

CRY

151

JUNE '61

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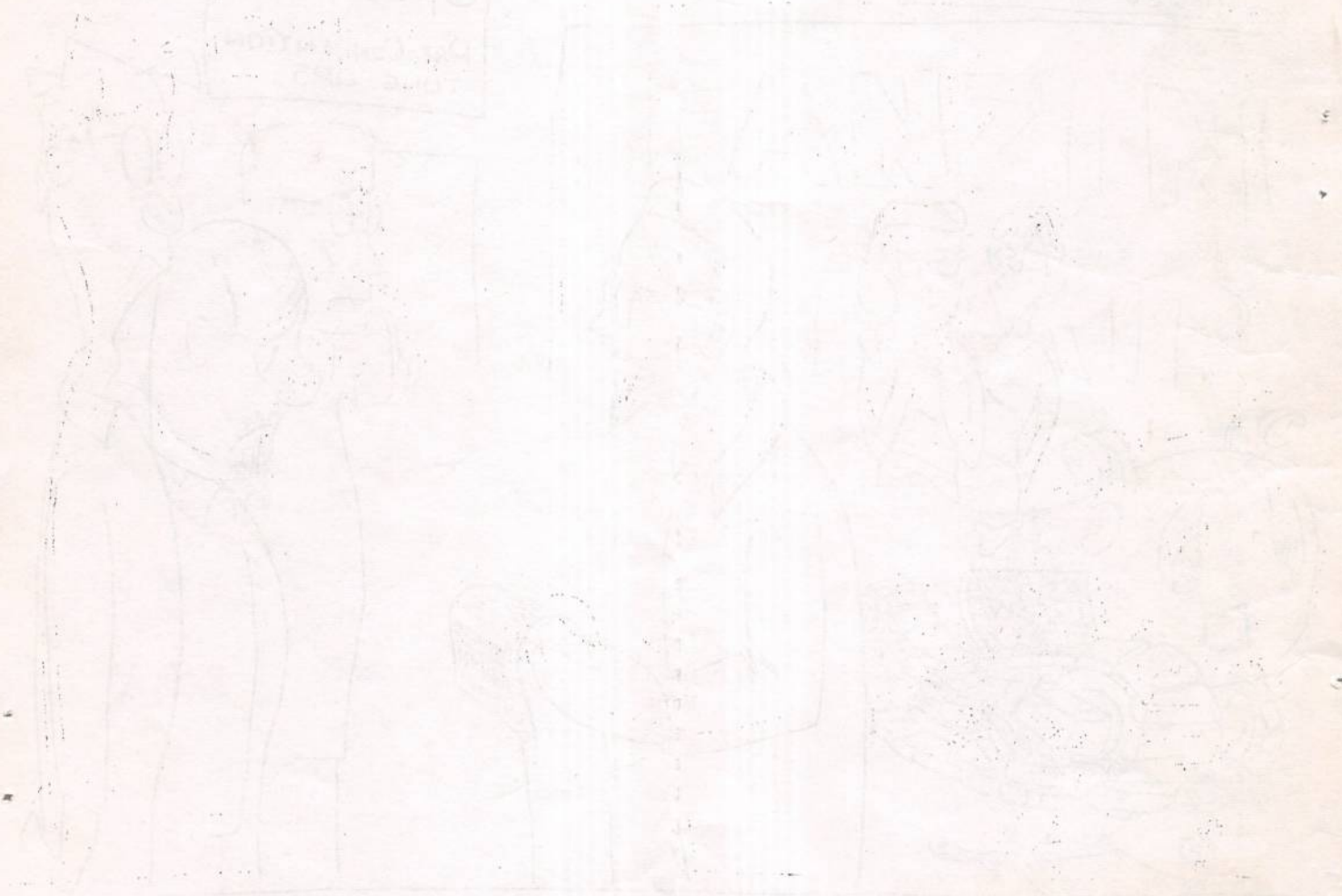
"TO BEGIN WITH, YOU NEED A NEW COVER"

131



Special
1/1/1911

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1/1/1911

CRY #151 from: Box 92, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington June 1961

CRY is available (to those who do not in some fashion earn "free" copies) for 25¢ or 1/9 per copy, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-. "Free" copies go to contributors, successful letterhacks, a few trades, the staff, and a "Mr. X". Subscription checks should be made payable to Elinor Busby unless of course you subscribe thru Our Man In Belfast: John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. So much for the subject of Lovely Money...

I hope it is not too traumatic for the oldtimers who have been conditioned to the concept of CRY as the Relentless Monthly Fanzine (this is the 77th issue in CRY's 80 months of existence as a subscription-type zine; I guess that is pretty Relentless, at that), but as previously announced, CRY will not appear in July or in September this year due to BayCon and SeaCon luring us away. So #152 will be published on Sunday, July 30. #153 will probably appear on Oct 1, and from there on, things will probably be back to normal except for future Cons.

T h e C o n t e n t s :

Cover by Wally Weber		page 1
Page Three	Buz	3
Hwyl	Elinor Busby	4
Mail Animal	John Berry	6
Fan Meeting	Steve Stiles	8
Final Hugo Ballot (advance sample)	courtesy SeaCon Committee	9
How Now, Downed Plow?	F. M. Busby	10
Fandom Harvest	Terry Carr	12
CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber	15
CONVENTION ANNUAL - PittCon Edition	Jay Kay Klein	(insert)
MINUTES	Wally Weber	30-32
Confusionville	J Les Piper	30
Art Credits:	Stiles 8, Weber 1 15/30, Whatsit 4 ? (Tricky recovery, hey?)	

Stencil-cutters: Weber 19, Elinor 6, Gonser 3, Buz 3.

At the crank: Jim Webbert and his Electric Biceps!

The folks listed in the previous two lines, minus Wally Gonser who won't be here until later, plus Doreen Webbert and Steve Tolliver, are your friendly neighborhood CRYstaff for this month. Tosk had to go to see one of his relatives get out of ~~the~~ school and won't be by here until way later.

Wally Weber is working on the cover just now; he is getting lots of aid and support from the rest of the staff, but he may get it finished anyway. (And no, Bob Lichtman, I am not using a different typer on That Name; guess again.)

Besides being CRYday, today is the day for folding and stapling and stuffing and addressing and sealing and stamping and stacking and cussing SeaCon's Progress Report #3 safely on its way into the mystic depths of the PostOffice. So it is a very very lucky thing for us that this issue turned out unexpectedly on the trim-&-svelte side for once. None of us really know just how this came about; my own theory is that somehow we lost several items of material that our contributors had kindly sent us, but no one agrees with me, so since I cannot actually remember any such items by title, subject or author, I am probably wrong-- which should at least bring sighs of relief from our contributors. But I did think there was another J Les Piper page around here besides the one that needs a new punchline which has eluded us all, to date...((O good Lord! Elinor just now found it!))

Weber says he will put SeaCon and BayCon plugs on the back page. I trust you are one and all hep with respect to TAFT, TAVF, and the Fund for the Parker Pond (Betty Kujawa, U S agent). Oh yes-- Terry Carr has started work on a new project: Fanthology '61, which will be about 120 pages, \$1, consisting of two selections per month, mostly with original illos. Sounds great. Anthology! ..Buz

Being a Registered Member of the SEACON (plug), I get to vote a Hugo ballot. But I haven't altogether made up my mind what to vote for. Take the novels category. We have a choice between Poul Anderson's "High Crusade," Harry Harrison's "Death World," Walter Miller's "Canticle for Leibowitz," Sturgeon's "Venus Plus X," and Budrys' "Rogue Moon." Quite a good selection, I think.

"High Crusade" and "Death World" are roughly comparable. Each is good, honest, workmanlike science fiction, but as neither tells us much that's new and exciting about the Mind and Spirit of Man, nor casts any new light upon the relationship between Man and God, I'm sure that James Blish would tear his hair at the thought of either winning a Hugo. But the Hugo is a science fiction award, not a philosophy award, and HC and DW are unmistakably solid, unpretentious science fiction, though written more or less to order. (Both are unmistakably Analog-slanted: HC has the Big Man and DW has psi.)

I have never been able to read "Canticle for Leibowitz." I couldn't read the various portions as they appeared in F&SF, and I couldn't read the book. I tried just the other night, but I could not get into it. I read somewhere that if one is unable to enjoy a painting, or a piece of music or writing, one need not blame either oneself or the artist--that it may be that he was simply not speaking to oneself. So, I don't blame Miller for writing a book that I can't read; and I don't blame myself for finding unreadable a book that people whose judgment I respect enjoyed and found excellent. It's just one of those things.

As HC and DW are roughly comparable, so are "Venus Plus X" and "Rogue Moon." In each, the author is not so much writing science fiction as using sf as a medium through which to say something about life. What Sturgeon is saying is, I think, quite clear. I think he is saying that more true sympathy, rapport and tenderness are possible to couples who possess much the same sexual characteristics, and that a culture composed of such couples and their children would have serenity, creativity and joy. Myself, I think such a culture would be too static and hence vulnerable, and that our present system of male men and female women makes for greater variability and adaptability of the species. However, Sturgeon's thesis was worth stating, and he did so well. But he didn't write a really first-rate novel. His episodes of life among the Ledom are interspersed with a story of life in a culture that's in the near future, extrapolated from our own. But the second story is never really related or integrated to the first, and at the end I had the impression that it had been thrown in for a makeweight, to bring the story up to novel length, and I rather resented it. I think that "Venus", like one or two others of Sturgeon's books, has a diffuseness of creativity that implies a lack of concentration.

I'm sure that Algis Budrys is saying something in "Rogue Moon," but I don't know exactly what. I think that he is saying a great many things, and none of them in a loud and piercing tone of voice. He presents a number of different characters with different points of view, and shows that some of these points of view have more validity than others. But these characters--how real are they? They have a certain vitality, but do they really ring true? Connington is okay: he is a vulgar, sensual, egotistical materialist all the way thru. Claire Pack is self-consistent most of the way. She is a woman who uses sex to cut men down to her size, uses her aggressive sexuality to hide from her vulnerable humanness. Each of us who has lived long enough has met at least one woman very like Claire Pack, and can believe in her up until Connington gets the worst of a fight and she goes all mushy over him. Now, women in general are not so much given to lameduckery as sentimental men like to imagine. A suitor cannot do better than to appear to the woman of his choice as strong and victorious. But of all women, the Claire Pack type are the least given to Tender Womanliness, and would be far more apt to trample the vanquished one into the ground than nurse his wounds. No, no, Claire's sudden conversion from "warrior's woman" to "carrion-eater" is not believable, and invalidates her characterization. Perhaps in real life it might be possible for a Claire Pack to change so radically and suddenly--in real life people are capable of anything. But novels are not real life, and in novels people may not change radically without motivation, or without carefully laid clues hinting that this was the way they were underneath all along. They cannot change without motivation, and not seriously weaken the story.

Al Baker. He is an Apache who looks like an Englishman. Is this possible? I have never seen a full-blooded Indian who could be taken for a white man. Al Barker must be no more than Half Indian at most. If so, if his mother was a white woman, was this not a significant datum that should have been included? --There are two more things that I do not quite understand about Al Barker. The first is that he is anathema. Why is this? All the scientists hate him, almost at first sight, and they hate him more and more as the book goes on. Now, it's clear that he's a very unpleasant man, but his unpleasantness is caused by the same neuroticism that makes him willing to die for them daily. So why should they hate him so much? I suppose they don't really like the idea of killing him so much, and so they can't like him. And perhaps his flamboyant courage makes them feel like cowards. Whatever their reasons, I think they're all very unkind to poor old Al, and I am inclined to resent it. The other thing I don't understand about Al is his, in the middle of the book, after the first day on the moon, letting Dr. Hawks make a speech to him that is fully a page and a half long, from page 114 to page 116. Then Al gets in a few words, and ol' Hawks is off again for another page and a quarter. Now, you and I are gentle, mild folk, not given to sounding off in company. But would we allow anyone to talk at us for two and three-quarter pages with only one interruption? No, sir! Every five or six sentences we'd get in a few words, or at the very least a shriek or a moan. But Al Barker is an unusually aggressive man, and yet he sits back calmly and lets Hawks give him the word at very great length. Why? The same masochism that makes him risk his life, that makes him die? Perhaps. But again, why does Hawks lecture at such length a man who has had a very hard day? Oh! how that man talks. He talks and talks and talks. Compared to him, the most loquacious person you ever met would appear unnaturally taciturn. Really, he talks too much.

There are many good bits in this book. I liked Al Barker's house and pool, and his description of how he met Claire Pack. I like Elizabeth's reason for liking Hawks. --Oh, there's lots of nice stuff. But all in all, I'm not really satisfied with the book. Perhaps I shall vote for it anyhow, since I don't seem to feel that the perfect science fiction novel was published during 1960. I don't know--I haven't made my mind up yet for sure.

* * * * *

You know that G. M. Carr broke her wrist and elbow about two and a half weeks ago. Her accident found her with a N'APazine all stencilled but not run off, so last Tuesday Wally and Tosk and Buz ran it off on Tosk's Gestetner, and afterwards we all had a very good barbecued chicken dinner (prepared by Mr. Carr) at the Carrs' house. Before dinner we walked around in the garden, and watched the goldfish swimming in their little pool, and watched swallows darting into their tiny house tucked under the garage eaves. G.M. showed me her collection of roses, which really impressed me very much. Besides a fine row of hybrid teas, and a charming little group of miniatures, she has a collection of old-fashioned, even historical roses. She has two moss roses, a Rose of Castile, a Fruehling's Gold, a species rose--Rosa Hugonis, and best of all, the fabled York and Lancaster rose. This is the variegated rose that appeared right at the end of the War of Roses, and was hailed as a favorable omen. Doesn't that make you feel all historical? Doesn't that arouse your sense of wonder? It does G.M., and it does me too.

I was astonished to find that G.M. liked old roses. I didn't know that anybody in fandom did except me. I have been planning to get some old roses for the past seven or eight years, and now I think that I really shall get that ground all dug up and order some. I have to get Rosa Hugonis because we had it at home, and somehow it reminds me of my younger sister when she was a tiny girl and adorably pretty. Then I shall get the Eglantine, which appears in Shakespeare's plays, and which has fragrant foliage and edible hips with fantastic quantities of vitamin C. Then I shall get Rosa mundi, which is a variegated rose like York and Lancaster, but is a variety of Rosa gallica, whereas York and Lancaster is a Damask rose. Rosa mundi does not really go back as far as the Fair Rosamond Clifford, who either was or was not murdered by Eleanor of Aragon. But when I have my own shrub of it, I plan to believe with great firmness that it was grown from a clipping of a clipping of a clipping (ad infinitum) of a shrub that grew in Fair Rosamond's very own garden. I guess that's the smallest amendment I can make, for what my namesake either did or did not do to her.

Elinor

6
M A I L A N I M A L
by John Berry

He awoke at 7:35 am.

It was instinctive after all these years...his mind was attuned to it...the milk float jammed on its brakes on the steep gradient of the road outside his house. The jingle of bottles as Jimmy juggled with them...and sometimes dropped one...the swing of the rusty gate as Jimmy came in, and the protesting squeal as he jammed it behind him on his way out...that was at 7:28 am...give or take a minute.

At 7:30 am the factory hooter on the other side of town roared its warning to those still tasting the luxury of those extra few precious minutes in the warm bed...but it wasn't really loud...just sufficient to lift him a fraction more out of his slumber...and then, as for years, he was in a sort of strange suspended state...waiting for 7:35 am, when the postman came...give or take a couple of minutes...

For years, it had been glorious...mostly.

It had been wonderful to hear the gate scrape open and then a second's pause and then the mail forced through the letterbox. He'd leapt out of bed, even when it was 30 degrees under, and rushed down to look through the fanzines and letters of comment...and many's the time he had stood in the hall without his slippers on and the wind sneaked under the door and froze his toes blue and he'd never noticed. But sometimes it hadn't been so nice. He'd caught the 7:30 am hooter...it hadn't wakened him but it had prepared him...and then he'd been semi-consciously hanging on for the mailman, but he'd gone past. No mail. That's when it had been rough. But it didn't happen often...mebbe twice or three times a month.

But for the last month, he hadn't worried. Instinct was hard to combat. He awoke at 7:35 am, and there was the gate opened and the thump as the mailman put his shoulder to the bundle to get it through the door, but he hadn't worried. He'd left it there. Once, his young daughter, thinking that Daddy had overslept, brought it up to him. He'd thrown it at her. He was glad it hadn't been the SAPS mailing, might have knocked her through the wall. But she hadn't brought it up again.

And when he'd washed and shaved and had breakfast and as he went through the hall to the front door on his way to the office, he'd fly-kicked the fanzines into the spare room at the left of the front door. He'd never even opened them this last month.

At night, instead of sitting hunched over his typer, straining his mind for an idea to put onto paper for a pressing deadline...and going through a tube of Aspirins like mad...he sat and watched TV, or took his wife out to the movies. It had all happened one month ago...he had often wondered what gafia would be like, but he'd always known it couldn't happen to him. President of FAPA, on the NFFF waiting list, OE of SAPS...well-liked columns in the top five fanzines...he couldn't gafiate...he was indispensable.

But a month ago the germ had struck and stuck.

The journey to town on the 'bus was a new experience. He'd gotten to notice people, and smile at them and sit by them and talk to them. For years he had sought a seat by himself on the bus, or at least to sit by a stranger so that he could think about fandom, and whom he had to write to that night, and whether he should back so and so for TAFF...and at the time it had seemed like living...but had it been?

It had seemed like it...but hadn't he got too engrossed in fandom?

His work at the office didn't suffer at all...although often he had thought of an idea and scribbled a rough draft for a story for his favourite fanzine whilst he should have been working out the price of dried peas or what to do with thirteen gross of porcelain lavatory seats ordered by mistake...

And his family...

Some nights, when his daughter was in bed, he realized he hadn't even spoken to her that night...cept mebbe when she'd asked him to read a comic to her, and he'd said, not roughly or unkindly, but he'd said, "Sorry, can't...Daddy's busy" and he'd reached for the correctine...

And a month ago...realization that he had been wasting his time for years...or had he?

It wasn't fair that all these fanzines should remain unopened in the front room...he went in, switched the light on and looked down at them...they were almost knee deep...and letters too...airmails...and subs, probably...

He sat on a chair and looked at them. ⁷ What to do?

If he ignored them, and dumped them every morning, the flood would eventually stop... but he had so many stories and articles pending in other fanzines that even though he'd gaffiated it would seem that he was still in his fannish prime for months, possibly even a year, and still the fanzines and letters would come...it might be well over a year before fans realized he'd left the fold...

Hell...it was almost time for "Cheyenne"...

.....

Next morning....whoosh...he was shaken by his wife at 8:05 am...a miracle...it had happened...he'd slept when the postman had been. He yawned, and looked out of the window. Jimmy had dropped a bottle of milk again, the evidence, a blatant white stain which had coursed downhill...and he'd never heard the crash. Things were looking up.

On his way out of the house, he tripped over the FAPA mailing, which the postman had left on the doorstep. He picked up his hat and umbrella, flicked the mud off them, wiped the knees of his trousers on his clean breast-pocket handkerchief, picked up the FAPA mailing and flung it over the hedge next door.

On the bus, he sat next to Miss Prendergast again...that perfume...

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Finished with fandom.

That was the situation.

He noticed he had money in his pocket...so much he thought at first he'd got the boss' trousers on. But when you added it up, he should have money. He'd always posted at least three letters each day, and some of them airmail letters at sixpence a time... and then there was his monthly fanzine SCOLLOP (what ever happened to it?)...and sometimes an airmail letter as distinct from the blue form, and that cost one and three-pence or even half a crown...and half a dozen of those a month...sure, it all added up ...and it was indeed a pleasure to pay Miss Prendergast's bus fare...

.....

But still the letters and subs and trade fanzines arrived...even after six weeks of complete and utter inactivity. And what had happened to the faneds who relied upon him for their columns...one of the fanzines at least was a sure fire bet for the HUGO at Toronto...and the faned, with a rather clever psychological move, had told him his fanzine would only get the HUGO if he made the column a permanent feature...and then he'd thought of that dinky plot just by accident, it would have made a great write-up...but what the Hell...time for "Perry Mason"...

.....

After two months he couldn't open the front room door without a bulldozer. And he'd taken a sneak look at some of the airmails, and had noticed that three on one morning came from the faned who wanted the HUGO. It wasn't right to let fans down when they relied upon him and he had promised...but if the spirit wasn't there he was damned if he was going to be forced to fan against his wish. Fandom had been good and great and wonderful but ten years was enough...he'd thought at one time he was indispensable, but there was the situation...he was completely gafia, but fandom rolled on, and in fact, it seemed to have struck a new fever of activity. He left Perry Mason and went back to the front room and looked at the titles of some of the fanzines...TWEET, PUDGE, BEETLE-GEES (chee), WINDSOK and TANGLE...this was ACTIVITY...

.....

He awoke at 7:35 am.

The postman rang the doorbell.

Chee.

He pushed questing toes into his slippers, and staggered downstairs.

It was a registered letter from the HUGO aspirant...he signed for it, gave the mailman a weak smile, looked at the letter...shrugged, and flung it in the front room.

HE WAS FINISHED WITH FANDOM.

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An airmail to FANAC...that was the answer...belated, sure...but a gesture...

As I sit here and gaze at the hundreds of fanzines and letters and subscriptions around me like a wall of frustration, it occurs to me that even though I made up my mind not to write to a fan again, the least I can do is to ask you to publish an announcement in your next....

Suppose...suppose he wrote an open letter...cut it on stencil and ran it off on his new Gestetner...

Christ, if he was going to the lengths of duplicating, he may as well give the details of the why and wherefore of his gafiation...and if some of the newer fans had sent him their fanzines, the least he could do, to uphold his BNFism, and to maintain his prestige, was to give them a short comment...suppose he did several pages...say six ...or ten ..and publish it as the final issue of SCOLLOP?

He hoped...no...he KNEW....HE KNEW THAT ON THE MORROW HE WOULD WAKE UP AT 7:35 am...

. oooooooooooooo0000000000oooooooooooo

John Berry



1960 HUGO AWARDS BALLOT

Your membership in the 19th World Science Fiction Convention gives you the privilege and responsibility of helping to make the final choice among the outstanding items presented in the field of science fiction and fantasy for the year 1960. The names and titles listed below were chosen in open nominations; nominating ballots (more than 1500 of them) were sent to a combined mailinglist that included the entire membership of the previous World Convention.

However, the 18th WorldCon's decision was to restrict final voting to Convention members. Therefore we ask you to enter your name and the number of your SeaCon membership at the bottom of the page.

To aid anyone who would like to recheck some of the stories before voting, magazine appearances are listed as well as the publishers of paperback editions.

Scoring: ~~vote~~ for one item only in each category. All categories are listed in alphabetical order.

And so: W I L L Y O U D O T H E H O N O R S , P L E A S E ?

Best Novel:

- () A Canticle for Leibowitz
Walter Miller (Bantam)
- () DeathWorld - Harry Harrison
(Analog Jan-Mar'60; Bantam)
- () The High Crusade - Poul Anderson
(Analog July-Sept'60)
- () Rogue Moon - Algis Budrys
(Gold Medal)
- () Venus Plus X - Theodore Sturgeon
(Pyramid)

Best Shorter Works:

- () The Longest Voyage - Poul Anderson
(Analog, Dec'60)
- () The Lost Kafoozalum - Pauline Ashwell
(Analog, Oct'60)
- () Need - Theodore Sturgeon
(In "Beyond", Avon pb)
- () Open To Me, My Sister
Philip Jose Farmer (F&SF May'60)

Best Professional Science Fiction Magazine:

- () Amazing Science Fiction Stories
- () Analog Science Fact & Fiction
- () The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction

Best Artist:

- () Ed Emshwiller
- () Virgil Finlay
- () Frank Kelly Freas
- () Mel Hunter

Best Dramatic Presentation:

- () The Time Machine
- () Twilight Zone
- () Village of the Damned

Best Fanzine:

- () Discord
- () Fanac
- () Habakkuk
- () Shangri l'Affaires
- () Who Killed Science Fiction?
- () Yandro

Name: _____

SEACON Member # _____

Please return this ballot to: SEACON, PO Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington, before August 1, 1961!

H o w N o w , D o w n e d P l o w ? ?

...F.M. Busby

Fernandel Figfoop and his wife were trapped by a flash flood on some odd planet or other, but were saved by one of the intelligent haloed sea-worms that were the planet's highest life-form. Asked about the rescue ("but how could you keep from sliding off that slippery slimy worm?"), Figfoop replied "But the halo is not at all slippery. Yes, The Worm-Aura Bore Us!" This paragraph is dedicated to Burnett R Toskey, Ph D...

And this paragraph is devoted to Dick Ellington. The proposed title (for the column) "Beyond Koshchei" refers to J B Cabell's "Koshchei, the god of things as they are" (or alternately "...who made things as they are"). Kashchei I am not familiar with, so I guess Dick and I broke even on that one.

Koshchei must have had a really good day when he made the CRY-readership gang; he was working way over his head. I've known this for quite some time, but what brought it home just now was the response to the CRY-Poll. Here I jam 48 questions (including a few multiples) onto a stencil and don't even provide a form to be filled-in. You know how much response we expected? About six answers: 3 attempting to be funny and one succeeding, plus two brand-new fans and one real old-timer (or vice-versa) replying seriously.

And so what happens? Right now, well ahead of the July 10th Poll deadline, we have a goodly number of well-considered sets of full answers from a widely-varied assortment of readers including quite a few who have never before said anything to us except "Here's money; extend sub"! You never know.

I shall, with luck, have considerably more to say about the Poll in the next (August) issue of CRY-- including such of the results as are amenable to tabulation, plus a few choice quotes which will not be ascribed to the quotee unless permission to do so has been expressly granted. For now, I'll only say that garlic is running behind and that few if any have plans to drop out of fandom on purpose. And not much help for Kinsey to date.

SeaCon Progress Report #3 is back from the printer's today-- the usual beautiful job by Pilgrim Press. But the PR is skinnier than we'd like, because (1) quite a bit of the vital information either came in after the pagecount was set, or is still out, and (2) not enough people are getting on the stick this year to send in loot and copy for PR ads (but thank you, Don Franson). No kidding, there, a small ad plugging your Con or TAFF choice or some other favorite cause or your fanzine or your favorite slogan or just plain wishing us good luck which it is a cinch we are going to need if the Old Stories are true-- a small ad, I say, neatly done up in one of the sizes listed in the PRs or on page 3 of CRY #149 (April)-- we could use these. Nearly as well as we could use a larger one.

More Con stuff (too late for PR#3, unfortunately): Fred Pohl and Cele Goldsmith have given welcome assurance of fine large buckets of material for auction; our hearts sing, like. We are antrims-deep in consideration of a suitable sort of subject for this year's "fan panel"; stay tuned. And I do believe that a few recalcitrants in the audience have not yet seen the light and joined the SeaCon.

PR#3 will carry with it the final ballots for the Hugo Awards for 1960. If the pagecount so decrees, we'll run a (non-valid) copy of the ballot in here, so you can see what's up for honors. Mainly the choices are good ones-- no two fans will agree on just what should be represented, of course, and your Committee members themselves have different opinions as to what didn't make it but should have-- but on the whole it's a good slate, especially considering the (I think) lousy response received from a nominating-ballot distribution of over 1500. In the past, there have been occasional loud gripes as to the entries on the final Hugo ballots; sometimes this has seemed justified, and sometimes not. But this year I shall take a very dim view of any grippers who did not return nominating ballots. (Or am I just being unreasonable again, as is my wont?)

You know, the baiting of Convention Committees has always been a fine fannish sport, year in and year out. But this just may be one of the Lean Years.

Like there is George Willick (I hate myself when I do this sort of thing, but really, he is there) who says in Parsection 5 as how there should be Hugo Awards for best fan writer and best fan artist, etc, and states that "the Awards belong to all of fandom, to do with as the majority see fit". I ventured to disagree with that last bit, in a LofC that appears in Par6 -- my theme therein is that you do not ever separate authority from responsibility to any good effect; I often sound off on this line, in varied applications, so I won't mind if nobody faints, here.

George acknowledged my LofC very nicely in a personal letter. Like, he said: "This letter is by no means an answer to yours; I want to answer yours in Par-sections (his lettercol) and I'm always better off the cuff than if I rewrite my thoughts. I simply wanted to thank you for the intelligent and helpful letter, written with sincerity". And that sort of response can make a fella's whole day!

But right after my letter in Par6, George leads off: "Buz, you're guilty of the biggest job of hair-splitting I have ever seen. I'm even mildly surprised to see you do it. Let's take a look at what you've actually said; OK? First,"...etc. Now unless it is just my paranoid streak showing, there would seem to be a slight discrepancy between the private-letter and public-zine attitudes quoted here. So it might be a good idea if George called a vote with himself and decided where he would like to stand and be counted. Personally I prefer (where possible) to do my most stringent person-to-person arguing in letters so as not to run up publication costs; it is mostly for demonstration purposes that I've broken that rule, here.

I have no clues as to why George thought it a good idea to be soothing via the 1st-class mails and contentious in public; just-offhand I'd say that it is a lot better deal to do things just the other way around. And this foregoing inversion of my major premise should go a long way toward proving it, too....!

A gentleman never leaves the table with his fork still stuck in the pot-roast.

I would like to discuss current science-fiction for a bit, but the zines are all sandwiched into catty-wampus little stacks here and there, along with pocket-books and special-interest pamphlets and other things that would cascade all over the floor if disturbed. So we will not disturb them; we will talk of other things, hoping that these will not cascade all over the floor, disturbed or not. So, even if you are disturbed by this column, will you kindly not cascade all over the floor?

Let's discuss Writing; OK? The S-F field, by choice. It happens that I have an idea for a gimmick as to how a pragmatic government might cope with its less-productive citizens-- nothing really drastic, you understand-- just one of those programs that gets a euphemistic designation from its proponents, and epithets from its opponents-- let's call it Total Welfare (as I shall, if I ever write the story). Here's the question: so we have the gimmick, so what do we do with it to make a story? Given the "Joe has his fanny caught in a bear trap" theory-of-plot, it is difficult to get clear of the "overthrow-the-oppressive-system" theme, and we all know what a drag those can get to be: there are just so many answers, and the suspense-value of any tale drops drastically when the action comes to the old "either-or", "win-or-lose" condition. Since the term "Total Welfare" implies a gaggle of underprivileged nudnicks, Joe will either (1) overthrow the system, (2) try to overthrow the system, but fail, (3) be the kook who keeps someone else from overthrowing the system, because Joe is not only a nudnick and a kook, he is also a fink, and (4) (and more on the sophisticated side) Joe attempts to overthrow the system, but the Head Cynic convinces him that the system is right, after all!

So it's a dead-end idea? The hell you say. Stories could be written about the struggle for-and-against the adoption of Total Welfare, or about how the last independents are or are-not engulfed (this, written from the viewpoint of either side), or about the collapse of Total Welfare under the onslaught of a superseding system more suited to the times. The point: an idea has more sides than you think.

For instance, I note with pleasure that I have given no clues to the story I would like to write on this theme, if I ever do get around to it. Cheers. --Buz.

Conversations With Two Straw Men

Oskar McSnee dropped over to visit the other night. He comes by every few months to deliver three or four fanzines that he's published since his last visit. (He never mails them except to out-of-state fans: says he'll deliver copies in person to anyone within a few hundred miles. Saves money or something.) Anyway, we got to talking about the CRY Poll.

"What do you think of this question about whether or not fandom is a Way of Life?" I asked him.

He frowned thoughtfully and thrust out his lower lip. "I answered yes," he said. "I know some fans would laugh, but I believe in being honest about it. After all, that's what's so great about fans--they're honest. They don't put up a front for themselves, like people in Mundane. So I just said yes, fandom is a Way of Life."

"How did you interpret the question?" I asked. "I mean, do you figure it meant Is fandom a Way of Life for you?, or maybe Should fandom be a Way of Life?"

"I didn't think about it much," he said. "Either way, the answer is yes. Fandom is a Way of Life--for me, and for a lot of fans. And it's a good thing, too."

"How so?"

"Well, it's obvious! For one thing, fans make the best kind of friends--they're intelligent and open-minded. They're able to look to the future. They're not hung up by conventional modes of thought--superstitious ethics, and senseless ideas of 'manners'. For instance, can you imagine the reaction a frozen-assed nonfan would have had if I'd dropped by to visit him at eleven o'clock at night during the week? He'd be moaning for hours about how he had to get up the next morning to go to work, for ghodsake. Yet you didn't even raise an eyebrow."

"Of course not," I said mildly. "That's the sort of thing I expect from fans."

"That's what I mean," Oskar said. "Fandom has its own set of values; fans don't automatically assume that the usual Mundane Thing To Do is necessarily Right."

"Fans are pretty open-minded all right," I said. "What else makes fandom a satisfactory Way of Life?"

"I was coming to that. What I've been leading up to is that fandom is a society in miniature. It has its own ethics, like I said. And--at least in a fan-populated area or certainly during a convention--there's really no need to associate with nonfans at all. When I go to the movies or a concert or anything, I get together with a bunch of others from the fanclub and we make up a theatre party. There are always fans visiting me, or I'm visiting other fans. You can always find someone in fandom with your own interests, so where's the need of associating with nonfans?"

"Don't you have a job?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. But I don't associate with the people there. They're nonfans. God, you oughtta hear some of the stupid conversations they have!"

"Well, I hear quite a few in fandom. Some fans seem stupid, too."

"Yeah, but you'll notice that the really fuggheaded ones aren't really fans. They're members of the N3F--fandom's own ladies' aid society--or fringe members of local clubs. Once in awhile you run into a fugghead type publishing a fanzine, but have you noticed how out-of-place a perpetual fugghead seems in fandom?"

"Yes," I nodded. "He seems completely out of step."

"That's just it," said Oskar. "Fandom is different from Mundane, and anybody who acts Mundane is like a square peg, in fandom."

"And vice-versa, of course," I said.

Oskar paused for just a second, his train of thought momentarily derailed. "Oh, you mean a guy who acts fannish in Mundane will seem fuggheaded. Well, naturally, you have to shift gears going from fandom to Mundane, because they're both self-contained and self-consistent ways of living and thinking."

"And you pick fandom as the superior one," I concluded.

"Definitely. It's more rewarding to an intelligent, literate person. I don't think I really discovered myself until I got into fandom. I was always frustrated, one way or

another. My school friends laughed at me, I was afraid of girls, never could see the sense in sports--especially spectator sports. I mean, so there are these two teams, and one is named the New York Yankees and the other one the Los Angeles Dodgers. The players are from all over the country--the Yankees aren't New Yorkers and the Dodgers aren't from L. A. But everybody goes to the games and screams like mad for their team to win. Now honest to god, where's the sense in that?

"That's one thing about fans," I said. "There aren't many who fall for stuff like that."

"Damn right," he said. "Since I got into fandom I've opened up. Never used to be able to talk with people--I was too self-conscious. But now I even go around flirting like crazy with girls. You should've seen me at the Pittcon!"

"You get along better with nonfan girls too?" I asked.

"Well, not much. I still clam up with them. It's probably because we don't have anything in common. But if a girl's the fannish type, I can talk to her."

"That sounds reasonable," I said. "And anyway, nonfans live in Mundane, not fandom, so who needs 'em?"

"Right!" Oskar said. "Fandom Is A Way Of Life. Mainly, because there are girls in fandom. Hoo-haw!"

"Do you think very many fans agree with you on this? I mean, about fandom being a Way of Life?"

"Sure," he said. "More and more all the time. You remember that bit that Raeburn was pointing out awhile back--about how Gafia used to mean doing more fanac to get away from the mundane world, and now it means quitting fanac to get away from it all? Well, that's a good indication of the change that's come over fandom. The whole idea of Fandom Is Just a Goddam Hobby is outdated--when that phrase was coined Gafia still meant escaping into fandom. But fandom has developed tremendously since then, and there are a lot more hardcore fans now--it's possible for fandom to be more than just a hobby now. It's a world in itself, like I say--and a wide, wide world it is, too."

We sat in silence for several seconds. Then a smile crept onto my face.

"Something occurs to me," I said. "When fandom is your whole world--when you've rejected Mundane--well, what do you do when you get sick of things? Everybody gets fed up now and then--but what do you do when you've got a hobby that's become a Way of Life, and you get tired of even that?"

Oskar grinned right back at me. "That's easy," he said. "I read a science fiction book."

We sat in a longer silence after that. Then Oskar said, "Look, I hate to leave so soon, but I've got to get up in the morning--you don't mind, do you? I'm going to L.A. tomorrow; the Fan-Hillton mob is having a kite-flying contest."

He put on his beanie, pulled the sides down over his ears, and went out into the night.

The next evening I visited Homer Aquanill, and I told him about my conversation with Oskar. Homer is a pretty intelligent guy, even for a fan, and I like to discuss things with him. He's a good conversationalist, too: pick up any subject and he either has an opinion on it or he'll think up one fast.

He was a bit appalled by Oskar. "The trouble with him," he said, "is precisely that he believes in this Fandom Is a Way Of Life nonsense. It's not that he's stupid--he's pretty sharp, really. But he's a fugghead; you don't have to be stupid to be a fugghead. Oskar is the cleverest fugghead I know."

"He's written some pretty good fannish stuff," I said.

"I know," said Homer. "He's had me breaking up with some of his stuff--really funny. But when I get finished laughing I always think, too goddam bad he's so limited. He is limited. Everything is fandom to him. You remember how he told you he felt at ease with nonfan girls if They're The Fannish Type? Well, that's the whole thing with him--it isn't so much that he likes girls who're The Fannish Type. It's more that whenever he meets a girl he likes he automatically decides she must be The Fannish Type. Whatever the hell that is."

"I think I see what you mean," I mused. "One time he told me that he thought James Joyce was absolutely great, and Very Fannish."

"That's the idea," Homer nodded. "If he could only realize that things can be good whether or not they have a damn thing to do with fandom... Well, we all bear our subconscious crosses--intelligence doesn't help much sometimes."

"Do you think fandom is, or could be, a Way of Life?" I asked him. "You publish quite a bit these days."

Homer frowned thoughtfully and thrust out his lower lip. "Obviously," he said, "it can be. It is for Oskar. But it shouldn't be, I don't think. Fandom is too limited."

"Fandom doesn't have to be limited," I said. "How about this New Trend stuff--discussionzines, ideazines, or whatever you want to call them. Smme fans think it's the greatest thing since null-A."

Homer nodded emphatically. "It's certainly a step in the right direction," he said. "The trend is rapidly busting hell out of the narrow 'fannish' traditions. And it's bringing a lot of new blood into fandom too--nonfans are at last able to figure out what a fanzine is. You show them a fanzine with three conreports, a juicy bit of character assassination by a New York fan, and an article on some esoteric aspect of fannish history, and they'll throw it down in confusion and disgust. But you can show them a copy of DISCORD or KIPPLE and they'll understand it/^{most of it}right away. Hell, when I was a neofan I used to hide all the fanzines I got so my nonfan friends wouldn't see them. Now half my nonfan friends are writing for my fanzine. That's important: with the fan-columns gone from the prozines, this new recruitment of non-fannish types will be about the only way we'll have to get new blood in fandom. And the new fans will change fandom even more. This may be a whole new Fandom starting!"

"Yes, I've noticed that," I said. "In fact, most of the discussionzines are loaded with articles charting the esoteric pathways of fannish history."

Homer raised a contemplative eyebrow at me for a moment, then said, "That's just a phase; it'll pass. Meanwhile, worthwhile discussions on a variety of subjects are going on all the time. That's the important thing."

"Do you think," I asked, "that if the present trend continues to the point where all the stops are out and discussions go on in fanzines on every subject under the sun--the Mundane sun--that fandom will maybe become a worthwhile Way of Life? In such a case it wouldn't be nearly so limited."

Homer nodded. "Yes, definitely. Once fandom stops being so goddam 'fannish' it will come into its own. It will be something. Something worth spending all of your time on, if you feel like it. It won't be a Society In Miniature, like Oskar says, but a full society in its own right. It will become part of the wide, wide world itself. And what's wrong with making life in the whole world your Way of Life?"

"Nothing whatsoever," I smiled.

We sat in silence for a few seconds.

"But," I said, "Once you've made fandom--which is so narrow that it can only serve as a diversion, a hobby--open up and become as wide in scope as the whole world...well, what do you do then for a hobby?"

Homer thinks rapidly, as I said--he can sidestep a trap every time. He grinned broadly at me and chuckled, "Why, then I simply go fly a kite."


We both laughed then, knowing the discussion was finished.

A few minutes later I got up to leave--but I had a sudden thought, and asked Homer if I could borrow a few prozines from his collection. He said sure, and I looked through his shelves and got a few interesting mags.

As I walked home I smiled to myself. As I'd suspected, all of Homer's old prozines had the covers ripped off them.

--Terry Carr

CRY OF THE READERS



ELLA PARKER HAS VALID EXCUSES

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

Dear Wally'n'all:

England

April 29th.61.

I have a valid excuse for writing you this letter. In fact this letter will be full of valid excuses for one thing and another, mostly why I can't write you the lo-o-ong letters so beloved and appreciated by you. I haven't got the time. I am well into the work of producing the ATomAnthology - 23 stencils run off so far. Arthur was up at the house on Friday night and took another dozen stencils to cut for it. Take no notice of Patrizio; Arthur offered to do some more....so I put my hatchet away.

Will you do me a favor, please? Y-you bet, ma'm. R-right away, m-ma'm! -w-ww/
In the current ORION, which is in the mails, I have printed a page suggesting we push Walt for TAFF in '62. Over here we had heard whispers about there being another Willis fund for that year, but none of us realised that it had in actual fact got under way. Heck, they've even got themselves a fullscale committee. I would like you to mention that I have no wish to snarl things up either for Walt or the people running the fund. I acted in good faith and in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

I have 3 issues of CRY waiting here for me to take notice; I shall skim but lightly through them all.

I'm all for Elinor's idea about the letterhacks reminding each other of likely items for the HUGO and I'd like to see it expanded to cover the fanzines. I can never remember what I saw and exclaimed over in the past 12 months. ORION for TAFF...uh, I mean H-HUGO! -www/

I'd like to hear a bit more about Aussie fandom as per Christopher Bennie.

Donaho's dismay to find HAB being called a 'discussionzine' could be that we are inclined to sneer at those which are so selfconsciously sercon as is ESPRIT. If only it didn't give you the feeling that all those who write for it and Daphne who publishes it were standing back exclaiming at themselves for being serious in a fanzine!! After a very promising start it is becoming ridiculous.

Berry: Me no like.

Wally, you make the most amusing typos at times. Sometimes I wonder which ones you've just overlooked and which you've seen but left in as they sound so funny. I've been under considerable stress lately, worrying about my future -- or my lack of future. What with my most recent shock, I'm lucky if I see any of the words I type correctly. -www/

In Arthur's letter I see that Buz has cleverly avoided telling us what MIX is; we've guessed for what it's used, of what is it composed????? ("Carbonated water, sugar, citric acid, artificial flavor, artificial color, and not more than 1/20 of 1% benzoate of soda," according to the Pure Foods Act. --FMB))

I'd be very obliged to you if you'd tell Thomson to mind his own business on the matter of my navel. Alright, ATom, you heard the lady! --www/

Stand back, I'm gunning for Kujawa. Now I have read a couple of books on the subject of a white who blacked himself and tried to live for a while as a negro, but the point I want to make is that Davis jnr doesn't have to live as most poor negros do. He has money and an assured position as one of today's better entertainers and can live and work where ever he likes. I can't respect anyone no matter what he colour who cringes as if expecting a cuff over the ear'old just for living and breathing. I've no doubt that plenty of

people wrote nasty letters to him when he married a white girl, but they would be a minority surely? He has got to live with his colour no matter what it is so he might as well stand up straight and look the world in the eye. Betty, have you ever read a book called "The Winds of Fear"? /Is it all right to cringe if you're yellow? --www/

There just isn't enough space for me to comment on the other two issues that I have here. You must just accept my word that I've read and enjoyed them. I'll be back with you one day when I'm clear of work. Until then, be good.

Yours.

Ella. (the motherly(ugh)SCoaW).

LEN MOFFATT, THE CRYLESS CALIFORNIAN

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Dear Buz, Elinor, Wally & All the Rest of the CRYgang....

April 30, 1961

I am perturbed. The last issue of CRY I received was No. 146, dated January 1961. When a month went by and 147 didn't arrive I didn't think too much of it. Missed it, sure, but sure, but figured Worldcon Committee activities got in the way of your publishing schedule. But when a couple of months went by...I began to wonder...

Then talking with fans at LASFS indicated that not only had 147 been published, but also 148. One fellow said he thot my verse re Rich Brown's Gafiation was in 147, and that 148 was the most recent number...

I couldn't think of any reason why I would be cut off your list (like, I'm a Faithful type letterhack, and an occasional contrib, etc.) and surely I should have rec'd at least No. 147 if it contained my verse. /True. But what have you done for us lately? We sure had you figured; the minute we stop sending you CRY, you stopped sending in letters of comment...just a fair-weather friend, you are. Well, we'll turn the matter over to Elinor, but you might as well be warned that she's jealous of Anna -- nobody bought Elinor an appendectomy this year. --www/

We did get our copies of SEACON PROGRESS REPORT No. 2. Especially enjoyed Roy's write up on the Seacon Site...which might be called a "watered down" report...wish we could make it (to the con) wetness or no, for according to Galaxy, living in the con hotel should be a "Ryatt"....

CRYlessly yours,

Len Moffatt

RUTH BERMAN SEES NO NEED FOR FANNISH HUGO

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17,
Minnesota

I don't believe it would be wise to give any Hugos for fan doings. I'm not even sure the Hugo for best fanzine is a good idea. You see, fandom is such a hemmed-in group, both in size and in time. Our writings are meant solely for each other, and they are printed in highly perishable forms. We rarely put enough copies so that all fans can get a copy of any fan publication. Although we often turn out things which are (probably) of lasting worth, we do not write in hope of doing so. Within five years all the copies have disappeared, leaving but a few racks behind in large collections. Prodom, contrariwise, though not read by a large group, is published in hard-cover, and hopes to become recognized as a real form of literature. And what is a Hugo? A Hugo says: granted we're giving this award too soon to be sure we're right; still, these are the stories which we think were the best of the year, have the highest qualities, and will be most worth your attention if you of the future want something good to read (or to produce, if it's a drama). Now, could you really give an award like that to something in fandom?

As for a lesser set of awards for fan doings, why, what in the world is the Commendments in FANAC's annuals? It's not an award which can be hung on a wall, or stood on a bookshelf, but it is a statement of what we think the best fand doings around are.

Din Saesnig does sound more like something real than Din Sawsnig, but please, Mr. Davidson, sir, what does it mean? And how did I get stuck with Ruther for a nickname?

And what do you mean by worrying over your lack of eyebrows? You have such a gorgeous beard that no one misses your eyebrows.

I could diddle on longer, but a succession of Pemberton was good, Berry was funny, I wish Purdom wrote my papers for English because then I would enjoy my papers and would get all good marks because Purdom is an amazingly good critic with all sorts insights.... now wouldn't that be dull? Besides, I want to stop writing now and figure out the significance of the dream I had last night, in which Bob Hazzard (one of the best actors at the University of Minnesota Theater) got his Ph.D. and told me how wonderful it was to have his doctor's degree at last....

Stage-struckly yours,

Ruth Berman

/The significance of that dream is that you had fallen asleep. Now you may feel free to write dull comments again. --www/

ELMER PERDUE BLESSES US WITH A LEYTER
Blessings:

2125 Baxter St., Los Angeles 39, Calif.

Some months back I reread some Crys before packing them away, and noticed comment on Mae Britt. She's the Swedish actress, you remember, that married that Jewish boy.

This was brought to mind by Elinor's discussion of mixed religion versus mixed race marriage in HWYL, Cry 150. I then recalled that there was some question of Mae's career being adversely affected by her marriage. You know, I haven't seen a press release since about her working in any forthcoming movie.

Once Miss Britt had underwritten her intentions by reciting the marriage vows, it seems to me fitting and proper that she should be blackballed. Does anyone disagree?

God

AVRAM DAVIDSON REGAINS HIS SPRING
Dear Ones,

410 W. 110th St., New York 25, New York
May 8/61

We had such a prolonged winter Down East, with March extending into & occupying all of April, that it seemed as if Spring was never going to arrive. You out yonder, with your year-round Spring (I hear), may not understand just how it feels to see things green again. It has even improved my Health (subject which evidently is of interest to your blurb-writers): no more Phlegms and Agues, just my chronic old staph, which is not for description in a fambly magazine.

I am of mixed reactions to comments by Bob Lichtman, who says that I have been doing "some damned good articles" for CRY, "but /am/...also turning into a CRYhack..." which he doesn't "even feel like thinking about." For the kind words, thankee. As for the rest, I can only stumble around i-wemmedly, muttering, "Is this good or bad for the Jews?" Put it down to my invincible ignorance (as the Roman Catholics call it), or my delayed puberty, or simply that (as I may have said before, if not here, elsewhere; perhaps in YANDRO, Svenska-Amerikanska Dagblade, PARSECTION, Journal of the International Grafitti Association, Itchi-Bitchi Nitchi Nitchi, The National Worm Rancher, or Men In Rut: The Real Adventure Magazine) I tend to be letterotropic. There are limits, of course. And if people are kind enough to send me their hard-wrought publications, I like to acknowledge, kindly. There are limits, of course. Like a recent What Is It?, pages & pages of it, incredible--simply has to be seen to be believed, and even then one tends to blame it on Maya, or Illusion--crud. Publisher certainly meant well, both in putting it out & sending it to me; but I am now in what has come to be called The Coggsell Dilemma--i.e. if you fail to acknowledge it you are a cad, and if you do acknowledge, then "there the damn thing comes again, next time."

In a sense it may be a late-flowering, an Indian Summer, the long pent release of all them fannish feelings which they didn't get released the normal time, owing to ignorance, shyness, isolation, and a few other items such as two wars, and sec c.

Who is Bob Lichtman? /A CRYhack, and I'd rather not think about it. --www/

I gather that for reasons unknown to me the N3F is a Recognized Laught-At. I got only one thing to say. Who else, at Conventions, provides Free Coffee Around the Clock? Chew on that one, all you scoffers. That's all I know about the N3F and all I need to.

So my decipherment of Lake Footsack turns out to have been correct, and traceable (Lake Footsack, I mean) to L. Sparage de C.? Not surprised. It figures. Some while back I had occasion to write him asking for certain words in Swahili. He responded, listing them. He concluded by saying, "Of course, you realize that I only know the Up-Country Swahili dialect"! Now, who the Hell else would even know that there is more than one dialect of Swahili?

The universe is an illusion existing only in the mind of Walter Breen. Is that quite clear? Does that settle everything? Then let's have no more nonsense about it.

I see now why I am always broke. P l/c Thos Purdom shows me why. He has "become quite ruthless about not doing things that will interfere with writing." Wish I, too, could be quite ruthless. Maybe then I wouldn't be quite broke. Good on ye, Tommy-boy. Let your heart not with rueth be laden. Confidentially, Soldier, it's only the few louis d'or I gets from CRY as enables me to pay for me crust, me bit of cheese, me sack of straw in the chimbley corner, me pint of old-and-bitter, and, now and then, lad, now and then, a kiss and tickle with a clean wench. Now, when I was in the Peninsula along of the Juke of Wellington, now THAT was soldiering, that was. You youngers nowadays, you has it easy. Struth, you does. Good Night, is this what we've been paying for?-www/

By now El Lupo (it used to be Wolf before all them Porto Ricans started moving into NYC--reminds me! years and YEARS ago, when I was studying Sheep Husbandry at C. W. Pierce Jr College of Agriculture in the San Fernando Valley, I was in a grogshop in Tarzana when somebody came in and announced, "Radio says a Costa Rican just took a shot at the President." (Truman). Silence. Finally, someone else said, in the calmest tone you ever heard, "They git 'im?" No answer. More silence. Another voice: "I never can remember the difference between Cawsta Rica and Pawda Rica." Silence. Yet another voice: "Cawsta Rica is the cappidle o' Pawta Rica, isn't it?" El Lup, I say, has by now discovered "what it would take" to get Davidson into Xero. Just press the right button, kiddies. My critique entitled something like Some Unjustly Neglected Comic Strips of My Youth will, I suppose, appear therein presently. Watch for it.

So you are no longer all living in that cramped little P.O. Box 920. Some interesting people you must've met, though, before the postmaster objected to those pot-parties. One of my very 1st fanletters (I refer, proudly, to the very infrequent communications from people who are fans of me-in-particular, and not all you folks out there in mimeo-land who are fans of...er...uh...) I had came from somebody who lived in a P.O. Box in Portland, Ore. We gammed back & forth for a while, then he wrote he was being pursued by his wife's lover--and after that, nothing. I've often wondered...

MSgt Tacketts jejune suggestion that Watson's Jezail bullet "possesses the ability to teleport itself" around W.'s body, I shall pass over in cold s., merely pausing to murmur that I can think of at least one place where our defense budget can stand paring. As for Ellington: "...but I doubt there would have been any horrible anathema attached to Watson's addiction"--really, Dick, read it again! I said the h.a. would have followed, not disclosure that Afghanistan's favorite target was a snowbird, but that he had been caught undercutting the British Medical Ass'n's going rates. Will you look? There. See?

Bill Mallardi: I agree with you that the Watson piece had no biz in a science-fiction publication, amateur, but--where are there such things? Besides (he said, rallying rapidly), medicine is a science, and my piece was fiction. So nya. Martin Levine will pardon me if I don't bother to continue arguing about tarantulae. Let be, is my motto. As for "how one goes about getting a multiple name like that"--my understanding is that hyphenations come in via one of two ways: (1) Mr. Higgenbotham marries Miss Piggott. Piggott, her pa, has no sone, but he has a lot of money which he made as a bespoke butter-block broker. He settles a packet of it on Percy on condition of his becoming Percy Higgenbotham-Piggott. (2) Percy, unused to such rich living, overdoes the bubbly, and pops off, leaving his widow with one son. She weds the well-known Samuel Motherthwaite, M.P. for Huddelston North. Sonny, desiring to show affection for step-pa, & also cash in on the Famous Name, becomes Algernon Motherthwaite-Higgenbotham-Piggott. (3) (so I remembered another one, who counts?) Algy's Great-Aunt Volumnia Blenkinsop, dies, aetat. 97, of a surfeit of lampreys. It stands in her will that she leaves 800,000 in the Funds to "the first-born son of my nephew, Athelstan Sholto Higgenbotham, being an heir-male of

his body lawfully begotten and a British Subject (hereinafter known as the party of the third part), on sole condition that he assume the name of Blenkinsop; failing which the entire estate goes to the Royal Society For Superannuated Cats. Algy, who is nobody's fool, grabs the loot, and is by Deed-Poll entitled to call himself Algernon Motherthwaite-Piggott-Higgenbotham-Blenkinsop. Ya see, Marty? Whatdaya wanna do tonight? I'll just mention, as it were in passing, that the Royal House of Greece is Sonderburgh-Oldenburgh-Glücksburgh- oops, it is not. Correction: Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. How it comes to be that, and not, say, Papadoupoulos, is something I'll not go into here.

Anyway, Levine, being one of the oldest surnames in the world, stands in no need of enrichment by borrowings from the Anglo-Irish.

As for wolf vs sheep as a social animule, I caught Prince Kropotking (Mutual Aid) in an error on the dung beetle. If anybody would like to hear, and begs real hard...

Thank you, Elinor, for your coverage of the David Susskind program on inter (religious/racial) marriage, which I didn't see. Did they raise the question of why more white women marry Negro men (in this country) than vice versa? I have a passion for Eurasians, myself. Any of you folks know any Jewish Eurasians, let me know.

Eric Bentcliffe sent me some very good Sheffield snuff; but still no sign of his convention report. Has he sent me the snuff instead? I wonder.

This letter is much too long, has taken up too much time, energy, wit, zeal, zest, zoom zap, etc.

Sun shine upon you,

Avram Davidson

BETTY KUJAWA AND THE AGNOSTIC CATHOLIC
Sweet wittle Wally;

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Wed. May 10, 1961

We start with the cover which I enjoyed much much and much--and hope to see more of Steve's work in der Cry ...and am real for sure happy that he won the art scholarship.

Went to a shoot in Montreal Canada last week. Fine time except the weather was extremely sticky both coming and going--matter of fact there were two really shuddering moments--on the way up the ceiling came down and the hill ridges came up and there we were caught in between--and in fannish tradition this happened just a bit north of Pottsdam, N.Y. home of the Kyles. Then on our way back we had just passed Toronto and the Weston area when the smog and fog cut us off from sight of ground again--I had visions of crash landing on the roof of the Co-Existence Candy Store--a hell of a way to meet Lesbaby for the first time!

Oh my! And ain't I relieved to have all the secrecy lifted from me!!! I mean like I've known of The Coming Of EParker now for some nine months, Wally honey. I hear the Busby's took a snapshot of you just as you learned the news--later this week will write them begging and pleading for a copy of that photo. [It's no use; the camera couldn't take it any better than I could. You wouldn't like a pretzel-shaped camera, would you?ww]

By the way--would be happy and delighted to be custodian of the Parker Pond Fund stateside and will consider myself as such unless I hear different from Ella. Matter of fact the very morning that CRY arrived there was the very first donation in a letter from Good Woman Ruth Berman---Bless Ruth.

I like Buz's ideas on fanawards at Cons--the beanie must be incorporated therein somehow--the name "Tucker" or "a Walter", maybe for the award itself--a faaan name.

Also would go along with the 25¢ fee idea, too.

Yep-Buz, methinks, hits it on the head in regard to the eventual dissillusionment due to natural evolution of younger goshwow fen twords the CRY. Since I was around...let's see now...53 or 63 when I first saw CRY I have no fears about out-growing CRY. [I noticed you accidentally got the numbers reversed on your age estimates, so I corrected them for you. It's the least I can do for the Parker Fund Custodian. --www]

Appreciated Buz's remarks on the Blish review in Moff&SF of ROGUE MOON--my impression was much the same--I had only read the mag form and not the book and what Blish had to say made me wonder.

That was some opening sentence in Berry's THE CLASSICAL TOUCH. I was sorta wondering about that ther British Army. "Musical Appreciation Group", indeed, with tea, yet---our Army ...uh well, a music group mayhaps but the 'tea' served--heh, well..skip it.

Enjoyed the tale.

Aaaahhh an especially enjoyable column by Elinor! Cause she went and reviewed the very tv show I too caught two weeks ago. Too true that the ONLY way a mixed (Non-Catholic and Catholic) marriage will work out (if the Catholic is a strong and devout one) is when the other sacrifices everything right down the ruddy old line. I've seen this time and again among personal friends. Fortunately for me Gene is much more of an agnostic type than I am--but, then, I darn well know I'd have never been serious about marrying him in the first place if there was even the slightest hint of militant Catholicism on his part.

To marry him in his church I took the usual instructions--the priest (a Will Rogers kind of kindly feller, lord love him) was more than considerate and also it was hunting and fishing season and he was a sportsman so instead of the usual 6 or 8 instructions I got only 3 or 4. He'd known me for a long time anyhow and knew I wasn't about to woo Gene away from The Faith (he also knew Gene wasn't 'in' the Faith to begin with). I too had to sign that paper swearing any offspring would be brought up Roman Catholic---and Gene was about standing over me with a hypothetical club telling me again and again that no child of his would see the inside of a parochial school or be exposed to catechism till it was old enough to know what's what. Since we have no children this problem has never arisen.

In mixed marriages (religious) it's the in-laws that make for problems on the whole--and on that score we were fortunate, too.

Though Betty Kujawa ain't Japanese we DO have a fine fannish wife--Bob Smith's who is, you know. And, gee, I wish I looked like her! Such a doll.

Tom Purdom's HARRIMAN AND HISTORY was just superb. Would amend his one remark of "ignorance is the closest thing I know to absolute evil" to read thusly---"Willful (or deliberate) ignorance is the...etc.." And maaan how I do agree with that--having had dealing with certain N3F types that personified it only too too well. Brother!

Jeeze, first Dickinger and the loaf of bread and now comes the confession that Les used to lift comic books--but, naw, we won't send him comic books--or should we? Naw.

Aaaaaw now---cometh the sad news that Avram Davidson has scarcely any eyebrows---welcome to the clan, Mr. Davidson. Mine are very light and the solution is to buy an eyebrow pencil---though I boggle at the sight of Avram entering the drug store and sauntering up to the cosmetic counter and asking for one! So why not clip a bit from that magnificent beard and get some glue and make-your-own, good sir??

That's choice! The fact that anyone from an English-speaking country is deemed an anglo-saxon in Israel--yuk! Also darned glad to find out just what and where "Woof Woof" is--just finished that mermaid gourmet tale in Mag of F&SF and he used the term therein, too---and it was bugging me no end.

Sheesh! That Nancy Thompson is a swifty--engaged in the last issue and pregnant in this--a grandparent by next fall and dead of old age by next spring??? Slow down gal, slow down.

But enuff, I turn now to the quiz--

Kisses....

Betty

NANCY THOMPSON SLOWS TO A STOP

3616 Panola, Fort Worth, Texas

Dear, sweet, kind, loyal, upstanding, fine, dependable, Wally,

You are a rat! I'll hate you forever and never write again. All that work, down the drain. It seems so futile.

Good-bye forever,

Nancy

[One down; only 149 left to go! --www/

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM IS HERD FROM AGAIN

66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74, N.Y.

Dear Buz:

May 15, 1961

The trouble with writing short letters is that what one says in them tends to be simplified. I was aware when I wrote the comment that you leap upon in your editorial dept in 150 that it was indeed an oversimplification, but I hoped that I had made my point. It seems, at least where you are concerned, I didn't.

The fault mainly lies I suspect in that you are on closer speaking terms with actual sheep and actual wolves. Naturally I was talking generalities. The sheep of domestic man are a pretty nasty example of the herd animal triumphant, and in that you are right.

Mankind cannot be compared exactly with any other animal, neither with sheep nor wolves. We have characteristics comparable to elements of both, and innumerable characteristics different from both. I say mankind is a herd animal, and the most successful of them all. We are primarily herbivorous (though not exclusively so) and our entire culture rests on a foundation of static farming societies. The bulk of the human race (India, China, Africa, South America) lives almost entirely on the products of the soil (rice, wheat, etc.), and herbal food still is the bulk of even an average American's diet. Again, we cluster in large communities, and we function very much as herds do. There is no exact simile for us to be found among the lower herd animals, but sheep are not a good example. Deer maybe.

Sure, wolves hunt in packs--when they are desperate. But the packs are limited in size, and a pretty scraggly lot as a rule.

But even they deserve more credit than what Heinlein calls wolves. I still must point out that wolves do not prey on other wolves (except in the last throes of hunger). But Heinlein's human wolves derive their honor from exactly that. They prey on other humans. The best outline of Heinlein's views on this are given in "Beyond This Horizon". He may speak for himself. I believe him totally wrong and his viewpoint specious, but others will disagree with me. I repeat our society does contain within itself humans who prey on humans, but these parties have always acted to the detriment of humanity as a whole (in the long run). Human civilization has been built painfully and stumblingly by humans who support and sacrifice for the mass at the expense of their "cool self-interest" (to quote Heinlein's phrase).

(If you want to make a point, you could show that when men are in the hunting stage of primitive civilization, they resemble more the pack animal--the nomadic hunter, such as the more backward Indian tribes and many tribes still existing in such charming places as Papua and New Guinea. But I submit that these peoples are the losers, and us two-billion farming types the winners.)

As I was going to answer you, an article appeared in the New York Times, which proves my point about sheeplike men. I enclose it. Normal Man, according to the psychiatrists quoted, is "stable, unremarkable, lacks high aspirations, has little imagination, limited interests, and is a little dull."

You forget that every herd has within it many individuals who are leaders and pushers. The sheep have their rams. And if the majority of normal humanity is a contented mass of clods, there are enough rams, bulls, and bucks among us to make for motion in human society.

You can find plenty of loopholes here too (because it can be said that the ram and the buck deer act in their own hot self-interest to satisfy their sexual drives and only incidentally protect the mass in doing so), and I don't want to stress this argument too far. Mankind is damn sight more complex than any other animal.

And in a manner of speaking, we are both talking about the same thing and in agreement. Where Heinlein is wrong is considering the wolf to be designed to live off other wolves. He isn't, and the pack organization you ascribe to him, proves that. It is Heinlein who insults the wolves by calling the man who lives by preying on his fellow man wolf.

And this is where I get off. Let someone else carry the ball from here.

CRY otherwise very good, as to be expected.

See you.

Sincerely,

Don

((I guess we are back to the point of interpreting what Heinlein means by "wolves and sheep", or more properly, wolflike or sheeplike men. "Beyond This Horizon" gave me no feeling that "preying on other men" was approved either by Heinlein nor by his protagonist; certainly the predatory power-hungry McFee Norbert is the Bad Guy, isn't he? I dug "wolf" as indicating initiative, ability to cooperate, toughness, survivorship-- "sheep" as

standing for general copelessness and a lousy survival-potential in the clutch. I can't agree that Heinlein advocates or approves "men preying on other men"-- naturally, he recognizes that such exists, but what the man advocates (as I see it) is being tough enough to be damn poor pickings as prey! And whether Heinlein advocates this or not, I certainly do. --FMB))

THOMAS E. PURDOM SUGGESTS FOUR RULES FOR S-F WRITING

US52493990, Hq&Hq Co,

2d Med Tk Bn, 69th Armor, 2d Inf Div,
Ft Benning, Ga.

May 14, 1961

Citizens of Cryland:

I received the latest issue while on the tank ranges here at Fort Stewart when the helicopter brought it in from Fort Benning. You see what that poor copy of Cry has gone through? Is this the first Cry to travel by helicopter?

Wally, you have been holding out on us by putting Tackett's letters in the WAHF column. I hope they'll be where they belong from now on.

Elinor, I'm glad to see you're a Julie Harris fan. A big even in my life, still remembered as a big event, was seeing her in The Lark only a few weeks after it opened on Broadway. She turned the theatre into a cathedral. Lately, I've missed most of what she's done and every time I hear of something like He Who Gets Slapped I feel disappointed.

Your comments on mixed marriages and Open End seemed apt. I'm involved in a mixed marriage myself. My wife is a Presbyterian and I read Cry.

I bought the Ballantine edition of New Maps of Hell. It was much better than I'd expected. All the reviewers had given me the impression Amis liked nothing but satire. He does spend most of the book on it, but in that last chapter he reveals an enjoyment of other types of science fiction and I think manages to point out their value to people who don't read SF. I suspect he emphasized social satire partly out of a real preference for it and partly because he thought that was the aspect of SF most likely to impress an audience not acquainted with the field.

The argument over Starship Troopers continues, I see. I thought the book was largely a statement about cooperation in which only those who have proven they will sacrifice for the community are allowed to vote. That he uses the soldier as the ideal of the man with a sense of social responsibility is regrettable, but I don't think it means he is holding up the individualistic, wild animal type for our admiration. Buz's comments seem more perceptive than most I've read lately.

Hal Lynch has informed me the 1961 Philadelphia Conference will be held November 18 and 19th at the Sheraton Hotel. He has also informed me I'm supposed to organize it. I'll keep you informed of developments.

Buz, I've been thinking about writing a four volume work to be called The Intelligent Man's Guide to Everything. But you can use the title for your column, if you like it, until I finish the necessary research.

Agreed on the Stine article. And did you notice Campbell was thereby publishing an article on science fiction? I feel and have felt for some time, that the trouble with science fiction is that the current crop of young writers don't have enough background in science. I think it's shocking that only one story in Analog has even mentioned DNA, and that was as a passing reference, so we could believe the psi gifted hero really was a biochemist. Well, maybe Asimov will rectify this situation. I've spent the last two years trying to broaden my scientific background and I am amazed at the amount of stuff that hasn't found its way into science fiction. Of course, Stine and Amis both led me to the following thought: to write good science fiction you must (1) work for a living, so you won't have to turn out stories under pressure (2) have a good knowledge of science, economics, anthropology and all the other things that can be learned from books (3) knock around the world, as writers must, acquiring experience and knowledge of people and (4) write steadily, so you will develop style and skill. Maybe that's what's wrong with science fiction. Maybe it's just impossible to meet all the demands. It's simpler to cut out requirement (2) and just write ordinary fiction.

Regarding Arthur Clarke's Death and the Senator in Analog, see if you can get hold of the Reporter of about two weeks ago, which has two excellent articles attacking the man-in-space program. Clarke argues and "unexpected result" of space travel will be a cure for

heart disease. But if the investment in satellites is as costly as it probably will be, why not put the money and brain power into biochemical research? Research on the cell will probably give us cures to many diseases. I say this as someone who used to be a real space travel fanatic. /But I see through your sneaky plan. You figure by spending the money to find more ways of keeping more people alive we can accelerate the famous population explosion, thereby making space travel a matter of survival for surplus humanity rather than the peril to individual astronauts that it is today. You know, it might turn out to be a more economical approach at that. --www/

I will probably enclose your questionnaire with this. I'm not sure you'll get very good answers. Anyway, Wally, you've got plenty to cut from this letter. It ran longer than I expected.

Tom

DICK ELLINGTON IS FRANKLY SURPRISED

2162 Hillside Ave., Walnut Creek, California

Dear calendar watchers,

May 16, 1961

Well by now you should start getting short of temper and time and nervous, annoyed with each other, etc. but it doesn't reflect out in CRY and frankly I am surprised. Maybe you'll be lucky and only have one or two nervous breakdowns for the lot of you over the con. Good luck. /Thanks. By the way, who is putting on the worldcon this year? -www/

Don't you mean beyond Kashchei Buz? Or are we dealing with different mythologies and --no, you may not tell me that my literary allusions are twisted.

I think one of the main causes--certainly a contributing one--to the break in fan-pro relationships was the presence with its corresponding danger and unpleasantness of fans like Orville Mosher, Cal Thos. Beck, George Wetzel and suchlike in fandom about that time. I don't think we have any of that type around right now though I have no doubt the likes of them will pop up again at one time or another.

Re the continuing Starship Trooper melange: I'm glad to see that we are finally getting to the point of realizing that you cannot compare wolf-sheep with mankind but only wolf and sheep and mankind as three distinct species. I agree with you grudgingly that it might perhaps be easier to compare man with wolves rather than sheep but scientifically it's a rather pointless quibble. Actually you can't really make comparisons like that between two separate species and get any sense out of them, but can only observe the traits of each species and see how they apply to other species--and again we end up with the intra-species cooperation as the one dominant for survival above all others. All you have really said is that wolves are more intelligent than sheep and we are more intelligent than wolves -- so what?

Actually the one real quibble I have against Heinlein is not where he shows humanity versus the Alien Invaders and such like, it's where he tries to draw the comparison down into present-day life where it just doesn't fit anymore--intra-species and inter-species is a differentiation he just can't seem to make sense out of.

Berry was pleasant but not up to his best this time around.

Elinor: Notice you too caught the Segovia. Your comments much appreciated. I'm glad I missed Susskind on Mixed Marriages. He bores me stiff anyway. A sort of an upper-class Mike Wallace. The mixed-marriage scene is, of course, a mighty rough one. I mixed for awhile with a bunch of them in New York. Like other minority groups (and mixed racial marriages constitute a completely separate minority group from either of the races involved) they got problems, usually complicated by the fact that there are so few of them. They huddle in New York and the crowd was usually referred to as fakes--without any detriment I might add. There are a few negro club-fen incidentally. I've known several myself.

I wonder also how many of the stf addicted are bothering to watch and keep watching Karloff's Thriller, which has been given a rather complete face-lifting and now deals much more with the supernatural theme. They are improving considerably in all ways.

Purdum continues really fascinating. He provokes no comments which means I pretty well agree with him and can only stand here typing geegoshwowboyoboy.

COTR: I've actually used Harry Warner's system for getting books myself--take the book out, wait for the notices, let them know I've lost the book and then pay for it. On the other hand in New York they do the same but include the stipulation that you have not

obtained title to the book and that if you find it you must return it nonetheless. They're wise.

I'm surprised at Lichtman getting up on his high horse about Wally's treatment of Flora Jones' death. I'm willing to lay odds without even knowing her that she would approve highly of just such treatment. Besides I am, of course, of the school that says nothing is too big to be laughed at and if it is it's time to tear it down. [The fact of the matter is, I was less concerned with Flora's feelings (I felt it safe to assume that she was no longer paying attention to anything I might write) than I was with the feelings of the reader. The fact that at least one reader was sufficiently displeased to write in about it meant I used a poor presentation. If Bob hadn't complained, I'd have gone right ahead and used the same unsuccessful method of presentation the next time Flora died. --www]

Nirenberg: Say, this could be the start of something really big. Reminiscences of comic-book boosting from our childhood. I used to indulge in this too and only got caught once but I won't pull and Ellison and give you the gory details. We'll save it for our fanzine which will undoubtedly become a focal point.

I laughed at Lupoff's reference to what they will name the child but I remember a child I had some connection with [Stifle these true confessions, friend, and save them for your focal point fanzine. --www] born just after Stalin died who was middle-named Josef because the mother thought Stalin was a "great man"--not good you understand--I mean, what's that got to do with it?--but great.

Stiles kills me. I'm glad to see the spirit of rampant Fanarchism still lives in the younger element in New York.

Alors,

Dick

STEVE STILES OBJECTS TO THE COVER

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

Dear WWW

May 21, 1961

Interesting cover. What does it signify? Does it have a message? Does it make a social point? Does it have deep Freudian meaning? The artist misses a lot and wastes his time with an ingroup ploy. I suggest you tighten up on your editorial policy, sirrahs. [Go get tight yourself, you rampant Fanarchist. --www]

The idea Renfrew tossed out of giving separate awards with different symbols seems to present a new problem--it seems quite likely that in a situation like that the two groups --pro&fandom--would appear to be even further apart than they are now.

As for a symbol, it would be difficult to assign one for a society with the diverse interests that fandom has. Beer cans and beanies are out. The only symbol that would roughly cover fandom for a while would be....hmmmm....Captain Marvel? Justkidding,Buz.

Elinor's theory seems to be essentially correct. Either that or it's merely a coincidence that most of Cry's "bitchers" are us young sprats. I don't think, however, it's because we've grown fast or that the Cry is immature or something; it's just because the Cry does and doesn't grow. When I was thoroughly enmeshed in the Cry you had such letter-hacks as Deeck, Pelz, Adams; Brown, etc., then you had Rick Sneary, Moffatt, Moran, etc., now you have Kujawa, Ashworth, Parker, Nirenberg, and so on; frankly I find the new gang a little different than what I'm used to. So, in that instance the young inexperienced fan man cling to one group and when there's a turnover become a little disconcerted. Secondly, Cry seems to have acquired a format of sorts that's regretably even in quality; every issue there's Wally's minutes, a Berry story, etc, etc, etc, so after a time the novelty wears off. But in spite of it all Cry is a good zine.

Even considering what I just said, Berry's bit this issue was good. Whatever became of Twink anyway? [Scheduled for the July issue, naturally. --www]

It would appear that no matter how mean and pompous the white husband, in the mixed marriage couple Elinor talked about, appeared, he (and his wife too) certainly must have had the courage of his love & convictions to defy the more disgusting aspects of the laws that rule our society.

Eejaboo,

Steve

BUCK COULSON, SI SI SI

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear CRYpt-Keeper,

5-10-61

As long as I'm filling out the stupid poll I might as well comment on the stupid mag. Si? Si. (I've become a si si writer -- a bit of humor which will probably only be apparent to Dick Ellington, who won't like it.)

I suppose titling Buz' contributions MISCELLANEOUS COLUMN would be considered too mundane for CRY? I thought so. Hugos for fans? Nonsense. Fans pat each other on the back constantly (or at least during the times when they aren't kicking each other in the teeth). Every third fanzine you see has some sort of poll going to promote fannish egoboo -- adding Hugo awards to this mess would be like pouring syrup over doughnuts. I agree with him on disillusioned neofans, though. (Except, could it be that the ones who stick around are those for which CRY -- or fandom -- remains at the top of their level of appreciation? Oh, that's silly, of course.....isn't it?)

I'm disappointed in Elinor. Last time she was all enthusiastic over SCIENCE FANTASY and now she admits that it isn't her favorite prozine, after all. I bet I know what happened, though -- she ran across my vote for it in the Hugo nominations and decided that anything bitchy old Coulson likes must have flaws. Anyway, I still think SCIENCE FANTASY is the best stf magazine in the English language -- and I make the reservation only because I can't read the ones in other languages, so while I'm pretty sure they're inferior too, I can't prove it. Incidentally, I knew three Negro fans at one time -- as a matter of fact I still know two of them, but they aren't in fandom any more. I went to the '53 Philcon with two of them and was refused rooms at the '53 Midwestcon with one of them. (Mrs. Beastly didn't rent rooms to Negroes, it seems.)

Enough commentary; on to the pole. Poul? Pohl? Poll...got it!

Yours,

Buck

P.S. Just thought; if fannish Oscars are called Hugos, why aren't fannish polls called pouls?

DONALD FRANSON TAKES A MINUTE OR FIVE TO WRITE

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood,

Dear ControversY,

California

May 14, 1961

Well, I have five minutes so I guess I'll hammer out a Cryletter. These things are hard to write and I haven't much time after filling out all kinds stupid questionnaires and working on my other masterpieces.

Yes, CRY #50 didn't exist, and CRY #150 also is a nothing. (I don't really know whether it is or not, it's just an excuse for a joke.Ha.)

The Blish review may be unique; of course there was an exactly opposite case in which the last installment of the Willis Nebula column appeared in Psi-Phi.

I think there should be separate fannish awards, chosen not by the convention membership, who are not all fans, nor yet by the con committees, but in a manner similar to the Fanac Poll, expanded to a dozen or so fanzines. And the name for it should be none other than the Willis Awards.

I kind of forgot about the Hugo Committee; here we've been discussing the awards as if anything said in a fanzine has any effect. I saw a list of the names somewhere recently but can't recall any of them now. You say hand the plan to a member of the Hugo Committee, and then don't say who the hell they are. Don't you remember either? Is it going to be TAFF all over again? ((Send to Dirce Archer; she knows. -- FMB))

I agreed with Don Wollheim's description of mankind as more herd animal than lone hunter. Actually, monkeys would be a better example than sheep, which was only used as a counteraction to wolf as used by Heinlein. If fighting is anti-survival, it seems pretty mindless to continue with it, just because it is a noble tradition, and an enjoyable game for soldiers, and all that other medieval crap. The dignity of the fighting man is a myth. He is more a cog in a machine than a civilian, and Heinlein knows it, but he fakes it to prove his point that war is somehow glorious. I thought that philosophy passed away in 1918.

There's nothing about Cry that makes it a target for the disillusioned gafiates except its regularity. Who would say, for instance, "I used to like A Bas, but recently

I'm disenchanted with it"? It's just that in this case the fanzine outlasts the fan, which is not a common thing in fandom.

I think Ella Parker, S.C.O.a.W. (She's comin' over after Weber) deserves a trip more than anyone. I think she would be an excellent TAFF candidate, but this is better, since there is no TAFF this year, and no foreign guests, and if Berry hadn't come to the Detention, there would not have been one there. I'm heartily in favor of the Parker Pond Fund, in addition to TAFF and Willis. (Surprise)

Elinor: There is a fan named Lanctot, in the N3F. "Asked why he had picked the guitar" is an opening for a line like "what did you expect me to do, pound on it?"

I liked the idea of a London letter at first, but it's not necessary to make this a regular feature of Cry. After all, there are British fanzines that tell all about British fans. Ad infinitum....

I could go on, about liking the character Harriman and the article, too; and comment on every letter in the letter column and argue with Bob Lichtman about seniority in Cry (I did miss #121, apparently voluntarily, but then I go back to #117, which is about as far as it is possible for me to go back to, because my first Cry was #116) and use up all these other checkmarks, but it's late, and all I'll say is why not make Taskey the Responsible Editor of Cry? ((But...we thought he was. -- FMB))

Yours,

Donald Franson

BOB LICHTMAN SUSPECTS ANOTHER TYPEWRITER
Buz:

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.
13 May 1961

CRY #150 has arrived. I notice with a snort and a smirk that on the Third Page there are two typewriters being used, one for the text and one for the capital W's in the text. This is rather a Drastic Move, I'd say: why not use the typewriter whose W's cut so neatly for the entire page? ((I did, Bob -- look again. -- FMB))

Elinor's remarks on how come younger fans turn off of CRY are probably quite correct. For my own part, I turned onto CRY in quite a big way after the first issue I received, and I've never exactly turned off. However, I am gradually pooping out in a way. Whether or not I'll ever stop being a CRYhack entirely is a moot point. I no longer find the same values in CRY that I used to, but I do like getting a reading it a lot. It's not really my favorite fanzine, but it's one of my ver favorite fanzines. Like, I was quite tied-up with CRY for a good while and I still remember it with Nostalgia.

According to my sociology text, Elinor, while no white people at all feel inferior about being white, nearly 40% or so of colored people -- Negroes, that is -- feel inferior about being Negroes. Why this is, you pointed it out rather well. I do, too, wish that Brandon existed. He was so much more interesting in those old INNs than TCarr, to tell the truth. And while Betty Kujawa may not be Japanese, there is a Japanese fan here in Los Angeles by the name of Jiro Tomiyama. And Kris Neville's wife is a Negro, but this really doesn't count. I wonder why there are no Negro fans? Maybe they don't read s-f?

See you next month.

best,

Bob

GREGG CALKINS VERIFIES THE INSCRUTIBILITY OF SPEER'S SMILE
Dear CRYbabies:

1484 East 17th South,
Salt Lake City 5, Utah

11th day of May 1961

Elinor Busby, you are a friend for life. I think your remarks in CRY #149 are the nicest things I--we--have ever had said about us. Seriously, I can think of nothing else in life that I would rather be than those things which you have attributed to me...and to us.

I particularly enjoyed the description of the other Boycon characters and especially Jack Speer...and, dammit, he does have an inscrutable smile. I particularly noticed this when Rog Phillips was speaking--as a matter of fact, at one point I wasn't sure whether Jack was smiling because Rog was right or because Rog was so far wrong. It is a valuable asset.

How does anyone keep up with every issue of CRY? They come out so fast... Why don't you people keep a regular schedule, like yours truly, and publish every other year or so? Actually, I'm a publishing giant, more or less, this year--eight to ten pages of the next

OOPS are actually on stencil and six or so have been mimeographed already. Yes! That's what I call real progress. You will be seeing the issue in true to life color (blue ink and assorted pages) some time this summer...June, July, what's an extra month or two? See the advantages my schedule has over yours? How can I be late with my schedule?

Whoo...the brew is getting to me. Only one thing to do in this situation--go get some more. See you next issue.

best,

Gregg

JOHN C. CHAMPION THINKS WE'RE SHEEPISH
CRYtypes:

Box 5221 University Stn., Eugene, Oregon U.S.A.
4 May 1961

CRY 150: cover was good -- ho-ho.

Fannish award (mighod, how much do those things cost??): the obvious symbol is the typewriter or mimeograph, but these'd be a bit hard to manufacture in miniature as awards. Patron saint--Tucker, who else?

Wolf vs. Sheep: from Buz' description of sheep (top of p. 6) I'd say (regrettably) that picture all too often does fit human beings. Anyone who doubts that human beings are not capable of acting as herd animals (sheep-type) has never seen a mob, full-fledged type, in action. Truth is, tho, that some human cultures/societies have fitted the picture given here of the wolf quite well, others the sheep. Let's face it, after all, human beings are much more variable in their behavior than either wolves, sheep, or any other animal. Personally, I go along more with S. I. Hayakawa, who said (Language in Thought and Action) while discussing the question "Which animals should we emulate" maybe it'd be better if we tried to figure out how Homo Sapiens acts. One more point: sheep, if left to themselves, are quite capable of carrying on existence on this earth without having to subsist on other animals. Not a pretty existence, to be sure. Wolves, however, are not at all capable of existing if there are no sheep around to prey on. That's the price they pay for being carnivores and having a high-energy diet. Wolves can't live without sheep, but sheep can live without wolves. (Now, don't pull that bit about wolves being necessary to keep the sheep population in bounds--there are other limits that work just as well.) I'm not particularly in favor of either type, myself. But let's not forget ecology. I disagree that wolves survive better than sheep, left to their own devices. Predators can't survive without prey; prey can, overall, survive without predators.

((Carrying your argument to its logical conclusion, then, we find that the Best Survivor Type of the lot is....GRASS! Sheep can't get along without grass, etc, etc. Foop. "Let's not forget ecology," you say, and then you go on to prove my point (that the anti-Heinlein pro-sheep arguments generally jump to stereotypes and/or artificial situations rather than discussing actual conditions). Obviously the entire wolf-sheep bit deals with these animals in relation to each other and to environmental factors, not to a hypothetical construct arbitrarily containing carnivores but not herbivores or vice-versa. Passing the perfectly valid point that sheep constitute a very minor part of the diet of wolves, the fact remains that real sheep in the real world cannot provide their own protection from real wolves who turn up with a yen for mutton. Now then, any more nits you want picked? --FMB))

Berry brings back occasional memories--not the same thing, but similar things I've had to undergo. Good.

Bob Smith--I'll agree with you on Heinlein. Which reminds me--recently I took an attitude test (out of a book called "Sense and Nonsense in Psychology") to rate myself on a radical-conservative and tender minded-tough minded scale (two scales, actually). The author presented also a chart on which were plotted average scores obtained from various political groups in Britain--Liberal, Conservative, Labor, Fascist, Communist. It turned out that my score was almost right on top of the one scored by British Communists. I found this a bit surprising, seeing as how I've never had any particular fondness for Communists (admitting that I've never known any, on the other hand), but there you are. The trouble is, tho, that there were also questions in the test which seemed admirably suited to a libertarian-authoritarian scale, but no scale given on which to rate them. I suspect that might have made the difference.

all for now,

John C. Champion

JIM GROVES MAKES A SUBTLE DISTINCTION

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

Dear CRYgang

23rd May 1961

thanks for 150. Cover - I guess that Mike's not going to be able to forget that incautious remark. [He will if we keep sending his CRY to the wrong address. --www/

PLOW - something on the lines of "PLOWING AROUND" or like that maybe. Hooray for the "wolves/sheep" discussion, sniping at Heinlein seems to have become pretty general, and some people seem to be getting quite het up about it. I wonder if that's because he's getting near some home truths.

Tom Purdom certainly goes for Heinlein doesn't he? And a good thing too that some one is around to defend him; he's taking quite a pounding lately. This is as good as the others.

COTR - Wally I can just begin to understand your doing what you did in that supermarket, but in front of all those fans, well, really! Come to think of it, what were they all doing there anyway?

Betty Kujawa - Ella Parker baiting is just a specialised form of Scot baiting, which we are also perfecting. The SFCL splits down the middle into Scots and English (plus allies) you know and we're busy recreating a messy bit of British history.

Roy Tackett - that's a slight distortion of the true facts about London. Ella doesn't need a whip; she uses her tongue. And those walls can't collapse; I fixed 'em.

Bill Mallardi - if I may make a subtle distinction here, Man doesn't have free will. He is permitted a certain amount of freedom for a certain period of time. As you point out, God still wins out in the end. He wins in the beginning as well, since he sets the field and the players. If there is a God who is all powerful, then he created the environment that you live in and the genetic heritage that you've got. Between them that covers you; the only freedom you have got in that case is that of fulfilling what ever is possible to you with those two factors in mind up till the day you die, and then you have to account for your actions. You have to explain to God why you did the things he programmed you to do. Odd, very odd.

and so to bed

Jim

THOMAS SCHLUECK DEFIES HIS OWN LAZINESS

Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Western Ger-

Howdy!

many

30-5-61

"PLUCK"! Lil' Tom was running, picking up his CRY, and was never be seen again. Since he got CRY 149, his nose was turned upwards, his front showed LETTERHACK-card (Thank for it, Donald!) and all people had to look at it, even if they didn't want!

HE BECAME CRY-Letterhack!

And now, that CRY 150 is in, he succeeded in defying his laziness, to try his luck again.

To notice of --www: I principally do understand anything printed in CRY. I read it as if it were German and...eeeh, wait, what did "yes" mean? [At the moment it means, "No, unless you join the Seacon before the deadline for final balloting ends." I wish you would pick simpler words to ask about. --www/

The cover was kind of strange. I didn't quite understand it before re-reading Mike Deckinger's last LoC again - and then ha! Bon appetite! [Das ist Duetche?? --www/

SOL (hope you know what it is? [Yes, of course. I seldom do anything else. --www/]) is planning a Christmas rider of 20 pages on SEACON (be proud!). We're looking for a man to write this report, as our special reporter in U.S.Fandom, Ingrid Fritzsch, does not attend the Con. What about you, www? Seriously, we need help. And as SOL is Gerfandom's top-zine (though not appearing monthly) a certain circulation is guaranteed. Any of the Nameless Ones? Or in CRYland?

THE CLASSICAL TOUCH was the best Berry-Story I ever read. When laughing I swallowed a little piece of wood I was balancing on the lips... Doctor's expenses come to CRY! See, now, why marrying...?? It's the same with me. I have to fight desperately my way to my typer, because "It's noisy," or "I wanna sleep," or "I want to listen to the radio!"

I admire Mrs. Walsted. She dared attending a meeting of a SF-Group! MY mother had this plan, too, but I always succeeded in keeping her away! I wouldn't be a member any more!

Another admiring glance at Geoff Lindsay's LONDON LETTER. He's managing to give an absolute informative report, which did not lack amusing items, too. Did Kingsley Amis write other novels, except stf, or criticism thereof? In the Hanover Public Library I recently discovered a book, written by him. I did not succeed in getting whether it was stf or not.

This seems to be enough. Be happy.

Tom

LAWRENCE CRILLY THANKS LICHTMAN

951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey

Dear CRY ~~people~~,

May 10, 1961

The postman brought #150 today. I decided to write you.

Well, Berry's piece is good; but you should see the one he wrote for Lenny Kaye's upcoming fmz OBELISK (There! A free plug for you, Lenny!). I'll comment on Tom Purdom's article: very interesting...sehr gut...muy bien...those are for the benefit of the foreign readers of CRY...they also make me look intelligent to the editors of CRY so that they may get soft hearted and print my letter.

I'd like to enthusiastically thank Bob Lichtman for Helmut Klemm's address...I'd like to; but I can't because I found out his address about a week ago...thanks unenthusiastically, anyway, Bob.

Steve Stiles: Yup! That's pretty much how the Lunacon was alrighty. You forgot to mention SaM's talk on the Dime Novel, tho. Of course, most of the things he talked about were originally sold for a nickel each... You're wrong about that being Avram Davidson who told them (del Rey & Ellison) they had been arguing about different things; it was Bob Silverberg, if I 'member correctly. Lester del Rey passed by me outside, and I seem to remember him muttering something about never debating with Harlan again or something along those lines...

Does anyone correspond with Jean Linard or know his address? I'd be interested in corresponding with him. Perhaps you could drop me a postcard with the info...

Ansviekatos,

Larry Crilly

WEALSOHEARDFROM:

CHUCK DEVINE who remarks, "Most enjoyed Purdom's HARRIMAN & HISTORY. It caused me to re-read MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON." Which goes to show that if you give a pro a lousy inch in a fanzine, he'll take a yard of good readers and make them waste their precious fanzine-reading time on that crazy \$1 Rogers stuff. RICH BROWN, fandom's most active gafiated-fan, wants #97, 98, 116, 126, 130, 136, 138, 144, 145, 147, 148, 149 and 150, most of which we probably don't have; but he sends us lovely money for them so we'll keep searching for them if it takes forever, which it probably will. LENNY KAYE sends us the only bit of fan-fiction we've ever received that was so terrible it ended up in the WAHF column. But he also sent us \$ something else, so it took the \$ting out of it. PETER B. HOPE of 435 Riverside Drive, New York 25, N.Y. no longer exists now that he has become DR. PETER B. HOPE of 117 State Street, Brooklyn 1, N.Y. MIKE DOMINA asks, "Exactly when did you drop the words "of the Nameless" from the title?" We've been wondering when somebody would notice; I haven't even noticed it yet. Actually, we've had Toskey put less and less ink on that part of the multigraph each issue until by now the words only exists as a mono-molecular film of the metal from the type itself that adheres to the paper as it passes through the machine. LARRY CRILLY (he's a completist, appearing both inside and outside the WAHF column this issue) writes, "Thru a mutual arrangement, Tom Schlueck and I have agreed to pilfer the cash-boxes of gas stations (petrol pumps to those readers in G.B.) and the money be used to sub on fmz in our respective countries." Our bank is beginning to smell like gasoline. RUTH BERMAN (another completists) asks, "Does anyone around Cry know Barry Pritchard, a Seattlite now at the U. of M. graduate school and a very fine actor?" That's a very good question, and we plan to use it on the CRYpoll after next. FRED GALVIN, FRANK R. PRIETO JR., BOB PAVLAT, BRUCE ROBBINS, EDDIE BRYANT, and I. F. WERTLIEB send us cute currency. The 14TH ANNUAL WEST COAST SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION sends us progress report number two, and it sold me. I'll be there, I'll be there!!

See ya after the BAYCON.

---www

M I N U T E S

true life adventures in fandom.....based on famous meetings of the Nameless Ones
as observed by the Hon. Sec-Treas.....Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE MAY 4, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

At the stroke of the 8:30 gong of G. M. Carr's time machine, President Doreen Webbert brought the May 4, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones to order as best she could. G. M. Carr proved herself to be a most charming and intelligent hostess by personally approving the minutes of the previous meeting when it became obvious nobody else was going to. The Sec-TREAS reported \$43.60 in the club treasury and hinted that he could use even more if his trip to the Baycon was to be a success.

Doreen asked for Old Business, and found to her dismay that her home was being volunteered as the site of the next meeting. G. M. Carr came to the rescue by volunteering her own place for the May 18 meeting, although whether she was rescuing Doreen or the hapless member who had volunteered Doreen's place has yet to be determined. Mrs. Carr's offer was eagerly accepted, which goes to prove that it doesn't pay to rescue anyone these days.

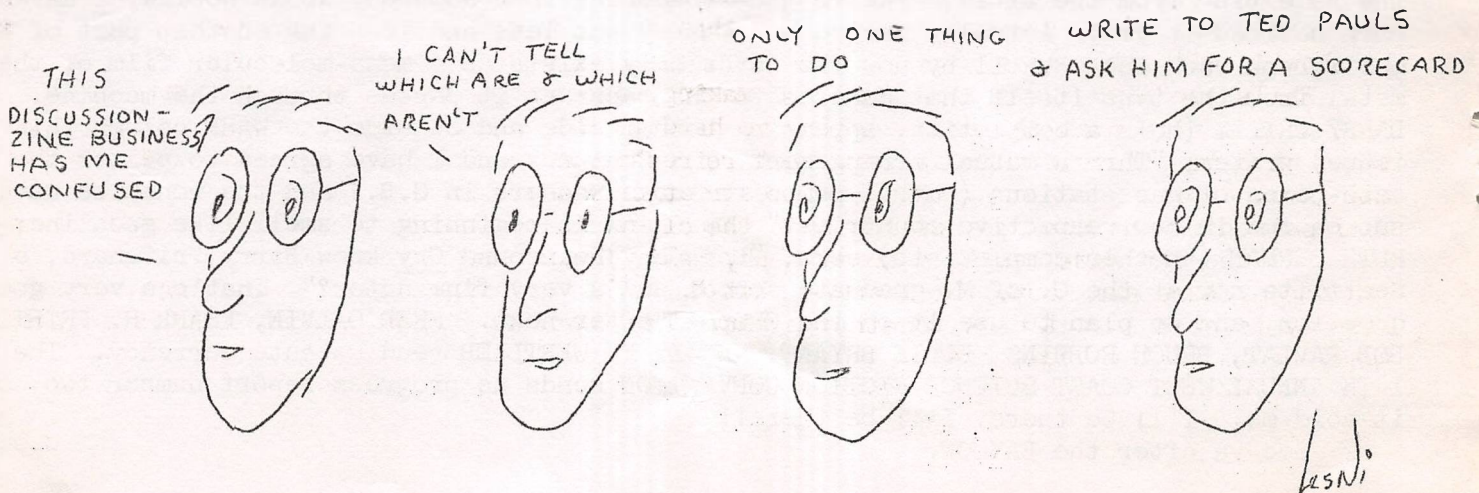
Official Bem Vernard Thomas suggested that the club might be able to meet at one of the rooms of Tally Register, his place of employment in the so-called "real" world. Since the club has never met in any sort of register before, the members wanted to find out more about the place. Vernard obliged by describing some of the machines his employer was in the process of designing and building.

From what could be gathered, Tally Register's primary purpose in life is to find more and more expensive ways of punching holes in endless strips of paper tapes which, in turn, can be used in the operation of more and more expensive machines which the company builds to use up all that punched paper. It sounded much clearer when Vernard told about it, but anyway that's the "real" world for you.

Despite the complexity of these paper punchers, they are so simple that a kindergarden student could run one, and Tally is even now working on simplifying the controls to the point where possibly an intelligent prozine editor could handle them. In the near future the pressing of a single button will cause the machine to do whichever of its many functions is desired, including not doing anything in the event the button is pushed by mistake.

Before anyone was allowed to relax in the belief that these would be the ultimate in automatic machines, Vernard went on to explain that every effort was being made to eliminate the necessity of pushing the button at all. He announced this with some anxiety, however, and added that he, personally, believed that man should at least be allowed the dignity of making the decision whether or not to push the button.

The result of all this was that the Official Bem was instructed to see what his employer had to say about the Nameless Ones meeting at Tally Register.



Doreen asked for more Old Business, and somebody asked Vernard if he had any of his old cider left, and Vernard told us about his struggle with the cider. It had been getting more and more potent, Vernard explained, and he had begun to fear it would escape from the jugs and conquer the world, so he had attempted to suspend its progress by freezing it in milk cartons. He has done this to the best of his ability but he still doesn't consider the stuff safe to have around. Several self-sacrificing members immediately offered to help consume this menace to civilization as we know it, and Vernard thought he might be able to arrange this at some future meeting.

Doreen decided to try for New Business. Vernard had some of that, too. Vernard, you may remember, is an active member of the local Bee Keeper's Association. Although he is a great personal success in the organization, holding offices and appearing on television, he does not feel he has attained much status so far as his bees are concerned. Despite his efforts to provide his bees with a fine home and cultural surroundings, they produce precious little honey for him. He had a plan, however, and that is where the New Business came in, in case it has occurred to you to wonder. He had acquired seeds for a particularly active nectar-producing plant, and if the club was interested in helping him plant these seeds, Vernard was positive his bees would respond by producing honey by the barrel. Once he possessed the vital ingredient of honey, he would be able to produce vast quantities of mead, for which he had the original recipe. And since Vernard doesn't touch the stuff, the club members would have the privilege of consuming the final product.

Something about the idea appealed to the members, and the date of Saturday, May 20, was tentatively set as the science fiction club's first collective venture into the frontiers of the science of agriculture.

Considerable thought and discussion was given to the various uses of honey as a medicine as well as a food, and the novel idea of having the Bee Keeper's Association purchase display space at the SEACON was presented. The display of an active hive could easily become the center of attention at the convention.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:04:55 or 9:12, depending on whether you go by Wally Gonser's watch or G. M. Carr's time machine.

H. S-T. Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE MAY 18, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

President Doreen called the May 18, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones to order at 8:32 p.m. There was no reading of the minutes because, aside from the fact that the Sec-Treas hadn't written any, the Sec-Treas was not present. Neither was the hostess, G. M. Carr, for that matter. According to a note on the kitchen table, the two of them had gone to the hospital to have Mrs. Carr's arm X-rayed. That Mrs. Carr had skipped out on a meeting held at her own house just to have a picture taken seemed in very poor taste.

The Official Bem was also absent, and that was really serious. So long as the CRY continues to publish the minutes of the meetings, the Sec-Treas is expendable; so long as we have the use of her house, G. M. Carr is expendable; but the Official Bem is the club's only known source of frozen apple-jack, and there is nothing less expendable than that. The motion was made, seconded and passed that the Official Bem be impeached if he failed to show up with the apple jack.

While the club was in the mood for making, seconding, and passing motions, it did all that to a motion that the next meeting be held at Mrs. Carr's again providing that this meets with Mrs. Carr's approval and that refreshments be furnished by some member other than Mrs. Carr. Presumably this last restriction was meant as a precaution against Mrs. Carr poisoning the cookies, seeing that the club was not taking her subtle hint to leave.

Because the Nameless is a nosey club, Wally Gonser called the hospital to find out how the picture came out. He learned that G. M. had a broken elbow and an appointment in surgery to have it put back together again. The hospital had no information as to the whereabouts of the Sec-Treas.

President Doreen finally decided the club could take a hint, and she offered her apartment as the site of the next meeting. As an added attraction, she would arrange to play the recording of, "The Astronaut." This was generally decided to be a good idea.

A discussion started about the major question on last issue's CRYpoll, and there were arguments on both sides. Apparently very few club members are completely impartial on the subject of garlic. Following this was a discussion of home remedies, although nothing along that line seemed to cover G. M. Carr's problem of having a photogenic elbow.

Wally Weber arrived at this late date, bringing with him Ed and Linda Wyman -- what they had to do with the Sec-Treas is still obscure, but there they were. Wally announced that G. M. Carr's last words were that if the club wanted to meet at her place again next meeting, she would arrange to have the controversial movie, "Operation Abolition," shown to the group. Since a number of the club had already seen the picture and were not interested in seeing it again, the club decided to stick with its decision of meeting next time at Doreen's and listening to, "The Astronaut."

The motion was made and seconded that the members meet at a restaurant for refreshments rather than raid Mrs. Carr's refrigerator, and, like the rest, this motion, too, was passed. To hurry this moment along, the meeting was adjourned at 9:29:10.

Honorable S T, Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE JUNE 1, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The meeting was called to order at 8:19:00 p.m. on June 1, 1961 by President Doreen, which you might have suspected, at the home of G. M. Carr, which you shouldn't have expected if you'd been paying attention to last meetings minutes. Wally Gonser read his notes of the previous meeting, and it was nice to hear the members complain to somebody else about the minutes for a change. The complaints centered around the fact that no mention had been made of two important club decisions: (1) the club had voted to send G. M. Carr a potted plant as an award for breaking her arm, and (2) it was voted that a science fiction or fantasy book be purchased and donated to the Seattle Public Library in memory of Flora Jones. Wally Gonser explained that Wally Weber had been responsible for taking notes during that particular portion of the meeting, which is true but unfair for reasons which I will think up soon.

The club then voted to take out a full page ad in the BAYCON convention Program Booklet providing it didn't cost too much. We now take time out for a couple of commercials: (After which the meeting is adjourned at 8:35:20 p.m.) H.S-T,WWW

BAYCON July 1 & 2

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You have as many issues left on your sub as the number behind your name indicates. No number means you got this one "free". If this isn't clear, ask us about it at the BAYCON and we will explain it to you at the SEACON.

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