a break. Think of Totenberg, for Goodness Sake. Hey, watch this, he's going to do a "Poco a poco string" now. This'll be a gas. Hey, he's breaking out in a sweat...I thought he wouldn't manage that so nonchalantly. And he's almost finished...now...oh, crikey, must have skipped a page...he's finishing nnnnnnn-ooooooooooooooooowwwwwwwww....oh, chee, Sir Malcolm must have slipped up...he's finishing now...he's finishing now...he's just GOT to finish nowwww...now see what you've done... I've lost my blasted place....that's you and all that flipping idle gossip....thank goodness I got to the last note just at the exact second Sir Malcolm did. Well, wasn't that superb? Don't you feel better for it? Now, then, tell me all about that sixteen year old girl and the coloured medical student....."

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Let Us Also Consider...

TAFF: Loot and votes should be sent in to Don Ford or Eric Bentcliffe at your earliest convenience. Your sterling candidates are Rich Eney and Ron Ellik, and I would not venture to influence your decision one way or the other between these 2 fine fans. While I've seen some rather ludicrous attempts by partisans on both "sides" to drum up contrasts in the qualifications of Ellik and Eney, their fields of activity are quite comprehensive and necessarily overlapping. In all conscience I can find no grounds for preference except sheer personal affinity-- and in my own case, that comes out a draw. So vote your choice-- but vote TAFF! Like, now?

The Willis Fund: It is frustrating to have mislaid the pertinent letter, but memory hath it that Larry and Norcen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Grant City, Staten Island 6, NY, will deal kindly with questions, encouragement, and ~~MEMORANDUM~~ sent in toward the attendance of Walt and Madeline Willis at the '62 WorldCon. You'll recall that the unprecedented 1952 Willis Fund was the direct ancestor of TAFF, and surely a Tenth Anniversary return to the scene will be as fanhistorically fitting as it will be delightful to one and all. Join me in supporting this one, won't you?

The Parker Pond Fund: no redblooded CRYhack could bear to see Fate fail to bring together Ella Parker and Wally Weber! The Gods would writhe, and all; this meeting must come to pass. I mean, you will all have time to dig your fallout shelters, and you can always hedge your bets by taking out insurance against Ella's actually disclosing What Wally Did In The Grocery Store; and I'll never tell! So, like, try! See elsewhere for names and addresses and other mundane-type details; here we give you the flavor, more.

SEACON: It is still allowable for you to join the 19th World Science-Fiction Convention. We will hide your shame and keep your secret and allow you full rights of membership. All you need to do is send two bucks to P.O.Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle, 2, Wash, and we will cover up for you and pretend that you have been with us all along. Any politician worth his salt learns this in his very cradle, but we're a little bit stupid and it took us longer. So, ever onward..!

CRY P u t s t h e Q u e s t i o n . . .

There have been the Fanac Poll, the Yandro Poll, the Skyrack Poll, the SAPS Poll, the FAPA Poll, and possibly the ClotPoll for all I know. So it is about time for CRY to get nosey about the personal affairs of its readers. We may not learn anything, but at least it will give you the feeling that we are interested in you.

In answering this Poll, just make like writing a letter except that you number your answers. Don't bother copying the questions: just keep the numbers straight and we'll make out OK.

Deadline is July 10, 1961. OK, let's see what we can find out, shall we?

1. What issue of CRY was your first? (Number and/or approximate date)
2. What is the first fanzine (name and approximate date) you recall reading?
3. Do you or have you ever read the prozines regularly?
4. If so, when did you get this monkey on your back?
5. What was your favorite prozine at the height of your enthusiasm? (Give date)
6. What is the best S-F novel you have ever read? Novelet? Short story?
7. Your present age? (Ladies: this is strictly confidential, to our Blackmail Dep't)
8. If you had to (and you do) name just one favorite S-F author, who is it?
9. What is the lousiest S-F story you ever read? (Title, author, zine, if possible)
10. What brought you into fandom, aside from sheer bad luck? When?
11. Do you consider yourself an "active fan"? Why? (Or why not?)
12. Starting with 1956, in which TAFB elections have you voted? For whom?
13. Do you edit/publish a fanzine or fanzines of your own? Titles?
14. If so, what is your excuse?
15. Do you belong to a local fanclub or vice versa? (Name of club, if so)
16. Do you actually attend meetings? Hold office therein?
17. Do you feel that your club is accomplishing anything? If so, what?
18. Which regional and/or World Conventions have you attended? Why (or why not)?
19. Would you like to have a WorldCon in your town?
20. If so, would you be willing to serve on the Convention Committee?
21. If so, are there any other signs of mental disturbance in your family?
22. Do you feel that fandom is A Way of Life? Just a Hobby? Preventable? (Why?)
23. Do you feel that you are handicapped in any way in mundane daily life? How?
24. What is your opinion of F Towner Laney?
25. What would you guess would be F Towner Laney's opinion of you?
26. What is your opinion of you? (Be brief)
27. How long do you expect to stay in fandom? Why if at all would you drop out?
28. If you could trade places with any person in history, who would it be? Why?
29. If you live in any era you chose, when would it be? Why?
30. Where on this planet would you most prefer to live today? Why?
31. What would you consider to be the (your) ideal annual income? Total wealth?
32. Do you consider yourself to be informed or uninformed as a voter? (or potential-)
33. Are you a member, potential member, or veteran of the armed forces?
34. Have you submitted material for professional publication in the S-F field?
35. Or elsewhere?
36. Any luck so far?
37. What is your religious affiliation or philosophical category, if any?
38. How long has this been the case?
39. Are you for or against garlic in your food?
40. Do you prefer dogs, cats, both, or neither?
41. In your opinion, what is the function or purpose of the ideal fanzine?
42. What are the attributes you most enjoy in fanzines?
43. Have you any subjective experience of psi, esp, psionic phenomena?
44. What would be your reaction to the headline "Ships from Outer Space sighted"?
45. Given complete latitude of choice, what (if any) job would you prefer to hold?
46. What do you like best about yourself? Least?
47. Do you have anything to add to the Kinsey Reports?
48. Did you think there was a deliberate pattern to these questions?

CRY has Put the Question. Deadline is July 10. See CRY 152 (Aug) for results.

fabulous, exciting

accurate fabrications

M I N U T E S

MINUTES OF THE APRIL 6, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Doreen Webbert had been attempting to discover the address of Rethel Enterprises Inc., the makers of the club's recently inherited flying saucer. After the Seattle Public Library failed to find any such corporation listed, the Nameless decided the machine must be of extra-terrestrial origin and went on to more important matters.

Pulling rank on the rest of the members, Sec-Treas Wally Weber called the meeting to order at 8:35 p.m. F.M. Busby obliged by ordering steak. Since Mr. Busby's order was out of order, the chairman ignored him as best he could and went on to the next traditional item of disorder -- the reading of the minutes. This traditional item was eventually disregarded because nobody had a copy of CRY around and the SEC-Treas had composed the minutes on stencil.

Nobody had any old business to speak of so the meeting progressed to new business.

Doreen Webbert was nominated for President. The motion was made and seconded that Doreen be elected President by a unanimous vote. The motion passed with very little opposition, so Doreen was unanimously elected President by a vote of 6 to 1. Doreen's acceptance speech was touching. "Oh all right, I'll be President," was the way she put it. Guess who voted against the unanimous vote!

F. M. Busby and Gordon Eklund had been nominated for Vice President, but F. M. withdrew from the race to save himself the embarrassment of being defeated by his superior opponent. That he realized Gordon's superiority was evidenced by the fact that he was the one who had nominated the future Vice President. He explained that he really didn't mind being scratched from the race since he had been itching to get out of the nomination anyway.

The Secretary-Treasurer's term was extended another six months for unforgivable behavior.

Official Coffee-Maker, Wally Gonser, was reappointed for another term, probably for his unforgivable brewing.

The Sec-Treas, still conducting the meeting at the request of the newly-elected President, was willing to call the election quits by this time, but the members reminded him that the most important officer of all had not been re-elected or replaced: The Official Bem. The members toyed with the idea of electing Ed Wyman until F. M. Busby evolved the plan of electing Vernard Thomas to replace his son as the Official Bem. This plan went over exceedingly well, primarily because Vernard wasn't present to defend himself.

With the elections over, Elinor Busby wanted to talk about science-fiction. She particularly wanted to talk about "Unearthly Neighbors," which turned out to be a novel by Chad Oliver rather than the peculiar people who lived next door. When asked why she thought the novel was so outstanding, Elinor said it wasn't really outstandingly outstanding, but neither was anything else she had read recently. Thus started the discussion of how nothing outstanding had been published recently in the science fiction field. (Certainly this conversation did not include the fanzine field, where these Minutes are published approximately monthly.)

Mention of G. M. Carr's letter-to-the-editor that had been printed recently in a Seattle newspaper was made.

The feasibility of shipping a multilith from Florida to Seattle was mulled over for the benefit of the Webberts.

Wally Gonser reported that his mother has come to frequently using the word, gafia, and indicates that it fills a need in her vocabulary.

The meeting was adjourned retroactively to 8:59:30¹/₂ in order to exclude unpublishable material from the minutes. The meeting was reopened at 9:12 in order to vote a message of thanks to Virginia and Bill Cowling for donating so many of Flora Jones' fannish belongings to the club.

The members discussed the possibility of returning to the Arcade Building for meetings again, but the subject was eventually left as something to think about until next meeting.

Wally Gonser claimed that Gordon Eklund's mother had read the minutes in the last CRY and had doubts about the sort of people her son was associating with. The members thought a good project for the club would be to get Gordon's mother to come to a meeting so she could see how bad things really were.

With a final, unanswered query of, "Whatever happened to Varda Murrell?" the meeting was retroactively adjourned again to 9:15.

Retroactive SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE APRIL 20, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Doreen Webbert, exhausted from the effort of locating G. M. Carr's residence in the dark, summoned sufficient strength to call the meeting to order at 8:37 p.m. This so weakened the President that she was unable to prevent the reading of the minutes at 8:38 p.m. After reading the minutes, the SEC-Treas approved them, heartily.

The President decided it was time for a check on the treasury, catching the Sec-TREAS off guard. He had inadvertently left \$42.10 unembezzled and shamefacedly had to report his negligence.

Doreen next asked for Old Business, and the subject of where to meet next time came to the fore. Doreen protested that this was New Business since the next meeting hadn't happened yet. We must keep in mind that Doreen hasn't presided over very many meetings yet, so her mind is still neat and orderly. Her protests were carefully ignored, and eventually the motion was made, seconded, and passed that the following meeting would again be held at G. M. Carr's home.

Steve Tolliver was sitting there looking defenseless, so we decided to make him an officer. For a while it was argued that he should be made the Official Member, the main point being that since six out of every four Nameless Ones are officers, there was an urgent need for a member over which the officers could officiate. (I hope this is all clear.) Before any such radical innovation could be made, however, the coffeeholics began to suffer withdrawal symptoms and Wally Gonser, the Official Coffee-Maker, was not at his post and showed no signs of coming to the rescue. For practical reasons, then, Steve was proclaimed Assistant Coffee-Maker by presidential decree.

Mrs. Walsted, the mother of Mark Walsted, was attending the meeting out of curiosity about what Mark's friends were like. Mark, you may remember, attended science fiction conventions so he could get into the poker games, attended science fiction movies so he could scoff at the unscientific goofs, and read practically all the issues of Asf and aSF for reasons that are not altogether clear anymore. Mrs. Walsted said she had never read any science fiction herself, but that she was aware of it in the same manner in which she was aware of leprosy without actually having experienced it.

Our target for the evening was plain. In no time at all we had her admitting that she had read and enjoyed Lewis Carroll and Jules Verne ("...but those are classics," she protested), and in the end we proved her to be no better than the rest of us lepers.

The phone rang and Doreen thought it was probably herself calling to report that she was lost. Actually it was the Official Bem reporting that he had been lost, but found his way back home finally and would stay there until next meeting by golly.

Doreen asked for New Business, having decided that the Old Business surely must be over with by now. What she got was a discussion of "Four Faces of Ezekiel." The SEC-Treas was ordered to remind Doreen of Four Faces. (This isn't clear to me, either.)

The meeting was adjourned at 9:15 p.m. so that coffee could be served and G. M. Carr could carve up the delicious and fannishly-decorated cake she had ordered made. Then, for entertainment, she projected her collection of Morris Dollens slides on the screen for the members to ooh and oggle.

Honorable and Accurate SEC-Treas

Wally Weber

CRY is supporting TAFF and the Willis Fund, with great enthusiasm, but what we're most enthusiastic about of all is the Parker Pond Fund. We admire Walt Willis, and are looking forward eagerly to meeting him and Madeleine at Chicago. We respect our Glorious Old Tradition, TAFF. But Ella! We feel that we practically invented that dear girl. We hope all CRYfans who share our pleasure and delight at the idea of Ella Parker attending the Season will remember to express that pleasure and delight by sending some long green stuff to Betty Kujawa. Don't forget! DO IT NOW!

Will there be cries that all these funds are in competition with each other, and that Fans Are Broke? I'm afraid there will be. Look, fellas, these funds are all purely optional. If you can contribute and want to do so, fine; if you can't and/or don't want to--that's fine too. The Broke Fan we have always with us, and we value him in accordance with his character and personality. But when you consider the number of fans who have lately been gamboling in tropic seas, flying eight thousand miles to watch their friends get married, buying Gestetners, electric typers, and what-not, it appears that we have a certain number of not-broke fans in our midst. Let those of us who wish to support funds do so, and those who cannot or do not wish to, shrug their shoulders in genteel silence. Okay?

Last night I dreamed of a new science fiction fan. His name was Lonctot (in waking life the name of Buz' dentist) and Boyd Raeburn assured us that he was a very good writer and would be an excellent FAPAn. However, Lonctot was only two feet tall and weighed 461 lbs., his body being composed entirely of 'negative mass'. I hope such a fan never shows up at a convention. His dimensions are impractical, but his own business after all. But I do not like the sound of 'negative mass'--it is probably contra-terrene, and conventions can be explosive enough without that. --I'm glad I was asleep. I should hate to dream up such an individual while I was awake.

The Glories of Television (1). Last Sunday Andres Segovia appeared, and chatted a little, as well as playing his guitar. Everyone who pays attention to such things knows that Andres Segovia is the very foremost classical guitarist in the entire world or history thereof, so I was pleased to hear him play again, and to hear his opinions on the guitar and its relationship to music as a whole. I was interested to hear him twice use geographical figures of speech. He said that music was like an ocean, and the various musical instruments like islands in the ocean. --A very clumsy, and inaccurate figure, don't you agree? Later, he said that classical guitarists and flamenco guitarists are like the opposite sides of a hill--they don't look at each other. That, I thought an excellent figure.

Asked why he had picked the guitar, he rejected the piano in words I didn't catch (I think he said they were too large and separate) and said the violin and cello were better--one held them, but then--one struck them with a stick! But the guitar....."you embrace it, and you caress it..." He does this for five hours every day, without fail. What orgies of sensuality! "You embrace it, and you caress it, and it gives forth its gentle, melancholy, and poetic music." That's very nice, I think.

The Glories of Television (2). The night before, I watched Open End. It was about mixed marriages. I didn't like David Susskind's definition of the topic, or his selection of a panel. He had one couple who represented mixed-religion marriage, and another mixed-race. These are two separate problems, and to combine them is mish-moshy. Another thing--both couples were very happily married. It would have been much better to have had mixed religion one night, and mixed race another, and to have included an unhappily married or recently divorced couple each time. Last Saturday night, both couples seemed to think that if a couple really loved each other, and were at peace with themselves, a mixed marriage, whether of race or religion, presented no serious problems. People who had found problems, who had foundered on them, might have made more exciting panelists.

One could see that the Catholic/Jewish marriage would have no difficulties. The Jewish husband was only marginally Jewish; he was very willing for his children to be brought up Catholic. So far as he was concerned, there was no sacrifice involved. The Catholic

wife had had a Jewish grandfather, and so did not come from a rigidly endogamous background. Their marriage could be of only sentimental interest (if any) to outsiders. They were an attractive young couple, and it was pleasant to hear them talk; but I couldn't feel that they were quite eligible for this topic.

The negro/white couple were also non-Jewish/Jewish, but did not breathe one word about this latter mixture. Perhaps neither was interested in religion. The white husband was a pompous loudmouth, with mean little eyes and a mean little mouth. I couldn't reconcile the nobility of his sentiments with his unprepossessing countenance. But his wife was an attractive and vital-looking woman, so perhaps he appears to greater advantage off the teevee. She is also the only person (on nights I've watched Open End) who couldn't stay in her chair the full three hours. Perhaps she drank too much coffee.

Some of the things the negro/white couple brought out were: With negro/white marriages, the friends and relations who drop one weren't knowing anyhow. (Rationalization!) The husband said that he taught his children that they were the heirs to two great races, two great traditions. This I liked. They said that the greatest cross negro/white couples had to bear was being stared at, but that sensitivity to this diminished sharply after the first year or two. They also pointed out that in many states they could not travel together, as their marriage would be outlawed. (But this can be got around. Buz and I know a negro/white couple who travelled together in the south. Challenged, the white wife would claim to be a negro. This worked out, because anybody with a quarter or less negro genes looks like a white person, but is still legally negro if he has as little as one-sixteenth.) They pointed out that it was hard for negro children, seeing only white faces on the tv, magazines and billboards, not to feel that to be dark-skinned was to be out-of-step and inferior. This is something that I have been feeling rather badly about for some time, and wonder whether we might not start a campaign to get advertisers to use people of other races in their illustrations. --By the way, that's the reason I felt so badly about Carl Brandon's non-existence. I had really LIKED the idea of fandom not being mundanely all-white. How I wish that Carl Brandon lived, and that Betty Kujawa were Japanese!

About mixed religion marriages, it was brought out that only 7% of Jews marry non-Jews, whereas 50% of Catholics marry non-Catholics. Jews also have a very low divorce rate. Of Catholic/non-Catholic marriages, only 34% of the children turn out to be practicing Catholics. With Catholic/non-Catholic marriages, there are four times as many break-ups when the non-Catholic is a woman. (This fits the experience of a non-Catholic woman I know. Her marriage to a Catholic is at present a happy one, but she made it clear to me that she wouldn't have married him if she'd realized in advance what it would involve. One of the worst things was having her Catholic daughter unable to accept mama's not belonging to The Church.) Practically all of the very few Jews who marry non-Jews are men, and the theory (not accepted by Susskind's panel) is that they do so because they consider Jewish women overly emotional and demanding.

* * *

Glories of Television (3). Last night I saw Julie Harris in Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped." Julie Harris was her usual glowing- and eloquent-faced self. I liked the play quite a lot. It moved well, and rhythmically, and was a pleasing combination of comedy and tragedy. But there was one thing I couldn't understand. In the usual little preface, Julie Harris said that the play to follow was a fantasy. Well--the play certainly had the feel of fantasy--but where were the specific fantasy elements? I saw none. There was some talk suggesting that He Who Gets Slapped was a god come down to earth, and perhaps that ^{the} beautiful bareback rider, Julie Harris, had been his love during a previous incarnation. But there were also hints that he was really a Russian prince. So who was He? I don't know. --The play was a story of circus life, complete with clowns, a beautiful lion tamer who had to believe her lions LOVED her, a degenerate and probably pseudo count, and various other interesting people. All in all, a debonair and gentle tale of love and languishment.

Last month I called SCIENCE FANTASY my favorite prozine, and I suppose I said that because F&SF tends to be monotonously, unvaryingly good, whereas SCIENCE FANTASY is sometimes enchantingly good, and sometimes very bad indeed. If I had to pick the one zine, it would be F&SF, however.

Elinor Busby

6th April, 1961

Dear CRY Gang,

((=16=))

There's a certain quality that children possess of looking forward to events like birthdays that we tend to lose as we get older, and yet I don't for a moment feel that fans have lost their sense of wonder, for down here in London we were all looking forward to the LXIcon and our sense of anticipation and expectation was not in the least disappointed. We've just returned to the Metropolis to take a month or so's recovery course from a really fabulous weekend over in the west country. We too have our west coast groups, you know. There's the Liverpool Group in the north and there's the Cheltenham Circle which virtually comprised the convention committee at last week's show. I can't honestly remember more enthusiasm worked up about a gathering before the convention itself, both from the con committee newsletters and amongst the fans who were readying themselves for the long trip to Gloucester--where this Eastercon was held. Many fans will agree all too readily with me, I feel, when I add that in previous recent years it has been a case of attending a convention in the hope of having some fun but being prepared for fan politics to rear its head or heads and usually going with the idea of enjoying oneself whatever happens, or even in spite of what might happen. This year the spirit of anticipation itself was a more friendly and informal one and it's a fine and fannish thing to note that the LXIcon lived up to expectation in every way.

First, the debit side of the account, for there was one and it's worth mentioning. It should however be brushed hurriedly aside for it was a relatively minor point, thanks to the quick covering up of the committee. The Committee had booked the whole hotel for the convention but at the last moment the hotel's manageress chickened out of running a convention of sf fans without physical support and brought in three friends to stay the weekend. The con committee hurriedly rearranged the room bookings and managed to squeeze everyone in somehow and the three friends of the manageress propped up the bar for the three days. Said lady was also a little unapproachable on the subject of serving drinks after hours, but she had a strict legal point to back her up there and nobody could really complain, especially as the barrier was easily surmounted.

Which leaves the credit side of the convention, and believe me, it's difficult to know where to start. The beginning wouldn't be a good jumping off point in this case, but a general impression of what the convention meant to its attendees, of which there were around a hundred, might be. The old guard fans had a whale of a time of course, but we must concern ourselves with those fans who were attending their first convention and who might be expected to wander around boggle-eyed by the gathered multitude, unable to open their mouths and too shy to approach anyone they didn't know. Strange as it may seem at first, there were few such cases. Even those who were first-timing it knew other fans, by and large. They had made contact with others of their own ilk and it was merely a case of meeting old friends in the flesh. I think it is obvious that the cause of this happy state of affairs is due entirely to the internal workings of the BSFA and the informal spirit which has prevailed in its official literature and introductory correspondence. Also, these new worthies were not left out in the cold of fannish esotery for once, for science fiction is back in favour. Science Fiction was discussed on the programme and it was discussed in the groups and even at the all night parties! This in its turn is not to say that this convention was entirely a serious one, for the fannish and the informal all had their own places, places which did not stand out in pigeon hole fashion but which became blended and even welded together as the convention progressed, making up a near perfect balance.

One who did seem to be out in the cold for quite a time was the Convention's guest of honour, Kingsley Amis, who struck one on first sight as being supercilious, overbearing and completely standoffish. It only took a room party to make him realise that he was amongst people who could discuss sf intelligently without thinking that every word of sf was golden or that every word of sf was fit only for the dustbin, and after that he mixed extremely well. He admitted himself at the end of the con that while he had had to be dragged along he had had a whale of a time. He asked for a booking to next year's affair and enthusiastically allowed himself to be auctioned off for TAFF. A combine of SFCoL

members bought him.

As a writer who is a literary figure and who was attending a sf convention as Guest of Honour, Amis appeared to know what he was doing in the speech he presented, for he criticised the genre from a literary standpoint and also threw in many passing points which were seized upon for discussion. His speech was, as expected, the main point on the crowded programme. Another serious discussion on sf came from Geoffrey Doherty who teaches English and science fiction in a grammar school and who published a selection of sf for children last year ("Aspects of SF":Murray). His point was that to the outsider sf has a name which near stinks and what are we going to do about it.

There were various films shown, with the full length "Forbidden Planet" dragging on through Sunday evening. Previously we'd seen "The Musquite Kid" from Los Angeles, this epic suffering from an extremely poor sound track. And on other evenings we had seen various fantasy shorts as well as some Shell Petroleum Company science shorts (extremely good), again on the Sunday evening.

Don Ford's Slide Show was an event that had been eagerly awaited and it was interesting to see shots of the Pittcon and of Cincinnati, though we were somewhat disappointed because the night shots we had enjoyed last year were few and far between this time, and because there were no shots of Don's TAFF trip. Dave Kyle made up for this in a way. Over here for two months with Ruth, Dave brought over his cine shots taken in London last year, but these were not shown as part of the programme, being screened at a Shorrock room party. Dave also had with him a newspaper which featured banner headlines "Harrison our hero, Acclaimed by LXIcon," a tie-in with the Liverpool Group's legendary demi-god.

Eric Bentcliffe ran another "This Is Your (Fan) Life" programme, following the success of last year's T.I.Y.L. at which Norman Shorrock had been dissected. This year it was the turn of Eric Jones who had built a psionics machine with weird and wonderful flashing lights in the belief that the victim was Terry Jeeves. Terry himself, Bruce Burn,

Norman Shorrock and Alan Rispin took part in this piece of fannish nonsense in a most uninhibited manner.

At the official business meeting, the Third Annual General Meeting of the British Science Fiction Association, the results of the ballot for Vice-Chairman was announced with Terry Jeeves defeating Southampton's Jill Adams in a straight vote. The Convention's Fan Guest of Honour, Archie Mercer, relinquished the Treasury after three years in office, handing over to London-Scottish Ted Forsyth. Joe Patrizio, fellow Scot and member also of the SFCoL (which club produced a conversational and extremely witty fan play and were notable for an excellent table display) took over as Secretary from Ella Parker while Ina Shorrock and Brian Aldiss continued as Chairman and President respectively. A Dr. Arthur R. Weir Memorial Fund was set up in recognition of the work done for fandom by this learned personality who died last month. Next year's Convention was passed on to Ron Bennett who had virtually been promised the siting two years ago, only to see the convention pass on to London. Ron said that at that time he had more or less had a working committee lined up and that they were willing to swing into operation immediately. The hotel Ron has lined up has 85 rooms and charges a minimum of 30/- a night and it is felt in some quarters that the size of the hotel and the price might possibly be undesirable. However, I for one cannot remember a convention which presented an absolutely perfect and problemless setup at first sight and it has to be admitted that Ron is certainly keen on showing what Harrogate has to offer fandom.

The Saturday evening's Fancy Dress Ball, featuring Galactic travellers, was a wonderfully informal affair. Several unmarried males were disappointed that the nurses imported by kind consideration of the convention committee brought along their boy friends and there was some criticism that all prizes and honorable mentions for costumes went to members of either the Cheltenham Circle or Liverpool Group. They certainly possessed some good costumes, those designed by Liverpool's Eddie Jones being especially eye-catching (and taking first two prizes; one worn by Eddie and the other by Ina), but in all fairness there were equally good costumes that were not placed. Alan Rispin's girl friend, Diane, wore a witch's costume that was striking and simple.

The room parties were also informal. Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay who had neighboring rooms ran a party that only adjourned during daylight hours and there were other

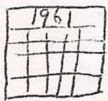
parties on the go at all times of the night, every night. At one Alan Rispin auctioned off his hat for TAFF to find everyone else present forming a syndicate to place the top bid with a quick whip round. The hat was cut into thirteen or fourteen pieces and Alan was asked whether he had changed his mind. At another party fans overspilt into a neighbouring bathroom and visitors to the room showed surprise to find Norman Shorrocks, Bruce Burn and Keith Freeman sitting fully dressed in several inches of water after someone had turned on the taps.

One thing to come out of the weekend was the announcement that Ella Parker, editor of ORION (which has just topped the SKYRACK poll over here) and ex-Chairman of the London Club, is to visit the SeaCon in September. Originally this journey was being kept secret in the hope of surprising various members of your CRY gang, in particular you, Wally, but as Ted Tubb announced at the convention the inauguration of a Parker Pond Fund, very much against Ella's wishes, it now seems pointless to keep the visit a secret any longer. It's a pity in a way for the whole deal on Ella's part added up to a fine fannish ploy, but it seems a hell of an expense for Ella to have to go all that way unaided primarily in the hope of catching you unaware, Wally. "Just what kind of a person is Ella?" you ask. You've heard a lot about her, no doubt, but to do her the injustice she deserves really requires a full length article. Next time, next time.....right now, I'm recovering,....and but slowly.....from a darn good convention. If Ron Bennett's get-together in Harrogate next year is half as good we'll all have a whale of a time.

--Best wishes,
Geoff.

Yes' Les

Y'KNOW, I JUST LOOKED
AT THE CALENDAR



IT'S BEEN OVER
A YEAR SINCE MY
PIRATED PIPER STRIPS
HAVE BEEN RUNNING IN
CRY.



AND THEY'VE BEEN
PRETTY POPULAR TOO,
IT SEEMS.



BUT ONE THING
WORRIES ME.
IF I KEEP ON STEALING THEM...



I CAN EITHER BECOME
IMMORTAL OR GET THROWN
IN JAIL



Though business is the major activity of most Americans, our writers have not been kind to the businessman. The best fiction about American business has taken its fire and thrust from the anger of the radical imagination. A few books, "Executive Suite," "Cash McCall," "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," achieved some fame in the 1950's by trying to create a sympathetic picture of the American businessman, but none of them were very successful artistically. Compared to the anti-business books, they seemed pallid and lifeless. Even worse, they were dishonest. They tried to make the reader like the businessman by prettying up his image. The hero of "Executive Suite" and the hero of "Cash McCall" are both young, handsome, educated men with pretensions to culture. To me they seemed phony.

My favorite book about American business is "The Man Who Sold the Moon." Artistically, it has a tension and drive the better known pro-business books lacked. It is also scrupulously honest.

D. D. Harriman is not young and handsome. He does not possess a great library (stocked with books on "the latest scientific discoveries of Paul de Kruif" as MAD satirized Cash McCall) and a LADIES HOME JOURNAL family. He is middle aged, paunchy, and smokes cigars. He made his pile selling real estate, some of it dishonestly. He and his wife have family problems. He could be, and probably is, disliked by labor leaders, Senate investigators, and many decent citizens.

Yet Heinlein makes him a sympathetic character. And at the same time gives us a vision of the process by which history is made and mankind advances.

Science fiction gives Heinlein a big advantage over those writers who have tried to deal with the businessman in a modern day setting. At the center of the story is a symbol of epic proportions, the space ship. The hero of "Executive Suite" had to be content with trying to build better furniture; a worthy goal, but not calculated to stir the imagination.

But the spaceship is the perfect symbol of progress. It is practically amoral. Almost any science fiction reader--and since 1958, almost any American--considers space travel as morally unquestionable as the discovery of America at a Columbus Day celebration. You may question certain uses of it, but space travel itself stands for scientific discovery, the extension of human powers and new opportunities for ambitious individuals. It is as morally right as growing up. Personally, I agree with this attitude. The results of growth, whether it be the growth of an individual or a society, may be painful, even dangerous, but ignorance is the closest thing I know to an absolute evil. My sympathies are entirely with Eve. Earth and truth and better than Eden and ignorance. This attitude seems to permeate all science fiction.

With this mighty symbol of human achievement to charge and focus his work, Heinlein tackles a major literary theme.

Harriman is the archetype of every individual who has tried to push the community toward some goal he believes is good. The methods he uses are ancient and, watching him at work, we are left with the feeling, whether we like his methods or not, that this is how it is done and how it always has been done. He knows how human society is organized and he has a shrewd understanding of human nature. He approaches his instrument, society and the individuals who make it up, not as a judge or a moralist, but as an engineer setting one force against another to achieve results.

Heinlein has always been fascinated by expertise, and in this book he has a field day. We see Harriman as an administrator, making a large project run smoothly; when the engineer, Bob Coster, bogs down in administrative detail, Harriman supplies him with a first rate administrator. The ability to make the best use of varied talents is one of Harriman's major assets. We see Harriman as salesman, appealing to the self interests and fears of every individual and group he can think of. He appeals to the diamond cartel; a Hearst type editor's fear of Communism; the advertising needs of a soft drink company and the companies that make the ship's parts; children; and stamp collectors. From all of them he plucks the money and support he needs.

He knows the details of law and politics. He knows how to place bribes and he is shrewd enough to cover all the angles. To make sure his claim to the Moon will be unbreakable, he sets up corporations in all the countries the Moon passes over. Then he charts

a non-profit UN corporation; the UN will decide only its corporation has legal claim to the Moon and the corporation will then turn over its money making rights to Harriman's profit making corporations. This is the kind of deal the Justice Department likes to hear about.

If you're interested in selling soap, social reform or yourself as a Presidential candidate, you will find "The Man Who Sold the Moon" rewarding reading. The methods are time tested. Ask Admiral Rickover, Wernher von Braun, and The March of Dimes. In a complex, industrialized society, almost nothing can be done without cooperation. This is how cooperation is achieved.

The process is described, but not judged. To me the best word for this type of book is classic; classic in the sense that it seeks only to describe what the world is like. Heinlein's other works abound in sermons. The only sermons in "The Man Who Sold the Moon" are delivered by Harriman and do not remain unquestioned. Like Hamlet, this story tries to hold the mirror up to nature; like Hamlet, there are many mirrors, each of them showing us a fragment of truth and no one character is presented as the holder of truth. Heinlein tells us what happened and what different people thought about it. What he thinks about it--except that he's obviously fascinated--is unknown. So, is what he thinks we should think about it. He may not have planned the story that way, but that's the way it came out.

But there is more to this novella than a description of technique. Heinlein paints only the surface, and paints it a little too rapidly, but all through the story he questions Harriman's motives. Everyone, including Harriman himself, has something to say on the subject.

Harriman has justifications for space travel and personal reasons for wanting it. His justifications are the classic ones. Space travel means new knowledge and new knowledge can always be turned into something useful to the community and profitable to the man who knows how to exploit it. His conscious personal motivations are sentimental. He just wants to go to the Moon. He has wanted to go to the Moon since he was a boy. In "Requiem," this motive was the whole theme of the story. In "The Man Who Sold the Moon" it is stated, even respected ("He doesn't care about history," Strong says, "he just wants to go to the Moon"), but it isn't the whole truth.

For one thing, Harriman's schemes are designed to make sure he and his associates make money. Says Harriman, "We aren't going to let ourselves be rooked the way Columbus was." Yet one suspects that Harriman uses money mainly to lure his associates on. After all, he was rich before he started the enterprise and there's a good chance the whole scheme will bankrupt him. Dixon and Entenza, especially Entenza, are money men. Dixon has some vision, Entenza almost none. Beside them Harriman seems like a giant, powered by energies and drives that would shake their smaller personalities to bits.

Strong, describing earlier partnerships with Harriman, says, "I suppose he had a power complex even then." Dixon replies, "No, I wouldn't call it a power complex. It's more of a Messiah complex."

There is plenty of evidence for Dixon's view. Take this statement of Harriman's: "...this is the biggest thing for the human race since the discovery of fire. Handled right, it can mean a new and braver world. Handle it wrong, and it's a one-way ticket to Armageddon. It's coming, it's coming soon, whether we touch it or not. But I plan to be the Man in the Moon myself--and give it my personal attention to see that it's handled right."

One is reminded of the famous statement of George F. Baer, "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for...by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country." Of course, Harriman's vision does transcend that of his associates. I wouldn't want him in charge of the interests of the laboring man, but I believe he would get my support for boss of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

However, that doesn't contradict Dixon's opinion. Messiah complex could be a very accurate description of Harriman's personality.

There is even the suggestion of a Freudian, sexual motivation. Harriman is childless. Men who are biologically sterile often channel the emotions of fatherhood into social and intellectual

creativity. The space ship as phallic symbol is more than a subject for laughter. All kinds of fertility are related and the fertile mind and spirit are not degraded by being associated with the fertile body.

Harriman is a major figure in the Future History series. His act, the opening of space, is the most important act in the whole drama. All the stories in the next volume, "The Green Hills of Earth," occur because of Harriman's actions. Rhysling and the other wanderers of space are Harriman's children. In the far future, Methuselah's children venture to the stars and the limits of mystery because of Harriman. His loins may be sterile, but his mind is a seed that fertilizes worlds beyond measure. He is, in a very real sense, the father of history.

Heinlein could have explained Harriman without ambiguity, but he did something much more artistic. He depicted the mystery of personality. We know Harriman is charged with tremendous creative energies and his actions alter the whole context of the human drama, but what drives him is unknown.

Most modern writers make their books significant by plunging deep, into the human psyche. Heinlein, in the tradition of science fiction (as well as the tradition of Hamlet and Oedipus Rex) gives his book significance by setting it on the broadest possible stage.

Psychological fiction tries, all too often, to make moral judgements without considering the results of human actions. By the standards of the writer limited to the moral framework of psychoanalysis, a man with a Messiah complex or a childless man compensating by building phallic symbols, is sick, neurotic, or some other word that implies disapproval. He will, at the end of the story, be unmasked triumphantly for what he is. There will be the implication he should be something else.

But there is an older moral tradition which seeks to judge men not by what they are, but by what they do. If you see the man with the Messiah complex raising his children to be neurotics, you will have one opinion of him. If you see him discovering a cure for cancer, your opinion will be more ambiguous. That is what I mean by expanding the stage. To depict character realistically, fiction must depict the society in which man lives and his relation to it. In the tradition of science fiction, Heinlein's stage is the Cosmos and the furthest reaches of human history.

The intent remains classic. Even here, where he could have tried to justify his hero by the results of his actions, Heinlein chooses only to give an honest portrayal.

Strong describes Harriman as the last of the Robber Barons. "He's the first of the new Robber Barons," Dixon says. And a few sentences later: "Truthfully, I don't think Delos knows what he is doing. He's setting up a new imperialism. There'll be the devil to pay before it's cleaned up...Maybe we should have waited. Maybe we should have balked him--if we could have. Well, it's done. We're on the merry-go-round and ^{we} can't get off. I hope we enjoy the ride."

In the next volume of the Future History, Dixon's prophecy comes true, and there is a new imperialism. Our picture of Harriman is given a new coloration. There can be no talk of the ends justifying the means, for the ends themselves may be questioned.

If you approach this story ideologically, it will seem ambiguous. It is not a treatise on morals. It is a compact, highly successful attempt to portray the process of history and those creative, driven men who are forces greater than they themselves can comprehend. As many writers, and some critics, have always known, you can set a story in an imaginary, impossible world and end up with something that can only be called Realism.

-- Tom Purdom

The Latest on the BayCon:

From now on, memberships (\$1 until June 1, \$1.50 thereafter) should be sent to Bill Collins, 838 Shrader St., San Francisco. BayCon speakers will include Reginald Bretnor, Margaret St Clair, Frank Riley, Frank Herbert, & possibly Bradbury.

A panel on Mystery and S-F will include Boucher, Miriam de Ford, Poul Anderson, and possibly Bloch. Doorprize (you need not be present) will be Vol. I of the Don Day Index. There will be a Chicago Party, LASFS movies, an Invisible Award, and all sorts of goodies, according to our BayCon Spy, Karen Anderson. See y'all there?

CRY OF THE READERS

AS HEARD BY

Wally Weber



MSgt L. H. TACKETT OF THE E.I.S.ftP.oL.C.

H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco,
Calif.

30 March 1961

Dear Sirs:

I acknowledge receipt of your magazine, "Cry One Hundred Forty Eight," which, I assume, was sent to me because I am a member in good standing of the East Iwakuni Society for the Preservation of Laotian Culture. However, I must confess that I found no mention at all of African Violets or Rhododendrons so the whole thing leaves me somewhat confused.

Here's Tom Purdom with a few kind words about Heinlein. Tom must not have read "Starship Troopers". Oops. See that he has. This is somewhat fantabulous. My congratulations to you, Tom, for going against the tide. Also for a damn fine article.

I chuckled quite agreeably at your Gilvert-Sul'van parody,
Your picture of a modern fan elicits howls of fannish glee,
You have made one omission, one thing you overlook,
I can find no mention of that guiding light, the comic book.

Enjoyed Pipersville. I can visualize a thank you note coming back from the Congo:
"The coffee and doughnuts brigade was delicious."

Much amused at Williams' dissection of Bester.

CotR: I can give you a better deal than Perdue. Send me a dime and I will guarantee not to watch the late show for you. We might even work out a weekly deal where I would undertake to not watch any TV at all for you.

Ellington: Utah has a real fine deal for people in search of welfare aid. They can get it by signing over all their worldly possessions, if any, to the welfare agency. Sort of the principle that if you really didn't need it before you applied you surely would afterwards.

I suppose I should send a sub renewal. What gripes me, though, is that I have to spend 15¢ for a dollar money order. I could send along a handful of MPC just to hear your comments on receiving nickel and dime bills.

Roy

MAL ASHWORTH, THE THOUGHTFUL FAN

14, Westgate, Bradford.2., England.

Dear CRYfolks,

8th April, 1961

Originally I meant to sit right down and write back promptly to thank you for CRY 146, but then I thought about it and decided that with a monthly magazine the size of CRY on your hands and a World Convention to organise, you've really got enough to contend with without raw and naked blasts of unexpected Fate hurtling at you out of a clear blue sky, so I didn't. I contented myself with going to London and visiting Ella Parker instead. You see the lengths I go to in my thoughtfulness for your welfare.

As usual CRY this issue ('this issue' being 146 in case you have got lost) is chonk full of all kinds of fabulous goodies, and one fabulous baddie, to wit, news of the gagiation of rich brown, wit. I enjoyed his story in this issue, as I did too John Berry's fannish version of "Starship Troopers". And I'm pleased to see that you have got one of

our many anonymous fans doing a 'London Letter' for you; you couldn't use two or three more of these could you? We have rather a glut of them from time to time.

One of the best things in the issue was Elinor's column and more particularly the parts describing herself and Buz. This seems to be one of those things which people frequently do fabulously well (I shall never forget Irene Potter's brilliant piece in the first issue of BRENNSCHLUSS, probably one of the finest pieces of humour ever published in a fanzine) and Elinor was right in there with the best.

I nodded sagely -- it just occurred to me to wonder, as I wrote that, just what one would have to do to 'nod sagely' so I looked up 'sage' in my dictionary and I am now able to make my terminology slightly more accurate -- I nodded like an aromatic herb with dull greyish green leaves all the way through Terry's FANDOM HARVEST, where he is taking to task those fans who think there is automatically something Fine and Noble about 'being serious' no matter how ineptly you go about it. A delightful example of this was a fanzine I received a while ago which was deadly set on 'being serious' on the weird/Lovecraft side of things, in which WEIRD TALES was consistently misspelled. We could just be in for a spate of that kind of thing.

By Jings, Midwest Fandom a la Lynn Hickman certainly sounds dandy; I just bet it invented wire staples, too. Zowie!

Best and all,

Mal

HARRY WARNER, 68/487ths RECUPERATED

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Patient Ones:

April 2, 1961

The telephone rang at 8 a.m. yesterday, and the voice in the earpiece announced that it was Jack Speer. The sudden realization struck me: by golly, I'm an important person, if my failure to write to Cry has caused them to send an attorney, friend of Elmer Perdue, and Democrat all the way across the country to warn me that patience in Seattle is running out rapidly. It was later that my face fell (it learned how during my accident on Christmas Eve) and I learned that Juffus was just making a ~~goodwill~~ ~~to~~ crosscountry trip for business and relaxation. However, such a scare caused me to realize that I must acknowledge uncommnted-on Crys.

Of course the photo cover on the issue that arrived just before I went down in the world was something to look at repeatedly and earnestly. I try to remember fan faces in photographs by matching them up with acquaintances in Hagerstown. Eric Bentcliffe is a dead ringer for E. M. Dale, superintendent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Project office of the National Park Service here. Les Nirenberg looks very much like the local junior college dean, not only in features but in the way he cocks back his head to be photographed. Wally's report was entertaining. There is one correction: his vocal range is from low C sharp down to low D flat, not up, if he sings in tune. C sharp is a fraction of a semi-tone higher in pitch than D flat when the music comes from something that isn't restricted to tempered tuning. [You obviously have never heard me sing. -- www]

Berry and Johnstone were entertaining in this issue. Fandom Harvest was probably the best item. But I also liked very much the column by Elinor, which is particularly good contrast to Terry's column; the former is so concentrated, leaving the reader feeling that much has been jammed into a very small space, and the latter is so complete, giving the sensation that all has been told and the entire experience has been transmitted. You can add to the famous individuals who put out amateur magazines the names of Andre Gide, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, and Lewis Carroll, while the Spanish composer, Manuel de Falla, had one of those imaginary lands worked out completely in his mind and devoted most of his time to it while a boy.

Buck Coulson seems to have the same filing instincts as I possess. Since this accident, mail has piled up tremendously; it is lying on a long record cabinet in piles and bundles. If the cleaning woman ever decides to tidy up, I'll have to gaffiate.

And so to the January Cry, wherein I thought that Recruiter would have been still better if Rich Brown had characterized more clearly the differences between the two principal characters. But it is a nice bit of faan fiction. The London Letter provides some information that is new to me, including the name of the writer. Jump to It deserves all the

praise that it has received. It is nice to see that John has cut down sharply on his use of the exclamation point. There's no point in repeating here what I said above about Hwyl and Fandom Harvest; those remarks hold pretty true for this issue, too. However, I can't think of anything with which I disagree more completely than Terry's remarks on the unreliability of opinions on anything except an individual's own special field of knowledge. J. Chapman Miske got into a hassle over this very thing once, and said: "Facts are facts, but opinions are sacred." Any other attitude is exactly what totalitarianism wants the public to think

Tom Purdom might qualify as the best new fan writer of the last few months, on the basis of his review of A Canticle for Leibowitz and some other writing. As for the new trend, I've been unable to see any particular difference in the proportion of fannish stuff to stf stuff in fanzines in recent years. I think that people get confused by the contents of the best fanzines and think that this represents a trend for the field as a whole. As for the matter of making a character live, I think there are three tests: Can you remember something about this character while he is on the story's stage without having to stop and think who he is? Are his actions logical? Are they predictable? If you get a yes, a yes, and a no to those questions, you probably have a living, breathing character.

In the letter column, I don't believe that Rich Brown is gafiating. It's a thing that just isn't done in such calculated, coldblooded fashion. Besides, every one of the four fans he mentions as staying around year after year has undergone periods of almost complete hibernation lasting for a year or a decade. George Nims Raybin is worried about lighting for movies at conventions, unnecessarily I should think. Perutz makes black and white movie film with ASA speeds as high as 400 for 8mm camera owners, and several fast emulsions are available for 16mm movie makers. The new variety of Kadachrome is more than twice as fast as the old stuff, permitting color movies to be made under formerly impossible conditions, for anyone with a lens of f/1.9 or thereabouts.

I now stand before the final stage of the journey, the February Cry. I can't help feeling that something is wrong with a Hugo setup that gives five professional and one fan awards. This makes it look as if fandom thought that the pros are five times as important as the fans. I think that fandom is writing and thinking quite as skilfully as prodom these days, and there should be an equal number of awards for the two fields or it should be exclusively professional recognition, on the theory that the kids are giving their parents Christmas presents.

Comments earlier in this letter apply to this instalment of Fandom Harvest. But I might point out that Dick Lupoff did not indicate that comic books will be the rallying point or principal interest of the new fandom. He listed comic books as one specialized field of interest for the new fandom, just as sports cars were for some elements in fandom a year or two ago. It is also surprising to find fans writing as if comic books weren't fit topics for fanzine discussion. They certainly qualify as science fiction and fantasy as completely as any prozine, and if they were intended for juveniles (most of them weren't necessarily) the same is true of a book that has received much attention in fanzines lately, Starship Soldier.

Anatomy of a Fan-Feud starts out very well. But something bothers me about John Berry. I can understand how it would be theoretically possible for one fan to turn out this phenomenal amount of material for fanzines, by being an exceptionally methodical person who works rapidly and budgets his time so neatly that exceptional output is achieved. But I'll be blessed if I can understand how he can find time to read the originals which he parodies. Anatomy of a Murder is a long book that takes several evenings to read unless you just skim through it to set a new speed reading record. John has demonstrated familiarity with a lot of other best-sellers lately, in the form of references to them in other writings. And the kind of parody that he is doing in this particular serial could not be achieved by reading a brief summary of the original novel; he parallels its writing style and events in too many places.

I read the Bester blast and agree wholeheartedly with it in the portions which are within my experience. I can't pass judgment on his charges against the characters of authors, but I think that most prozine stories are written very badly. There might be one bit of evidence to support Bester's contention that the science fiction prozines are a

huddling place for the writers: the refusal of even some very good ones to turn their decided talents to the creation of other forms of writing that pay better and provide greater scope for literary creation.

I hope that people who claim that fandom is dependent on the prozines will be properly abashed, now that we have a fandom in Argentina where there isn't any prodrom at all. Betty Kujawa might like to know that when her fellow South Benders bought the Hagerstown newspapers, they started an editorial crusade to force all the major charities to reveal what they did with the money collected. Every fund-raising group provided a budget, some of which showed outlandishly high proportions of total donations going to pay the salary of the secretary or for such obvious catcalls as "education". Since then, donations have been just as high as ever, indicating that people don't give because they know their money is going to do good. I don't know why they give. George Locke isn't seriously advocating theft of library books, I know, but it is possible to obtain books for reasonable prices in some cities quite legitimately. You borrow the book, don't return it, and offer to pay for it. Some libraries know book prices; others don't. A friend picked up many out-of-print volumes this way.

Well, 38 letters written and only 487 to go.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BOB LICHTMAN APPROVES ROB'S LULU ANALYSIS

6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56,
California

11 April 1961

Dear 507 3rd avenue:..

Gee, it's a relief to be addressing a new member of the CRYstaff. My relations with my ex-buddy, 920 3rd avenue, were becoming just a bit strained. I figure that with this new address, things ought to be set up for another 28 issues or so.

And Holocaust returns--will new, strange and wondrous events never cease?

I must say that I did not find Wally's references to Flora Jones in the minutes of the 2 March 1961 meeting to be particularly amusing. I didn't know Flora Jones at all, but this sort of tomfoolery is taking things a bit too far. Allow the dead their dignity, especially if they're relatively obscure people in life. Make fun of the long-gone rulers of the human race of yore. /You have my sincere apologies. But you really have no cause to refer to Flora as "relatively obscure people." She was our Leader. --www/

The three parts of Berry's story seem each to have created their own block from all the other parts. That is, I tend to think of it as three sequences, and not as a complete whole. This should be remedied if I ever read the story straight through non-stop.

And what am I doing writing for a high-class fanzine like CRY? Not only does it feature articles--and pretty damned good ones--by Avram Davidson, but this same Davidson is also turning into a CRYhack. This is something amazing and which I don't even feel like thinking about. /If you feel bad, think how Avram must feel! --www/

Rob Williams's terrific satire on serious analysis of literature is the best thing CRY has set to Gestetnerprint in a long, long time. I've let three people read it and it drew uniform tittering and occasional chuckles and even one guffaw (the sweet blonde who guffawed looked up at me after her eructation and blushed deep red, much to my delight -- I said, "You're blushing." "I know," she said, "but I can't help it!" "My goodness," I said, "you're getting redder and redder." "Stop it," she cried, blushing furiously.). Then I showed it to my English teacher and he howled with laughter.

If Terry Carr is not the best fannish writer, he is at least up there in the top five or so. By fannish writer, I should say, I mean someone who reports on fan happenings and the like.

Nirenberg was trufine, as usual. And Elinor's column was a joy to read; the best re-
portage of this sort on Miri that I've ever read. Rob Williams strikes again in the funny-
bone with his Fillers. Good-o.

Franson: I've written to every CRY since #121, in which issue I made the WAHF column. Since then, I've had letters in every issue except for #126, in which I made the WAHF column by a happy margin, #132, in which I wrote a letter that Elinor lost, and #146 (or was it 147?). That puts me one-up on you, as they say.

Breen: If anyone really is interested, Part I of "Hobbit on the Road" which is really called "Slow Train Through Gondor" appeared in my very own OUTWORLDS #1, September 1959. (Copies, regrettably, are not available.)

Lawrence Crilly: Helmut Klemm, 16 Utland street, Uthort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, Western Germany, is the address you were faunching for.

I see that my address sticker is now being typed by a Bodoni typeface. Has Wally taken over the circulation department or has Elinor gotten ahold of his typer. I have graciously loaned the typer to Elinor, seeing that it was hers to begin with. --www/
'voir,

Bob

PHIL HARRELL KEEPS A SECRET

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va.

Dear Unspeakable Wally Wastebasket,

April 13, '61

There you go trying to split fandom wide apart again. Don't think I haven't heard about that terruble thing you did in the super-market down in Tampa. I quake ever time I think of it if it ever got out. But don't worry wally ol' buddy I'll never tell. That's what friends are for. My lips are sealed, and my mind shield is up. Only how could you have, wally? I only hope I don't talk in my sleep. I mean then FANAC might get it (I'm a loud talker).....but no, it's too horrible. Poor fandom. But I'll never tell.

My first thought upon opening the CRY was, "ummmm? I wonder when I did that cover for CRY? Those are my initials...." But no, couldn't be, because 1) while I may be red hot, I'm no Holocaust, and besides, 2) I've never drawn anything for CRY....

Speaking of John Berry (which is a sneaky way to bring in a plug) BENTURA is now at the publishers, and it is a jhim dandy. It has an absolute gem of an article by John and it mentions you. It's mimeoed and is 49 pages long (at last count). It is a rather limited edition as I had a limited amount of money, but it's more than the 46 copies I usually make of SOLAR (my Foaming action fanzine).

By the way didn't you know the new phrase is "The heck with his boat; who sawed Courtney?" Ahhhhh, bring back the good ol' daze.

Also in my letter this time wally didn't speak to me. Whatizthis, anyhow? Well, the last time I called a reader a stupid clod it had such vast repercussions that I didn't dare try it again. --www/

Sigh.....a lifetime sub to CRY....sigh...I too send special greetings to wally Gonser just for the heck of it, and to Jim Webbert, Bhoy Bridegroom and Doreen, Child Bride, I send my best for a long happy life.

Well, I'll tippytoe out the way I tippytoed in with GREAT GHALLOPING GHU WEBBER YOU REALLY DID IT THIS TIME! by y'all and wally et al. (that's what Don Thompson called you anyway.)

Fannishly yers,

The student Bem with a secret.

Phil

BETTY KUJAWA TRIES TO UNDERSTAND
Mr. Weber, Sir.....

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Wed. April 12, 1961

I'm going to be big about this--I'm going to remember my courses in Abnormal Psych. and try to understand -- I'm willing to let bygones be bygones and carry on with you like nothing has happened -- it won't be easy (considering...) but I feel this relationship of ours is too fine a thing to let be destroyed by that one..uh, aberration of yours.

Though why you had to lose control like that in a public super-market is beyond me! But don't you worry..I won't tell -- I won't be the one to let it out -- I don't want to see fandom thrown into a tizzy -- not I. (and not me, either) But how am I ever going to find out what it was I did if none of the two billion people who are keeping this awful secret will tell me????????????? Good grief!!!!!!!!!!!!!! -- wwwwwwwwwwwwwww/

I got something rather indredible the other day--another case of what happens to a gal who becomes a Cryhack and the people she meets through it all -- John M. (for mmmmmmmmmboy!) Baxter sent me his photo -- taken round 14 years ago when he was a golf-bag. You think I joke, don'tcha??? But tis true -- he WAS a golf-bag then complete with beanie with golf-ball on top, too -- for fannishly-wacky pictures this one is hard to beat.

That tape from the SFCoL came and it's a glorious thing, indeed! Think of the voices I heard! Ethel Lindsay (who pronounced Burn's name as only a Scot can--"Brrrrrrrruce Burrrrrrrn".) The Varleys, Pat Kearney, Forsyth, Patrizio (our pizan with the scottish burrrr), Burn, Harry Turner, that erudite Oxfordian Chris Miller -- oh it was a swingin' gang -- who am I forgetting??? Ah, ATOM and his wife and little daughter Heather -- and even Heather's teddy-bear squeaked for me --- yas, ATOM did do his seagull imitation (and our cat and dog hurriedly left the room) -- the entire ensemble joined in to serenade me with the fine British madrigal "I'm Walking Backwards For Christmas" which is one of the most moving of the English folk-songs, you know. Then the entire group indulged in the fine old sport of Ella-Parker-Baiting.....an art-form that the Circle has perfected to a chilling excellence. Yes, honey Ella was on the tape too--the others used the mike -- Ella didn't need one at all. And seriously now I wish you'd put in the Cry how much I appreciated their thoughtfulness and kindness in doing that tape for me --- it was enjoyed tremendously. To hear those fine fannish voices!! Cheee!

What does this cover illio on CRY 149 signify?? Huh?? It depends. For instance, if the rabbit has its propellor beanie pointing toward the bottom of the page, it signifies that you have the magazine upside down. It's all in how you look at it. -- www/

Ah, and here is the ending of the Berry-tale. I'd have liked it better all in one piece, you know? Twas much enjoyed, though, in any condition.

I think that "Little Lulu" inquiry by Rob Williams was utterly utter! This will be shown to various friends round here -- and, I know, will be relished mightily. Just who is "Rob Williams"??? Is this a pen-name or a for-real fan?? If we are gonna have comic-book-fandom cropping up among us let it be thusly.

I like con-reports and especially when Terry Carr does 'em. And thank god he finally told us where those plane tickets disappeared to.

I can equal his plane problems -- talk about goof-ups by airlines, dig this --- We get on the big International jet at Miami on our flight to San Juan, Puerto Rico, we taxi out to the beginning of the run-way -- then alla sudden we taxi right back to the ramp while the loud-speaker tells us that, "due to mechanical difficulties....there will be a slight delay" -- at the ramp they drive out the fuel trucks and fill up the plane with go-juice!!! Forcrysakes! Can you imagine how that filled our hearts with trust and fondness for Pan-American Air-Ways???? Here we were all set to take off out over the Caribbean -- right past Castro-land and Turjillo-land -- and someone didn't look at the gas-guage till the minute of take-off! Sheesh!

I am running out of complements and superlatives in commenting on our boy Piper -- that doll up in Toronto is always one of the best things in the CRY. Don't let him get away.

Elinor, dear, how can you remember the color of eyes so well?? You descripts of fans are deeply appreciated by such as me out here in all-alonesville.

Now on Play-Of-The-Week and Hugo nominations -- there will be mucho confusion about this one tv show as in many places the tapes are much delayed in playing (jeeze what grammar). You mention the tale of the girl being wooed by the dead man -- was this not "The Enchanted"??? With Tom Poston as the other wooer?? Well that wasn't shown here till just last Sunday from Chicago. N'other fantasy type of the series was "Duet For Two Hands" with Signe Hasso and Eric Portman -- wherein Eric grafts the hands of a dead man on the hero.

I second Jim Groves'es quotes from Heinlein as a good basis for a code of ethics -- curious to see if Donaho or Breen will be refuting it in your next issue -- very curious, in fact.

Goodbye Sweet Prince --

Betty

DONALD FRANSON SUGGESTS SOMETHING FOR STF TO SAY
Dear 507,

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood,
California April 16, 1961

What is the deep significance of this month's Holocaust cover? A bird on the end is worth two CRY's in the bush, or something?

All I see on page three is the number 507.

Rob Williams' parody on serious treatment of trivial subjects makes me feel a sense of relief. Now I don't have to do one.

Terry Carr must be an understudy of Mark Phillips. How can anyone say so much about so little? Good, anyway.

The best thing in this Cry is Don Wollheim's thorough destruction of numerical fan-doms. Thank Ghu, that's over. When I first came into fanzine fandom I saw all this talk about Sixth Fandom, etc., and I asked in a letter "What Fandom is it now?" and no one would give me a straight answer. So phooey on Numerical Fandoms, and welcome to First Fandom, everybody.

I know the field is shrinking, but Pemberton doesn't have to toss it out altogether. Restore "Field" to "SF Plowed Under"! This new title makes as much sense as "Analog Science Fact Bridge Fiction."

Mike Deckinger wins the Fansmanship Award. I've long noticed that many fans have lived on streets named after other fans, like Ron Ellik on Bennett Avenue, G.M. Carr on Ballard Ave., Devine on Day Drive, and (Chris Bennie reminds me,) Elmer Perdue on Baxter Street. But here Mike outdoes them all by locating on Carr Place in Fords, N.J., killing at least four fans with one stone. Or is this a hoax, Mike?

Dick Schultz is wrong--Tucker, for one, is quite active in fanzines. Of his list, only Bloch is fafia. Why, Burbee writes for Cry all the time. See #138 and #143. Grennell sends out a rider with Discord, occasionally.

Oh, there's where the "Field" went; it's in James Sieger's address.

Doc Smith said something thirty years ago which might apply to the current space race, and the question when are we going to catch up to the Russians. In "Skylark Three" the Fenachrone ship is escaping to another galaxy. Seaton wants to lose no time in chasing them, but Crane says, "If our acceleration is the same as theirs", and they have this start, how long will it take us to catch them?" So they go to work and improve their ship. What we need is a far bigger program, no matter what we have now. Public apathy must be overcome. What can science fiction do? Well, for one thing, it can say, "space is an interesting place". Has it, recently?

Yours,

Donald Franson

LES NIRENBERG REFRAINS FROM TALKING OF CHESTNUTS
or CONFESSIONS OF A COMIC BOOK ADDICT

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto, 15, Ont.
Canada Apr. 10 or something.

Dear Buz, Elinor, and all the other industrious little bems of Seattle, Wally (twice) Webbarts (twice, and congrats) and Burnett R. Toskey PhD:

Looking at Rob Williams I'm wondering just where the hell all this discussion of comic books is going to lead us. Maybe all these guys who very scholarly dissect comics expect maybe to make comic books respectable. I think they are all trying in some frantic way to justify collecting comic books.

I remember when I was a kid I used to collect chestnuts. But you never hear me talk about taking out my chestnut collection and writing a lengthy treatise on how to properly split a chestnut shell, or how to drill a hole in it and tie a string on, or how to give your opponent's chestnut a good whack so that his splits and yours doesn't or how to shine it up real pretty, or maybe how to rub it on the side of a brick wall so you can make a rubber out of it. No sir. You don't hear me talking about such things.

I, too, used to collect comic books. Every Friday night seemed clearer, smelled nicer, had a more beautiful sunset than any other night in the week. All this because I had my dime for a weekly comic book. Through purchases supplemented by occasional boosting I managed to build up quite a collection.

Then came the day of the VERY FIRST COLOUR COMICS in Canada. I asked my mother for some money. O.K., she said, you have a choice. It's either the Saturday matinee or the comic book. I picked the comic book. It took me ten minutes to leaf through it. Then I suddenly felt sorry I had missed the East Side Kids for a lousy comic. From then on I decided I could get to the Saturday matinee and my comic book too, by simply boosting the comics. One day I was caught walking out of the neighbourhood drug store with 15 Classics Illustrateds under my teeshirt (I was a highbrow). In the struggle I lost my hat. When I got home I told my mother a "dirty ol' man had come along and stolen my hat because he was poor and didn't have any." She didn't believe me. Even today, I try to avoid that drugstore.

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Terry Carr is always good. A lot of times he's excellent. But he is never dull. CarryonCarr!

Thank you Elinor, for the descriptions of all the Coastfen.

LICHTMAN & PURDOM: Of course fandom is a ghetto. We have our own language, our own religion, everything. We hate outsiders, don't we. We are exclusive like a ghetto. This business about stf predicting the A bomb makes me think of the infinite number of monkeys sitting before an infinite number of typewriters. Somehow the stf novel of the century is bound to come out of the arrangement.

WALTER BREEN & ANY OTHER ATHEISTS WHO HAPPEN TO BE WATCHING: Come off it man. There is just as much silliness in saying there is a God as there is in saying there is no God. Rabid atheists and evangelists I class in the same league--extreme pains. Walter, you are a good fella, but I fail to see why you bother arguing atheism. It doesn't matter that much. There are more important things to argue about anyway.

DONAHU: I found most fans at the Pittcon exactly opposite to what they were on paper. Their personalities in fanzines were totally different. Amazing. Only Harlan Ellison lived up to the picture that had been painted in fanzines.

DICK SCHULTZ: No I am not down on the N3F. I just find them an extremely funny comedy group comparable to the Keystone Kops, and I just have to take advantage of the situation, man, that's all. There are some really fine people in the N3F (through no fault of their own, probably schlepped in somehow).

Later...

AVRAM DAVIDSON'S HEALTH RETURNS

My lords and ladies,

Les
410 West 110th St., NYC 25

Thursday thirteenth, April/61

Once again it is a cold/rainy/haily/sleety day (we seem to have too many of these: how's the weather in Seattle? & did I mention that G.C. Edmondson's mother was child-nursed by Chief Seattle's daughter? Or so he says. But you know how these Manxmen are.), but unless a promesso checki arrives from my ex-agent I am going to put money before health. My cough has ceased persisting and, after all, we do live in a money-based economy.

The convention issue, which I payed for in cash, contributions, and stamps, arrive; and I am fretfully announcing Disappointment. I naively thought that the WHOLE issue would be Convention. Gimme my money back and I'll return the issue. Looking at the photos makes me envies Andy Main's eyebrows. In fact, looking at the eybrows of ANYbody who has eyebrows makes me envy their eyebrows. When I was born my fairy godmother announced, "He shall, by April 13/61, have been published in twelve countries on five continents and translated into nine languages"--quick as flash, the Unfriendly Neighborhood Witch hissed, "But shall have scarecely any eyebrows!" And this is why fame (?), fortune (??), and flapdoodle (!!!!), have all left me Basically Unsatisfied, brooding on what Dr. Sam¹ Johnson called The Vanity of Human Wishes.

I don't dig these comments about Bruce Henstell, the burthen of which seems to be that he is a sort of wild and wooly character. I found him a quiet, polite, nice sort of youngster. So did Randy Garrett. Perhaps it is only those of you who are not fat and bearded (i.e. Burghers of Full Habit, Worthy of Respect), who've gotten singed.

As for Ethel Linday's protest that she is "Scots, not Anglo/femme/," och aye, dearie, but your protests are in vain. If your country had stuck to Gaelic, now... Let me tell you that I, me, a Semite of the Semites (well, there was my great-grandfather the Hittite, but we don't talk about that) in all the Diaspora, on returning to the Holy Land, found myself labeled an "Anglo-Saxon"! Plural: Anglosaxonim. Seems that all people from English-speaking countries are so termed. Liberians, Cherokees--all, in Israel, are Anglo-Saxons. Interesting experience. Scots were no exceptions, neither were Irishmen.

Should we tell Ruther Berman what "Din Sawsnig" means? heh heh heh. I'm sure I had spelled it "Saesnig"--how Borrow spelled it in "Wild Wales". Just a bunch of crummy Cymri-correctors, is what you are.

www's plaint that he'd probably go to jail for printing the story of the nooky-booky who operated on the Kujawa Estate reminds me that in Imperial Austria every publication had to have a functionary known as the Responsible Editor. If anything illegal was

printed--say, a critique of the Hapsburg whiskers and chin, or disgruntlement with the Bosnian situation--the Herr Responsible Editor went to jail. Who was named as Responsible Editor? The member of the staff least likely to be missed, hov cus. Harry Harrison claimed it was his Uncle Louie, who was willing to sit forever, as long as they brought him borsht in a tin growler and cheap cigars to smoke while he played pinochle with the guards.

Lake Footsack (that's Africaans for "scram", ja know that? Footsack, I mean; from "Foert, say ick" -- Sp: -- "Fare forth, I say!") must be not far from Woof Woof, the place that Aussies use to describe where any other distant place is, i.e. "Miles from bloody Woof Woof." ((I took it from deCamp's "The Blue Giraffe" in order to kid Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, by miscalling Lake Chetwoot, his favorite inaccessible mountain lake. -- FMB))

Still no check. Time to eat something. There is a loaf of bread and a can of skimbles and bumbles, but--oh, the effort. Are there no lady fans in the vicinage of Lower Morningside Heights who will come around and open cans out of a pure and disinterested interest in an aging literary figure? You understand, girls: not too aged, if you understand. You understand?

(Later) The mail came, a letter from Damon Knight announcing the Milfordweek to be holden during a week I can't make it, the latest issue of Parsection, a dunning letter from my synagogue, and a dime refund from the phone company: total: no check from my ex-agent. This is one sort of reason he is my ex-agent. I'll feed the dime back into the phone and try the personal touch.

So I opened the can and partook. A funny thin--I'm still hungry.

And I aplogize in six delicious flavors to Dick Ellington for not realizing he hadn't said what Certain Editors had curtailed his text into making it look like he'd said.

Fortune favor you,

Avram Davidson

PFC THOMAS E. PURDOM, UNDERPAID CRY CONTRIBUTOR

US52493990, Hq&Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Sn,
69th Armor, 2d Inf Div, Ft Benning,
Ga. April 11, 1961

Dear Cryers:

Elinor, I'm still a HWYL fan, but I miss the kind of pleasant essays on general subjects you did at first. Can't you give us one of those every couple of months?

Wollheim's commentary on fandom cycles parallels very closely the criticism of Toynbee in Mueller's The Uses of the Past. Mueller claims Toynbee proves his case by making arbitrary historical periods and overlooking the continuity and in some cases the irregularity of the process.

How did you get Davidson and Wollheim on the Cry staff? Is Cry going professional? Or are you paying some authors and letting the rest of us be content with compliments?

Everything Hal Lynch says is a lie.

Ellington: I tried to write something about the Army once. It was in a letter and I tried to explain what this place is like and how I feel about it. I broke a type bar before I reached the fourth line.

Bill Donaho: I made my Hugo suggestions rather hastily. I think I did put The High Crusade too low because it was comedy. In retrospect, I have to admit both Rogue Moon and The High Crusade had more of an effect on my emotions than Death World.

Can I make a public announcement? I've received several letters and copies of fanzines from Cry readers. I fully hope to answer them all and I also have enjoyed getting them. But all my life I've been forced to grab leisure time for fiction writing and I have become quite ruthless about not doing things that will interfere with writing. I don't care what you fan editors think of my stories, your attempt to keep me from writing isn't going to work.

Walter Breen: This is the last time I get drawn into answering you. Most religious people seem to think the entire Universe is a miracle and God is necessary to explain it. There are times when I agree with them.

Rob Williams is a very good critic. I wish I'd thought of doing an essay on Little Lulu. But is it science fiction.

Mr. Edward Joseph George Gorman, Jr: When I achieve perfection, I may not talk to people like you.

My initial reaction to the Russian's putting a man into orbit is that it may be a good thing for the United States. Space is important in the long run, but in the short run it may be good for us to be a little behind. Too many people think a democracy must "inevitably" defeat a dictatorship. There was a New Yorker cartoon that showed a group of generals and civilians holding a conference in Washington. One guy says: "What are we worrying about? We're the good guys and they're the bad guys, and the good guys always win, din't they?" Every Russian space achievement is an attack on that kind of thinking.

My Day of Liberation is three months away. Around here they call me The Incredible Shrinking Purdom. I get shorter and shorter every day and eventually I'll disappear.

Tom

ED GORMAN STOMACHES CON REPORT

242 10th St NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Exalted:

April 17

Somehow or other the one-hundred-forty-ninth CRY has worked its way to the top of my fanzines-to-be-commented-on stack. Let's commence with the patter, and lend a skeptical eye to the various articles.

Firstly, I got little out of "A Further Inquiry Into 'Little Lulu'". There are traces of its satire, but they aren't either amusing or perceptive, and what else can satire commit? It was well-written, and obviously well thought-out, but I'd much rather see Williams do something more intelligible and pithy (ohno!) than this.

I detest con reports, but Terry Carr's seems to be well versed in various aspects of writing and social conditioning to transmit a more bright tone. I must admit that the Boycon report came off well -- not that I'd like to see more -- it just was stomachached.

HWYL: Elinor did a very fine job of character-study. It was amusing listening to her banter on about their faces: ghod, she'd have a pitiable time with my face -- I know I do. Buck Coulson and she seem to be an Army of Two when it comes to SCIENCE-FANTASY: I might have to subscribe if it's as good as they say.

Rob Williams' verses are to my liking; they're light, and brief, and have a tonal quality (when read aloud) which is amusing.

Backing up a page to Donald Wollheim, I find myself in somewhat agreement. I've never considered the cycle-differentiation from that standpoint.

Pemberton is back, and I'm content. I always enjoy his reviews, despite the fact that I agree with him less and less with each ensuing installment. However, let me state here that I consider Amis' dislike for Kornbluth vain and shallow, but still obviously motivated. Amis belongs to that group of New Writers whose kinship with literature-of-the-past has been severed. Amis is naturally inclined to Pohl because of his excursions into the "New Yorker" New Writer type-story. His abhorance of Kornbluth, I supposed, is based on the fact that CMK was the more "contrived" writer of the duo; so, Amis must assume that little of the Thought came from Kornbluth; "merely" the plot. In all, though, I found "New Maps of Hell" extremely literate, compassionate, and wistfully neglectful of a whole hell of a lot -- still, the book was filled with little insights and witticisms which made the overall content enjoyable.

Best

Ed Gorman

DICK LUPOFF BECOMES MF&SF MANUSCRIPT BUREAU

215 E. 73 St., NY 21, NY

Dear Buz,

April 16, 1961

On to CRY 149. I think it's the finest issue in quite a while. Minutes were sprightly, Davidson was fabulous and what would it take to get him in XERO I'd like to know, Williams was a riot, and Nirenberg...haw!

Your views on NEW MAPS OF HELL make interesting reading alongside those of Blish, also coming up in XERO 4, which makes an odd story itself. Blish had given me a bang-up review of ROGUE MOON for X 4 and one of NEW MAPS for X 5. Both went on stencil, X 4 was about to be run off, when the phone rang with a troubled Blish on the other end.

Could he have the ROGUE MOON piece back? Of course (I choked back a violent sob) and psied "why?" into the phone. Mills has decided to give Bester a month off once in a

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while, and run guest reviewers instead. Blish is up first and he wants to use the piece on ROGUE MOON.

So, there you go. NEW MAPS will be reviewed in X4 instead of X5; stand by.

As for the "extreme unlikelihood" of Pat and me making it to the Seacon, it's more than our having the time/money to get to Seattle and back. It's also that we're expecting our first child, and according to the doctor, labor day will fall on Labor Day.

The child will be called, of course, either Yuri Gagorin Lupoff or Mary Batson Lupoff, depending on sex.

Dick

STEVE STILES REPORTS ON THE LUNACON

1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Crygang,

April 15, 1961

The cover was like from ughsville---down with decadent sentimentality; remind me to send you a cover. At least you're headed in the right direction, using blue ink. Somehow black ink seems rather mundane for the ole Cry. Besides, blue is so much more restful.

I enjoyed the Minutes; of course the opening little yok about Flora Jones did rub me the wrong way. I didn't know John Swearingen was still around---live and learn.

The fourth Lunacon was held last week--man, was it a drag! First they showed the inevitable Chris Moskowitz film. ("And there's Heinlien." --ZIP! "And there's Randy Garrett." --ZIP! "And there's Ike." --ZIP!...and so on.) After that very flashy film (the only time the film went slow was when Chris filmed some scenery), a debate was held between Ellison and Lester Del Rey...Lester was fast but Harlan was faster; at the end there was a distinct sound of sizzling from Lester's direction. Then someone (Avram Davidson, perhaps) pointed out that both had been arguing about two different things. Aside from that it was brilliant. Then another debate ("It is not true that Heinlien has a bomb proof house!!") which was a big yawn. The auction was called off because it seemed that the landlord was about to dump us, or something.

Boycon report was interesting. I noticed how Chuck Devine got so much egoboo; maybe some industrious N.Y. fan will want to throw a con, and make me assistant. We'll hold it this summer, and we'll call ourselves.....hmmmm.

How does "Insurgents" strike you?

Bosh,

Steve

CHUCK DEVINE ENTERS HIS PLEA

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

Dear Wally & People,

April 21, 61

I plead insanity. I didn't think Terry would be so crule to a poor little harmless neofan. What have I ever done to hurt him....fatally? (Terwilleger really did tell me that Terry was the best fan writer in the world. Of course I was a very young and inexperienced neo at the time and Terwilleger's word was The Truth. Come to think of it, it still is. Except in arguments in Literature class.) I wasn't really that bad at the Boycon, was I? I couldn't have....just couldn't have! You were there; you remember, Wally....say it wasn't at all like that. Please, for my sake....lie!

Terwilleger finally did write that little con report of his that Terry mentioned.

This issue seems to be the "let's all be mean to poor harmless little Chuck" issue. Elinor brings up my "striking" coloring. I wouldn't mind except that at the Boycon I wasn't feeling too well and was rather pale. She should see me when I blush....my friends tell me I make a lobster look anemic. What a fate.

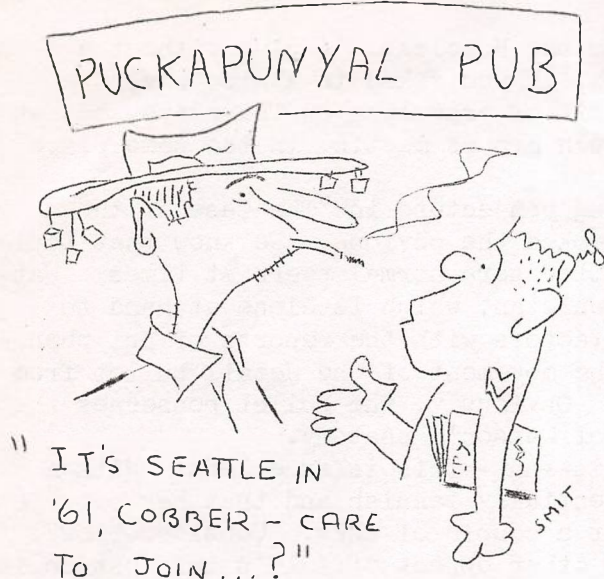
Berry winds up the trial nicely, but has he no respect for our infallible courts? What is he trying to do, undermine the American Way?

Apparently the U.S. has climbed out of the recession. It is plain from Tom Schlück's letter that American Gas stations make twice as much as German Gas Stations...that's why he had to rob two.... (I've reformed, by the way. No more gas station robberies. I've decided to try my hand at counterfeiting for a while....)

Blessings,

Chuck

BOB SMITH DESCRIBED "ETHERLINE"



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I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA.

Dear CryEds: 20th April 1961

Loved that Atom cover on Cry I48 -- presumably 'ol Wally Weber is the 'fing with the fungus growing out of it's belly button?

/Nope; I posed for the fungus itself. --www/

Tome Purdom was extremely interesting this ish. When I think of Heinlein I recall not only characters like Lazarus and Lorenzo Smythe, but the Roman centurion "Iunio," that cocky character in Have Space Suit-Will Travel, who is not scared of the alien might that sit silently about him. This is Heinlein's idea of the human race, isn't it? The Centurion, ready to do battle with the Unknown; Lazarus Long, a knife-throwing, walking anachronism, suspicious of anything non-human; the tough, acid-tongued (but human) Sergeant Zim, and so on through a string of fighting, cussing, fast-talking members of homo sapien who obviously

believe in the future of the race and civilisation. I don't always agree with the man's philosophy, but he certainly knows how to make it readable!

That glimpse of the current situation among Britfandom was appreciated.

Elinor: "Hwyl" was wonderful, as usual. Puckapunyal is pronounced exactly as you describe it. However, I didn't really realise the possibilities of my abode until Sandy Sanderson came out with "Pick a pun, y'all!" in a letter...gah.

This Berry serial doesn't impress me. This does not prevent me from wondering what the hell will happen in the final episode, though...

I doubt if that "Books" (?) department of Bester's will do him any good, unless he finally gets around to discussing books instead of authors.

Bob Lichtman's description of the Australian newszine, Etherline, is liable to give the wrong impression to uninformed U.S. fen. It was (the publication is no longer "regular") a fairly decent newszine and concentrated mainly on items of fan news, book and magazine news and reviews. Australian fringe fandom is fairly well scattered and Etherline served to keep us in touch with almost anything associated with science fiction and fantasy, regularly for a number of years. The editors had pretty good news sources, too. However, at various times during the newszine's period of regular publishing, there were far better fanzines appearing in this country, and I don't think anybody over here would call Etherline "unimpeachable," and it certainly was not the "Oldest Fan Journal" in Australia. It first appeared in 1953 and ceased regular publication in 1958. Despite the editors' occasional use of "fiction," it's contents, format and mediocre artwork presented news and information in a reasonably attractive style, and that was all we wanted.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

MSgt L. H. TACKETT BACK FOR A REMATCH
To The Seven:

USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

I received this envelope from Franson. Inside it was a piece of paper and inside the paper was a transparent envelope and inside this, in all its multi-colored glory, was a card proclaiming to the world that I was a certified CRY letterhack. Ghod! How will I ever be able to explain it to my children?

But, like Alexander, I weep. Am I at the pinnacle? Last year I made "Brass Tacks" and this year "Cry of the Readers". Are there no more worlds to conquer? Is there no other Everest to fall before the onslaught of the Tackett typewriter? I weep.

Well, really, you should have paid the rent on 920. I'm sure that the landlord wouldn't have been able to evict you had you kept your payments current. What can you expect when he sees the vast amount of CRY subscriptions pouring into the mailbox and all

that he gets is a stare from a silly-looking rabbit? I don't blame him for throwing you out.

I see by the minutes that the Nameless are also the Homeless. A club without a clubroom. Indeed, a distressing situation. Perhaps, if you asked in a nice way, the LASFS might find you a closet. It would involve a bit of traveling on Thursdays, but at least---no, it wouldn't work. The thought of two such groups meeting in the same place is, in itself, mind-warping.

Avram Davidson has come up with some interesting conjecture in "The Case of the Doped-Up Doctor". But he has, it would seem, overlooked the obvious. We know that Doyle dabbled in the occult and that Holmes himself exhibited para-normal powers at times. Watson picked up the Jezail bullet in, I believe, Afghanistan, which is close at hand to mystic India and forbidden Tibet. Combining these factors with the reports of psi phenomena which come to us from these Eastern regions, the movement of the Jezail bullet from Watson's shoulder to his leg is no longer a puzzle. Obviously, the bullet possesses the ability to teleport itself to the various portions of Watson's anatomy.

"A Further Inquiry Into 'Little Lulu'". This is--haw--this is excellent. With a little study here it becomes clear that Lulu is essentially fannish and that her outcries are the result of her hidden and unreturned love for a couple of BNFs. Consider "Baw". B-A-W. Bob Arthur Wilson, the sainted Tucker. The other object of Lulu's infatuation is even more obvious. WAW. Willis, of course.

"Boycon or Bust", part the second is better than part the first but still suffers from an excess of trivialities. Yes, this conreport was amusing. So what didn't I like about it? Personal trivialities. I don't care what time he got up or how much chicken he ate. Besides which the fanquet account is highly fictionalized. TCarr mentions the vast quantities of chicken consumed by Ronel. We know the squirrel subsists solely on miscellaneous nuts soaked in root beer.

Les scores again with "Serconville". Make sure he continues even if you have to invade Canada and take him prisoner.

HWYL. These capsule descriptions are most entertaining. More please.

I would think that just the individual fantasy plays would be eligible rather than an entire series. One or more good fantasy plays does not necessarily make the entire series worthy of the Hugo.

Wollheim on numbered fandoms. (I wonder if Lulu sometimes cries "Daw"?) His observations are true, of course. I see no reason to declare a new fandom every time some new faces appear upon the scene.

Lichtman: You're wrong. Not only are most people unaware that stf predicted the A-Bomb, most of them seem to be unaware of the A-Bomb itself. Or perhaps it is just that old "it can't happen here" feeling.

Breen: Strange that you should not believe in the gods. I saw one just the other day. Verily he had the stars of the firmament upon his shoulders. Around here he is the giver of the law and all men do hold him in awe and do obeisance to him.

Donaho: I should think that the reason Heinlein and others champion the wolf over the sheep is that, on the whole, the sheep are dreadfully dull and uninteresting. The wolf is unpredictable and captures our imagination.

Pat Kearney's remark about London reaction to the words "The Cry Gang" calls forth a vision. Picture if you will a dark and gloomy night in London. Seven shadowy figures emerge from the local train station and move warily down the dark, narrow street towards Canterbury Road. They are soon lost in the all-encompassing fog.

In the mouldering house at 151 Canterbury Road, the dim light of a flickering candle reveals a strange group of huddled figures above which towers one brandishing a whip. In a corner, Forsyth is chained to the handle of a mimeograph cranking out pages of ORION. This is the London Mob.

The figure with the whip snarls at one of the huddled men, "Is it finished?"

"Yes, Lady Ella," gasps the quivering Groves. "This should do it."

"It had better do it," Parker shouts. She shakes the whip at Groves. "I'm certain the Cry Gang has a copy of the list of potential subscribers Locke sent from Nairobi. We must sign up the Mau-Mau before they do. Patrizio, jump to it, boy!"

Patrizio hastily applies the new stencil to the mimeo as Parker applies the lash.

The crubling door bursts from its hinges and seven now substantial figures pour into the room. The flickering candle reveals the bearded face of Scarface Al Busby, a pearl gray fedora slanted over his eyes, and a Mark I plonker in each hand.

"OK, Parker," Scarface rasps, "this is it. We're taking over this territory."

Chris Miller's face goes ashen. "The CRY GANG," he screams. He makes a break for the back but Webbert raises a Mark III plonker and catches him on the run.

"Get them!" yells Parker as she springs forward, slashing with her whip. Plonks ricochet in all directions. Parker absorbs the force of the blonks from both of Busby's Mark Is but still surges forward. Her lash sends Buzz crashing to the floor. Wally Weber throws open his greatcoat and reveals a Mark VI super-plonker strapped to his chest. He takes quick aim and fires all four barrels simultaneously. The barrage sends Parker reeling back to the wall which collapses, burying her in a flood of Atomillos.

All is quiet.

Buzz raises himself from the floor and surveys the carnage. The London Mob appears finished.

Suddenly the ethereal figure of Geoff Lindsay materializes in the middle of the room. "You've not won yet, colonial riff-raff," he says. "I am the spirit of London fandom and as such your plonkers are of no avail against me. London shall yet triumph."

The Cry Gang is shaken. Even the Mark VI super-plonker is useless against the non-material. Geoff smiles as he anticipates his victory.

But he had not anticipated the occult arts of Dee Webbert. Her spells had foretold his coming and she was prepared for it. Dee steps forward and coolly levels the dread Mark XI plonker/zap at the spectral figure and depresses the trigger which controls the zap portion of the gun. A stream of bright blue corflu obliterates Geoff completely.

"That does it for sure," Buzz says. "Gonser, get the subscription lists and organize the territory for CRY. The rest of us will leave at once for Belfast. Willis is next."

I don't know why CRY affects me this way. I'm a sercon fan.

Roy
Iwakuni, Japan
25 April 1961

DICK ELLINGTON LOOKS LIKE BILL DONAHO

2162 Hillside Ave., Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Cryers,

April 26, 1961

Berry's serial really quite good, though I think perhaps the third part was the weakest of the three.

Davidson's Holmesian researches are really finely done and I applaud heartily but I doubt there would have been any horrible anathema attached to Watson's addiction.

I'll have to disagree with you, Elinor. I have only seen Jack Speer once of course, but I certainly don't think he looks anything like Arthur C. Clarke at all, at all. Perhaps a very slight physical resemblance--say rather I look like Bill Donaho and in the same way you're right. I wouldn't characterize Earl Kemp as a Legolas type either for that matter though of course that's strictly a matter of what you imagine.

The Plow: Vas is das Scheckley? I think I agree with Amis on Sheckley, incidentally. For my money he's one of the deepest writers in the field, albeit so subtle at times that his points are lost on most of his readers. By deep I don't mean frowny-faced serious but he is still definitely a point-maker, more particularly in his "humorous" stories which are often on two or three levels.

I'll agree with you about the sledge-hammer morals on the other hand. Parts of EFRussell strike me this way, even while agreeing with the points he makes. But surely Amis is not actually putting any writers down for being subtle but merely stating some of their points?

Surprisingly few check-marks this time around. Is CRY losing it's standing as a discussion-zine? Tune in to Ted Pauls next week and find out. Hoping you are holding up under concommitteeitits, a virulent disease for which I'm working on a cure, I remain,

Yours, the alors,

Dick

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JIM GROVES SUSPECTS LITTLE LULU IS A CHARACTER

Dear CRYgang,

29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6.

England

24th April 1961

thanks for CRY 149. Herewith comments as per usual.

I don't think that the Berry serial is up to much; too forced, I'd say.

Little Lulu is, I take it, a strip cartoon character? Not having seen it, I didn't get the bulk of the cracks.

Terry's Boycon report has the usual effect on me.

PLOW - As you'll see in the latest ORION (72 pages!) Amis is quite a nice guy. His talk at the Lxicon, "Anti-Science, Anti-Fiction," was quite good. He started off by saying, "Outside I'd defend science-fiction to the death, but here, among enthusiasts, I can mention some of the criticisms I have." And then he went on to pillory impossible concepts, like pse and time-travel, and poor characterisation. I get the impression that he hasn't read too widely in sf and that anyway he prefers social satire sf rather than any other kind. "New Maps" strikes me as a good introduction to the field for those who haven't read any and who think that sf is rubbish. The way it's treated here and the fact that Amis is the critic taking it seriously will help. We may now merit serious attention and perhaps someday someone will write something better on the subject, maybe even Amis himself. I hope so.

COTR - Walter Breen - That Epicurus argument - you neglect the most possible answer of all as to why God doesn't interfere to prevent evil. He just has a different definition of evil than you.

Belief or disbelief in God is a matter of faith. I don't as a matter of fact, and I've got a good rationalisation for my position, too. It runs like this: conversation between me and a hypothetical Christian.

ME Who or what created the Universe?

H.C. God.

ME Who or what created God?

H.C. No one; God is was and always will be, infinite in time and space.

H.C. Who or what created the Universe?

ME No one; the Universe is was and always will be.

Both of us get to the same end eventually, but I get there in one step less. Actually I didn't use that reasoning to decide that God didn't exist; I just made it up afterwards to annoy people.

Donaho - It is fairly well established that the survival unit in humans is the group rather than the individual. But that's no need for the group members to be sheep. Wolves also run in packs. Politics is only part of the only game for grown-ups - real life.

yours,

Jim

EMILE GREENLEAF JR. MISSES AN ISSUE

1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Dear CRYogenics:

April 11, 1961

If I didn't know you people better, I would suspect that you had not mailed me my copy of CRY 148. That's right; I didn't get it. So it looks as though I shall have to blame the Post Office. New Frontier and all of that stuff, and they can't even get my copy of CRY to me. It's at moments like this that I feel glad that I voted for Nixon. Summerfield may have been prudish, but at least I got my CRYs. So what if he tried to build up a pornography collection, with all of those REPORT OBSCENE MAIL cancellations? A man's entitled to have a hobby.

The second half of Terry's con report was hilarious.

Rob Williams was magnificent with his analysis of "Little Lulu." Now, does anyone want to do an article exposing "Little Orphan Annie" as being ghosted by Barry Goldwater and William Buckley?

Buz, what do you think of G. Harry Stine's article in the latest ANALOG? If ever there was a valid contribution to the Who/What Killed Science-Fiction controversy, this is it. ((Agreed. That trend-curve bit was thoughty! -- FMB))

I wish I knew how Nirenberg manages to consistently find fannish inspiration from Feiffer.

Yhos,

Emile

BILL MALLARDI RETURNS (MY STOMACH)

214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio

Dear wally of the CRYpt,

APRIL 20, 1961

Haven't written a loc in months to good ol' CRY----Ain't you sorry I have to break that record now??

COVER.....Well, I knew fandom was widespread, but I NEVER figured it had gotten as far as the birds and ~~the~~ Easter bunnies. Just as long as CRY doesn't go to the dogs, I won't mind. ((Grrrrr! L&NB))

BERRY....is Berry, and still great. I'm STILL waiting for the rest of that Simon Twink story.

DAVIDSON'S piece was ok, I guess, but whut eggsactly was it there for? Filler, I suppose. This Bem liked that funny filler better. (Funny ha-ha, not funny - strange).

The "Little Lulu" bit was interesting. Never thot of viewing the strip from that angle (BUT the strip from any angle is good, I bet!).

Enjoyed PIPER'S "SERCONVILLE" muchly. Les seems to get better and better as he goes along.

TERRY'S conrep was also great, and even had me laffing out loud and rolling off my bed with MIRTH. (Know HER??) Chuck Devine IS rite tho, Carr is a good writer.

"HYWL" was very interesting, and Elinor's descriptions of all the fans are very accurate; at least of the fans I've met at the Pittcon.

WOLLHEIM'S article was good, tho a mite short. Got me wondering, too, just WHAT the "true" 2nd fandom will be like?

Glad to see Buz back in the Pemberton form again. Keep a-plowing along there, Buz.

And now onto the lettercol:

NANCY THOMPSON ENGAGED?? OGD NO! Now my whole day is spoilt. It must be that imp Thomee's work. (SIGH) O well, congrats anyhoo, to all three of ya!

BREEN: God IS able to do something about evil, but He doesn't because of the fact that when He created man, He gave man (among other things) A FREE WILL, which enables man to CHOSE between doing good or evil. Man's free will lets him "do what he wants to do" at any given moment (Tho of course, he runs the risk of having to pay the consequences if he's caught doing something like murder, etc.) and if God interfered with whatever evil any man wanted to do, then He'd be interfering with His own gift to man, FREE WILL. But of course, God still wins out in the end because after death (and also at the end of the world) God will judge everyone by their actions when they were on earth.

I hope I'm not sounding too much like a RELIGIOUS FANATIC, or anything, since I'm FAR from that! But I don't see how people who claim to be "FREE THINKERS" can deny that God does exist. I'm not one tha't great with words, or good at arguing, but at least I've tried as best I can. Also hope I haven't offended anyone with the above.

But back to the lighter side, which I like more than sercon stuff; (click!) Ah... THAT'S better, now the light is on, and I'm able to see here on the "LIGHTER SIDE"! Only one complaint, Vwally, get some interior illoes for CRY, huh?? Looks too dull-all that print. [You want our discussion zine in comic strip form? -- www/

bye-bemmishly,

BILL

MARTIN LEVINE SUMMARIZES

40 Crestwood Place, Hillsdale, New Jersey

Dear Wally,

April 24, 1961

Numbers 145 to 149 are outstanding for Ted Johnstone's "Hobbit on Horseback," rich brown's "Recruiter," Berry's "Jump to It," Tom Purdom's essays, and Rob Williams' "Calling Doctor Bester!," besides the fine regular features. The songs (Buz -- oops, too far back -- Bob Lichtman, "Gilbert N. Sullivan") were a delightful surprise; I sing them in a patter-song monotone, rather like Robert Preston.

Avram Davidson (and Ella Parker): 'Scuse me, but it's not all that simple. "Tarantula" and "tarantella" were derived independently from the Italian town of Taranto (or Tarentum to the Romans). The spider was so called because it happens to occur around there. The dance got a similar name since the hysterical disease tarantism (also named after the town), which was once prevalen in the area, is, as you say, characterized by a tendency to dance. Look up "Tarantella" in the Britannica and see what sense you can make out of it.

Elinor: Some time back, you were passing on the fannishness of names, and I've found one that seems to deserve some comment. The gentleman that bears it seems to have some slight connection with stfsy, too, being the brother of Lord Dunsany (remember "Two Bottles of Relish"?); he is the noted British naval commander Admiral the Honorable Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunkett-Erle-Drax. Will some British fan explain how one goes about getting a multiple name like that, and how many hyphens it's cricket to have?

Yours &c.,

Martin Plunkett-Erle-Drax-Levine

MIKE McINERNEY'S TO BLAME

81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Conn.

March 29, 1961

Dear Cry People and any other idiots that happen to be reading this,

Perhaps I should never have subbed to CRY. Before you were giving forth with those giant size issues, and now you are determined to keep the size down below 46 pages. All of Fandom will now be cramming my mail box with threatening letters until I cancel my sub. Je suis tres finis!

Mike McInerney

NANCY THOMPSON SENDS A WORD OF WARNING

3616 Panola, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Wally-

Monday? Ghod! March 10, 1961

A word of warning. Chop this letter up and you'll regret it forever. I'll turn Thomee loose and crawl into the woodwork and let her wreak whatever havoc she's capable of. Nancy

P.S. Don't look for a loc next month. I'm expecting a baby along about then so I prob'ly won't have much time. Yes-- it's true -- I'm keeping my little neice for several days. (I'm not really. I just decided that now was not the time or here the place for True Confessions. Now that I have shocked you all to your toenails, I'll quit, and you'll never, ever know. Only my hairdresser will.)

/Well, I hope your postman will understand, seeing it here on the outside page like this. And thanks for the nice three page letter to chop up. -- www/

and now the inevitable and dread WE ALSO HEARD FROM column:

LENNY KAYE wonders if we take bribes, just as if he thought he could get to be a CRYhack for nothing. MARTIN HELGESEN suggests we send Mike Deckinger a jug of wine; this moved Buz to suggest we send him "Thou." JAMES R. SIEGER says to Breen, "This being a Christian civilization, there's no reason why its memberssshouldn't stick to the morals of Christianity, whether or not they believe in the metaphysical part of religion. After all-- they work!" And ELLA PARKER sends us a giant postcard containing more signatures than we have room for on this page even if we could make them all out -- it looks like she sent us the convention register.

And once again it is scurrying-away time.....www

from CRY

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