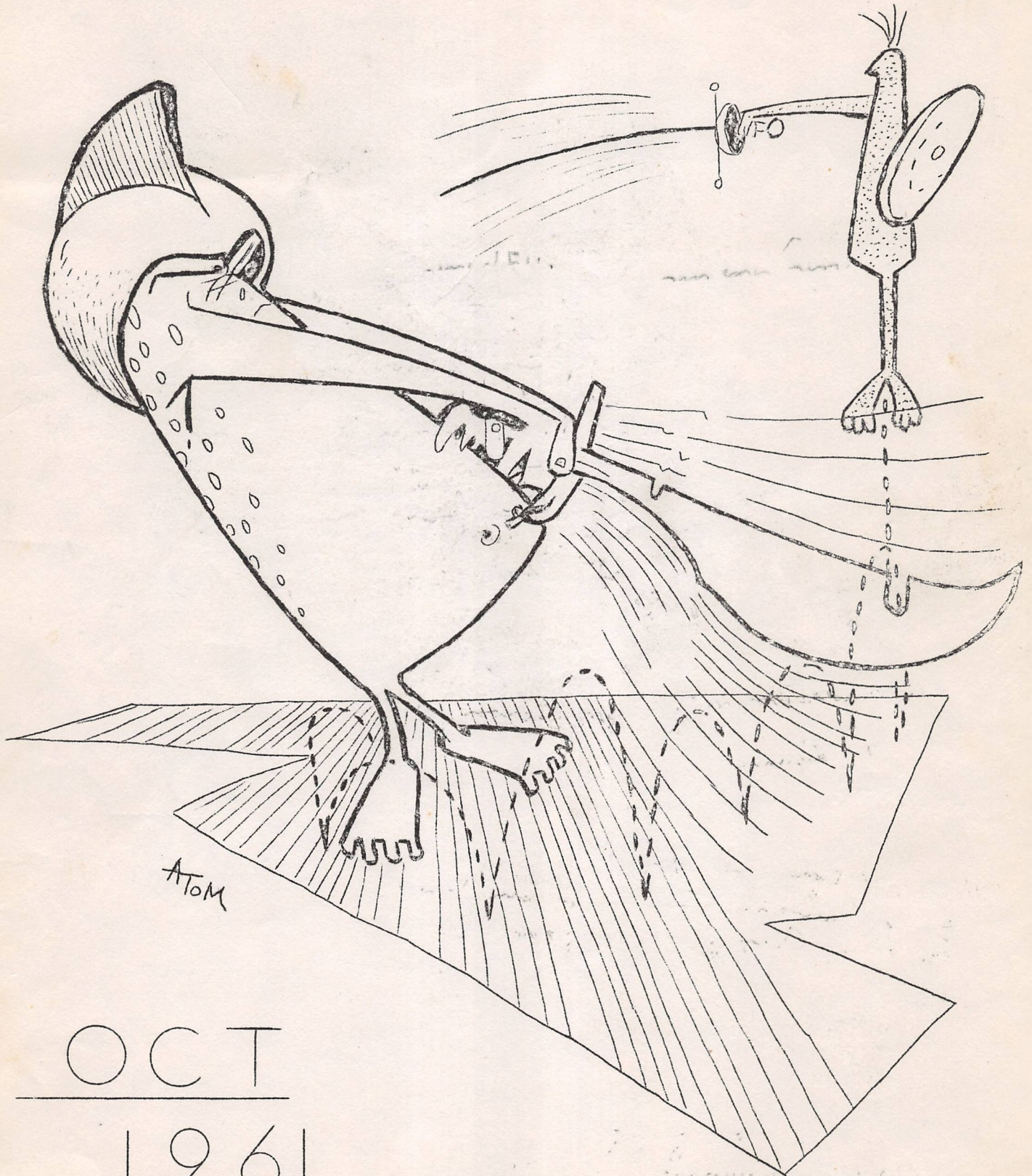


CRY 153



OCT
1961

CRY 153

Oct 1961

So here it is-- good ol' CRY of Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Back again to those who have letters or contributions herein, who have perstrated the Ironclad Trade Curtain, who have sent 25¢ (or 1/9, to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland) for the copy, or who have taken advantage of our sub rates: 5 for \$1 or 7/-; 12 for \$2 or 14/-. Or who just got lucky, maybe.

Our contents follow in somewhat unusual order this time: Wally ran the letter-col to the bottom of the page, so we needed some other item at the end to leave room for the return-address. We were going to run a SeaCon photocover but did not get it made up in time; luckily we have a new batch of lovely illos from lovable ATom. No additional CRYPoll results this month, either; no time. ^{No lesNI, either.} In fact, you are lucky(?) to be receiving this mess at all, come to think of it. Oh well, there are the

C * O * N * T * E * N * T * S

Cover by ATom		page 1
Page Three	Buz	3
The Rituals of Science Fiction	Poul Anderson	4
The Interloper (part I of 3 parts)	John Berry	7
Minutes	Wally Weber	12
With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle..	F M Busby	14
Pandom Harvest	Terry Carr	16
CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber	21
Hwyl	Elinor Busby	37

((oops! Elinor will have a "Hwyl Annex" on page 11, lower half, also.))((And the "SeaCon Report", bottom of page 6, is mine own.))

Art credits: ATom 1, Eddie Jones 7, Butterfield 8, Buz 6 & ask for Mabel maybe; I give up.....

Stencil-cutting stalwarts: Weber 18, Elinor 16, Buz 3.

Duplication: it is predicted that Burnett Toskey and Steve Tolliver will crank. The CRYstaff this month: if I have not lost track of just who is going to be out of town or otherwise unavailable tomorrow (CRYday), this month's staff will consist of Wally Weber, Burnett Toskey, Steve Tolliver, and F M & Elinor Busby.

A N N O U N C E M E N T ! !

The Goon Goes West is finally and at long last available in the Book Edition! 167 pages of text including a number of brand-new ATomilloes that did not appear in the serialized version, plus: 4 original maps drawn by John Berry (oh, yes, he's the author of this book, by the way), 2 photosheets, the ATom cover on the same cover stock as that used for SeaCon's Program Book, a foreword, a preface, and a handy Table of Contents. Gestetnered on tasteful white #20 8 1/2 x 11 mimeo paper, this book weighs roughly one pound and is a half-inch thick at the staples!

The price is \$1.25 postpaid; for in-person sales (such as at SeaCon) where no mailing is required, we knock off the two-bits. Fair enough?

In ordering Goon, do not include your order in the text of a CRYletter or a personal letter. Assuming that you actually want to get your copy in a reasonable length of time, do it this way: inclose a separate note ordering your copy and with your name and address handily appended. I'm sure we will all be much happier thus.

In the UK, it might pay for most to hold off until E*L*L*A P*A*R*K*E*R gets home: Ella has undertaken to accept shipment of a carton of the books and accept orders locally. The price will be 9/- to Ella right across the board, unless she wishes to add a few pence for postage on copies she must put into the mails, again.

So there you have it. Here again is CRY, the essentially-monthly fanzine (tho I doubt that July issues reappear often, or September issues ever). And here are you holding CRY in your own two or three hands. I hope the two of yez will be happy.

Publication date of CRY 154, for November: Sunday, October 29, 1961. So let's don't crowd the deadline too much this time, huh, kids?

* * * * *

* THE RITUALS OF SCIENCE FICTION *

* * * * *

an address delivered at SEACON by

Poul Anderson

Since this is a broad-minded audience, I trust I won't embarrass anybody if I begin my remarks with a slightly earthy anecdote -- even if people interested in space travel would prefer an un-Earthy one. It seems there was a research psychologist who was interested in determining the effects of heredity versus environment. So, having strong political connections, he was able to obtain identical twin boys and separate them at birth. One boy was adopted by a wealthy, elderly, hitherto childless couple who showered upon him every gratification the mind of man can conceive. He had only to look as if he might wish for something, and it was his. The brother was adopted into a slum family where the husband was a drunken brute, the mother a selfish slut, and a dozen cruelly neglected children must fight each other for every crust of bread. When the twins were eight years old, the psychologist reclaimed them and brought them to his laboratory. The poor boy, who had never had anything to call his own, was locked into a room filled with every kind of toy, game, food, drink, amusement, and goody that can be imagined. The rich boy was locked into a room full of manure. Then the psychologist peeped through the keyholes to see what they would do.

First he looked in on the poor boy surrounded by wealth. The pitiful little creature merely sat there, quite unable to grasp what had happened, with no idea what these brightly colored objects were for. The psychologist went on and looked into the rich boy's room. All he saw was the manure. For a long time he stared without seeing a trace of the child. But at last he heard a small voice saying from somewhere deep inside: "There must be a pony here somewhere."

--- I now have that line posted above the desk where I write. And of course you see my point. As we contemplate the general condition of science fiction for the past several years, we feel there just has to be a pony somewhere. So we read and read, we search and search, and what do we turn up? You guessed it. The same conventional planet, just like Earth except for having neither geography or history, on which the same conventional spacemen carry out their conventional mission. The anti-Utopia, which depends on extrapolating a single facet of the current scene until a whole future society is based on it. The hero who turns out to have psionic powers -- surprise, surprise. The Machiavellian cosmic do-gooders who accomplish their idealistic ends with methods comparable to Hitler's. And so on and so on, ad tedium.

Now there was really nothing wrong with any of these approaches per se, the first few dozen times they were used. As a matter of fact, I think possibly I originated the last named one myself, in a story some dozen years ago called "The Double-Dyed Villains." At least, it was an early example of the type. I hasten to add that my Galactic Patrolmen showed some moral restraint. In any event, it was frankly an oversimplified situation, as science fiction situations often of necessity are. It was only meant as a counterfoil to the opposite or Boy Scout concept of how to control a civilization. Likewise, such anti-Utopias as "Brave New World" and "The Space Merchants" were rightly made welcome when they first appeared. "Slan" was a psi story, and a very good one. I need not multiply examples. Every cliché was once a fresh new idea. Now they have become drab rituals.

But the problem of ritual goes much deeper than the mere mutual imitation of mere hacks. As a matter of fact, the endlessly repeated cliché is only a limiting case, a degraded ritual. Not all rituals are bad, and indeed fiction in general, science fiction in particular, has a much stronger ritualistic element than many readers suspect.

I am using the word "ritual" in the second sense given by my dictionary: "A code of ceremonies observed; as, the ritual of the Freemasons." A large part of human life is given over to ritual of this sort, from the most conventional, stereotyped "how do you do" of greeting to the highly personal, deeply felt little private rituals which grow up between husband and wife or between close comrades. This type of structured behavior is quite essential to our emotional as well as our practical lives. Without structure,

there cannot be communication. You cannot tell your wife you love her without a language to say it in -- a language consisting of far more than words.

There are likewise many rituals observed in connection with literature. Re-reading a favorite story is obviously one of them. The story can hold little suspense for you the second and third time around, unless your memory is even worse than mine. But quite apart from the discovery of new depths and new shades of meaning, which you make in re-reading great literature, there is the act of repetition in itself, the return to a familiar scene and familiar characters, the re-enactment of mental actions which gave pleasure before and can give, perhaps, still more pleasure when they have been changed from discovery to ceremony. Even light literature, such as science fiction is, can be worth re-reading on such terms, if it was worth reading in the first place. There may be nothing new to discover, such as Shakespeare offers, but there will at least be that renewal of acquaintance.

Of course, many more rituals are connected with fiction. There is the whole structure of it. Life might be said equally well to have no structure, or to embody every conceivable structure. In either case, from a man's-eye viewpoint it is pretty much a chaos of events. Mere accident seems to govern most of its course. Fiction lacks that fertile disorderliness. In fiction, if the author knows his business, events happen for good reasons of logic or symbolism. Characters speak directly to the point ... they don't wander vaguely around the subject, with "uh"s and "ah"s and unfinished sentences trailing off into silence, as people do in actual conversation. In short, fiction has its conventions, like any other art form. And ritual grows out of convention. Science fiction follows these same rules, perhaps more rigidly and timidly than so-called mainstream does. And it adds to them a whole set of conventions all its own, such as robots, psionics, and hyperspace.

Now conventions are often merely shorthand notation. When a Western story writer puts shepherders on a cattle range, he doesn't have to stop and explain what the cattlemen will think about that. His readers know. Likewise, when the science fiction writer puts a faster-than-light drive on his spaceship -- abbreviated FTL these days -- he needn't go into a long discourse on Einsteinian velocity limitations and the discovery of hyperspace in 2526 A.D. by means of which these limitations were circumvented. His readers know, too.

To a certain extent this is necessary and desirable. We don't want page after page of pseudoscientific gobbledygook thrown at us, we want a story. But there are inherent dangers also, and I think one trouble with current science fiction is that we have fallen victim to the dangers. It's too easy to say FTL or psi or what-have-you and let it go at that. What we get then is not science, nor even pseudoscience. It's not an imaginary law of nature bearing some postulated relation to the laws of nature we actually know about; it is a mere meaningless noise. The writer would be more honest to make his hero a magician who waves a wand and says a magic word.

Let me try to give you a specific example. A lot of readers, myself included, have grown allergic to psi stories. When we come upon that one-letter Greek word we are apt to retch and throw the magazine into the catbox. Now why is this? Not because of the psi concept itself. Some of the classics in the field, like "Slan" and the Lensman epics, have dealt with such matters as telepathy, telekinesis, apportionation, and precognition. Surely there is more evidence for the reality of these phenomena -- at least, the scientist would find their reality less hard to swallow -- than for faster-than-light travel. Believe me, FTL is a really fantastic concept! Yet we don't mind that; we demand it; whereas we're thoroughly psick of psi. How come?

I think to a large extent it's because psi has been changed from a concept, interesting however wacky, to a noise. The hero of the typical psi story is only alleged to have such-and-such powers, exactly like the powers possessed by the heroes of a hundred other stories. No attempt whatsoever is made to probe the implications: to consider psi phenomena as they might be influenced by physical laws like the conservation of energy, or as they might -- very profoundly -- affect the psychology of their possessors. No wonder psi stories are so dull these days. It's not that they have become a ritual, but that they have become a threadbare, colorless, tedious repetition, rather than the

existing play of genuine variations which a true ritual should be.

A fugue is a rather rigidly ordered musical form, and yet no two Bach fugues are alike. Each one is individual, challenging, and emotionally gratifying. Symphonies and quartets are looser forms, allowing more room for novelty; yet their basic structure remains. That's what I would like to see in science fiction -- what I think science fiction needs today. More respect for structure and ritual on the one hand, for the good old formal conventions of characterization, symbolic value, and never using three words where one will suffice. On the other hand, more originality in detail, more freshness of approach, more new insights.

Given these elements, we can continue our rituals -- our space operas, extraterrestrial civilizations, time traveling, and our other beloved old forms -- we can continue them indefinitely, without ever getting bored.

Fortunately, we still have some people with us who practice what I have been preaching -- notably our guest of honor, Robert A. Heinlein. I say to every writer in this audience, go thou and do likewise. Stop imitating each other imitating somebody else imitating something which was a success ten years ago. If science fiction is your mistress, you won't keep her affection just by saying "I love you" at the same hour every day in the same weary monotone. You will certainly have to keep saying it, using all the ritual developed by long and intimate association, but you will have to find ever new ways to say it.

As for those ~~were~~ who are not writers, what can you do to help? First, cultivate a more discriminating taste. Know what is bad and disown it, but -- more important -- know what is good and support it. And stop thinking in your own cliches. You do, you know. You have your stereotype characterization of every important pro in the field. Heinlein is a militant chauvinist, Campbell is a mystical reactionary, Bradbury is a sugary sentimentalist, Farmer is a sex maniac, and on and on. The fact that none of these gentlemen are anything of the sort, as you could easily discover by paying some attention to what they have actually written, doesn't seem to bother the fan who has already decided what label to hang on them.

Another, still more stultifying fan ritual is the one of snobbery: of looking down on mainstream fiction, or mystery fiction, or Western fiction, or what have you, as being unworthy of your attention. It isn't so. Surely science fiction has suffered too much from this nonsensical attitude for us to adopt it ourselves. We have a lot to learn yet, and much of it can be learned from the other branches of literature.

Of course, in cracking the whip over you fans, as well as over certain writers, I don't include everyone. In fact, the average person here, fan or pro, is a delightful individual, and I look forward to three happy days of drinking beer and talking with him, or her. I only wished to express the hope that all of us together -- readers, writers, editors, artists, publishers -- can revitalize our characteristic form of literature; re-create a rich and meaningful set of rituals; and go on from there to new horizons.

Thank you.

SEACON REPORT:

-- Poul Anderson



"...it was a
GOOD Con..."



"...even though Heinlein
did say that one-third
of us would be dead in
five or ten years..."



"Now just stop
looking at me
like that!"



"You don't look so
damn good your-
self, you know!"

(...Buz)

THE INTERLOPER

by John
Berry

PART 1



The man's body was limp in the silence and blackness of the night. He wanted it that way. On his first night parachute drop, he had disobeyed instructions and tensed himself for the contact with the ground. It had taken them two hours to find him (it was an initiative test and he'd been dropped twenty miles south of Celyabinsk) and the six weeks in hospital for the broken bones to mend had forced the lesson home: 'knees bent..feet together..muscles relaxed'...and next time he had admired the stars and had hit the hard surface almost as gently as a maternal kiss. The enforced stay hadn't been wasted, though. He'd read fanzines until the esoteric jargon had almost driven him insane....'egoboo..the Cult....DAG....pickle Bloch for posterity..ish..corflu..zap..TAFF..NFFF..SAPS..FAPA..IPSO..OMPA..4e..the list was seemingly endless, and the trouble had been that no one had been able to help him translate. He had read almost three hundred fanzines from cover to cover..lettercols..articles..stories..quotes..editorials..and most especially had he studied the artwork..for that was his particular forte..his specialty. He had lain back and admired the impact of Adkins, the subtle humour of ATom, the finesse and delicacy of Bjo, the sheer artistry of Eddie Jones..and he'd filled many notebooks trying to develop his own particular artistic style..a blend of deft outliees and subtle single-line shading. He'd also been able to practice on stencil with stylo and carbon when he was able to sit up in bed, and when the dupered sheets had been returned, he'd been most pleased with the almost three-dimensional effect..and the Major had been pleased about it, too.. And the enforced six weeks' study of fanzines and of fandom had gone some considerable way to helping him gradually sort his way through a mass of esotericism. 'Corflu' meant 'correcting fluid' ..to alter typos (that was good, he really was beginning to think like a fan) and 'ish' meant 'issue'..yes..'egoboo' meant having good comments on one's material..(it seemed as though some fans looked upon egoboo with as much exultation as he would have felt if he'd been made a Hero of the Soviet Union..and the Major had suggested that a successful operation would make such egoboo..er..such a decoration a distinct possibility).. but even so, many of the vague references in fanzines had baffled him..most especially an oft quoted reference to some serious act of sabotage to a certain Courtney's vessel. That was rough....

The plane from Cuba headed north, and the hum of its two engines gradually receded. The man grinned..four members of the Cuban Sugar Corporation had boarded the plane at Havana..three would get off at Washington for the conference. He wasn't quite sure

where he'd be.

His name was Elmer Lansing. At least, that's what he'd be known as in fandom. He knew his cover story as well as a clergyman knows the Lord's Prayer. And although he'd been born and reared in a Collective Farm fifteen hundred miles east of Moscow, he knew he'd be completely at home whichever part of America he was taken to. He'd spent three months in a Typical American Town..although it was some hundreds of miles due south of Moscow..it had been a kaleidoscope of drug stores..cokes..juke boxes..coloured people..neon lights..Thunderbirds..Chevs..dollars..cents..it was incredible but he'd been there and he knew..only American was spoken and he was assured that the place was an average American town.....

He reached up, gripped the lift webs..stretched himself..relaxed again..and some seconds later, somewhere south of Petersburg, Virginia, he hit the ground..not too gently, but not too roughly, either.....

He punched the metal box on his chest, turned it, and eased the parachute harness over his shoulders. He rolled up the black silk parachute into a bundle, and wrapped the lift webs round it. He humped it over his shoulder and walked a couple of hundred yards up a grass slope to a tree. He sat on the parachute, leaned against the tree trunk, lit a Camel.

He listened..faintly, very faintly to the north, he could hear vehicles..that would be..should be United States Route Number 1. He cupped his hands behind his ears and turned his head like a radar scanner to try to establish where the highway was nearest to him..he looked in that direction, pulled a luminous compass from a pocket of his black overall..due north..that's where the road should be..even better, that's where it was....

He dug the butt of the Camel into the ground, and humped the parachute over his shoulder. He pulled a Luger from the overall, pushed the end of the snub silencer against the end of the barrel to make sure it was secure, and left the pistol hanging at his side. He walked due north..he walked slowly..no hurry.

In half an hour he reached the highway. He dumped the parachute, peeled off the overall, and stood up, admired his short tweed coat and white trousers. He ran his left hand over his crew cut...took the packet of Camels from his overall and transferred it to his coat. Now his heart started to beat more quickly, and he felt much more tense than he did before the parachute jump..it was normal to feel that way before parachuting..the ones who said they didn't were either liars or mentally defective. But it wasn't brave to parachute, not necessarily, the brave ones were the ones who were not mentally equipped to jump from an aeroplane, and for them to sum up the courage, that was bravery. But now, as he hid the parachute and overall behind a bush, and stepped on U.S. Route Number 1, his heart beat almost painfully and the sweat broke out all over. This was fear. He turned to his right and walked slowly....

....
"Want a lift, son?"

The Chevrolet had screeched to a halt in front of him. The driver was maybe fifty, had grey hair and a cigar clamped between his teeth. He switched on the light in the car and smiled at Elmer.

Before stepping into the light, Elmer gently pressed his left wrist against his stomach to feel the reassurance of the Luger.

He grinned.

"No, thanks," he said. "A friend should pick me up soon..he's gone to pick up my girl friend..her mother doesn't like me..you know how it is."

As he talked, he lazily drew a small circle on the half-lowered passenger's window. He breathed on it.

"Well, good luck, son," and the man laughed knowingly and drove away.

Elmer grinned again in the darkness, and had difficulty in returning his lips to normal. It could have been his contact..plans changed at the last moment..

He walked on, then across the highway he saw a car parked, and the driver looking into the engine with a flashlight.

"Hi," said Elmer.

The man looked up.

"Breakdown?"

"Yep."

Elmer drew a small circle on the front of the windshield. The man flashed the light onto where Elmer's fingers were working. Elmer breathed on it. The man grunted, and drew '73' in the circle.

"Where's your parachute?" asked the man. He looked about thirty-five. His hair was closely cropped, and he wore a flowered shirt.

"Down the highway..I'll show you."

They got in the car, and drove back the way Elmer had walked. Elmer tapped him on the shoulder, the Impala halted, and in five minutes, when the highway was clear of lights, the parachute and overall were put in the trunk, under golf paraphernalia.

They drove northwards..through Petersburg..Richmond..Fredericksburg..Alexandria ('Eney lives here' mused Elmer to himself) through Washington ('wonder when they'll get the WorldCon?')..through Baltimore. Philadelphia, Trenton..soon to a wonderful horizon..multi-lighted skyscrapers..through the Holland Tunnel (the man had to pay 50 cents toll..blasted capitalists) to Manhattan....

So this was Manhattan..wide streets..squealing brakes..so many coloured people..such wonderfully high buildings..nothing like this in Moscow or anywhere else he'd been..long buses..multi-colored taxis..black-uniformed police..neon lights flashing fit to blind. Twenty-four hours previously he'd hit American soil..and now he felt that he'd been in America for ages..all his life, maybe..he seemed to be part of everything he saw..the people were dressed and spoke exactly as they had in the Typical American Town south of Moscow..his training had been superb..he felt he was at home. En route to New York they'd stopped for meals at roadside places..blueberry pie and cream..thick slices of ham..coffee..and before him, a life in New York and a job..how would his co-workers react to him.....?

The driver braked the Impala down Fifth Avenue..at the junction of 18th street.

"Grab a taxi and drive to 124 11th Street, apartment 23..you'll find everything there..you've just come from Trent Falls, Montana..you know your cover..I'll dump the parachute..leave the luger under your seat..goodbye..goodluck..you'll be contacted."

.....

.....

.....

He paid off the taxi, climbed the five steps, through the door. A corridor lead to another door, rather dirty stairs led upwards to his right. He walked down the corridor and tapped the door..funny thing..no nerves..no worry..he felt he had just come from Trent Falls..and if anyone asked him, he knew the train timetable and could describe the scenery and pretty nearly every town and city he'd passed through..

A stout woman opened the door..looked something like his mother..generally speaking; although this woman wore lipstick (badly applied), showed nicotine-stained fingers and her breath smelled of alcohol..gin....

"Elmer Lansing..just in..got my room.....?"

"Lansing...." she pondered. "Oh yeah, your brother came in couple days ago..all your luggage is in your apartment..number 23 it is..here's the key. Third floor..no girls in your room 'cept for parties..your brother paid three months rent in advance."

She handed him the key, closed the door. He heard her shout at someone. He grinned, climbed the stairs..along the corridor..he opened apartment 23.....

.....

.....

.....

He lay on his bed and looked round his room.

It was clean. The walls were painted green, and the carpet was mottled brown. Several pictures were on the walls..one depicting Custer's last stand..one showed Niagara Falls..one a keen-looking sailor..her son?

Three suitcases were in the corner, and a Gestetner.

He got up off the bed, pulled the Gestetner to the middle of the floor and pulled off the black metal casing. Same model as he'd used at the training school in Moscow..that's what you called organization. He put it back in the corner, pulled out the drawers in the cabinets. Shirts..some new..mostly freshly-laundered ones..with the odd stitch here and there..several pairs of shoes and sandals..trousers..again one new pair, the rest clean but pre-worn..ties..monstrosities in green, blue, purple, yellow and red, as if someone had cracked an egg on an artist's palette..an electric razor..after-shave lotion..socks..a few homely souvenirs, his 'father's' silver watch chain, with small

silver medallion proving it had been presented to Elmer Lansing in 1941 for being chairman of the War Bond Committee..yes, this surely was organization. The old doll downstairs had unpacked for him, and folded up his shirts and socks and ties, and probably thoughts of gin and cigarettes and greenbacks had fluttered about her mind..his kit was completely normal..mundane..there was nothing to attract undue attention..everything supported his cover..young man, a bit green, up from the country for the first time into the Metropolis..

Many agents had made the stupid (but sometimes necessary) mistake of having pistols, codes, micro-dots, huge sums of money, etc., in their rooms. He had nothing untoward. There was nothing to connect him with the Russian espionage organization..NOT ONE THING. He looked, thought and acted like an American. The first few hours had been the danger ones. He had to put the parachute in the bar so that it could be properly disposed of later. No use burying it in a field, and it being dug up next day..the F.B.I. asking for information about cars travelling on U.S.Route 1 near Petersburg..the man who offered him a lift remembering..maybe even his fingerprints on the window where he'd marked the circle..that would all have possibly accrued from rushing things and trying to be safe quickly..and burying the parachute..but no, take a preliminary risk, carry the parachute and overall and Luger until proper and permanent disposal could be arranged..and then, once this initial risky period had passed, there was complete safety. No tie up with Petersburg..

He lit a Camel. Of course, there was no point in denying that the F.B.I. might know a spy was loose in America. An agent might have been in Havana and seen four men and the pilot get in the plane, and later a check with an agent at Washington would reveal that three men and the pilot got out..where was the other..but he had worn a disguise in Cuba (puffed cheeks, blond wig, spectacles) when he'd got in the plane, and it was impossible to tie the missing man from Cuba with Elmer Lansing in New York. And even that was pessimistic..there had been a subterfuge at Havana to convince watchers that only three and the pilot boarded the craft (a fire in a hangar to distract attention from the boarding party)..no..there was no possible doubt, insofar as he was concerned, there was no tie up with the mystery man missing on the flight from Havana to Washington if in fact the F.B.I. knew about it....

His door was knocked. Just a little jump of the heart.

Young girl about 17....

"Phone for you downstairs."

He thanked her, purposely left his door slightly ajar, went to the 'phone.

"Elmer Lansing here...."

"Joe here..how's the apartment..have a good trip from Montana?"

That was his contact.

"Nice, thanks, mom sends her love."

"Uh huh. I've a job lined up for you..call and see a Mr. Harrison at the New Haven Housing Trust Head Office. You'll see the address in the phone book....he'd expecting you..not much..just a clerk in fact..but it'll do to get started."

"Thanks, Joe."

"O.K. Must see ya one of these nights..might be around this week in fact."

"Anytime, Joe..I'm writing to Mom tonight, I'll tell her how you've organized things for me. Night, Joe."

"Night, Elmer."

He put the telephone down. He didn't care if Mr. Hoover himself was listening to the conversation. Some agents, due to the different duties they had to perform, were forced to inject mystic phrases and codes into their conversations, and this made them sitting ducks for monitoring services. His job was different. He was supremely free from the normal hazards facing an agent. He went back to his room, lay on the bed, and thought about things....O.K..say the F.B.I. were on to Joe..just say they were..they'd be around to see him, that was for sure, but they'd never pin him down as a Russian agent. Sure, they could back track to Trent Falls, and though his documentation was 100% he'd never been there; even though he knew every inch of it, eventually they'd break his cover. But there was not one single thing to tie him up. He'd just be a mystery man..how the hell was he to know that Joe was an agent..if he was..might be someone paid a few dollars

to make the call, and one thing was for sure, Mr. Harrison at the New Haven Housing Trust Head Office would be above suspicion..would be a sure-fire 100% American citizen..untouchable..and even supposing he was followed and his phone monitored and his mail read, he didn't give one damn, because he would be getting the same phone calls and the same letters and he would go to the same places as millions of Americans.

Eventually, he would have to be contacted, but that could wait until he was organized.

He licked his lips, He was hungry: he'd noticed a place at the end of the block.. he'd go out for some food, but first of all, he had a letter to write. Might as well start now; after all, he was an enthusiast.

He got a sheet of notepaper, and put his name and address at the top right. He wrote:

Dear Phil,

I saw a review of your fanzine VENTURA recently, and I would very much like to receive future copies of it. I enclose \$1 subscription.

Fannishly yours,

and he signed it 'Elmer Lansing' with rather a flourish.

He put the letter and the dollar in an envelope, and addressed it to the faned in Norfolk, Virginia..he'd memorized the address when he was in the hospital.

He sealed the envelope, put a stamp on it, walked down the stairs, out of the door, down the six steps and left along the block, dropping the letter in a corner mailbox.

'Elmer Lansing, Neofan Extraordinary,' he thought with a twisted smile.

He crossed the road to the drugstore.....

.....

(Part I of Three Parts)

A Brief Preliminary

H W Y L

Elinor Busby

Well, we've now met the Fabulous Ella Parker. She came a few days before the con, and for a while there, I was practically a 100% tea-drinker. I've since reverted to my natural coffiness, but still drink more tea than I did pre-Ella. Genuine imported British tea, too. It's damned expensive, but oh! it's good.

But that wasn't what I was going to tell you about. I was going to tell you a bit about Ella. She's neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither young nor old, and neither loud nor quiet. She's a pleasant, dynamic sort, who likes her meat cooked to most pitiful cinderhood (as does Boyd, for that matter) and can drink quantities of tea which would be incredible to anyone but me. She has short dark brown hair, which under strong light shows red glints, and has large eyes of an unusual and very pleasant yellow-grey, which would be her chief beauty were they not unfortunately obscured by heavy glasses. Her face has very good bone structure, with good cheekbones and chin, and a pertly tailored nose, and she has nice clean-cut lips. She is quite a handsome woman, and I think anyone could tell at a glance that she is Scottish.

About a month ago we got a package in the mail, to be opened while Ella was here. We took for granted it was a present for her, but we were mistaken. It was a present for US! It's really nice, too. It's a wooden beanie, a propellor-beanie. The beanie part is wooden and the propellor is of black plastic, connected to the beanie by a thin metal tube, and on the beanie part is a metal plate saying:

FROM THE CRY GANG IN LONDON

TO THE CRY-GANG, SEATTLE

1961

Buz and I have custody of it at present, because CRY is pubbed on our premises so the fellas can come here to admire it. We have it on the same bookcase as the Hugo, and they look very smart together. So thank you, you London CRY gang. Thanks HEAPS. Thank you Ella, Ethel, Arthur, Ted, Jimmy, Joe--did I miss anyone? If I did, thank YOU too.

Nothing was done at Seacon about the Fan Award bit. If anyone ever is done about it I hope the doers will see this dear li'l spinnerbeanie, first. It's handsome, fannish, fits well with modern decor, and is not too large or too conspicuous.

Today's September 30th, and besides being my birthday (Happy Birthday to me) it's the day on which is decided whether to deport Ron Ellik or Rich Eney. Bon voyage, RE!

M I N U T E S

True Stories of The Nameless Ones as reported by Hon. Sec-Treas W. Weber

AUGUST 3, 1961 MEETING:

The August 3, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order at 8:39:45 p.m. by President Doreen Webbert. The minutes were described and approved, if you can imagine such a thing, although Gordon Eklund abstained from voting one way or the other! Gordon Eklund is probably the worst trouble-maker we have in the club to date.

Old Business was asked for and it was reported that Elinor Busby had no report to make on The Book.

Monkey Business was requested so Wally Gonser revealed that he knew a kid at work who eats bananas at lunch and who feels like a monkey while doing it. Your Hon Sec-Treas has since made several visits to the Woodland Park Zoo to observe the monkeys and find out just how they do feel, but no conclusions have as yet been reached.

New Business was requested and the most important item of business on the whole agenda was brought up for discussion. It was finally decided that the next meeting would again be held at the Sec-Treas' lovely mansion underlooking Queen Anne Hill.

Malcolm Willits asked how the club's plans for the convention were going. After receiving nothing but blank stares, he announced that he had read in a magazine or fanzine someplace that the club was holding the 19th World Science Fiction Convention at the Hyatt House Hotel in another month. The club thought that should be pretty interesting, and several of the members thought they would attend if there wasn't anything good on TV that weekend.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:49:45 p.m.

Hon. SEC-Treas W. Weber

AUGUST 17, 1961 MEETING:

The August 17, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones was brought to order at 8:06:00 p.m. (almost 8:10:00, depending on whose watch was running the universe at the time) by President Doreen Webbert. The minutes were vividly predicted by the SEC-Treas and completely ignored by everyone else. The Sec-TREAS' report met with better success. \$36.66 was reported and Joe Green moved that the report be approved. Steve Tolliver, who is The Official Member of the Nameless Ones, unanimously voted to approve the Sec-TREAS' report.

Doreen request Old Business, and it was dutifully recorded that Elinor Busby had no report to make on The Book.

Doreen asked next for Monkey Business, and Joe Green wanted to know what connection the Nameless Ones had with the CRY. None of us monkeys really knew, so Doreen asked for New Business.

Otto Pfeifer announced that the Nameless Ones were welcome to hold a "fifth Thursday" meeting at the WRR Waffle Party to be held August 31 at the house he shares with his wife and the Official Bem. The members seemed to think this would be great fun.

Wally Gonser, the Official Coffee-Maker, ran into a little trouble locating the electric range until he found it under a pile of fanzines in the kitchen.

G. M. Carr brought some flowers, which she has learned to cut now without breaking an arm. The flowers were stuck into a cider jug since no vases were available, and they seemed to be having the time of their lives.

The meeting was adjourned shortly after the Official Bem's Report. The adjournment took place at 8:36:36 p.m. (apparently the members' time-pieces had gotten together) and Jerry Frahm took the President for a ride Elliot Ness style.

Most Honorable SEC-Treas W.W.W.

MINUTES OF THE AUGUST 31, 1961 WRR WAFFLE PARTY AT THE PFEIFERS'

W O W !

Hon SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

SEPTEMBER 7, 1961 MEETING:

It took President Doreen Webbert a while to break through the sound barrier of SeaCon chitchat, but eventually she managed to call the September 7, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones to order. In this case, eventually meant 8:29:00 p.m. The minutes of the August 17 meeting were loosely described by the SEC-Treas, and F. M. Busby moved that the minutes. This abbreviated motion was seconded and passed.

A report on the waffle party was requested. Everyone agreed that the waffles were good. Apparently everyone had had more fun at the party than a pair of flowers in a cider jug.

Old Business was requested, and it was learned that Elinor Busby had no report to make on The Book. Wally Gonser suggested that The Book be Heinlein's, "Stranger in a Strange Land," but this momentous decision was left to Elinor, since she has thus far shown excellent judgement in the performance of her duties as the The Book Committee.

Doreen asked for New Business and got in return an involved discussion about where to hold future meetings. G. M. Carr moved we move. The club approved. The Plan was to find a reasonably permanent place to meet so that meetings could be advertised more readily. Several places were suggested: the Sabud house, the Green Lake Field House, a Seattle University Conference Room, the YMCA, and the Arcade Building. The club finally left it up to Geneva Wyman to locate a meeting place for next time and left it up to the Sec-Treas to send out meeting notices.

Wrai Ballard wanted to know how a person went about joining the Nameless Ones. He seemed to want to know so that he could avoid it. He was informed that, having attended a meeting, he was now irrevocably a member of the Nameless Ones for at least as long as he lived.

It was announced that election of officers would be held meeting after next, and Gary Ullakko was instructed to bring his good-looking wife to the next meeting. On this cultural note, the meeting was adjourned at 8:57:00 p.m.

Most Honorable SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

SEPTEMBER 21, 1961 MEETING:

Despite (a) that the YMCA switched the meeting from the Orkila Room to the Coleman A & B Room at the last instant and (b) the Sec-Treas failed to mail out any meeting notices to tell members where to come, ten members were on hand for the meeting. None of them turned out to be President Doreen Webbert, however, so it was Vice President Gordon Eklund who called the meeting to order at 8:34:45 p.m. The minutes were intimated and were accepted by the group as they will appear in CRY. The Sec-TREAS reported the club still had \$38.66 since he hadn't been able to find anyone at the YMCA who would accept the room rent.

Under New Business it was decided to hold next meeting in the Arcade Building.

Under Old Business there was nothing.

Under Monkey Business, it was announced that the SEC-Treas had a class scheduled for meeting nights and would attend meetings too late to take notes. Steve Tolliver suggested that the SEC-Treas prepare a script for the members to follow at meetings, or that the meeting be re-enacted when the SEC-Treas arrives. Both proposals were too practical to be accepted.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:21:15.

Hon S-T, W. W. Weber

With Keen Blue Eyes and a

Bicycle . . . by F. M. Busby

So here we are again, having made it through the SeaCon OK. One thing does puzzle me, though. After you put on a WorldCon, what do you do for an encore?

The heading for this piece was typed on an IBM SElectric, the new jobbie that has the liddle golf-ball with all the typefaces on it; for \$15 and ten seconds of fiddling, you can change the type-style on the machine. This model has only been on the market for a month or two, and orders are now backlogged five months. Hmm, I guess that five months from now I could pay for one, at that. Not now, though. Sure, it is a big saving in travel expenses to have the WorldCon right here this year, but we'd have to do that twice to pay for our new bathroom.

You hadn't heard about the New Bathroom? So it is not just any idiot who can arrange not only to be on a ConCommittee but also to have his bathroom completely torn out and redone during the month just before the Con, doing all the carpentry himself while the plumbers are elsewhere. About three weeks before the Con our bathroom had no fixtures, no pipe or drains, no wall-paneling, and only about half a floor; we had our new midget "trailersize" john in a corner of the laundry room, the kitchen sink, and no other plumbing at all. We are still short a wall or so, but the bathroom now has all its pipes and fixtures, including a l-o-n-g l-o-v-e-l-y 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -foot tub (yes, Boyd, Ella, and Wrai, the plumbers finally came back off strike and installed the washbasin in the bathroom and the extra one near the 2nd-john).

I do not believe that any one month in my entire life has even approached the hectic conditions obtaining in August 1961 with the possible exception of Basic Training, Infantry style... and even there, they let you rest once in a while.

The usual minor boobos notwithstanding, it appears that the SeaCon was an overall success-- at least I've heard no complaints to the contrary as yet. The attending troops seemed to be having a ball for the most part. That weekend is a large golden blur with starbursts, to me-- I was either rushing around madly on troubleshooting details or quietly watching parts of the Program or else sitting in on one of the late late parties-- so how can a guy write a ConReport if he can't remember what and when he ate, and with whom? An obvious impossibility.

Recently received with FANAC #78 is "The Admirable CRYCon" (Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave, Berkeley 6, Calif), about 16 pages of coverage on SeaCon including good summaries of various Program items. The inevitable minor factual goofs are at a minimum in this writeup; the "worst" I could find was listing Art Rapp as one of the Costume ball judges-- he wasn't a judge, but was with the group so who could tell? I hope to see more Reports, having been handicapped by my singular inability to be in more than two places at the same time during the Con itself.

The SeaCon seems to have made lots and lots of lovely money. The books are a bit of a mess, but still we have confidently disbursed several hundred in Contributions to the usual types of worthy fannish causes, starting of course with the 20th WorldCon: CHICAGO in '62! You can read all about this in ChiConIII's 2nd Progress Report, assuming that you've sent your two bucks in to PO Box 4864, Chicago 80, Ill.

A number of people may be wondering just how a dinky little Pacific Northwest Con that has been running scared all year could come up loaded. Let me reassure you that we are just as shocked as you are; frankly I wouldn't have believed it last month at this time-- a goodly share of our income was last-minute and entirely unpredictable (any time you count on last-minute income to save the day, you are apt to end up financially dead). But while it will take a little study to determine just how we came up with some ^{of that} excess loot, there is no mystery at all as to how we came up with some surplus-- mainly, we determined to break even over&above the \$300 from PittCon no matter what, and worked our fool heads off to do so, regardless.

In return for the laudable patience with which you loyal CRYsubbers have put up with our vagaries during this past year, I will now crack the Top Secret files on the subject of How To Break Even or Bust a Gut Trying.

(1) You don't give a damn what your total expense figure is. (2) You care equally little what your total income figure is. (3) All that matters is that you spend less than you take in, and I put it this way rather than the converse, advisedly. I have been privileged to see a lot of "fund-raising projects" and have come to a fairly rockbound set of conclusions about this sort of thing. As:

For \$1 worth of work you can bring in about 50¢ in income or can knock off about \$2 worth of expenses. So I guess you know on which side my own efforts were mainly directed during this past year.

A WorldCon has certain traditional&inevitable sources of income and categories of expense; these can be estimated to the nearest couple-hundred or so, in advance. But there are other income and expense items that cannot be predicted, so you have to work at increasing the one and holding down the other. However, an expense-cut is both easier and more certain, for a given amount of effort, than an increase in income. Or so we have found it. It is a helluva lot of work to hold down expenses, but you breathe easier and sleep better for it.

And the first rule is: "Whenever anyone suggests anything that will cost extra, you hit him."

Aside from nitpicking details, I think we have pretty well covered the vital elements of the necessary procedures.

(Aren't you glad you subscribe to CRY? Don't you wish everyone did-- so's we could get a postal subsidy like LIFE and all the rest of the slick-tp zines?)

"Broke Fandom" is always with us. This is the segment of (or attitude within) this our microcosm, that seems to feel that it is always 1935 and everyone is 16 years old and fifty cents is a Big Deal, forever. It is almost inevitable that the (final, but unpredicted and unpredictable in advance) financial successes of the PittCon and the SeaCon will stimulate Broke Fandom to start screaming that the membership fees should be cut, "because these Cons are too fat and apt to start throwing OUR money around" is the way it generally goes.

So as a recent graduate of the School of Hard Knocks, let me quote you a few lines from my diploma. Such as: a ConCommittee is a small group with the sole responsibility, financial and otherwise, for producing a WorldCon. A Con is one helluva lot of work and the financial picture is always uncertain up to and including the last minute; afterwards you can "see where you've been", but not earlier. The Committee has several thousand bucks to handle and has to try to make it come out right, over and above all the other arrangements. I will state unequivocally that if a Committee is put in the position of having to sweat any harder than is inevitable, just so that individual Broke-Fandomers can pay \$1 instead of \$2, or \$2 instead of \$3, fandom is one day just apt to run fresh out of volunteer WorldCon Committees. I am not joking; it could happen. Do not let our final Financial Report, however it may finally read, fool you into thinking that we were not in a cold sweat up until very nearly the last minute-- that's a solid year of sweating, friend, and it ain't fun. So think twice before you remove what cushions exist to ease this sweat for future ConCommittees; remember that the last-minute stuff can't be predicted or counted-on, and that you have just plain ordinary superhuman fans staffing these deals and wondering if they might have to pony up a few hundred on a personal basis if the deal sours. SeaCon happened (over and above the concerted expense-cutting effort) to come up smelling like a rose-- on the basis of this year's experience, I still would not recommend that any group take on the job with less than the current membership fees: just because we got lucky at the last minute does not mean that it necessarily happens every year; it doesn't; the tradition of WorldCons coming out ahead is not all that ancient or consistent. Check back, like.

So the next guy who hollers that the WorldCons could be produced with smaller membership fees, you just tell him (and be sure to quote me personally): "OK, when you get around to produce your Con, we'll try it your way!" It seems fair enough.

And that will be about enough for now, with love to true fannish souls all over.

Terry Carr

We were sitting around in the front room of my ancestral home at 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco, one Saturday night in the early '50's, all of us quietly drinking bheer and chattering about the strange variety of things that interested us in those days. There was Dave Rike, telling us animatedly of his latest experiences fending off homosexuals who'd given him rides when he hitchhiked to the city that afternoon wearing his passion-pink pegged pants. Boob Stewart was alternately making obscene remarks and telling outrageous stories of the idiots with whom he was forced to mingle at school. Pete Graham was chattering on about the latest SAPS mailing and Frank McElroy was sketching some drawings. I sat and listened, mostly, soaking up fannish history as is my wont at times.

"This guy in a big pink Cadillac stopped for me in Pinole," Dave said, "and he had two dames in the back seat. He said to get in and we'd make it a foursome, and I did. Then he rammed it into low, vroom-vroom, then blasted into second and high, crick-WHOOOOORR-schtunk-VRRRRRAAAAOWWWWWW and was hitting eighty in twenty seconds flat. So I turned around to the dames and all of a sudden I saw that they were lesbians; you couldn't miss it! Then this guy..."

"...we all call this kid Lenny," Boob was saying, "from the character in that Steinbeck movie. He's the dumbest guy I ever saw; it's really pathetic. But he's a big sonuvabuck and everybody's scared as hell of him. There was this fight today at lunch, and Lenny came wandering along, just sort of staring around like he does, and he saw it. 'Hey what you guys doin'?' he says, and steps in between 'em, and Jack slugged him in the jaw by accident. Then both him and the guy he was fighting turned and ran, and Lenny just stood there shaking his head. I think he only wanted to bum a cigaret off of them."

"Irene Baron is writing a column for Wrai Ballard's mag," Pete said from the couch, "and she's using the byline 'Irene of Sloop'; you should see the stuff..."

This was a fairly typical bheerbust of the SanFran bunch (the Adolescent California Crowd, as Eney insists in FanCy II that we were called). There was no special occasion for the party other than the very sensible one that my parents were out of town for the weekend and so we had a place to sprawl out and relax while drinking. Dave and I had gone out earlier to a store we knew of and had bought a couple of cases of Burgie, and by midnight we had piled our traditional Tower of Bheercans to the Moon to a height of about four feet, bracing the triangular formation against one wall of the living room.

It was then that Jim Davis walked in. Jim Davis was never quite a fan, though he was once briefly the Art Editor of my first fanzine. (He couldn't draw, either, but we felt we needed an Art Editor.) Jim was a friend of mine, and had been for years; he knew most of the fans in the crowd and got along fine with them.

"What's going on?" Jim said, surveying the scene in the living room. "A beer bust again?"

"Of course," I said.

"And you're building the Tower to the Moon again," he said, spying that wobby structure. "You know, there's only one thing wrong with the whole idea of that thing."

"What's that?" said Dave, opening another can of bheer.

"The trouble is," said Jim, "that I just can't resist the temptation, seeing all those empty beer cans piled up there, to walk over and kick it over."

"Don't, don't!" shouted Boob.

"Don't worry, I'm holding myself in right now," said Jim. "But one of these days.... Maybe tonight...."

"He's really a fakefan," I said, "otherwise he'd never dream of doing such a thing to the sacred Tower."

"Yeah, well I read stef sometimes," Jim said. "Does that make me a fan?"

Dave went into gales of laughter. "No no," he shouted. "It has nothing to do with it. You see, fandom is actually just a front for having bheerbhusts; science fiction only comes into the picture because fans place cleverly concealed ads in their letters

of comment in the prozines, looking for people over 21 to buy bheer for them to drink..."

"Well, I dunno about all that junk," Jim said. "Gimme a beer and I'll shut up and sit down."

So we gave him a bheer and he sat down and we all chattered on in the way we had in those days. (Dave once referred to our conversations with the phrase "the tour de force of our plodding verbiage," and even then we realized it was a perfect description.) Jim mostly just listened, shaking his head in wonderment now and then at the nutty things we talked about. After awhile he'd finished his bheer, and he got up and went out again. "I've got to go talk to this guy that's gonna help me mold the front of my car," he said.

An hour later he came back. "Gimme another beer," he said, and sat down and listened to us for awhile again, still shaking his head periodically and asking for explanations of fan-terms. (During one of Dave's stories he got mixed up and thought "hermaphrodite" was a fan-word). And then he got up and went out again, saying, "I've got to rustle up somebody with a sander for next weekend when we repaint the car."

And again he came back, popping in long enough to eat half a bag of corn chips. And again he headed for the door, and stopped and eyed the Tower. "I don't know how much longer I can stand it," he said, and shook his head and left.

About three in the morning, after we'd all figured he wouldn't be back again that night, there were footsteps outside and Jim walked in. We were all pretty far along by then, just lying around sleepily muttering to each other. We watched blearily as he came in, strode purposefully over to the Tower, and kicked the base all to hell. Bheercans cascaded to the floor in a helluva clatter.

He stopped in the door on the way out, and said, "I guess you guys are right--I'm just not a fan. I couldn't stand it." Then he left.

We stared blankly after him, and then Dave broke up laughing, and so did the rest of us. For over a year after that it was traditional for Jim to climax any of our bheer-bhusts by kicking over the Tower. If he didn't show up one of us would do it for him. (After all, there was no reason not to: we always dismantled the Tower and got rid of the beercans the next day anyway.)

I'm not quite sure why I introduced this piece with the above story. Like most of the stories about San Francisco fandom of the early '50's, it lacks the makings of real fan legendry. But I feel like writing about Jim Davis, and that's the only fannish anecdote I could tell about him.

This will be about Jim Davis--The Very Same Jim Davis Who, as he is known in certain elite circles of Berkeley fandom these days. I spent literally months regaling Ron Ellik, Joe and Robbie Gibson, Rog and Honey Graham and a few others with stories about Jim when we all first got together in late 1957. For awhile there it seemed impossible to steer the conversation onto a subject that wouldn't cause a reflective glaze to come to my eyes and have me saying, "That reminds me of an anecdote about Jim Davis..."

The story of Jim kicking over the Tower to the Moon of Bheer Cans was one of those that I told. But it was only one of them. After awhile it got so that when I would say, "That reminds me of Jim Davis..." Robbie Gibson or somebody would say, "Is this the very same Jim Davis who...?" And so he became known as The Very Same Jim Davis Who.

I first met Jim in a street-fight; we were fighting each other. This was back in grammar school, maybe fourth or fifth grade. Jim had just moved to the neighborhood.

It seemed that that afternoon some kids had been picking on one of Jim's younger sisters, and Jim had stepped in and stopped them, and slapped them around a bit in the process. Since the kids were younger than Jim, this was considered an outrage. Several of us stood around agrily saying that something oughtta be done about it. We decided we'd all go and Get Him--a perfect example of child's vigilante-ism. So that afternoon after school about four of us surrounded Jim on the street, one of us told him off (pronounced the sentence, so to speak), and then we took turns fighting with him.

Had we been older it might have been a pretty vicious scene, but at that age we just weren't capable of hurting each other much. Somebody would swing and the other would step back clumsily and make him miss, and then both would feel silly and circle each other for

awhile calling each other names. Then one would step in and throw a punch and the other would step in too and grab him and tie up his arms, and they'd wrestle and struggle aimlessly for awhile and then step back panting with the exertion.

I stepped in once myself. Immediately I swung and hit him in the mouth; at the same time, he slugged me in the pit of the stomach. We stood there, each of us, shocked; then we stepped back and circled each other cautiously but oh so threateningly. We sneered menacingly at each other and said dirty words. We did this for ten minutes, in fact.

Then somebody else in the group got impatient and pushed me out of the way and started circling with Jim himself. It was pretty goddam silly.

But all of a sudden one of the guys got down on hands and knees behind Jim--the old trick wherein the guy in front simply steps forward and pushes, and the other guy falls over backwards, tripped by the fellow crouched behind him. I ^{t's a} pretty nasty trick, actually.

I saw the guy crouching behind Jim and all of a sudden I felt kind of bad about this ganging-up. So I took one step forward and kicked the fellow crouching, right square on the seat of the pants. He fell forward on his face with a holler, looked up at me and started swearing a nine-year-old's blue streak. I took off and ran like hell for home, with the rest of the guys, minus Jim, chasing me. I beat them all to my door, and slammed it in their faces.

Meanwhile, Jim just walked home.

I saw him for the second time the next day. I was at the corner grocery store buying a popsicle, and I turned around and there he was. "Hi," he said selfconsciously.

"Hi," I said. Then I didn't know what else to do, so I handed him half the popsicle. We walked out of the store and stood on the corner.

"What d'you wanta do?" he said.

"I dunno," I said. "Let's go climb that big tree by the school yard." So we did.

Thereafter we became close friends. Together we built wood-slat sleds and waxed the runners, for use on a long hillside near our homes. There's almost never any snow in San Francisco, of course, but this hillside was covered with high, wild grass which in autumn would become dry and brown. We could start our waxed sleds at the top of the hill and shove off and go racing down to the bottom, the high grass flattening beneath us as we went. At the bottom of the hill was a swamp, with a short rise just before it; that rise always was enough to stop the sleds. Well, almost always: once Jim got going very fast and shot up and over the rise to land with a whoop in the water and reeds.

We also played cars quite a lot. I've described at great length in some fanzine or other the elaborate and sometimes ingenious networks of roads, hideouts, secret cut-offs and so forth that we dug out of the dirt in a nearby vacant lot. We always played cops and robbers, and we were, of course, always the robbers. The cops invariably ended up in pits, or driving off cliffs or speeding round corners headon into blank walls; we saw to that. Oh, we were antisocial iittle boys.

Late^{er} on we used to go on bike-trips out to the beach and ride along in the wet sand at the water's edge, sometimes getting caught or even knocked over by a particularly high wave which would ^{come} way in and hit us. On the way back we'd usually stop off to ride around at the zoo for awhile.

And later still Jim turned into a juvenile delinquent. Sometimes I went for rides with him in cars he had stolen for the night, and we had mad drag-races up and down Mission Street. Jim was car-crazy. Eventually he ended up being sent to a reformatory for car-theft, and I didn't see him for almost a year. But even in that reformatory, 60 miles from San Francisco, he had a profound effect on San Francisco fandom. He was the first link in a fantastic chain of circumstances leading to the great legend of San Francisco fandom: the time Boob Stewart was investigated successively by the U.S. Post Office, the California Youth Authority, the State Police, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Bureau of Narcotics. The tale has been told often: how Boob wrote to Long Beach fan Larry Balint, using some gag-stationery he'd made up headed FROM THE DESK OF BOOB STEWART with a drawing of a toilet next to it, using all sorts of obscene language, forging my name to the letter for a gag, using a return address on the envelope that read "Hubbard Dianetics Institute," and so forth--and then accidentally misaddressing the letter. The people to whom the letter was delivered

turned it over to the Post Office, and from there it went along the chain enumerated above until one evening Boob had a friendly visit from Officer Sorrelli of the San Francisco Police. He was just sitting there in his room, no doubt grumbling to himself that that goddam Balint owed him a letter, when Sorrelli came in and asked him what he knew about marijuana being grown and cured at Log Cabin Ranch School, a state reformatory.

Jim Davis had written to me from Log Cabin, and had thrown in a passing remark about marijuana being cured behind the stove in the kitchen. I had mentioned it to Boob, who'd mentioned it in his letter to Balint. And it was that, mainly, that got all those officials shook up.

Boob nervously and embarrassedly explained to Officer Sorrelli about fannishness and gag-stationery, ha, ha, and apologized for the obscenity and some of the other stuff in the letter. Then Sorrelli asked who this "Terry" was who'd signed the letter. Boob explained that he'd just signed it that way for a gag, but apparently Sorrelli was getting tired of jokes; he called me. I convinced him that I hadn't written the letter, and then he asked me what I knew about this remark on marijuana and who was this Jim Davis character who had told us about it.

Jim had by this time been out of Log Cabin for a week or two. I gave Sorrelli his phone number and then as soon as I hung up I tried to call Jim to warn him--but Sorrelli dialled faster than I did (Fastest Index Finger On The Force) and I only got a busy signal. A little later I went over to his place, and he met me at the door.

"Boob just called me!" he said joyfully. "He was up to his old tricks again--said he was a cop or something. Asked me about that crap I told you about marijuana at Log Cabin."

"Oh Good Lord," I muttered.

"But I played along with him," Jim said. "I said, 'yes, you just wanta get the facts, ma'am, just the facts; I understand,' and things like that. He really got wound up--that Stewart is a nut!"

"Jim..." I said.

"So finally I told him there wasn't any more damn Mary Jane at Log Cabin because I'd brought it all back with me and had it stashed under my bed. I invited him over to blast with me. Then I hung up." Jim stopped talking and laughed like mad.

"Jim," I said, "that wasn't Bob. That was a cop, named Sorrelli. He called me too. He's serious."

Jim's face did three successive doubletakes as he thought of what he'd said to Sorrelli. "Oh God....." he said.

So anyway, Officer Sorrelli visited Jim and Jim told him about how he'd been kidding (Sorrelli must have been ready to lose all vestiges of a sense of humor by this time), and nobody got in any serious trouble. But there sure was a lot of excitement around there for awhile.

Oh, Jim was a wild type, all right. One time he got into a knife-fight with a kid at a boarding school (the kid had been stealing stuff from Jim's locker, and words had led to...) and damn near got killed. He ended up in the hospital undergoing five blood transfusions and seventeen stitches in his midsection.

Later on, he told us about the fight in typical Jim Davis fashion. "It didn't even hurt when he knifed me," he said. "We were circling around, feinting and so forth, and then all of a sudden he sticks me in the belly with his blade. Then he wiggled it around inside a little..it sort of tickled. He took it out and called me fifteen names, mostly in Spanish. I grabbed my gut, and it was all bloody....I felt sick, and cold all over, and I passed out. But it was funny, you know....when he wiggled that thing around, it tickled."

And a few months after that, Jim tried to kill me.

He was over at my place one Saturday night when my folks were out; we were just sitting around watching tv and talking. It got late, and I got tired, and I told him to go home. He didn't feel like going home yet, and he didn't. I kept telling him to go home, getting sleepier and more angry. He just laughed it off and wouldn't take me seriously. Finally I said by damn I was going to throw him out. He thought that was great.

So I grabbed him and started wrestling him to the door. I got a bit rough, and all of a sudden he got mad. He picked up an ashtray and put it behind my ear and pressed there, hard--it hurt like hell. I shoved him away from me, backhanded him across the face,

and jumped him. We went to the floor, with me on top, and while he was still dazed I pinned his shoulders. Then I just sat there wondering what to do next.

All I'd wanted to do was get him out the door, and now here we were on the floor. "Goddam it," I said, "I could break your face in if I wanted to right now--I've got you pinned." He kicked his knees up and caught me in the back, and I shifted back to hold down his legs too.

"Listen," I said, "if I let you up, will you go home? I don't want to fight with you, Jim."

"You sonuvabitch, I'm gonna kill you," he said. And he meant it; all of a sudden it hit me that he meant it. And knowing how much serious fighting he'd done and how little, serious or unserious, I'd ever done, it bothered me. This guy could be dangerous.

He writhed under me all of a sudden, unbalanced me for a minute, and managed to get his knife out of his pocket. It was on a long chain attached to a belt-loop, and it was a heavy knife; he grabbed the chain and swung the knife at me. I managed to catch it and get him down again. Then I unhooked the chain and got the knife away from him.

"Gimme my goddam knife!" he hollered.

"If you want your goddam knife," I said, "you'll have to go get it." I tossed it out the door, which had been standing open all this time, onto the porch. Then I let him up.

He went for the knife immediately. He didn't bother getting up; he crawled like billyhell across the room on hands and knees after that knife. And I went crawling like billyhell after him, because I wanted to shut the door the moment he was outside. (As we went crawling along some part of me suddenly realized how ridiculous this must look, and I almost laughed.)

Jim got outside, grabbed the knife, and turned and swang it at me. I slammed the door just in time and heard a heavy THUNK! on the outside. I locked the door. Then we swore at each other for awhile and Jim went home. Later I opened the door and looked pensively at the quarter-inch deep dent the knife had left in the door. Then I went to bed.

The next afternoon the phone rang, and I answered it. It was Jim.

"Ter'?" he said, sort of sheepishly. "You still mad?"

"No," I said after a moment. "Let's go play basketball." And we did.

Not too many months after that Jim joined the Air Force to get away from home. He was stationed in Newfoundland, and we corresponded a little during his hitch, but by the time he got back we were almost strangers. I was at the University of California (and I was already telling stories about The Very Same Jim Davis Who) and one day he showed up at Barrington Hall. "Let's go play miniature golf," he said.

His car was outside--a '56 Ford which he'd bought from his mother. We drove down into Oakland and played till midnight, and then he drove me back. We were coming up Telegraph Ave when we stopped at a light next to a little 1927 Snit or something, driven by this 16-year-old with a blonde hanging on his arm.

Vroom vroom, went the Snit.

Jim looked over at him, a huge smile crossing his face. He'd put in a '57 Mercury engine the week before. Vroom vroom, he said.

The light changed, and we roared off. Jim shifted from low straight into high and blasted down the street like a madman.

We caught up to the little 1927 Snit six blocks later, at another stoplight.

"What the hell have you got in that thing?!" Jim said, sticking his head out.

"My dad builds race-cars," said the kid, and blasted off as the light changed.

That's about the only time I ever saw Jim get dropped in a drag-race, though. He was car-crazy, as I said, and he always had his cars fixed up for dragging. And he was never satisfied with them; he always had something else he wanted to do.

The last time I saw Jim Davis was in 1959. He said he was getting married.

"I'll be damned," I said. "Congratulations, you old sonuvabitch. When?"

"I'm not sure yet," he said. "As soon as I get my car fixed up, anyway."

I talked to his mother six months later. Jim wasn't married yet, and he didn't have his car finished yet, either. And I wasn't surprised.

I heard from his mother again early this year. Jim is married now--to a different girl than the one he was engaged to in '59. He'd reupped in the Air Force and with the bonus they'd given him he'd finally finished his car.

Then he'd wrapped it around a pole and gone off and got married. --Terry Carr

CRY OF THE CRYSTAFF

by Wally Weber

IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO YOU READERS OUT THERE AND IN HERE:

Dear reader,

We regretfully announce the untimely survival of www. Our pleas for Ella Parker to show mercy were ignored and so the letter column editor is still with us -- and what a mess it is! Scar tissue is beginning to form from somewhere to bind the pulsing, hamburger-like mass into a single unit again, but occasional chunks of gore still drop into the typewriter from time to time, clogging the mechanism and fouling the stencils. We are doing all we can to save the situation, but after Ella was finished there were no vital spots left in www to destroy. Now the CRY has called and the thing is beyond our control, a twitching heap at the typewriter keyboard, operating the machine by the hunt-and-drip system. We'd apologize more, but we have to go to the bathroom now.

Bleecccchhhh,

the CryStaff

CRY OF THE READERS

conducting Wally Weber

ETHEL LINDSAY WANTS ELLA BACK
Dear Crygang,

Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey
ENGLAND

How now, thought I, another Cry! Can I have got onto Elinor's "eccentric trade list"? or? So I was sitting in Ella's chatting lightly upon this and that and then casually onto why I had got Cry and finishing with -- "or Ella's fine Italian hand is at the back of it". Thus surprising her into a sly smile. Oh Crygand -- what you have in store for you! I am on holiday and yesterday whilst browsing thru a store till the rain went off I found the very thing for Ella's wall. A wooden placque with the motto -- "Be reasonable! Do it my way". Mind though -- we want her back so don't be keeping her. We are not quite sure why we want her back; she is probably habit-forming.

As usual Elinor writes a good column; I would say her thoughts on the Claire-type of woman are very valid, except that in the SFCoL lately that expression has been used as a term of absurdity, so that it no longer holds its original meaning for us.

Berry's short short on Gafia was of only middling quality tossed off so to speak.

I was highly amused at Buz's comments on the Poll response. You really never know do you? Still that was an intriguing set of questions and liable to wrinkle the folk out. This is the sort of thing that Ipso needs -- some imaginative cunning in the setting of the questions.

Fandom Harvest: Terry ought to get on well with Bruce Burn -- they both like to wrap it up well. It is amusing though that deadpan statement slipped in, and as everyone can read their own meaning into it, we can all feel superior.

Cry of the Readers: How funny to see Wally shivering in his shoes. Now everyone has got their revenge for those puns he used to perpetrate -- may he well shiver! I think Dick E. misses the point of Bob's objection to Wally's treatment of the death of Flora -- it seems that Wally understood it though. No one in Cry sounded really sorry that they had lost Flora. I too can laugh or joke at Death as the thing that comes to all of us -- but not at the death of an individual for that is always sad, no matter who they may be. Naturally it only seemed so about your feelings over Flora. One can quite see behind it the regret, or at least I am convinced I can.

It is very lovely where I am sitting writing to you -- in the Lake District -- I am looking out onto a view of the Derwent Waters. The clouds are beginning to roll away and lift from the tops of the mountains; there is even a hint of sunshine on the slopes. So perhaps the weather is going to relent and be fine.

Regards to all the CryGang

frae

Ethel

[With regard to Flora's death, I would have felt sad about it if Flora had been cheated out of a pleasant future, but as it was I think Flora probably died at about as ideal a time as possible. Flora really didn't have much to look forward to what with her degenerating physical condition, dwindling resources, and her dread of becoming a burden to society. So, frankly, I'm not as sad as I should be. I've decided just this last minute or so, however, that mentioning Flora's death in the Minutes as I did was downright disrespectful no matter how I actually felt about it, and I want to apologize to anyone who was shaken up by it.

Well, don't look so shocked. Ella's been through here, and I know quite a bit more about death now. --www/

BETTY KUJAWA CHECKS ON THE POPE
Lover Man;

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana
Friday, Aug. 11, 1961

Right off leave me get to the question voiced by Fred Galvin up there in St. Paul. Upon reading that part of the CRY I set aside the zinc and rang up the Math Dept of Notre Dame University. Read the questions to a good-buddy and Catholic--he says that come hell or high water the election of a new Pope has gotta be done at Rome. (Papal law is a love of his.)

Betty: "But, but, what if Rome has been demolished? What if it's just a crater??"

Jack: "Still gotta be done there!"

Betty: "But, but, what if it's all radioactive??"

Jack: "So they all wear lead pants...I dunno---uh, wait....maybe they can skip the lead pants, come to think of it."

He thinks there will be news on just this possibility released during the next Ecumenical Council -- which will be held soon. There ARE plans on this order -- as there always have been in the past when there was danger of extinction from wars or plague. There won't be any 'false' Popes all sitting on thrones round Europe as there have been in the past -- am sure they've seen to that.

Ahhhh by the time the next CRY comes my way the Con will have been sprung --- Ella will have seen Wally --- I will have had Ella here. Gosh. Still seems all make believe and unreal... but then it seemed so unreal that Eric of Bentcliffe would really be here, too. Got a tape from Terry Jeeves -- some talk of him being asked to 'stand' for TAFF in '62. He is willing he tells me... I greet this news with cries of joy and throbbing heart (I am madkeen on B.T.J.) And if he will run I will do me best for the lad.

Elegant cover on issue 152.

The Hemingway article by Tom was excellent -- for pity's sakes DON'T let this man get out of your clutches, CRYers... you hear??? As a fine example of writing look at those last two paragraphs.... hope many of the readers of this will have also read the Hemmingway article in TIME (pubbed just after his death) -- they enhance each other. I'd

like to see Tom do more on this line -- DosPassos, Sinclair Lewis, most particularly.

Have ordered my copy of STRANGER. Till I've read same I must withhold comments. Though really cannibalism never has struck me as being too too repulsive... I can think of a lot of people I could eat without a qualm though I would balk at our dog or our cat!!! Remember that one sf tale of the demolished savage post atomic future -- characters near starvation (was this EARTH ABIDES?) exchanged pets with each other so none were eating good old faithful Touser?? Our pooch is small but fat -- hmmmm, there is a magnificent collie across the street -- hmmmm.

Buz hit a point there I had missed... the cost of producing the proposed Emsh-Prosser statue. It's a stunning thing though.

This Berry tale is one of the top top best. Knowing that terribly attractive, manly goodlooking Ian from letters and photograph I think he is the one who must fend off the advances. He sure looks good and yummy to me, boy. Hence the tale of his appearing as Strephon sent me into fits of hysterical laughter -- now if it turns out that this is all 'real' and that Ian really does play Gilbert and Sullivan operas as a side-line I'll be more than slightly amazed. Course 'them Irishers' -- supposed to be singers and very musical and all. Anyhoo this was great fun to read -- and to imagine in my minds eye.

CRY POLL first report greatly interesting -- more on same soon, please. Boy we sure do go for pets, don't we?? Note out of the 60 there are only 9 femmefans -- wonder if this would affect the averages and results.

Dee's li'l expose of you guys planning the Con was cute as pie. And probably word for word how you Great Minds run things.

HWYL was even better than usual, Elinor... merci for the Baycon report. Will there be any publication of the Leiber speech in some fanzine? I, for one, would like to know its contents -- as its subject sounds very interesting. And you are the poor worker who has to type out all our name-and-address-labels? And, by golly, if Don Franson reminds you of Wrai Ballard -- well, golly, a nicer thing couldn't have been said about him. In my books there isn't a compliment better than that.

Am most appreciative of the Geoff Lindsay LONDON LETTER giving us that info on Our Ella...though the news of her housekeeping abilities makes me cringe more than a bit -- I hope she will have tolerance for such as I. Kind of a let-down though, that I won't have a little olde lady staying here -- you know she has one advantage over other gals -- never will some catty femmefriend be sneering... "Oh her! Well I know how old she is!" I suppose for passport and official papers she did have to pick some date of birth ... whatta chance for a female -- wow! All of this makes me yearn even more for the day she arrives -- sounds like good company and a 'real' person. And can't you see the clash of wills when we both try to out talk each other??? Bet I can talk faster, though... only one, so far, in fandom I chat with who comes close is Boyd Raeburn -- and he's a mere man.

I see Harry Warner mentioning Sinclair Lewis -- Vic Ryan and I just discovered our joint like of the man -- we should start our own fandom. Babbit is not only nicer than Gantry but he is still very much around in our midwest...there are plenty of "Main Streets" too..I've lived in the towns that could pass for the original with few alterations.

The Blish and the Budrys letters were read with interest -- must have pleased Buz to get comments on all this right from the source.

Baxter (who I've just heard on tape along with 'Legs' Smith -- a B*I*G thrill for any woman, I can tell you) may have something there -- even though it may horrify you present Con-folk. That time may come--I'd be happy to pay a higher price (a much higher price) for con-membership if I could receive items 2 and 3. Wonder how the rest of the fen feel about it...I kinda go for this idea.

Alma is correct in my opinion on the negro-socializing remarks. Outside of a very liberal bohemian society-group have any CRYhacks been socially 'with' negros to any extent?? There are none that I have met here (yet) who are my equal in education, upbringing or interests (there are probably zillions of whites that fall into the same grouping, too) -- if? I were to meet some that would be compatible -- swell. But round here it will be a ruddy miracle if I do. Everyone has to have some common ground starting off place before friendships can be formed. Few if any deliberately go out of

their way to collar an utter stranger in an attempt to start a relationship -- specially if that stranger is not of one's class or vicinity. How many fans have done something on that order -- with no toe hold of any kind to begin with??

On the Lichtman letter -- fandom IS too limited if that is ones only life -- if there are now contacts with the 'real' world and with outside interests -- few fen, I hope, are like that -- it could make for an unhealthy situation. And a tragic one.

Turning from that we find Phil Harrell's letter with possible signs that Phil could go overboard for fandom due to his surroundings -- but I doubt this, having met Phil. His comments on the trials and tribulations of trying to get in fandom make for a sad commentary on all of us, I fear. I didn't have troubles like that, thank the lord ... I'd have been long gone right off. I hope Phil's experience wasn't the norm.

James Sieger says and says so rightly... "but CRY makes one tgubj of a beatnik poetry magazine.." CRY has been making tgubj's for years now and James was the only one with nerve enough to say so. The tgubjiest zine around, though we rarely admit to it.

Goodnight Sweetheart....

Betty

/Don't worry about Phil's reception (if you can call it that) to fandom. The fact that Phil had trouble getting into fandom can be used as absolute proof that fandom is the easiest thing to join there is. It is my theory that Phil Harrell is progressing through our space-time-continuum upside-down, because the things that happen to him are so unique. Just as CRY is the only fanzine that could possibly make tgubj's, Phil is the only fan who could possibly have the problems described in this next letter. -- www

PHILLIP A. HARRELL AND THE POST AWFUL ADVENTURA

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Va.

Dear DEAR E*V*E*R*Y*O*N*E;

August 9, '61

My life is again complete, and the withdrawal pains slowly subside. I never thought I could miss anything so very completely. At first it didn't bother me....much, but that was only because it was the Day after I had received the last CRY and I had sort of prepared myself for the month ahead by taking out some of my old CRY's and pretending that they had just come in the mail....but it just doesn't work. I went slightly mad and hung from my ceiling and dripped green. You can't imagine how much like Hell it is not getting a CRY just after the first of the month. And to think I have to go thru the whole thing all over again in SEPTEMBER! It ISN'T FAIR I tell you! September 10 is my Birthday and...and....well I was going to consider CRY as my Birthday present from fandom.....What's life without CRY? I'm going to try to work out a withdrawal plan that might make it last longer and send in my LoC next Month (just after I pretend it came again....) I couldn't restrain myself when I first got it tho and ripped out your foot long staples to see your Purple horse galloping off without you wally (did he buck you off?) I guess you really might call that a horse of a different color. Verry Nice Bjo.

A lot of things happened to me in July. I mailed out VENTURA, only a year late, and sat back and waited for 125 letters of comment. And what did I get instead? But I'm getting ahead of myself. I got a few Letters on it (Thanks, Betty Kujawa, Avram Davidson, Buck Coulson) but mostly I got postcards asking where their copy was? Seems the Post Office not only has it in for me in the Post Office Inspector bit (which is a whole horrible story in itself that I sent to WRR). It also loses around 50! copies of VENTURA (with a delightful Berry story in it that had a Plug for CRY in it) which was mean. I put CRY FOR JULY on some of them (Hello John....or didn't you get yours either?) out of 125 I mailed out it seems that less than 60 arrived at their appointed places. Why does the post office hate me? I would put a partial list of who I sent them to (Hello ATOM & Ella) but you'd probably cut them out (Hello Harry Warner did you get yours???) and 125 names would take up a little space. (And Don Franson I did so send you one.) But a few did get theirs (Did you get yours yet Marion?) and sent in Loc's. Some didn't get theirs and told me so. But I have ordered fifty extra copies from my publisher and they should be in any time now. If you didn't get yours just scream as I want my Favorite CotR editor to have one. I just saw a picture of you and did you know facially you remind me of Harlan Ellison. You two almost look like you could pass for twins in

a picture. (NO WALLY, PUT DOWN THAT PLONKER I WAS JUST....PLONK!)

I would dearly love to get to Seacon, but I was taken suddenly broke and won't be able to. I can't tell you how glad I am that CRY is for CHICAGO IN '62 which when you think about it is really the only place for the world con in '62 after all look who would be running it Earl & Nancy Kemp. And no better recommendation could be made.

I believe I'll become a fireman. I always did get a kick out of sliding down those poles....only one thing bothers me? How do you get back up them? And with that kind of a Job every other day you have off and you can save enough to attend a con... Chicon III's a year off and after a year you get 30 days off in civil service.... I may make Chicon yet.

I couldn't hold myself back from reading CRY. It was so wonderful to see it again and I just whizzed thru it. Berry was Superb and I'd like the address of James White (Maybe I can get his baby sitter's address).

I hope Doreen will do that again some time (and somebody wake up Wally G over there in the corner).

Elinor I saw a picture of you once and I'll never forget you. You have a loveliness as fragile as a Martian tower and as delicate as woodsmoke in autumn. You are the very essence of youthful womanhood. I'll never forget you. You show how truly lovely a woman can get in 25 years. Buz is really lucky to have married Venus, as I didn't ever think the goddesses came to earth from Olympus, the answer must be that Buz is Adonis. Seattle really is the center of the Universe and the CRY group are really the Olympians come to Earth to enjoy themselves. I have found you Out you gods you.

Until October then enjoy yourself and say hello to Baccus for me.

Best,

Poseidon (better known as

Phil

The Harrelling Bem.

/How should I know if I got VENTURA or not? You want me to go through the garbage can just to find out for you? By golly I think I'll send you a letter of comment just to teach you a lesson. Good grief. --www/

AVRAM DAVIDSON MEATS HIS RECIPES

410 West 110th St., NYC 25

Dear Day-Brighteners:

August 10th I think /61

First a few rapid remarks before I go and see if my meatballs are fitten to eat (Remind me to tell you about my proposed cookbook) and, if so, eat them.

The big news from CRY is but WOW! Namelessly, (a) that Alma Hill "just loves me", and (pant pant pant pant) (b) She is "in charge of all the MIT women freshmen"! Now, I say, you chaps, you can't beat that for a combo, can you? The only thing which has kept me from fushing down and boarding the next Boston-bound train (with a cutlass between my teeth?) is that I'd have to put on my socks and I just hate putting on my socks, I just hate it; also I remembered the frosh won't be arriving twell September. Of course by the time September arrives I'll be broke, out of socks, down with the pip or the scurvy, or afraid of women who elect to study technology.

Alma says that although I allowed her to ruffle my whiskers at the Pittcon (we charged admission, all procedes to TAFF), I wouldn't give her a rec. I would be in a better position to refute this foul calumny if I had any idea of what a "rec" is. Is this some more of your Mr. Weber's Creative Proofreading? Allow me, however, to correct her next statement that "it's no use for ladies-who-love-Avram to go get instructions from a rabbi, because from all I ever heard, it is necessary to be born to Tribes..." Well, now, Alma, (and ladies-who-etc.), just what kind of instruction did you have in mind, and for what purpose? he enquired, learing goatishly, and rattling the clefts in his hoofs. I mean, why drag a rabbi into this? Let him find hiw own women; and besides, I am privy to simply loads of absolutely capital larks and games for which I myself am all the instructor necessary; line forms on the right, no pushing or shoving, gouching, hairpulling, or use of hat-pins... Seriously, though, it is not necessary to be born to the Tribes: an estimated two thousands proselytes a year become Jews in the United States.

I also tip my hat to Betty Kujawa, will be pleased to join her & house if ever I am down thatway for a drink; but not Liebrfraumilch. I don't drink German drinks, ride in German cars, or otherwise dip my bread in my brothers' blood. Don't tell me about Ben Gurion, please; I keep my own conscience, not his.

Really, I have no idea what Emile E. Greenleaf, Jr., means by saying I get wilder and wilder. Besides, I can explain why I appeared "quiet, reserved, introverted", when he met me in Detroit. Someone had given me a Detroit phone number. The 1st thing the girl said was, "Oooh, you have the most AHful New York City eahccent!"--absurd on the face of it; my English being known for its Universal Purity. Dope that I was, however, I taxied out to East Weewaw St. or wherever the Hell she lived. Her mother gave me a glass of luke-warm lemonade. I thought the next thing would be somebody in the house nextdoor playing "Beautiful Ohio" on the piano, and I'd find myself a character in a Ray Bradbury story, the night like peppermint candy stick, the dark sweet-rushing night, with the smell of hay from the South 40, and the sky full of stars like sparklers; ANYway the girl came in, saw me sitting there limply with this vorpal glass in my hand, sensed something was amiss, asked, "Would you like a real drink?" I nodded wordlessly, breathlessly, namelessly, gratefully. And--

mark this well, now--

She. poured. me. out. a. water-tumbler.

full. of. Creme. de. Cacao....

Well, now, Emile, after a hideous experience like that (and I had to drink the stuff, too!), wouldn't YOU seem "quiet, reserved, and introverted? Yes, you, Greenleaf, I'm talking to you, don't pretend you're Wm. Atheling, Jr., or somebody else.

I am absolutely fascinated by Cpl. Bob Smith's being attatched (attachtet?) to "1 Amenities Unit" of the Australian Army. I see it all clearly. Pvt. Wallaby from Buggarobunyip, Queensland, reports for duty at Victoria Barracks, Sidney, is greeted by his new C.O., Major Dennis ("Digger") O'Dool. "Ahzit, Wally," the major says, pushing his bush-hat back on his head. Wallaby, detatching a fag from his lower lip, says, "Not arf." "Gotcher gear and all that muck?" the major inquires. Wally nods, looking over a likely shiela who's magging with a lance-corp from Yurracumbunga. "Rifle? Gas mask? Football togs? Ration of wallop? Well, then, ahz the amenities? They boil yer billy the wye you likes it? Treacle pud' up to snuff? Pillow nice and fluffy? Clean pyper in the WC? Coz if not, just sye the word, cobber, and we'll have Corporal Smith of 1 Amenities Unit fix it all up, dinkey-dye, cor stone che slyming crows."

As for "Woof Woof: vs. "Woop Woop", Bob is from New South Wallaby -- I mean Wales -- in the est of Sustrylia, and my informant was from Perth, In Western Australia. Re-geional accent, and all that.

Commendation to Tom Purdom for his quiet and moving REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF HEMINGWAY.

And I am glad that M/Sgt Tackett has decided to withdraw his theory that the Jezail Bullet teleported. (Teleporting, of c., is like teleporting, but only one half as much). But his present suggestion that it was some sort of miniature machine indicates that he is still not taking the matter serisouly. I tremble for the Marine Corps; it survived me, but how can it survive him, too?

The meatballs needed seasoning.

My cookbook? Oh, yes. Thanks for reminding me. It has been suggested that I bring out one to be called Peasant Cooking or something like that. "Peasant" meaning solid fairly simple Old World type victualing. Anybody got any favorites, from coddled pippins to grizzled eels to oatmeal pudding and gumbo yak-tail, kindly contribute. Money we'll discuss later. I'm using all my spare pennys to investigate the reported & sad plight of "Colin Freeman" (who he?) who doesn't know any Jewish girls? Where the Hell does he live? The Shetland Islands? Regardless of whether he marries or not, regardless of whether he'd like any if he knew any, he -- declaring himself to be Jewish -- cannot be allowed to go on not knowing any Jewish girls. Slacker. Even Gentiles know Jewish girls. I'll introduce you. Lessee now. Emile Greenleaf -- uh uh, don't know his religion but he's a boy. Alma Hill? She says, not. Ruth Berman! There you are. You'll learn how to make mec, too. Anybody know a good shadchan?

Oh, I could go on and on. But I got like this totally unreasonable publisher who wants me to write a book that I can't write and I got to convince him that he really wants a book that I can write. I already spent almost all the advance, so, in a way, I have him by the pettibones. But it'll take a lot of convincing. I could write a book in the same time.

Somewhat wearily but of good cheer, Master Busby, frantishly goodbye,

Avram

PS A fellow named Davies promises me Welsh recipes, seed-cake, and such.. Hint hint hint hint. And Sidley Coleman is sending grilled goat a la great grandfather.

/If you get any recipes for chopped letters, let me know. I haven't had much success chopping yours. --www/

TOM PURDOM PLANS A CONVENTION

3317 Baring Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.

Survivors of the Seacon:

September 13, 1961

Herewith the first edition of Tom Purdom's Philadelphia Letter which I expect you will receive each issue of Cry as long as there is a Tom Purdom or as long as there is a Cry or as long as there is a Philadelphia. (I give Cry the edge to be the one of those three that lasts the longest. After the A War, after the Invasion, the members of the Underground will study Heinlein for strategy and read Cry for moral support).

As you can see, I've gotten a little word on the doings of the Convention. I saw Hal Lynch at the Gilded Cage last night and he told me enough about it to make me wish I'd been there. Well, Chicago looks good for next year and that one I expect to make. (If Chicago is still there, that is.)

Forgive me if this letter isn't completely coherent in places. The doctor just gave me the word today I can choose between cancer of the mouth and smoking. To make it easier to give up smoking he's dosing me with meprobamate. I've always avoided tranquilizers the way a WCTU member avoids drink, and I'm not sure just what they're doing to me. I suspect I'm going to spend the next month thinking I'm the life of the party and spouting and endless flow of wit and wisdom and a month later discover I've become known as the biggest bore in Philadelphia.

JULIE HARRIS IS COMING TO TOWN THIS FALL IN A NEW PLAY.

News on the program for this year's Philadelphia Conference, which is being held at the Sheraton Hotel November 18 & 19, program organizer Me, Master of Ceremonies *Me!* James Blish has agreed to be interviewed by a panel. Panel will consist of one pro, one organized fan, and one person who reads science fiction. This will be followed by a panel, The Future of Freedom, which will deal with such things as civil liberties and democracy, the impact of modern technology on them and how they will fare in the future. Algis Budrys is 99% certain he will be on the panel but writes he won't know for sure until later this month. The American Civil Liberties Union will have a man on the panel and it will be rounded out with one or two scientific people. (I'm busily hunting up the address of a motivation researcher I met once.)

Sunday afternoon James Tarusai will give a talk on fannish activities. This will be followed by a public conversation, on any subjects they choose, between L. Sprague de Camp and Avram Davidson. There's been a little mixup here, but Avram Davidson will definitely be there and I think Sprague will probably say yes when he's asked. (It seems Hal Lynch was taking care of this part of the program, so I didn't write Sprague, who heard about it from Davidson, but didn't tell Davidson he couldn't be there, see, so as soon as I write Mr. de Camp....)

Saturday night there will be a party at Harriet Kolchak's, open to all attendees of the conference. In between the main events there will be short readings from science fiction.

This isn't the whole program, but it's all that is definite.

Oh, yes, there will be a small ceremony Sunday morning. It will be attended by William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Arthur Miller, Jean-Paul Sarte, etc., and Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein and Theodore Sturgeon will be presented Nobel Prizes for literature and peace, followed by a closed circuit TV address by President Kennedy and a surprise congratulatory visit by Nikita Krushchev, etc. I assume most members of the conference will be sleeping off the previous night's revelry, so I doubt if many will be interested in attending.

Edmund R. Meskys attended the August formal meeting of the PSFS and the August informal meeting at the Gilded Cage. He carries a briefcase with a tape recorder in it. He says there are many, many science fiction fans working for NASA and suggested this is why our space program is behind Russia's.

Jim Groves-- I liked World in a Bottle, too. "The Word to Space" had a nice basic idea but I thought the priest bit spoiled it. I'd like to see a story about a priest who's exactly like the anti-Catholic or agnostic stereotype just one. In "The Word to Space" I kept hearing the author saying, "See, see, your nasty old prejudices are all wrong" and that marred the story for me.

All right, Buzby ((Busby, dammit there, Perdom ol' buddy! --FMB)) what's this hot story idea you're sitting on? I'll bet you gave it to some pro at the con in a drunken moment. If you don't tell by next September, they ought to auction you off to the pros at the Chicon.

Enough of this. I might have written a sparkling letter, but modern science has destroyed me. I remain,

Tranquilized and Smokeless,

Tom

P.S. Aldous Huxley and his bright ideas. Hah. Mind Changers. Nuts. When you've got a brain like mine, changing it is the last thing you want to do.

I've just mailed faked issues of Fanac, S-F Times, Axe and Cry to all the people you mentioned as being on your convention program. These faked issues all break the news that your convention has been called off. I thought as long as you are on tranquilizers you might just as well get your money's worth. --www/

HARRY WARNER, JR., HANKERS FOR HECTO-LIKE CRYs 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Cry pawns:

August 12, 1961

I am in a wonderful situation for catching up with correspondence and fanzine correspondence. My incoming mail has been cut off. This is not because I failed to pay the mailman, but something that happened after I filled out a pink card at the post office. I was supposed to leave for vacation today, but so far haven't emerged from Hagerstown. So I am experiencing a strange cut-off-from-civilization feeling, the knowledge that some cruddy first issue may rest neglected at the post office even now.

Tom Purdom's article is moving in a way and it leaves me cold in another way. I have the greatest respect for Hemingway's artistic principles and I think that his influence on the younger generation of writers has been good, if only as a counteract to the tendencies of imitating Wolfe or Joyce. But I can't believe that Hemingway's fiction will survive more than two or three more decades. I think it's too much of its time, not nearly as universal and timeless as it seems, and I suspect that he will be one with Richard Harding Davis and Gene Stratton Porter when 1984 rolls around. Which reminds me, the recent reduction in the retirement age for social security to 62 means that I shall become eligible to retire in that particular fateful year, assuming that I live that long and continue to grow older during the next 23 years.

I think that the Willick poll is a good thing, but I dislike intensely the proposed design for the fannish awards. Nothing that pretentious and arty is suitable to the spirit of fandom. I'm sure that one of the small quality pottery firms would fire a design on a beer mug or king-sized coffee cup for a figure that fandom could easily afford, if we ordered enough to take care of awards for the first four or five years. It has occurred to me also that it might be better to divorce these fannish awards altogether from the world convention. They could become the main attraction at one of the regional cons, possibly rotating from one to another each year. (And that reminds me of something I've meant to suggest for a long time: each convention committee could save unnecessarily early deadlines on the Hugo balloting, simply by presenting unengraved trophies at the convention, then having them engraved and shipped to the winners after the event. This works perfectly well for things like sporting events where the winner can't be known in advance.)

Ham Role leaves me with a baffled feeling. I've probably missed the key to the whole thing by too rapid reading. But at least I know now how fans just coming into

the field feel, when they pick up their first fan publication filled with enigmatic references to this and that familiar matter in Irish Fandom.

The London Letter was much appreciated, in view of Ella's impending descent upon Summit Avenue. However, she has warned me that she doesn't expect to be in a talkative mood while here, so some one is going to be quite wrong. This is exactly the type of biographical material that made Ah! Sweet Idiocy! such a valuable publication, and I can't understand why more personal data of the sort doesn't appear in fanzines.

An N3F type is not the same thing as an N3F member, as Alma Hill assumes. When I think of an N3F type, I think of a fan who huddles within that organization and refuses to venture far from its shelter, bristling and spitting if prodded or poked by someone outside the organization. It's a pity because these types and fans in general get along quite well at conventions and in other personal encounters, from all I hear. There ought to be a formal peace treaty for this paper conflict.

I like that purple ink that you used on the cover, and I submit the suggestion that a whole issue in that color might be a pleasant thing for the eye to read. Old fans like me are so conditioned to hekt colors that they don't feel comfortable around black ink.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

/Even if Ella isn't talkative, watch out for that right hook of hers! Not the boxer's punch; I mean that curved, barbed metal thing she rips with. --www/

JAMES GROVES HEARS FROM ELLA

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

To whom it may concern

10th September 1961.

(I can't really say dear Wally until I hear just what Ella did do at the Seacon. Anyway, if he's still with us I wish him a speedy recovery, and if not, then welcome to whoever is now in the chair.)

But now to CRY 152. That's a nice decorative cover. Tom Purdom has convinced me that it's about time I read some of Hemingway's work. And then Buz convinces me that it's time I read the latest Heinlein, not that that would take much doing, he's just about my favourite author (along with ACClarke that is.)

12/9/61 I've got a card here from Ella (in Canada) on which she says, and I quote, "Wally's a darling!" So I guess I can say Hallo - Hi Wally.

That last line on page 19 shows that its writer has not read the article above it -- Ella's reaction to Geoff Lindsay's letter is and was quite predictable -- luckily he recovered.

Cotr

Fred Galvin -- yup the Catholic Church has made arrangements for reorganisation after the atomic war -- they're handing the problem back to their chief -- personally.

"As it was in the beginning so shall it be in the end."

I shall look forward with interest to your impressions of Ella.

Yours

Jimmy Groves

/After they heal a little, I'll have photographs taken and send you pictures of my impressions of Ella. --www/

LEN MOFFATT DISCUSSES FAN AWARDS

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Dear CRYfolk,

August 13, 1961

Well, now, that is a horse of a different color. Purple? Well, why not? Only the green logo doesn't go with the purple hoss. Clashes, like. A purty, fancy horse tho; better look'n than a lot of the yahoos I've seen on fanzine covers...

Do hope you run a foto cover after the SEACON tho, with scenes from same. Anna & I are more than just a lil' bit regretful that we can't attend.

Liked Purdom's article on Papa Hemingway. Expresses the way a lot of us feel, I'm sure.

Awake! For Franson in a fit of spite has flung the stone of parody with might, and Lo, fanpubbers of all kinds are caught insulted and disgruntled by its bite....

Not really, of course, but I couldn't resist doing me own bit of parody with Omar...

G. Willick knows (or should know) by now the way I feel about Fan Awards & related subjects, but I'll outline a few of my thoughts on the matter here, in case anybody is interested...

- (1) Nothing wrong with having a Fan Awards set up -- if enough actifans are interested enough to make it a worable project. If only a few are ready, willing and able to do the necessary work then the whole deal is a waste of time.
- (2) Above can be tested by setting up the Awards deal similar to TAFF. In order to vote a fan must pay a minimum sum. A committee of mature, respected, respectable, ghood fans could be elected to run the deal. If not enough fen pay & vote to make it a going deal, then t'would be obvious that fandom doesn't give a damn about giving itself Awards. (Of course, George's poll -- if the returns on it are heavy enough -- should indicate whether or not the project is worth going ahead with...but even if a majority votes in favor of having the Awards it doesn't mean that said majority will put their money where their mouths are, so to speak....)
- (3) I am dead set against a raise in Worlcon membership fee for any reason -- least of all using the FanAwards "cost" as a reason or an excuse to raise the fee. Many Worldcon members couldn't care less about actifandom and fanzines. Hugos for the pros, fine. Presumably, persons who join a Worldcon are interested in s-f and its pros. But adding a whole slug of Awards Strictly for Fans to the expense, time, and troubles of a Worldcon Committee is ridiculous.

The Fand Awards could be presented at the WorldCons, but the time, money and effort for said Awards should be provided by fandom alone or not at all.

- (4) The Emsh-Prosser design is in extremely poor taste for a Fan Award -- or almost any kind of an award, for that matter. And, as Buz points out, prob'ly too expensive to make. The Fan Awards symbol need not be an expensive statuette. Plaques or scrolls (done by volunteer fan artists) would be fine; something Joe YOUNGfan need not be ashamed to hang on the wall of his room.

Had more points than these, but that's enough for now. I certainly agree that the FanAwards deal should not be Rushed or Pushed Thru; that we should be very sure that actifandom really desires annual awards for its top writers, artists, editors, etc.

Those of you who read the Shaggy lettercol know how I feel about con dates and committees. As Buz says, let the Con Committees decide which is the best time for having the con in their locale.

Doreen's report on the concommmeeting sounded "typical", but it didn't worry me in the least. Like, I got Faith.

Baycon musta been a Ball alright, for all reports say the same....My only consolation is that the Westercon will be in LA next year, and surely we'll be able to make that one.

I expect to read Geoff's Parker Report at LASFS this coming Thursday, to prepare localites for the Coming of Herself the following Thursday. We can hardly wait til she gets here, needless to say. Have layed in a supply of bulk tea, and made sundry plans for showing her the area, etc. etc. We promise to keep her in good health, not tire her out too much, so she'll be in good shape for meeting the Weber at the SEACON.

Best Wishes & Keep Smiling!

Len Moffatt

/Nice of you to concern yourself with Ella's health so. And as for the "keep smiling" bit, I'll postpone that until the dentist can fit some teeth into my now-odd-shaped mouth. --www/

ES ADAMS RETURNS TO THE FRAY, SOMEWHAT FRAZZLED
hey www,

1301 Big Cove Road, Huntsville, Ala.

Aug 25 '61

eta here, www. Say hello to fmb & jfk & ccny & brt & those other people with weird, unpronounceable names.

I don't know why I started that way. I don't have the energy to go through kommenting on CRY so I read it and stashed it away and forgot what it was about before sitting down to try writing this letter. No more of that sharp, sure, analytical constructive criticism of the Olde Days; criticism which encouraged and enlightened the young and

struggling; criticism which deflated the vain "Big Names"; penetrating criticism like, "The next story was pretty good I thought, in a way, but I'm not sure what I think of it. Or why."

I guess you'll miss that, huh?

Boy, all I can say is somebody oughta just ask me for my list of "Big Names." Boy, that'd sure deflate a lot of smug people. When they saw ol' Marland Frenzel up there at the top of my list I guess they'd regret the things they said about his stuff.

Could be I've lost some of the endearing humility that made me so universally beloved back when I used to be a fan.

I picked up an sf mag the other day to see what they look like these days, and ran into something rather curious. I will reprint it verbatim (that means word for word):

Ferdinand Fogpoot: MCMXXI I/II

While touring the region of Polaris in search of a legendary metal which attracts iron, Ferdinand Fogpoot received a message imploring him to rush immediately to the fourth planet of Sirius, commonly known as Senny. It seemed that the never-ending rains on Senny had made the roads quite muddy, as one might expect, particularly if one is as astute as Ferdinand Fogpoot. Thus, when on the Holy Day the Sennians all hopped into their cars to make their ritualistic Western Trek, they found, to their amazement, that all their cars bogged down in the mud. But the Sennians, not being too familiar with cars, had merely applied a sterner foot to the accelerator, collectively speaking. And the force of all these tires spinning against the rotation of the planet had caused Senny to stop rotating. Yes, this whole, unpaved planet, Senny, had ceased to turn so long as the tires continued to spin.

Ferdinand Fogpoot listened to this sad message with complete aplomb. As it finished, he stoutly flicked the radio from receiving to transmitting, a feat this amazing scientist can perform with ease, and said, "Well, there's nothing I can do about it."

CRY Uvva Reederz somehow doesn't seem quite the same anymore. I gather that rich brown has gafiated. And Meyers, of course. Lichtman's still there. But where are the others, the Spirited Ones? I can't imagine a heinous crime such as Take Over the CRY getting started with this latter day group. "This younger generation's just a buncha milksops, thass what I say. Teddy Roosevelt woulda rode right up San Juan Hill and punched that beatnik feller in the nose, back in the good ol' days. Yessirree Bob. We wouldn't settle for anything less than original Garcone prints on the cover of CRY then. Things just aren't like they usta be." (Lean forward, fingering corn cob pipe, pensive, wistful look, perhaps a hint of remorse for things undone, then settle back in the rocking chair and ask the young feller why th'teevy ain' workin'.)

If you want to film that scene or anything, Wally, I suggest you try to get Walter Brennan.

Whatever happened to Dirty Jim Moran? He still going?

I fad away now right quick like the fella on tv who didn't use mouthwash before trying to make out with his chick. (That's an intellectual gag I just kind of wanted to throw in to lend class.)

Best.

the late es

/By krakies, Es, that letter o' yerzll give them younguns a thing ter think about. And you've just ruined our chances of ever selling our back issues of CRY, you nut! --www/

MINORU MAEDA SURPRISES CRY

Hagino Byoin, 3813 Hashimoto, Shingu-city, Wokayama,

Dear Sir:

Japan

September 8, 1961

I think that you were surprised to receive a letter which man was stranger to you sent. I found your "The Nameless" in Japan magazine. This is the circumstance which wrote for me a letter to you, because I hope you forward for me a copy of it.

S-F scarcely is popular in Japan. After this there are non Japanese writers too, and I have not available English paper bound book in the country where I live these days.

Please give my sincerest regards of good health and happiness to you. Please excuse my poor writing.

Yours sincerely,

Minoru Maeda

/You are now a CRYhack. If you don't know what this means, don't worry. We don't know either. --www/

MRS. BOB SHRINER HIDES OUT IN OKLAHOMA

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma

Dear Wally,

15 August 1961

Little did I realize when I said that Nancy Thompson would never write another letter, she really wouldn't. But she's gone now, hasn't been heard of for two and a half months. She's hiding under the alias of Mrs. Bob Shriner. And she likes it that way.

What do you know about Oklahoma? It's flat? It's dry? It's uncivilized? Perhaps. But here there are mountains, real ones only ten miles out of town. Not big ones -- time has not been kind to them -- they are what is left of the earth's first frown -- the oldest mountains in the world. And the quietness -- only a city girl transplanted could appreciate it.

Wally lad, it's good to be back, even if no one missed me. My gaffation was quite unintentional; right after I got married, someone threw out all my fanzines. There I was, no addressees, no way to let you know what had happened to me, nothing. Fortunately I returned home in time to rescue this issue. So here I am again.

Cover: Very fancy. I was surprised to find that it was one of Bjo's. Ordinarily, doesn't she do work that is a little less embroidered?

Purdum on Hemingway: Seems like everyone must get into the act. (My first thoughts on seeing the title.) This is one of Tom's most perceptive articles. What I like is the way he writes so that you can take his opinion or leave it without feeling like an insensitive clump. So very personal, you know.

Berry: Like I said, it's good to be back, and John Berry is one of the main reasons. He is just as I remember him from when I was a neofan, supremely entertaining. Perhaps he tosses in a moral or two, but primarily he tells a good story.

For Whom the Cry Polls: Reminds me of another take-off on Hemingway. It starts out, "The main thing about ping pong balls is their bravery..."

Ella Parker is a legend. I have always wanted to see a real live legend. But I won't get to. Pity.

The rest of the zine is good, one of the best, but I have no comments on it, pro or con. For one thing, I feel like a vital part of the conversation is missing. I don't know for sure what is going on. But I enjoyed it very much anyway.

COTR: The Blish and Budrys letters were the most interesting of the lot.

Bye now,

Nancy

[Ella Parker is a legend? I thought she was more like a thrashing machine. --www]

JAMES SIEGER DEFENDS CRUSADE

S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin

Greetings.

August 8, 1961

Appreciate Purdom's dislike of authorism being considered unmanly. Why do you think some writers wear huge beards and swagger around looking masculine, anyway?

I think I'll throw away my Rubaiyat and keep Donal Franson's version instead. Is there any more of it?

Wonder what Margaret St. Clair will think when Elinor guesses her age correctly and exactly, then puts Frank Herbert as at least five years younger than he is. Insults, yet.....anyhow he's 41.

Calkins: Anderson's The High Crusade the lowest spot in ASF? You shouldn't ought to look at things standing on your head. Next thing you know people will think you're Wally Weber. Me, I consider the story to be the best Astounding has had in years. Why do these snobbish idiots keep calling humorous stories "nonsense"? And I find nothing wrong with the plot of the story, nor with "A Bicycle Built for Brew" either. Some people still don't realize that ignorance isn't the same as stupidity. There's illiterate people who're awfully smart, and lots of professors, scientists, and "experts" who are abysmally stupid. Haven't you heard of nearly illiterate, inarticulate people who are whizzes at repairing things? So why should it be impossible for Medievals to be able to run spaceships, supposing that they manage to conquer their natural superstitious attitude? It's unlikely but not impossible. And if you think that highly-civilized-but-stupid men will always win when confronted with smart-but-primitive ones, you ought to take a look at history. Our Indians were nearly always outnumbered in battle, and usually had only

primitive weapons, but they held their own for quite a while.

A fig for Rogue Moon. That collection of wretched, clashing personalities grated on my sagrezi. Give me False Night anytime, that's real sf! I think that The Big Time is better than Conjure Wife, too. So there. I hate these old coots who keep thinking that the literature is degenerating when it's their own attitude towards it that's changed.

Wally Weber: Vy jste zly clovek -- hlava je tuze mala a huba tuze velka. Jsou mysi ve vasem kalhoty. Umyl jste se nocnik. (Anyone want to ~~fix~~ ~~fix~~ take the trouble to translate? Remember the Postal laws...)

James Sieger

/Esyvg iyy m Druhrtm it U;kk derst sy tiy ub ytoi, --www/

EDMUND R. MESKYS HEADS FOR PHILLY
Wierdos:

Institute for Space Studies, 475 Riverside Drive,
New York 27, N.Y. 10 Aug, 1961

Larry Crilly sez "Open to Me, My Sister" isn't eligible for the Hugo 'cause it appeared in the June 1959 Satellite. Since only 2 copies of that issue were ever printed, I kinda doubt that that would bar it.

If "Geoff Lindsay" is pulling the pun I think hesh is with "Epitaph" (Epitaff) on page 19, I will sic the pseudonymous neo responsible for most of the puns in the last Tightbeam on you. I don't know how that word is supposed to be spelled & don't have a dectionary handy, but I suspect the worst.

Good to see Purdon back. Carl Frederick, Matt Chlupsa & I are driving down to Phili to hear his talk at the Phili SFS meeting (and, while we're at it, stay over and see the hick town Saturday." If he talks anything like he writes, this should be a superb meeting.

Scientifictionally yours,

Ed

/If Geoff didn't make that pun, then you are the guilty one, and I can't think of a better fan than you to suffer the consequences. --www/

LAWRENCE CRILLY; A 15-YEAR-OLD NEOFAN'S LAST CRY
Dear ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~SOB~~ CRY:

951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

Friday August 11th 1961

Knew I'd get your title right eventually. #152 has arrove today and I'm moved to comment on it.

This is as good a time as any to tell you that starting with this letter, you'll be receiving no more letters from that 15-year-old neofan, Lawrence Crilly. Nope, starting with this letter, you are now receiving letters from that 16-year-old neofan, Lawrence Crilly. However, this is also the first and last letter you'll receive from that 16-year-old neofan, Lawrence Crilly, mainly because he'll have been in Fandom a whole year, as of late September '61, so he'll no longer be a neofan. Heh-heh. Bet you thought you'd finally gotten rid of me, didn't you?

Y'wanto know the typical N3F type? Well, foist you hear about how lousy and idiotic the club is, and since you're a kook yourself, and want to join everything around, you figure the club can't be all of that bad; other people just like to malign the poor li'le club. So since you're a nut in the first place, you find yourself writing wacky letters to other members, because you got your first copy of CRY the same time as you joined, and... Yup. Uncle Hugo's an N3F member now; we fixed him good now -- he's a life-member, so he couldn't get out if he wanted to! That'll fix him for starting that stupid Buck Rogers stuff! I don't know what's so proud and lonely about being a Neffer...Walter Breen looked at me like I was seven kinds of a clod and idiot when I mentioned it to him at the Fanoclast meeting...

Besides thinking that \$2 is too much for the privilege of voting for the Hugo candidates; I'm disgusted with all those CONTRIBUTE & VOTE IN THE TAFF ELECTION, GIVE TO THE TAWF, SUPPORT THE ELLA PARKER POND FUND things. If any more of these funds start, it'll probably be named THE FUND FOR BROKE FANS WHO'VE GIVEN ALL THEIR MONEY TO OTHER FUNDS. ((How did you guess? Send the lovely money to Box 92, 507 Third Ave.... FMB))

As to Ella Parker, I know nothing about her except what I've read in CRY, and I'm still waiting for my sample copy of ORION which I ordered in early May...

Now that I've wasted time, stationery, stamps, and wear and tear on my typer ribbon for a page and a half, I suppose you won't even bother to mention me in CRY...

Ansviekatos, y'all,

Lawrence Crilly

/Now that you have attained such a venerable position in fandom, I have to be nice to you and print your name in the lettercolumn. --www/

KUNIO IWATA LEADS CRILLY BY ONE YEAR

1-47 Hirano, Yahata City, Fukuoka-ken, JAPAN

My dear Mr. The Nameless,

Aug. 16, 1961

I can a little understand English so I'm hoping you can read this

I am a Japanese high schoolboy and seventeen years old.

I knew your name by the September number of the Japanese edition "S-F Magazine" and I am very interested in fantasy and science fiction.

I'm afraid it is too much to ask of you, but would you please send me one of your publication "Cry"? I would appreciate it very much.

Yours sincerely,

Kunio Iwata

/If many more requests for CRY come from Japan, it might pay us to publish a Japanese edition. How would CRY OF THE NAMELESS translate into Japanese, I wonder? --www/

DONALD FRANSON SWEARS OFF HEINLEIN

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Cryzy people,

September 4, 1961

Or perhaps, since CRY has become a serious-discussion zine, I should say, Sirs...

I hope you had a fine convention, and introduced fandom and CRYdom to a lot of high quality science fiction readers. A fandom recruited from science fiction readers is already half way to the proper zany attitude for CRYhackery. Take Avram Davidson...

Hemingway's stories never interested me, but his position as a respected writer helped writing become more respectable. He was wealthy and retired, had the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes in his pocket, and the respect of both public and other writers. Unfortunately he didn't keep up the play to the end, but that's his business. So thanks to Hemingway, writers are thought of as sometimes successful people, even though you and I know they are not, 99% of the time. When someone asks, why do you want to be an impoverished writer, instead of a rich television repairman (an honest profession) you can always cite Hemingway (with tongue in cheek and fingers crossed.)

Science Fiction Field Plowed Under (and welcome back, old title): if I read another book review that says, "Read this book or else!" I'm going to stop reading book reviews. To paraphrase Falstaff, if books and time for reading them were as plentiful as blackberries, I would not read a book upon compulsion. And damned if I'll read any more books by Heinlein. I've grown tired of his preaching.

A three-day weekend (which only Labor day guarantees) is necessary for a big con, to attract the fans in the surrounding states. Two days is often not enough for travel time and some time at the con. The Baycon was really a four day con because a lot of people got the Monday before the Fourth off.

Alma Hill asks, "What is a typical Neffer, or N3F type?" Well, this is a composite, like anything else is, and Alma should know enough about semantics to realize that one cannot pin down any one individual with all the typical N3F faults. Alma is certainly far from the type, but does act like a typical Neffer in getting all resentful over casual statements. I'd say the typical Neffer, (who possibly doesn't exist in one person) thinks the N3F is faultless; resents any criticism of it, even if casual and uninformed, or constructive; thinks the N3F has a corner on friendliness, and that all other fans are unfriendly; etc. He also (this composite typical Neffer) doesn't care to know anything about outside fandom, or participate in its doings. There is also his counterpart in outside fandom who doesn't care to hear anything good about N3F, but there is nothing you can do about him, Alma. Concentrate on eliminating the typical Neffer, and don't worry about the image -- it will then disappear.

It is too often said (by Neffers) that the N3F is a club for geographically isolated fans, and for that reason it is provincial. But Ed Bryant, for example, in isolated

Wyoming, is far from provincial. For a more extreme case, there is Hector Pessina. Isolated fans don't have to be isolated from fandom. In fact, that's what the N3F is for. There are some who think the N3F is weak and wrongheaded--I wish they would join and do something about it then. There are others who think the N3F is useless. Those types I'd rather not have in the club -- it's only one more step to thinking fandom is useless, and gafiating, and pre-gafiates are a disturbing influence in any fannish endeavor.

After all, fandom may have no purpose, but then, neither has the universe.

Jim Groves said Project Oz has been closed down. What, didn't get an answer from other stars? How many years did they wait? It would be a minimum of eight, you know... See Science Digest for August for something new on life on other planets; a Polish scientist has worked out zones of life for other stars, based on rotation, heat, etc. which should revolutionize science fiction...you can figure out from a distance which stars do not have earth-type planets. Very revolutionary. Hal Clement, where are you? Working this out, no doubt.

I can't tgubj of anything further to say, other than that "tgubj" is the worst spelling of "think" I've ever seen, I tgubj.

Yours,

Donald Franson

[Could be Project Oz closed down because it did get an answer from other stars? --www]

DICK KUCZEK CHUCKLES WITH HORROR

2808 S.E. 154, Portland 36, Oregon

Hi there,

Having just received CRY #151, I thought I would write a few comments on it. I want you to understand that I am merely doing this so as not to disappoint you, not because I want to.

Page Three: Why not extend it another page, so he can get some meat in it?

HWYL: Having read all of them but "Venus Plus X", I think "Death World" is the tops, though "High Crusade" is an awful close 2nd. According to your classification these are both adventure stories without any significant moral meaning. I feel I must agree with you on this point. I do not wish to be ganded as a person who dislikes stories with morals or deep meanings, or those stories concerned with the sociological side of SF. Indeed, these are my favorite reading matter. I regret to say I have not found any outstanding stories of this class, though I thought "Rogue Moon" to be an extremely competent one. I agree about the perfect Science-Fiction novel not being published in 1960, though I plan to write one next year.

Mail Animal: A terrifying example of how a fan genius can slip into the insanity of mundane normal life. Alas, the line is so thin! I think this is the perfect horror story. I couldn't stop laughing! Once I was nearly thrown out of a theatre for laughing at a Frankenstein movie.

How Now, Downed Plow: Great Ferdandel Figfoop story. This story was witty, gay, humorous, and amusing. Nearly as witty, gay, humorous, and amusing as Dracula. I thought the rest of the column was entertaining also. I agree with you "that you do not ever separate authority from responsibility to any good effect."

Fandom Harvest: Very entertaining. It also provokes some thought as to whether or not fandom is a way of life. I feel that fandom is not a way of life in it's own narrow limits, but is a way of life because it colors all your thoughts and habits in a way no mere hobby could. Also, once you become a fan you can never be completely satisfied with mundane normal life (except for a few who gafiate).

A bientot,

Dick Kuczek

[And in a later letter... --www]

Hi there,

Here I am spreading joy and happiness among you again. Touchin isn't it? I think that CRY #152 is the best of the three I have read so far.

Cover: The horse (Excuse me, stallion.) is the exact image of what I think the stallion Papillon should look like in Poul Anderson's book, "Three Hearts and Three Lions."

Reflections On The Death of Hemingway: Excellent. Too good for my humble comments.
Thin Slices From Omars Loaf; Very good. Adds a bit of culture. I really enjoyed it.
The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under: Having read "Stranger in a Strange Land," I thought your article was well informed, interesting, and observant.

Ham Role: Hilarious. Too funny for words. A high point in this issue.

Maturity: Very funny.

D.Y.E.W.W.A C.C.R.D.A.C.M.: Excellent, I really enjoyed it. Another high point.
((Doreen's "...Committee Meeting," he means. --FMB))

I hate to disappoint you, but Seattle is not the center of the universe. It will not be the center of the universe when the SEACON is there. I am the center of the universe (a widely recognized fact among learned individuals). It will continue to be in Portland.

Fannishly yours,

Dick Kuczek

[I knew I was running around in circles at the SEACON, but I didn't realize Portland was at the center. No wonder I got tired. --www]

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

ROY TACKETT says that TAKUMI SHIBANO (118 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan) wants a con report of the SEACON to publish in UCHUJIN, whatever that is. Not the usual egoboo-for-fans type of con report, but a report-on-the-program type. Anyone game to try? Walter Breen's report has been suggested on a reprint-with-cutting basis (without Walter's permission, of course), but maybe somebody would like to write one on their own. ? TOM PURDOM sends a postcard; "In case you print anything on the Philly Conference, I just got word from Algis Budrys he will definitely be on the program. Also got the Convention booklet in the mail. With it came a letter from Heinlein. He will be in Philadelphia this week and wants me to give him a call." Sounds like the SEACON didn't break up -- it just moved to Philly. Another letter from ES ADAMS turned up, this one dated July 29, and it starts out, "Out of the dense but nonetheless peripheral portions of the etheric strides forth a lad with a fifth, long gone, scarcely mourned, but now happily venturing back toward the fold, if the fold has not been ironed out in these many aeons by the Great Launderer." And it keeps on like that for two pages. GREGG CALKINS reports (on August 10) that, "Visitors at the moment are Al Lewis and Joni Cornell (and little Cornell) and things are hectic -- mayhap I won't get around to working any on OOPS tonight after all." We've received OOPSLA since then, so possibly he put his visitors to work getting the publication out. JOHN HOWALD and PHIL JASKAR warned us they would be at the SEACON, but as you know we went ahead and held it anyway. DICK ENEY used appropriate stationery for a CRYletter (a blotter) to remark, "For Shame, Harry Warner: you'd have to send Perdue a telegram with What Hath God Wrought? Signed Samuel FB Morse, naturally. But you remind me of a story of Boucher's in which the Martians' home station sent that first message to their expedition on Earth, and the puzzled commander replied INTERROGATORY X WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT COMMA AND WHEN WILL WE RECEIVE A REPORT ON IT..." ARNE SJOGREN, JOSEPH P. FLEISCHMANN, JIM KNOTTS, and UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON LIBRARY want to find out more about CRY. FRANK WILIMCZYK, WARREN de BRA, GORDON EKLUND, JEAN BOGERT, WILLIAM SAMPLE, C. A. BENSON, DANNY SIZEMORE, and TED SERRILL send that nice money. BRUCE ROBBINS sends money, too, except that he is sending it for FRED SOBEL. And EDMUND R. MESKYS sends money for The Goon Goes West. It's frightening, we've got so much money around here. We'd skip town if we could find a way to haul all the loot; we may have to resort to paying some of our bills. BOB LICHTMAN changes his address to 1205 Peralta Avenue, Berkeley 6, California (that was on July 28 when he mailed the card) but promises to move again. Mail sent to the above address will still reach him, however. And I. F. WERTLIEB has moved to 1724 Spruce St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

That's all the letters and cards and even the little scribbly notes we found in our fortune cookies, and just a few lines down from here is the bottom of the page. No room for a back cover or return address or stamp or any other postal technicality there, so I'll see if I can't ooze out of the house before Buz finds out and then he'll have to think of a scheme for putting your address on this thing. The shape Ella Parker left me in, I should be good at oozing.

-- wally weber

* * * * *

* * * * *

* H W Y L *

* * * * *

* * * * * Elinor Busby

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

Well, fellas, we lived thru it. We even
(I know this is against the rules) ENJOYED it.
We had a ball.

We made some goofs. We didn't have the
display tables we should have somehow arranged
for, and more serious, we oversold the banquet, and more serious still, we didn't utilize the Mosaic Room adequately. The coffee shop was jammed the entire weekend; Saturday night the Mosaic Room was set up as a coffee shop annex--it could have been used as a coffee shop annex thruout the con, and we never even thought of it until the con was all over with!

We've read some good con reports. Richard Eney's, in Larry and Noreen Shaw's AXE, and Ruth Berman's, in her own NEOLITHIC, were both very pleasant. But the best Season report I've read so far, and one of the best con reports I've ever read, is Walter Breen's "The Admirable CRYcon" which was circulated as a rider with FANAC, and which gives a lot of data on the program, as well as conveying the flavor of the con as a social activity.

What do I have to add to these con reports? Well--I don't know. First, I do want to express my joy about Robert A. Heinlein. He is as interesting a conversationalist as he is a writer, and so friendly and hospitable that if anyone at the convention did not have a pleasant chat with him, it was thru his own choice.

Some idiot-folk did so choose, I know, probably from some sort of inverse snobbery. As one of them said to me, "Well, after I told him how much I liked his books, what more would I have to say to him?" I think this is a silly attitude. Why should one feel called upon to initiate every topic of conversation, carry the entire burden of conversation oneself, when one is talking with an intelligent man who has travelled widely, and carried with him a perceptive and inquiring mind and an intelligent wife with a magnificent grasp of languages? What a waste, to insist upon doing all the talking oneself!

Not but what some folk did. I was in Marijane Johnson's room with herself, Joni Cornell, Heinlein, Karen Anderson (& later Poul) and a LASFan. With all those people, this LASFan did at least 60% of the talking--perhaps more. He talked about how there were a lot of griffins appearing lately, and this was a bad sign, because griffins were a Portent of Disaster. He mentioned the kind of fairies that live in dandelions. He told us that a cure for cancer had been developed in Canada, but we wouldn't have it here for another twenty years--and this he learned from his ouija board. He talked about linguistics. Oh, how he talked and talked about linguistics. Finally, he started telling Bob Heinlein about Los Angeles. At this point, Poul interjected softly, "You know, ----, Bob lived in Los Angeles for many years." The LASFan said, "Oh?" and went right on telling Heinlein about Los Angeles! Now, Heinlein has great powers of enjoyment, and I think he was well pleased with the conversation. But my feeling was, that I was listening to the wrong person talk.

I could feel my temper beginning to slip its moorings, so I got out of the room as quickly as I could. I went to Boyd Raeburn's room and told the assembled folk how horrible this LASFan was, and everyone agreed, and two or three had some new evidence of his awfulness to relate. So we had a happy time.

But my happiest time at the con was Saturday night. At the costume ball I danced more than I have for at least nine years. I thought that by now I must have completely forgotten how, but apparently dancing is like swimming or bicycling, and once learned, comes back very fast. I danced with Jim Broderick and Jack Speer, but mostly I danced with Boyd, and mostly we danced that peculiarly delightful form of The Dance which in the days of my tender youth (when I had opportunities to engage in it) was known as 'jitterbugging' but which now, apparently, is more pleasingly known as 'jiving'. How I did enjoy it!

After all that dancing, of course what I really needed more than anything else was some exercise. So I went swimming, all by myself, beneath the black black sky, in the pale blue green water brilliantly lit from beneath. I shall not willingly forget swimming in the black night and light bright water. After backstroking about three or four lengths of the pool I was sternly informed that The Pool Was Closed, but by that time I had sufficiently enfolded the scene.

In advance I had really dug the idea of sitting at the Speaker's Table during the banquet, but as it turned out, during the meal itself I would have had more fun elsewhere. I was sitting between Forry Ackerman and Harlan Ellison, and both of them were working on their speeches the entire time! Forry was working away rather calmly, but Harlan was anything but calm. "Worry!" he told me. I was about to assure him that I had the utmost confidence in him, and was sure he would be a superb toastmaster, when a sudden thought struck me. "Harlan," I asked, "would it help if I worried?" "Yes," he said. So I worried very diligently for the rest of the meal, and to very good effect. He really was a superb toastmaster.

I thought Heinlein's speech was wonderful. It was a fairly long speech, but my attention did not wander. It evoked a lot of emotion in me. I thought the theme of his speech was the necessity for courage and zest. It's always true that every listener hears a different speech--but I think it was particularly true with this speech. For an objective resume of content, I recommend Breen's conreport.

To get back to the costume ball. There's been a certain amount of displeasure because the judges didn't award a prize for the best group. Categories for which prizes would be awarded were announced in PR #4. If people chose to prepare costumes to fit categories for which it was not announced that prizes would be awarded, that's their problem, right? As I told Ruth Berman, I've never heard of a costume ball where everyone was satisfied with the judging, and I never expect to hear of one.

And I guess that's all I have to say about the con. Oh, one thing more. All during the con people kept saying how much Buz looks like Heinlein. I didn't think the resemblance all that great, but nonetheless much enjoyed people's commenting on it. Best of all was at the banquet when a young woman who had met Buz at Pittsburgh came up to him with "Stranger in a Strange Land" in one hand, a fountain pen in the other, and an earnest hopeful expression! I think Buz should have signed that book, don't you?

-- Elinor Busby

Oh, Good Grief! Look at all that Whitespace!

..CRY..

Box 92, 507 3rd Ave.
Seattle 4, Washington

Printed Matter Only
Return Postage Guaranteed
(but we will hate you)

A number behind your name indicates the number of issues left on your subscription, unless it is a real BIG number, in which case it might indicate that you are getting free room&board from one of our sovereign states or even from Uncle himself. The lack of such a number indicates either (1) that somehow you are getting this issue for free, or (2) you escaped. Best of luck, though, fella...

((Regardless of sleet or hail,
please deliver this to:

))

((Join ChiCon III! Join Westercon 1962!
If you haven't already joined SeaCon,
though-- forget it.))