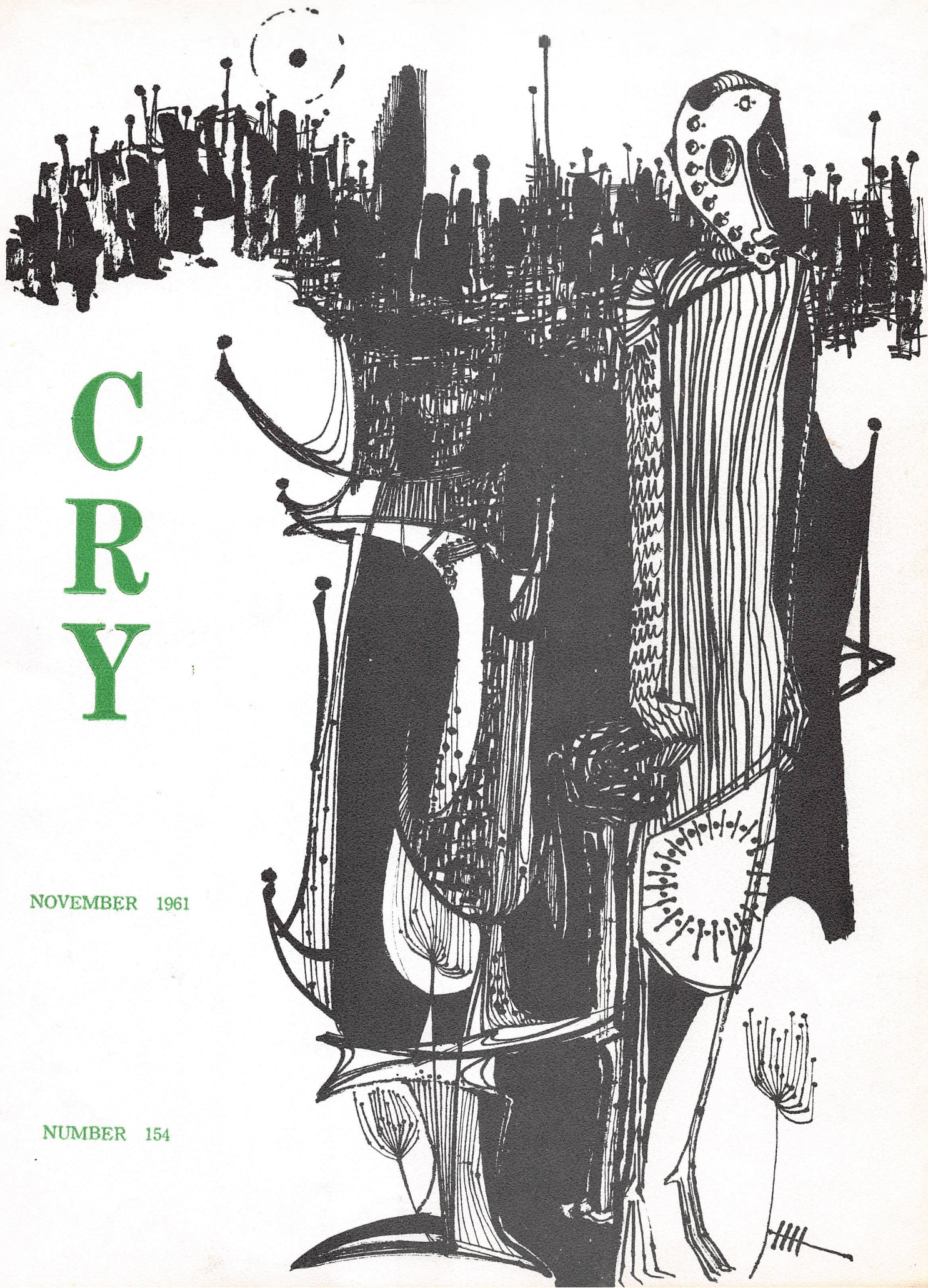


# CRY

NOVEMBER 1961

NUMBER 154





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This is the 154th issue of CRY, dated November 1961 but published on Oct 29th. CRY is published monthly except for July and September which are our Quiet Times, set aside for attending Cons or brooding because we missed one, depending.

Like all things, CRY has its price: 25¢, 5 for \$1, or 12 for \$2 to Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4-- or the sterling equivalent to John Berry, Our Man in Belfast. Free issues go to contributors, and Elinor only knows what our "trade policy" is, except that it is more liberal than one-for-one but less than all-for-all. I think.

Although this is the Haphazard Issue of CRY, we may as well list the

C o n t e n t s :

Cover by Helen Hendrickson; Multigraphed logo by The Toskey	page 1
Page Three	Buz 3
The Interloper (part 2 of 3 parts)	John Berry 4
Hwyl	Elinor Busby 8
Aliens and Invaders	Tom Purdom 10
..with Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle..	F. M. Busby 12
Minutes	Wally Weber 14
The Treasure Trove of Genghis Khan	Forrie Ackerman (adv) 17
(more)Hwyl	Elinor 18
CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber 19-32

Art Credits: <sup>Harrell 22</sup> Hendricksen 1, Jones 4, LesNi 21, Zuber 11, Purdue 9, Iowa 0.

Stencil-cutting: Weber 17, Elinor 10, Buz 3 (now look who's taking over the CRY!)

At the Crank: Jim Webbert and Steve Tolliver, most likely. We sadly announce that this will probably be Steve's last appearance on the CRYstaff. It rained the other day and rumor is that Steve will be cutting out for Smogville all too soon now.

This month's CRYstaff: your guess is as good as mine. Wally Weber, Steve, Jim and Doreen, Elinor and I, yes. Tosk, no; he's tied up. No word from Wally Gonser but most likely he'll make the scene later on. No Mystery Guest. No door prize.

I was going to do an additional page in the ancient Plow fashion, but Friday I got up with a small fire going in my right shoulder and it hasn't improved any, since. (This page comes to you by courtesy of a shot of Old Hammer and several aspirin.) So Wally is now doing a third page of Minutes to make the pages come out right.

I didn't have too much to say, anyway. Did want to mention that MZB's "The Door Through Space" (Ace-Doubled with a Chandler "Rim Worlds" tale) is a real oldtime far-worlds tale, the kind of adventure story that can't be set on earth any more because nowadays our Strange Places are "underdeveloped countries", and the grim tribesmen are all at the UN looking for a handout. I like this kind of tale...

Much less, if at all, do I like deliberately-cribbed mundane humor transposed into imitation s-f. "The Oversight of Dirty-Jets Ryan" by Anne Walker (F&SF, Dec) is an obvious and direct steal from Damon Runyon's famous "Mindy's" stories, in every respect but one-- Runyon used to put a punchline at the end; Walker does not. Now perhaps author and editor thought this was a real cute ploy; regretfully I cannot agree. Several writers have taken-off from Runyon's general theme and built their own individual story-situations in various directions (Bloch's "Lefty Feep" series, for instance) and this is certainly legitimate. But a straight crib, pfui!

Publication date of CRY #155 will be Sunday, Dec 3rd, 1961. #156 poses a problem; the obvious date is Sunday, Dec 31st, but there seems to be a certain amount of resistance to this idea for some reason. I can't see why; our 12th Annish could be the Staggered Issue-- "we'll run it if you'll read it" or something of the sort.

Here in the Banana Belt it is a nice bright sunny day with temperature somewhere in the 60s. Even if it did rain the other day, Steve Tolliver!

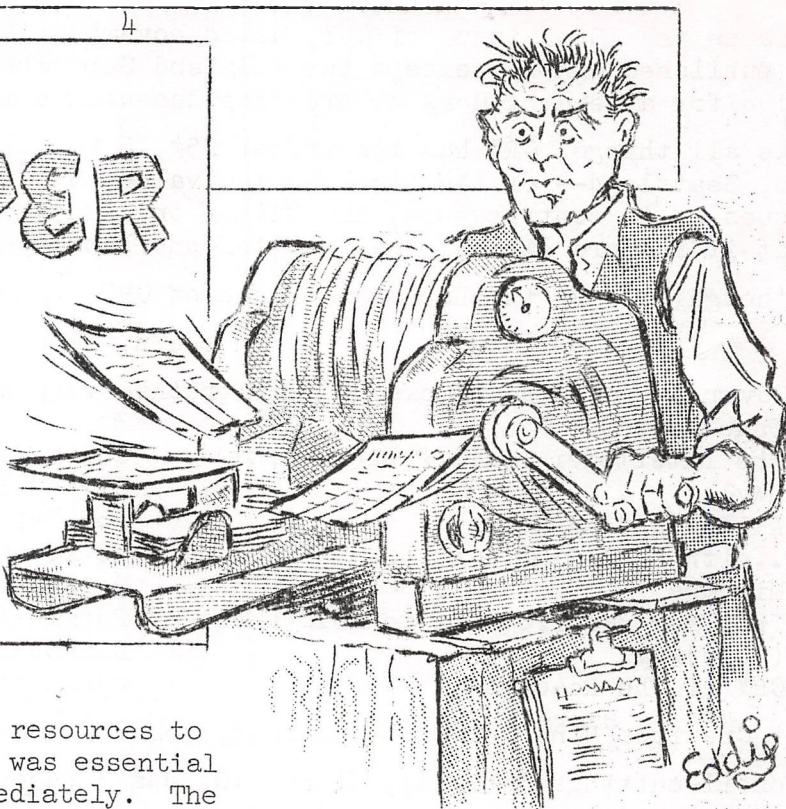
This is a pretty good brand of Old Hammer. I think I will just nip out to the FenDen and deliver this stencil to Jim, and then come back here and pour me another. Doreen has one, too. Maybe this will be the Staggered Issue. --Buz.



# THE INTERLOPER

by John  
Berry

## PART 2



Elmer faced a dilemma.

He had the necessary financial resources to publish a top grade fanzine, and it was essential for him to commence publication immediately. The information he had to pass via the fanzine hadn't arrived -- or rather, no contact had been made with him, but it was obvious that he should be in such a position that the fanzine was geared for a regular schedule, and thus to incorporate whatever it was he had to pass through the Iron Curtain.

But he had been in fandom less than two months. Sufficient time to subscribe to two score fanzines, to write many letters of comment, and to get his name in lettercols, so that fandom at large got to know his name and address as soon as possible. His subs were liberal...he could have made them even more generous, because he reasoned that faneds would certainly take extra special notice of a big subber, but he had to be careful.

Though worried about his proposed fanzine, insofar as his life in New York was concerned, he was immensely happy.

Main thing was, he wasn't being followed, that was for sure!

There were some things he couldn't be definite about, but this was a plain fact. And, QED, if he wasn't being followed, he was not under suspicion at all.

If the F.B.I. knew about him, they would have to follow him, it was the only way they would have of getting to his contacts, notwithstanding the fact that he had no intention of making contacts out and about. When things were ready, the contact would be made in a suitable and innocent way.....

He was free of worry. He was fortunate to be so certain he wasn't under surveillance. He had obtained an exceptionally high rating on the many courses he had undertaken during his extensive training as a ppy, but the rating he obtained at the school in Moscow specializing in the art of shadowing was 100 per cent. He was a natural. After training, he had taken the scheduled tests, to follow and not be seen, to be followed and spot the shadowers. His success was phenomenal. Even when followed by a relay of cars and agents on foot, the most difficult combination to discover, he had named the agents, where they had followed, and also given the number plates of the cars. One of Russia's greatest spies, on a refresher course, had been detailed to follow Elmer. At supper, when the Master Spy made his entrance at the school for the first time, Elmer had asked him, in mock indignation, why he'd been following him all the afternoon. In point of fact, great pressure had been exerted to have Elmer retained at the school as an instructor.....

So Elmer, possessing a sixth sense in this one particular aspect of spying, was 100 per cent positive he was not under surveillance.....and therefore he was as sure as he could be that the F. B.I. knew nothing about him. And in this assumption, he was



perfectly correct....

Life was good. He liked it in America....all the luxury for one thing. True, he didn't get a big wage at the Newhaven Housing Trust..but of course he was subsidized.. and he had behaved exactly as a small town boy would have behave in the Big City. He stuttered and blushed now and then, and made one or two diffident mistakes which could be attributed to his innocence and inexperience!

His social excursions into fandom thrilled him.

He had attended several meetings of the newly formed New York Science Fiction Association, and had met Frank Dietz, the Sandersons, the Kyles, Andy Reiss, Ed Meskys, Larry and Noreen Shaw, etc., but again he had to act shyly, even though his natural inclination had been to almost third degree them about fandom. Once or twice he'd talked airily of starting his own fanzine, and they had given him every encouragement. But of course, he had had to hide his enthusiasm. Even though his fanzine was only a means to an end, he wanted like mad to start one. Fandom was unique and wonderful..and there was nothing like it in Russia....

So one night he lay on his bed in his apartment, and planned his fanzine.

He had to get the top writers and artists, because he wanted a top class fanzine.. not THE best (although this would have been a challenge he would have loved to accept) because after all, he was Small Town. And it was most essential that fans all over the world should get to hear of his fanzine and write to him for copies. It had to be that way..letters from fans in Europe pleading to trade. It might have been suspicious if he had sent issues to Europe en masse. But if he was in a position to show the local fans letters from European fans, he could sort of seek their advice..like, was there any point in trading with Swedish and German fanzines, when he couldn't understand the languages.. he could, of course, but the big act, that was the thing..the innocent technique....

Hmmmm. He would definitely have to get Bob Bloch. Bloch was his favorite humorist.. and he had noticed that Bloch wasn't appearing in fanzines as much as he had a year or two earlier....it would be a scoop to get a Bloch, and get Adkins or Bjo to illo it....

He penned a letter to Bbb Bloch in Hollywood:

Dear Bob,

I have only been in fandom for a short time, and I know you've never heard of me. But I have admired your work in the prozines for years, and now that I intend to put out my own fanzine I would really be delighted to feature a short story or article by yourself. I have an excellent duper, and have ordered superfine white paper. I realize of course that you are terribly busy, but nevertheless I would consider it.....

He looked up a split second before the door burst open..his sixth sense had asserted itself..and he was cold and hot and then superbly controlled all in the time it took for the man to stand in the doorway pointing a pistol at his stomach.....

Hell.....

The man was young and small. The pistol, unwavering, had a strange sort of silencer at the end of the barrel.

"Don't move," gritted the man. He closed the door behind him with his foot. He leaned nonchalantly against the door....the pistol unwavering....

Elmer looked and pondered, his mind racing..he allowed a twitch at the corner of his mouth..now then..what did they know?..there was nothing incriminating in his room or on his person..there was the bundle of dollars, but this mother had given him from her savings ..there was just sufficient to make this seem plausible..what to do?.. he reached out an experimental hand as if to make a gesture, and then he flung himself sideways over the bed and to the carpet behind it.

But he was not swift enough.

A twisted grin of triumph creased the man's features as he pulled the trigger.

'This is damn funny,' said Elmer to himself...'I got that between the eyes, and yet I can see the man crossing the room..and he's holding out his hand to shake hands with me.. now this is uncanny.....'

"I'm Les Gerber," said the man with a huge grin, "pleased to meeche."

He reached and pulled the rubber sucker from the center of Elmer's forehead.



"Heck," grinned Elmer, "I've always wanted to meet you, too."

His grin was infectious and his eyes twinkled with mirth, but the effort nearly killed him. So. This was Gerber, the fan with a penchant for zapping people and cats, and for sending rubber suckers hither and thither....he felt unpleasant, even with the revelation that it was a fan who had burst upon him so unceremoniously..(it would make a good write-up in his article about life in New York fandom) his back was cold with sweat, and yet under his arms the sweat was warm and his mouth was as dry as if his tongue had been dehydrated. But his right hand, when he gripped Gerber's hand, was controlled, although he made the handshake limp purposely, to go with his character study.

He liked Gerber. They chatted about fandom, Gerber detailing the personalities of all the BNF's he had met..telling Elmer facts and facets about fandom which would have taken him months to learn the hard way. He showed Gerber the letter he was writing to Bloch for material, and Gerber snapped his fingers.

"Tell you what, Elmer" he said, screwing up his eyes in pensiveness, "er, I was pubbing a year or so back, before I started college, and I still have the files at home.. I do believe I have a Willis article....."

Elmer broke out in a sweat again..A WILLIS ARTICLE..

"..and I'd like to give it to you, because it will be a couple of years before I can start pubbing again. If I could just think where I put it..um..anyway, it's superbly witty..and if you'd like to have it, Elmer, I'll send it or bring it over.."

The spy held out his hands in humility.

"Gosh, Les, this is more than I dared ever hope..if Bob Bloch complies, and Deckinger and Harry Warner, I could have a really classy first issue..let's go down for a coke, and tell me all about dupering and suchlike....."

.....

He could have purchased the best typer in New York, but for appearances' sake he borrowed one from the N.Y.S.F.A. club room, with the chairman's permission. It was a Smith Corona portable, and he took it home, and worked hard on the stencils for his fanzine, which he had (he thought) cleverly entitled FLING. Bloch, Deckinger and Warner had indeed supplied brilliantly clever items, Gerber had sent around the Willis item, and Adkins had drawn three wonderful illos directly onto stencil for him. Gradually, he built up the issue stencil by stencil, until all he had to write was his account of New York fans and fandom....but he couldn't really do that until his contact came....

.....

The door was knocked gently one Saturday evening.

He opened it, saw a tall, broad, good-looking man aged about thirty.

"Hello Elmer," he said, "long time no see....I was home yesterday, and.." and he closed the door behind him.

They looked at each other..

The stranger almost gave a sneer as he looked at Elmer..he crossed to a cabinet in the corner of the room, and looked at the thin layer of dust covering the veneer..he leaned against the wall, lit a cigarette, and put the packet back in his pocket without offering it. Elmer gritted his teeth. He turned his back on the man, crossed to his jacket hanging on a chair, pulled a Camel from the pack, lit it, and stood with his head slightly on one side.

"Well?....."

The man nodded to the dust on the cabinet.

Elmer walked slowly over to it.

"Hmmm, dusty," he murmured, and drew a small circle on the layer as if to emphasize it. The stranger drew '73' in the middle of the circle, then dusted off the evidence of identification with his sleeve.

"How's things?"

"O.K."

The stranger spoke in a southern American accent.

"Everything ready to send out?"

"Ah ha..just waiting for what you have to give me."

The man pulled off his hat, pulled the grey band off it, opened the end by pulling out threads with his teeth, and abstracted a folded slip of white paper. He handed it over.



Elmer took it, opened it, saw it consisted of groups of figures..seven figures in a line, five lines under each other..four such blocks....

"I can manage that without much difficulty," he said quietly. "When will you be around again? I'm hoping to publish again in about six weeks."

"I'll be in time. How long do you think it will take to get the information to the Western Sector of Berlin?"

"Three weeks to a month."

"O.K. Goodnight, Elmer."

He opened the door, and shook hands.

He walked down the corridor....

Elmer was happy. He had a lot of work to do..and..happily..he could go ahead and get his first issue out immediately.....

.....  
One week later, he pressed his right palm to the stapler for the last time. One hundred really wonderful copies of FLING. He looked oh so proudly at the eighteen inch high pile of unadulterated fannish bliss. He took the top copy, and looked at his full page illo. It depicted a rather ostentatious FLING, in inch high letters, with wavy lives around them, rather like educated fronds.....

The central motif was a rocket with a bewildered faan sitting inside, looking at the world beneath..(as Coulson noted in a later YANDRO, it represented 'a plagiarized RET 17 ATom cover, except with infinitely more microscopic detailed shading, making a most pleasant and unusual design') and the little eighth of an inch arced lines behind the rocket seemed to project it from the pale green duplicating paper. He flipped through the pages, and looked proudly at his other full page illo, a BEM with ten tentacles with a rocket in its mouth, and once again the delicate shading had a startling 3D effect. The various BNF's articles were well set out, but here and there, purposely, he had allowed a black thumb print to creep in, and the odd blurred sheet where the duper had failed to function properly, and the stencil on the roller had become covered with print, and it had been allowed (again purposely) to remain the slightest suggest of the sheet going through the duper twice, as though to say, 'what the hell, I'll leave that sheet in, it's not too bad, and it'll save paper.'

He could have made a perfect job, but it was, he considered, necessary to show a mite of inexperienced enthusiasm..it was definitely better than the average neofan's first issue, but there was room for improvement..and that was the reason why he'd allowed some typo's to creep in, subtle ones (which he'd done on purpose) to try and show neofannish keenness, as though his greatest priority in life was to get the issue out, and damn the typo's and smudges..he smiled to himself..it was his greatest priority.

He spent the next evening addressing envelopes..cheap ones..and he sent most of the copies to faneds in America..ten or so to England..and one only to Germany, to the editor of SCHNAPP..and on the back of the fanzine he wrote a pious TRADE? He had noticed in recent American fanzines a plea from the faned Kurt Plucker, of the Western Sector of Berlin, asking for American fanzines, to trade..and that's just what he was doing.....

Before he put the SCHNAPP trade in the envelope, he looked at it, and wondered if it would safely get to its destination.....?

.....  
In the succeeding months, he managed three copies of FLING....the second, due to a lack of material, wasn't anything like the standard of the first issue, but the third was good, including a Willisian account of the Chicago con, and a Tucker review of "The Big Snow," A.C. Clarke's latest novel.....

He needed to publish 130 copies of the third FLING, because subs had been flowing in..including one from Jed Manson, the unfortunate fan from Farmer City, Illinois, who had tuberculosis, was bedridden, and was featured in most lettercols, and who had sent a well-fingered dollar.....

Elmer, after the fourth visit from his contact, started work on the stencils for the fourth FLING.....

.....  
(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)



\* H W Y L \*

\* \* \* \* \* Elinor Busby \* \* \* \* \*

CRY 153 -- COTR pickin' hands

Ethel Lindsay: We trade. #I agree with Wally's remarks about Flora Jones' death, with one exception. I not only do not feel sad about it, I don't think I should feel sad about it. I don't think Flora would regret her own death, or wish other people to. We did our best to grok, praise, cherish, enfold her--we don't need to regret her too.

Betty Kujawa: Why do Phil Harrell's "comments on the trials and tribulations of trying to get in fandom make a sad commentary on all of us...?" Why should we correspond with people who put ads in AMAZING, when most of us have more correspondents than we can do justice to now? Why should we feel obliged to exercise Universal Affability? Look, Betty, when Phil asked people "Are you a fan?" and they wrote back and said "What kind of fan do you mean?" it doesn't appear that he wrote back and told them. Be fair!

Phil Harrell: Wally Weber doesn't look at all like Harlan Ellison. And I don't look like a Martian tower! --Phil, you're kidding, aren't you?

Avram Davidson: Emile Greenleaf is right--you do get wilder and wilder. I approve. #Bob Smith's being attached to the Amenities Unit is wonderful. That boy is address prone. His being in Victoria Barracks adds just the right note. #Peasant cooking: let me recommend a book by Angelo Pellegrini, "The Unprejudiced Palate." It's very pleasant reading --I know you would enjoy Pellegrini's personality, and as it's all about food it should give you some good ideas.

Tom Purdom: I wish we were going to the Philadelphia Conference. All this and Julie Harris too!

Harry Warner: I too would like to see more biographical material in fanzines. But most of what one knows about one's friends one was told under either an implicit or explicit dnq. I move that every CRY reader who has had a fairly interesting life so far should write in and tell us about it.

Jimmy Groves: Ella agreed to do an article on Geoff Lindsay for CRY, and stencil it herself. But pre-Con time got away from us, and so did Ella. --On second thought, perhaps she didn't agree to do the article; perhaps we suggested it and she gave us an enigmatic look.

Len Moffatt: Fan awards--well, I hope concommittees aren't too quick to drop the fan Hugo. I hope they retain the fan Hugo until it's certain that the Fan awards will have as much eclat.

Es Adams: We missed you, kid, and we hope you're back to stay.

James R. Sieger: I guessed Margaret St. Clair's age correctly because she was talking about changes taking place in her lifetime, and kept saying '50 years ago...' So I deduced that she was 50 years old. And she is? Ah, she is a truthful woman. But I guessed Frank Herbert 5-8 years too young? Well, he foxed me. He and I were talking about where we might have seen each other previously. We both come from Tacoma, so I mentioned my high school and the year I graduated. It was clear he was from a different high school, but he said the year was about right. Well, if he's 41, either he graduated from high school many years after his age group or else he was lying in his teeth! I shan't be 41 for Untold Ages to come.

Nancy Shriner: Best wishes, and glad to see you back.



Donald Franson: I'm sorry you didn't come to Seattle and meet Heinlein. You would have liked him. Buz and I were talking about him the other day, trying to sum up our impressions in few words. Buz said, "Grace with guts." On Friday evening at the con, after I had met Heinlein I went back to the party in Bill Evans' and Bob Pavlat's room and said I'd met him. People said, oh, what is he like? And I said, oh, he has the most beautiful manners of anyone I've ever met! But on think<sup>ing</sup> of it since, I've decided that manners is not quite the word. Most fans (& pros) have very good manners; Heinlein has a manner, as well. He combines ceremoniousness with downright straightforwardness, immediacy. Punctilious manners are sometimes used as a defense, as a barrier to communication. Heinlein uses them to enhance communication. Well, as Buz said, "Grace with guts."

#### Are fans square? How cool's the rule?

A while back, William Rotsler said -- somewhere -- that fans are square. I don't have it here to refer to, and I don't remember how or why he said fans are square. Oh--he said fans don't dig modern art and are politically conservative (here Buz, Elinor, Boyd Raeburn, probably Gregg Calkins, Betty Kujawa, Bob Leman, G. M. Carr and Vic Ryan get to take a bow), and I forget what-all else he said. But Marion Zimmer Bradley, some while back in FAPA, defined a square as a person who lets other people do his living for him-- a neat description, I think, for the passive tv watcher, the status seeker, the conformist. According to Marion's definition, fans are not squares! Fans are far from passive, and seem quite inclined to do their own living.

So what is square? Is there a spectrum of squareness, with Marion's definition covering only the far end? And to be truly not-square one must be aware of all modern art, music, books, and so forth? How time-consuming!

I suspect that the person dedicated to not-squareness, the hip individual, would not have time, energy or ability to try all things, and would be forced by his human limitations to dig what's fashionable in avant garde art, music, books, and so forth. And that's just another form of conformity, of squareness.

But Rotsler himself is square according to one person's ideas. Someone told someone who told someone who told me that "nobody who is really hip ever goes into the armed services." Rotsler, bless his beardedly looming self, has surely been in. Is this true, that really hip people never go into the armed services? If so, I'm not quite sure how much I care for hip folk. I think perhaps I prefer people who are square enough to serve their country, if their country requires it. If all Americans were hip, we'd be so cool we'd be six feet under. Hip, hip, but not hooray!

#### Phoo to anyhoo

'Anyhoo' is a loathsome pseudoword invented in a misguided moment by Gracie Allen, away back in the Neolithic period, before the second World War. It caught on for awhile, then disappeared, and I hadn't heard it for years and years before I got into fandom. I was happy not hearing it. But it has a facetious note, and facetiousness is apparently so prized in fandom that an archeological expedition has dug up this unpleasing 'anyhoo' and is using it very excessively. I'm inclined to blame Betty Kujawa. It was used before she used it in fandom, but not by any fan with anything approaching her influence and prestige. Yes, I think Betty Kujawa may be considered the chief archeologist, and I say unto her, haven't you ever heard of the curse of King Tut? Put it back in the box, girl, before it's too late.

The thing that really turned me off (& on, as it were, the nickel, like) is that in a recent HAVERINGS Ethel Lindsay, of all people, says 'anyhoo.' Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled! 'Anyhoo' is not for you!

#### Heard on the teevy

Perry Como: "This model of the Seattle World's Fair was sent to me by my very dear friend, Senator MAGNOOson of the State of Washington." (Most people pronounce the name of Perry Como's very dear friend with the accent on the first syllable.)

"What shall we do with fall out? Put it back in." (Joke.)

--Elinor



## ALIENS AND INVADERS

by

Tom Purdom

Every art form has its traditional subjects and themes. Science fiction is no exception. A beginning writer could create a long list of stories by writing down the traditional themes and trying to attack them in a manner unique enough to justify the effort.

The invasion from space and its close relative, the war with an alien race, are probably the commonest themes he could select. They have been used by practically every writer in the field (some writers have used nothing else) and will probably be used regularly as long as science fiction is published. But our better writers have stamped the theme with their own unique qualities.

Eric Frank Russell, according to a commonly held opinion, has used the human-extra-terrestrial conflict to say humans are better than aliens. This may be true, but I got a different impression from some of the stories he has written on this subject.

Russell's aliens are caricatures. They weren't meant to be taken as scientific speculation. In most of these stories, he uses a light touch and the stories are no more meant to be taken seriously than a light love story in the Saturday Evening Post.

But the stories do have a theme. I read the best of them with the feeling Russell was spotlighting come common, easily underestimated human quality. Rather than "We're better than everybody else," I got the message, "The common man is more than we sometimes think."

In "Legwork," Russell matches the human race against a race which has collected "flashes of genius" all over the Galaxy. All the Galactic races have advanced by having one great moment of inspiration in their history. The human race is the only exception. Now, as speculation on what may be waiting for us among the stars, this is absurd. But note how it highlights the human virtue, patient, dogged legwork, which is the subject of Russell's story. Close observation and attention to detail are matched against inspired genius. And the genius is represented by the ultimate challenge to the police, a quarry which can assume any form. A quarry whose very presence and menace is not suspected by Earth.

Yet the common, every day quality wins. And Russell, by his skillfull description of police work, makes the victory seem plausible.

We too often forget that the people who make the headlines are not the only contributors to the history of mankind. Without the drudgery and legwork Russell celebrates, there could be no science, no art, no civilization. But comparing humans to humans we are impressed by genius and forget how extraordinary any person is.

Theodore Sturgeon, in "Saucer of Lonelines," introduced another variation on the theme. Other writers have described beings superior to man in intelligence, strength, size or technology, but Sturgeon introduced us to the alien who is superior in the strength of his emotions. Specifically, he used "super loneliness" and gave us the haunting image of the unknown being who sends messages drifting among the stars the way humans put messages in bottles. For some reason, this idea of super emotions hasn't been developed by other writers. That's too bad. I think it's a very fertile concept.

Poul Anderson has used a realistic approach in his descriptions of aliens. His heroes, especially the dashing Captain Sir Dominick Flandry, are aware of the qualities they share with their alien enemies. In "The Game of Glory," Flandry kills a monstrous being who lives under the oceans of a minor planet. Yet the being is a clever intelligence agent, Flandry's counterpart in a young and virile race, and Flandry can think of the alien's wife and children and the way they will mourn. In most of Amderson's stories, the conflicts and friendships between humans and aliens do not stem from any abstract opposition of good and evil, but from specific interests and affinities. Though his aliens usually are not merely humans with odd forms, the political relationships are similar to those which govern human affairs.

The enemy from space can be used to attack some aspect of human society the author dislikes. In such stories the conflict is merely the particular stress the author uses to demonstrate a flaw in society. In "Starship Troopers" the approach is probably valid. The Bugs are not a substitute for some other, more subtle kind of menace. Heinlein is arguing that in the infinity of space we are bound to meet creatures we can't deal with on



friendly terms. Therefore, soldierly virtues will be important even in the future.

But there are many more stories in which the space war is a poor choice of conflict. In Randall Garrett's recent "The Ultimate Treason," the author attacked the seniority system. He did it by picturing a human society built on the seniority system fighting an alien society built on a merit system. But the seniority system is a response to the complexities of a technical society. It was devised not as a substitute for a merit system, but to protect the worker from the often biased and unfair judgment of the manager. To attack it, you could show it slows down efficiency and progress so much it does the workers more harm than good. You could do this by inventing some crisis within the society caused by technological advance--or, better yet, by lack of technological advance.

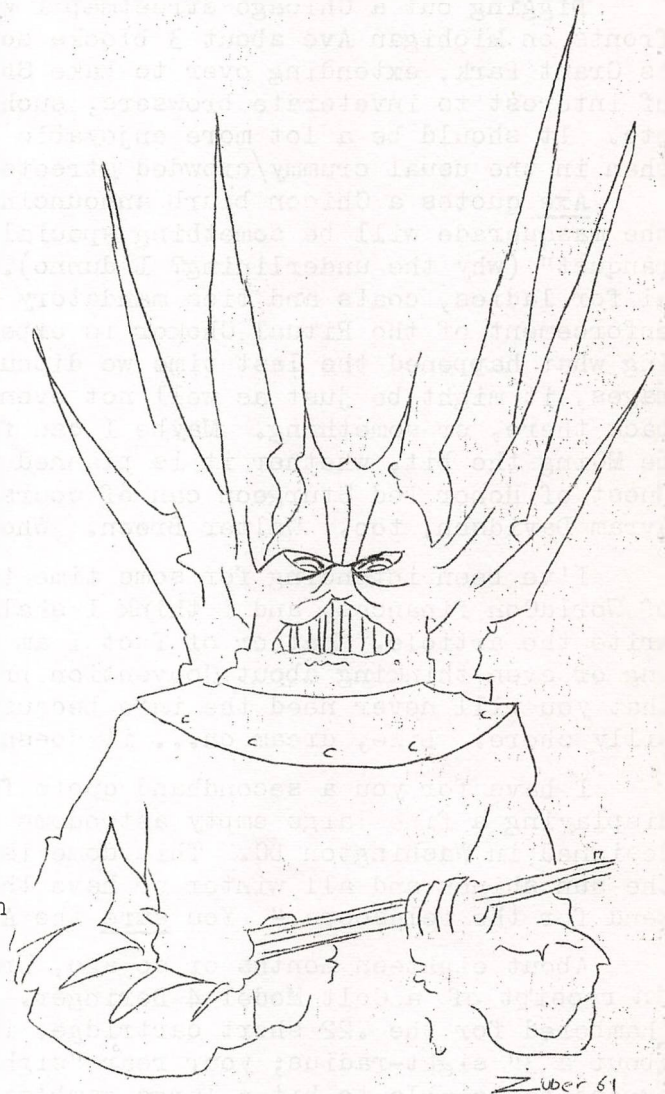
In this case, the alien enemy is being used as a general symbol for "problem." The argument has some validity, but I think the author should have speculated on the problems our society is likely to face in the future if the seniority system extends from workers, soldiers and executives to the rest of our economic system.

Critics from outside the field have said the number of stories using this theme indicates a paranoid fear of the unknown. That may be true. But it's dangerous to make statements like that, for you don't know how the regular reader of science fiction reacts to what he reads.

I can think of other reasons why this plot endures. For one thing, fiction must have conflict. The war with other races is such an obvious type of conflict writers are bound to use it over and over again.

Also, the space war may be the ethically sensitive man's fantasy of violence. We all have aggressive and destructive impulses which must find an outlet. But every writer of action stories must pay some tribute to our moral sensitivities. He must convince us it's all right to kill the villain. For some people, it's enough to make the enemy human completely evil. For others, you can make him a member of another race or nation. But nowadays many people are aware even the worst villain may be more of a victim than the people he preys on. And many more people are aware skin color and nationality do not necessarily limit the range of a man's emotions.

In the infinite reaches of space, there must be something so nasty you can shoot it without qualm. There probably isn't but even a minor possibility can be treated as a certainty when you've got a whole Universe to populate. So the science fiction writer can invent villains without virtue and the reader can shoot them without guilt. I think it may be a good sign when people have to ransack the whole Universe to find something they can blast at, even in fantasy, without feeling uncomfortable.





. . . with keen blue eyes and a bicycle . . .

In case you have not seen Chicago's Progress Report #1 or perchance have mislaid it, the two bucks should be sent to: George W Price, treasurer (P.O.Box 4864, Chicago 80). Hotel reservations go to: The Pick-Congress, Michigan Ave at Congress St, Chicago. Roomrates are: Singles \$7 to \$17.50, doubles \$13 to \$19, twins \$14 to \$18, deluxe twins \$20 and up, 1-bedroom suites \$25 to \$45, 2-bedroom suites \$35 to \$68 and up; additional rollaway beds at \$3.

Digging out a Chicago streetmap I was pleased to note that the Pick-Congress fronts on Michigan Ave about 3 blocks south of the Art Museum. Across the Avenue is Grant Park, extending over to Lake Shore Drive and including several other items of interest to inveterate browsers, such as the Aquarium, Natural History Museum, etc. It should be a lot more enjoyable to walk off that Cabin Fever in the park than in the usual crummy/crowded streets!

Axe quotes a Chicon blurb announcing that Frank Robinson will speak and that the masquerade will be something special. Also "There will definitely be an evening banquet" (why the underlining? I dunno). "It will also be semi-formal; formal optional for ladies, coats and ties mandatory for the men". I'm not quite sure why the enforcement of the Ritual Choker is expected to be such a drawing-card, but recalling what happened the last time we discussed sartorial restrictions in these hallowed pages, it might be just as well not even to ask; most likely it is a Popular Mandate back there, or something. Maybe I can find out from Bob Tucker, who will (cheers!) be MCing the bit, whether it is planned to marry someone at the banquet, or bury 'em. Guest of Honor Ted Sturgeon can of course get by on his beard... Andy Young and Avram Davidson, too. Walter Breen. Who else? (Start now, you beardniks!)

I've been intending for some time to do an article on the specific problems of WorldCon finances, and I think I shall continue to do so. Intend, that is, not write the article. Matter of fact I am temporarily saturated with talking or writing or even thinking about Convention problems for awhile. So don't ask; just assume that you will never need the info because you are too smart to get hooked on such a silly chore. Like, dream on... it doesn't hurt anything, and helps your digestion.

I have for you a secondhand quote from an unnamed official of the NASA. Upon displaying a fine large empty astrodome at an Arctic site he said "This building was designed in Washington DC. This dome is designed to hold a telescope. All summer the sun shines and all winter we have the aurora borealis, so we didn't bother to send for the telescope." You sure the Army doesn't have a finger in NASA?

About eighteen months or so ago, Wrai Ballard mentioned in a letter that he was in receipt of a Colt Model 4 Deringer. The Model 4 is a small single-shot weapon chambered for the .22 short cartridge; it has slightly less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " of barrel and about a 3" sight-radius; your rear "sight" is the blade of the hammer. One would expect to be able to hit a large gambler across a card-table, but not much more. However, Wrai kept mentioning how he could actually hit things with the Model 4. So on the way home from PittCon, Elinor and I checked in at Wrai's and eventually got around to a little target practice. And I was amazed to find that I could get a fair percentage of hits with the Model 4 on a coffee can at 50 feet, on a good solid Beginners' Luck basis. So later Elinor and I bought us a pair of Deringers and did a fair amount of firing until we got bogged down on the Con and didn't do much of anything else for some months. Also I got a Midget Six, which is one of those cheapie .22-short revolvers advertised for \$12.95 or so in the back pages of zines such as Cavalier (I got mine cheaper but I worked for it, and that is another story entirely-- The Saga of Buddie Hibbs, the Texas Wheeler-Dealer, and His Electric Federal Trade Commission); it's roughly of the same order of accuracy as the Model 4.

It turned out that I can just get a standard 15-foot range (from muzzle to the target box) out of the Fenden, standing well back with one heel touching the wall. So Wrai cut a stencil of the "Official Deringer Target", ran off a batch, and the Deringer Shooters of America sprang into being. And now we could use more members.



Now don't shy off like that; it's not a Fund or anything; all we do is shoot these peewee guns under agreed conditions so as to standardize the results, and compete.

It goes like this. The targets are standard mimeo paper with a one-inch 10-ring, 2-inch 9-ring, 3-inch 8-ring and so on until you run off the paper (black-in the 9-ring rather than the bull, for best visibility). Standard distance is 15 feet from muzzle to target (I could get an equally-standard 25-foot range in the house, but Elinor is strangely resistant to this idea). Ten shots to a target for a possible score of 100-- the best to date is a 95, and my best is a 91. (Last year I was running mostly 70 to 80, but the layoff seems to have done me good somehow.)

Just about any peewee .22 should be eligible for competition, just so the barrel isn't more than about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches or so. If shorts make too much noise on the indoor course, "BB-caps" are available-- these are teeny cartridges with only the primer for propellant-- quite accurate at short range.

The double-barreled "derringers" advertised in the men's mags are not recommended: (1) the two barrels take radically different sighting and it is not easy to keep track of which one will fire next, and (2) they got a trigger-pull like a load of coal. But if that is what you really want, by all means go to it!

For further information I refer you to the President of the Deringer Shooters of America: Wrai Ballard; Blanchard, North Dakota.

Hmmm. It strikes me that it is Not a Good Thing, just to tell people to go get a small gun and let's shoot targets. Because I have recently been forcibly reminded that a great many people have not been indoctrinated to the Basic Proposition about guns, to wit: you do not ever point a gun at anyone unless you mean to shoot him (or hold him at bay under threat of shooting, as in the moom-pitchers). Loaded or (HAH!) unloaded. Accidentally or on purpose. Momentarily, even, you do not swing the business end past anyone. Rather, you keep the thing pointed down-range toward the target, or straight down (not at your foot, you idiot!) or (according to some schools of thought) straight up. But do not ever show anyone the business end of the thing, unless you mean business with it. OK, fellas? (End safety-lecture #1).

Previous paragraph was inspired by recent experience of seeing a very charming and highly intelligent young lady whom I hold in great esteem, pointing a handgun around in all innocence and taking what seemed to be several years to realize that I meant "Point that thing away from people!" No one can be expected to know the rules of new&strange gadgets; I was (perhaps naively) shocked to find that mature individuals were among us who had never been exposed to the rules about what is after all a very well-known artifact in our so-called culture. Stupid me, yes.

But don't let this diatribe spoil your enthusiasm for the Deringer Shooters; guns are perfectly safe if you keep them pointed away from people at all times. It is also sort of nice if you only load when you are ready to do your shooting.

And anyone who practices "quick draw" with a loaded gun is ipso facto an idiot and outside the scope of this discussion. Ask Grennell.

Meanwhile, back at the target range: who's for a little competi<sup>ti</sup>on here?

I have a horrible confession to make-- I've lost track of E\*L\*L\*A! Somewhere on the eastern part of this continent she is ~~wandering~~ wending her way and bringing joy&vigor to fannish doings, but I've not been able to keep up with her progress (well, who could?). Actually, what bothers me is that none of us have yet been able to do any sort of writeup that would express our pleasure and appreciation to (and for, and of, and with) Ella's stay here before and during the SeaCon. Now you can see why Wally Weber couldn't say much; he's still too shocked at coming thru alive (he claims) and all in one or two pieces. But it is ridiculous that none of the rest of us have been able to get things into focus after all this time. Or is it? Ella, dear girl, is it possible that we were misled because we seemed to be coping unshaken (or at least reasonably well) just because we like love you, and that we are now the victims of delayed-impact? I don't know, and there is only one way to test this out scientifically-- you come on back here and we will see if it works the same way. Yes, we will check carefully. Any time; y'hear?

-- Buz --



## M I N U T E S

Further adventures of that intrepid organization, the NAMELESS ONES, as it blazes its perilous way through the history, present, and future of Fandom in quest of the answer to that time-worn question, "How do you get out of this chicken Way Of Life?" as told by Hon. Sec-Treas, Wally Weber

SYNOPSIS (sometimes subtitled "Space-filler to be used when dependable SEC-Treas loses his notes and can't think of enough lies to fill his two pages any other way.")

In 1949, after having won the bid for a World Science Fiction Convention in Portland Oregon by methods too disgusting to mention here, arch-villain DON DAY encouraged the formation of a science fiction club in Seattle, the largest city in the neighboring area known as the Soviet Republic of Washington, in order to assure a large attendance at his vice-ridden NORWESCON. Working through two of his agents, MILES EATON and BILL (WILLIAM N.) AUSTIN, the reprehensible DAY succeeded in his evil plan, and regular meetings of the club were held at BILL (WILLIAM N.) AUSTIN's Wolf Den Bookshop.

The majority of the membership were students of the People's State UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON where a test of the practicality of such a club had been made by the formation of a pilot organization called, "The Changelings," the previous year. However many members who were not students were also attracted to the organization by their gullibility, vile natures, or warped minds. Most notable of the non-student members was G. M. CARR, who immediately set out to control the club for her own unspeakable purposes.

When BILL (WILLIAM N.) AUSTIN found too much of his merchandise was disappearing under strange circumstances, and the club meetings were the strangest circumstances he could think of, the meeting place was brazenly moved to the campus of the Peoples' State University itself. ALDERSON FRY, who assumed the guise of a disc jockey on a Seattle radio station to hide the fact that actually he was a librarian at the University Health Sciences Library, arranged for the club to meet in secret rooms under the library basement. Only once was the club discovered; a University Guard, disgruntled because his bribe had not included an advancement to Quarter-back, found the club in the midst of one of its orgies.

The matter was handled with dispatch. The guard's shinbone was salvaged for use as a club gavel, and, sometimes, a club club. The bone is often truthfully described as, "The shinbone of our club founder." For some time a tombstone, originally found in JACK SPEER's yard, had been used to pound the gavel on, although later the tombstone was abandoned in a juke box mysteriously located in one of the dungeon chambers.

The club decided to call itself "Nameless Ones" in tribute to its unspeakable purpose, and for a time was left unmolested to plan its devious deeds. G. M. CARR with her chief henchman, RICHARD FRAHM, started the powerful propaganda magazines of the club, CRY OF THE NAMELESS and SINISTERRA. Her policies were so inhumane, however, that even the more hardened members became squeamish. In a terrible battle for control, responsibility for the publications were wrested from her evil clutches and placed in the hands of heroic WALLY WEBER, who, unknown to the rotten organization of the club about him, was the world's final hope in thwarting the catastrophic evil which the club represented.

By this time the club's power had grown to such fearsome proportions that it had abandoned the secret rooms beneath the Health Sciences library basement and was meeting openly in the Student Union Building. In order to give the appearance of complying with University regulations, BURNETT R. TOSKEY was "elected" to represent the club in its dealings with the school.



In order to completely fill out the forms required, TOSKEY had to be an officer of the club, so the office of "Official BEM" was created for TOSKEY.

This, unexpectedly, turned out to be the greatest barrier of WEBER's efforts to save the world. With sudden energy, BURNETT R. TOSKEY made the office of Official BEM the most powerful position in the club by assuming control of heroic WALLY WEBER's control of the club publications. By taking unimaginable risks of having his true identity discovered, WEBER was able to sabotage the publishing schedule of SINISTERRA, but under the unbelievable tortures of the demented TOSKEY, CRY OF THE NAMELESS maintained its frantic publishing schedule, even doubling its scheduled output.

Slowly, heartbreakingly, noble WALLY WEBER fought his lonely battle. To maintain his disguise, he took part in the most ignoble and degrading of club activities including participating with THE NIGHTCRAWLERS, an offshoot of the parent organization that was so low that it was referred to as a root of the club rather than a branch.

Finally, by risking everything in a desperate attempt to save the world from total domination by the evil DON DAY, WEBER arranged to have TOSKEY removed from Seattle for two years. For a while it appeared that victory was in sight. With TOSKEY out of the way, CRY OF THE NAMELESS began to drop off schedule. Meetings began getting smaller. G. M. CARR had become limited to a few APA's. RICHARD FRAHM all but disappeared from THE NIGHTCRAWLERS, which he had helped organize, and the NAMELESS ONES, which he had helped maintain. BILL (WILLIAM N.) AUSTIN was hiding out in West Seattle. MILES EATON was nowhere to be seen, probably having been pulled out of the Seattle area by DON DAY when the evil leader had thought Seattle's doom had been sealed. JACK SPEER's influence, which had never been much, was negated by a clever plan that involved him in politics. The Worldcons had all gone back East and were no longer a major factor in Seattle Fandom.

Just when matters looked to be pointing to a triumphant victory for honorable WALLY WEBER, disaster struck in the worst form, that form being EVELYN MARSHMENT. Scorning the University with its seasonal fluctuations, graduating seniors, and flunking freshmen as a dependable source of converts and members, EVELYN drew upon established citizens of the area to revive the despicable club. With the energy of an Official Bem despite the fact that she was unable to attain an office in the club higher than President, EVELYN MARSHMENT stripped WEBER of his official powers, relegating to the appointed office of "Chief of Publications" which gave him nothing but the power to follow orders. CRY OF THE NAMELESS was put on a subscription basis. As a finally double-blow, BURNETT R. TOSKEY returned to Seattle and the 1954 Worldcon was held on the West Coast.

By the time WEBER is able to get EVELYN shipped off to Germany and BURNETT R. TOSKEY rendered ineffectual by the third degree, CRY OF THE NAMELESS has fallen into the hands of F.M. & E. BUSBY, who have unscrupulously made it one of the most popular and regular publications in Fandom, and the NAMELESS ONES are bidding for the 1959 Westercon. WEBER takes over the Presidency of the club in order to be in a position to make the official bid for the Westercon. His plan appears to succeed when he puts in one of the most poorly stated bids for a convention in fan history in opposition to a powerful bid from San Diego. At the last minute, however, DON DAY himself puts in a speech in support of the Seattle bid, completely sabotaging WEBER's plan and winning the convention for Seattle. As if this wasn't bad enough, this "victory" makes it almost mandatory that the NAMELESS ONES bid for the 1961 Worldcon.

(Synopsis continued next page )



The situation goes from critical to catastrophic to impossible. The CRY OF THE NAMELESS is awarded a HUGO, Seattle Fans were attending all the Westercons, DOREEN WEBBERT was brought all the way from Tampa, Florida, to assume leadership of the club, weilding strange witchlike powers, and the Nineteenth World Science Fiction Convention was held just outside the city limits. As an added complication, mysterious GORDON EKLUND arrived on the scene. Mysterious GORDON EKLUND, who may be a force of good come to assist WALLY WEBER in his thankless but heroic struggle against the evil of Fandom, or might possibly be the crowning blow delivered by the fantastically evil and depraved DON DAY. Or does GORDON EKLUND have his own unfathomable purpose behind his presence in the NAMELESS ONES?

We last left our little group engaged in a titanic struggle for power by way of the club elections.

#### OCTOBER 5, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

President Doreen Webbert opened the October 5, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones in room 3035 of the Arcade building in downtown Seattle, Washington. She had the feeling that if all went well, elections could be held and she could be done with the job of opening things like the October 5, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones in room 3035 of the Arcade building in downtown Seattle, Washington.

Of course things did not go at all well.

The attending members decided that there were not enough attending members to warrant holding elections. Jerry Frahm moved that elections be tabled until a meeting attended by at least 100 members. Later, to keep the president from having a stroke, this motion was ammended to 12 members.

A strange little man came to the door and wanted to know if this wasn't the Esperanto meeting. Although nobody was really positive, the consensus of opinion was that it wasn't an Esperanto meeting and he should go away.

Elinor Busby was asked for a report on The Book. She answered with An Excuse instead. She had been too busy mailing out meeting notices to do anything about The Book. (At the time it was a pretty shakey excuse since nobody at the meeting had received a notice, but the next day, when the Post Office finally got around to it, Elinor's Excuse gained credence.)

The little man came back and wondered if we were sure we weren't the Esperanto meeting. We weren't, but we said we were.

Regarding the postponed elections, Joe Green suggested that he deserved the position of Official Member because his days in Seattle were numbered and soon he would be exiled to the wilds of Montana and it was the least we could do. Steve Tolliver, however, defended his position as Official Member by pointing out that he was leaving for Los Angeles before Joe was leaving for Montana and therefore had Joe out-deserved both in time and distance -- a complete, four-dimensional victory.

The little man looked in at us again, but retreated before we had a chance to take away his last hope.

The meeting was adjourned until Wally Weber would show up to read the minutes.

The meeting was re-opened when Wally Weber showed up, and President Doreen requested that the minutes be read. The Hon. SEC-Treas looked carefully through his shirt pocket and finally announced that he couldn't read the minutes because he couldn't find his copy of CRY.

President Doreen next requested that a treasurer's report be given. The Hon. (for "Honest") Sec-TREAS got out his letters from the phone company, gas company, and a downtown department store, did some figuring, flipped a coin, looked sad, tried for two out of three, looked happy, and reported a true and accurate figure that nobody disputed but which escapes your noteless SEC-Treas's memory at the moment, just in case you thought you could check.

The meeting was adjourned after deciding to meet next meeting in the Arcade building again. Gordon Eklund was assigned the task of thinking up an excuse as to why members will not be informed of the next meeting.

Hon. SEC-Treas Wally Weber  
[Coming next issue: THE OCTOBER 19th ELECTIONS. Don't miss them.]



FROM THE TREASURE TROVE OF GENGHIS PHAN  
AUCTION OF A LIFETIME  
(AND FOR SWEET CHARITY)

- Charity #1: One-third of the proceeds to the First Fan Awards, to make the Ackque Plaques or Forry Trophys more attractive when presented next Labor Day at the Tri-Chicon.
- Charity #2: One-third of the proceeds to Unicorn Productions, which gave you THE GENIE and THE MESQUITE KID, so that future Conventions will have more fun fantasy films from the Shockspearean Players of LA.
- Charity #3: One-third to the auctioneer, a low type named Efjay the Nameless, who will probably squander it on girls, monsters or even more sci-fi for clean foreigners or the two-thirds of fankind left after Heinlein's War.
- Item #1... OUT OF SPACE & TIME by the late Clark Ashton Smith. Xlnt copy of the long o/p (1942) Arkham House collection.
- Item #2... THE ACOLYTE, a real legible copy of hectoed issue #1.
- Item #3... THE TARZAN TWINS, 3d edition. 129 pages, scores of illos--most in color. Xlnt shape except for some pages shaken loose from binding.
- Item #4... SLAN, Jam (jacket and mint) Arkham 1st.
- Item #5... DREAM'S END, sexiest of ThorneSmith's fantasies. 1st edn, 1927. Never reprinted, never in pocketbook.
- Item #6... FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #1, mint.
- Item #7... COSMOS, concluding chapter of fabled serial: "Armageddon in Space" by Edmond Hamilton.
- Item #8... STARDUST #1, 1940. Bill Hamling's semipro fanzine. Large, printed, slick. Williams, de Camp, Farley, Hornig, Jameson.
- Item #9... THE MUCKER, Edgar Rice Burroughs, good 1921 G&D copy.
- Item 10... THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE, Robt W. Chambers, 1897, good condition 1st.
- Item 11... FANTASY ANNUAL 1948, xlnt, 120 pgs Sneary, Warner, Ackerman, Cox, Laney, Day, Ford, Kennedy, Rothman, Boggs, Searles, Moskowitz, &c.
- Item 12... LOST WORLDS, CASmith, Arkham jam 1st '44. Autographed.
- Item 13... HPL's SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH, Visionary Press, 1936. About 1948 I sold a copy of this to a dealer for \$100. It had a jacket, which this otherwise mint copy lacks.
- Item 14... DROWSY, that Lunar Romance with the magnificent illos. 1917, good.
- Item 15... DR ARNOLDI by Tiffany Thayer. Lending Library rubber stamp on first page but a very good copy of this 1934 fat 1st edn.
- Item 16... THE STAR-TREADER by CAS. A beautiful copy. 1912.
- Item 17... HONEYMOON IN SPACE by Geo Griffith. A fabulous item. A complete paperback form, perhaps 60 years old and looks it--but all there to read. Your sensawunda will be especially aroused by the advertisement for Ven-Yusa, "the famous oxygen face cream the most refined & ingenious preparation ever invented for the human skin."
- Item 18... THE KINGDOM OF EVIL, the continuation of the Journal of the infamous banned FANTAZIUS MALLARE. Ben Hecht '24. Dozen illos. Good.
- Item 19... TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES, F. Anstey, 1897, good.
- Item 20... THE NEW ADAM by Stanley G. Weinbaum. Xlnt condition with jacket altho some (censored) former owner put 2 strips of scotch tape (!) on the jkt.
- Item 21... GODS' MAN by Lynd Ward, that unique "novel" of 1930 all in woodcuts.
- Item 22... SPECULA Jan '41, as remarkable as the day it was mimeod 20 years ago.
- Item 23... SPECULA Mar '41 (#2). Utterly mint. Pseudonymous "Me and the Mite" first publication of FJA's later oft pro-printed "Micro Man".
- Item 24... ULTIMO by Vassos. Jam '30 1st. Without this you're dead as a collector.
- Item 25... LUMEN by Flammarion. 1897, xlnt.
- Item 26... STAR BEGOTTEN by HG Wells, 1st edn, England '37. W/jkt, good but for slight foxing.
- Item 27... THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG" by Wm Hope Hodgson. British '20, good.



- Item 28....OLD MAN IN NEW WORLD, Olaf Stapledon. Second impression, '45, mint.  
 Item 29....Abraham Merritt's THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY, 1942, 1st, good.  
 Item 30....BIZARRE, Jan '41, printed fanzine, xlnt. Lovecraft, Merritt, Bok, Campbell, EESmith, Warner, Ackerman.

Send no money--bids only, during the next 30 days after publication of CRY.

Top 2 bidders on each item will be individually informed at the end of a month, given an opportunity to make their final bids. Unless any purchaser requests anonymity, names of & prices paid by winners will be published in a future CRY.

Thank you.

The Sci-Fi Guy--FORRY ACKERMAN

915 South Sherbourne Drive

Los Angeles 35

C a l i f o r n i a

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, let's give it another

H W Y L

#### About the above

You know it's never been our policy to accept ads in CRY. But--well--we couldn't refuse Forry's ad, because he's always been a good kid, done us favors, and besides, he sent us lots of money. We never refuse bribes. (Actually, it's the first time we were ever OFFERED one.)

The way Forry sent it, it was spaced out to fill two pages, and looked very nice that way. But you know how we are about White Space. We don't mind seeing it in other people's fanzines. But in a Fenden Press publication, white space arouses all sorts of qualms, queasiness, and feelings of vague unease. So we squinched up Forry's ad as tight as it would go, and here I am, rambling on stencil.

#### Hwyl looks at books

A while back I finally got around to reading Robert Graves' translation of "The Golden Ass of Apuleius." This is generally billed as ribald, bawdy classic. It didn't strike me as particularly ribald and bawdy, but I may simply have lost my Sense of Wonder. The thing that impressed me most about this book was the general lack of respect for human life. People not only murder one another in most hideous and carefree fashions, but they also commit suicide on the slightest provocation. The least little setback and a man kisses his wife and children goodbye and goes off and hangs himself. When you consider how many more people died in infancy and childhood than now, you would think that they would value those who survived to adulthood more highly. But it doesn't work out that way. It appears that where death is a stranger he is feared, where he is not a stranger, he is not so greatly feared. --"Golden Ass" is sort of interesting, particularly to "Silverlock" buffs. The introduction is particularly interesting. Graves points out that "Golden Ass" is a religious book, and that the religious principles inculcated are: (1) Well-born people are better than the base-born, (2) Ill-luck is catching; unlucky people should be avoided; and (3) One should not meddle with the supernatural.

At the con Harlan Ellison was selling Regency Books. I bought one: "Mr. Ballerina" by Ronn Marvin. I would describe it as clean porno. The basic theme, the deft plotting, and the deep character analysis are all very like porno, but it's actually perfectly clean. At the beginning of the book there are these two young men living together, and one of them wants to break away and the other doesn't want him to, but at the end of the book he finally succeeds. It doesn't sound like much of a plot, and believe me, it isn't. On the credit side, the background is the fringes of ballet, and as the author was previously a sort of fringe ballet dancer, it's presumably accurate. It has a Hollywood dance director named Lee Apollo who may or may not be modeled on Hollywood dance director Hermes Pan. If he is, Pan should sue.

--Elinor



## CRY OF THE EVER-LOVIN' READERS

WWW conducting

JOHN HOWALD & PHIL JASKAR TAKE CARE 8624 Haviland Ave., Tacoma 99, Washington  
Dear Wally (Hamburger) Weber & assorted Crymes, October 18, 1961

Received a copy of Cry 153 - only because we paid for it.

Aha! Does not the Atom cover in truth represent the fat, awkward Capitalist (with his, or its, navel hanging out) fighting the lean and hungry warrior (from the East)? Or is that too mundane?

I'm glad to have a copy of Anderson's opening speech, but how about Heinlein's oration, are there copies of that floating about?

Watch out with those free Crys to Japan - in about two months Japanese industry will be turning out mass-produced Crys for less money and with only one transistor.

Aha! again. Phil and I examined "The Interloper, Part 1" and found more than meets the intellect. By listing the typing errors, the letters used in place of the correct letters & the correct letters, too; and changing them about to make sense, we came up with the phrasing

I NO THE CUBAN NEO, WRAI, HE... or

I OWE THE CUBAN NEO R.A.H. I...

This is with our own punctuation added. We can't wait to see the next 2 parts of the coded message. John Berry or the typist is the true "Interloper".

Did you notice that when ever you look for something in Cry you can't find it without reading the whole thing over?

Wally: We know you went ahead and held the Seacon. You should have warned us. There was a rosy party Saturday night. No, I don't remember who gave it or even if it was Saturday.

I talked to Fred Pohl for an hour, for free, and had an all around rousing time - although a lot of things is hazy. I came with \$32 and left with 25¢. And that's why Crycon made a profit. Let it be known here that I might have starved to death had not N3F existed.

Oh, ya. Someone send a Care package - fandom is almost nonexistent in Sout Tacoma!

Hastely done yours,

John (show you care) Howald

in collaboration with....Phil (neo) Jaskar

/Awright readers, let's show some spirit here! Bundle up all your excess fans you've got piled up in your garages, attics and basements and ship them off to South Tacoma. --www/

BETTY KUJAWA REPORTS ON ELLA

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear lover-man...fickle fickle Wally,

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1961

Yeh--fickle. First Ella proudly displays a 'posed' photo of you two looking VERY congenial--now Elinor sends me a photo of you with home brew in hand and cuddly lass named Lisa on lap-- Mygawd, WWW, she was pawing you and all you do is smile?? ?/I had to smile; it hurt when I laughed. --www/

Geeeee the things Ella brought me!! Like how did she have any room left for her own things in her luggage?? That group of dolls all in traditional London costume -- how I treasure those -- specially the 'pearlie' king and queen. The tiny red double-decker bus-- the coronation coach..gosh. And that extra special gift just for Gene---the original, in color yet, ATOM illo of bem skeet shooter. Atom, we loves yah--and all the shooters here are properly croggled by it..merci.

What can I say about having a little Ella Parker in our house?? Cept I wish she could have stayed 7 months stead of 7 days---I was so ruddy blue and sad and let-down the morning Gene flew her off to Fords.

Gene loved her too, but don't tell HER that! Got her up in the plane and made her fly it--you know Ella, didn't turn a hair. Asked her to please step out on the wing for a better view and Ella wouldn't....she now has a new title, thanks to Gene...."Ella Parker, the most difficult woman I've ever met!" Ella Parker, SCoaW,MDW. Elinor didn't mention,



when describing Ella, about those shapely legs of hers---Gene spotted that as soon as she took her pants off (took off her slacks put on a dress and high-heels, that is).

Then there was the day we phoned Les Nirenberg at the Candy Store--and he was so shook up he went and told us a dirty joke (blush). Ella should never be given vodka gimlets by the by. And the night we had the Kemps, O'Meara, Marty Moore, Hickman and Vic Ryan here---and Ella beat and hit and slugged poor 'little' Victor in fine Parker fashion--warning that if he DARED lift a hand she's knock his head off. She bullied Earl and Nancy and Lynn into sipping cups of tea that evening--that made for quite a picture.

And she smugly shows me a naughty photograph of herself clasped in the brawny arms of Wrai Ballard in a slurpy kiss...so okay, I told her to give him a kiss for me---but, really! And she kept saying.."yah yah I've met Redd Boggs!! And I'm gonna meet Harry Warner!! Yah." I shall go to London and reciprocate--hear that, Atom, Joe, Ted, and all you guys???

Best I get to CRY153. THE INTERLOPER starts off real fine like (and I'll bet Philsie Harrell is wriggling with glee over the egoboo of being in a Berry-tale)--and Eddie Jones will keep on illustrating the installments...I hope?? Mad keen for Eddie. By the By, BTJeeves will not be running for der TAFF this season--and is backing Eddie--hope my letter didn't confuse anyone.

FMBusby is quite right--to each his own--"and when you produce your Con, you do it your way" ...that's the way, Buz, that's the way.

Hope Avram's cook book will include some goodies for duodenal ulcer sufferers like Raeburn and Kujawa (funny, isn't it, how mine acted up for the first time in 8 years right after the Con???)...I look forward to the day some bright fan puts out THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF AVRAM DAVIDSON or something like that--he deserves an award or something for the delightful locs appearing of late all over fandomland.

Congratulations to Mr. Bob Shriner and my very very best wishes to the former Nancy Thompson--out there in quiet Oklahoma--may you strike oil or something.

It may well be that I won't be getting in my locs regularly in future months. You see in early December we head for a month of skeet and fun at La Jolla, California--flying our B-bird via ElPaso (and guess who I plan to track down there??). While on west coast Gene will fly me to such spots as Berkeley and L.A. ---that's a helluva Christmas present for Donaho, I agree...should I let him know I'm coming and give him a decent chance to head for the hills?? Three weeks after we fly home we head south---Florida, Nassau, Cat Cay, Puerto Rico, and back to Palm Beach---you can see how my fanac will be side tracked.

But enough, fickle man, goodbye....

Betty

HARRY WARNER, JR. CRAVES CON REPORTS

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Wellwelivedthroughitafteralls:

October 19, 1961

I am happy to know that Seattle fandom survived the convention. When I was young, it was really quite pitiful, the way each convention decimated fandom in that city. Ella Parker and I were trying to figure out why the situation changed after World War Two, and couldn't, unless there has been a tendency for the fandom within a convention city to be larger numerically, so that complete exhaustion on the part of certain individuals isn't as noticeable. Incidentally, Ella didn't have room in her bags when she left for Washington for several almost fresh bones that are apparently human. I imagine that they belong to Wally, and I'll be glad to send them back if he really thinks that he will need them again.

You should have devoted much more space in this Cry to the convention. There have been some sketchy accounts of it, but the most important things haven't been covered, like the really vital question: did any convention attendee keep with him the Speer guide to Seattle and refer to it every time he looked out the hotel window or got a scent of some industrial waste? Elinor's notes were just long enough to set up an insatiable craving for a full magazine full of the same at greater length.

Berry is off to an interesting start. This sounds detailed and vivid enough to be personal experience. Does this mean that Berry never took that commercial airliner he claims to have ridden to the United States?



I shouldn't talk because I haven't been attending conventions or joining convention societies. But I feel as Buz does about the advisability of retaining a convention dues figure high enough for safety's sake, and I can't imagine fans who spend several hundred bucks during a convention on transportation, lodging, liquor, and such things lying awake nights worrying because they must turn over \$3 instead of \$2 to the convention society. The same phenomenon has occurred in FAPA, when members spending dozens of years on their publications exploded over a 50% increase in the dues.

Terry Carr is quite young to live in the past as much as his writings indicate, but I hope that he continues to be neurotic or maladjusted or something so that he can turn out many more fine essays like this Fandom Harvest. I get a You Are There feeling from this kind of writing.

I hate to disillusion Betty Kujawa, but the newly elected pope may not live through the postwar days, if iron pants are necessary to his survival amid radiation. Either just after the election or during the inauguration ceremonies, I forget which, the new pope is required to wear a skirt and get onto a raised edifice somewhere in the Vatican which has space enough underneath for an inspector to look up. Now there's a winner for "What's My Line?"! --www/ This intrusion into the pope's privacy has become a part of the ritual of the Catholic church because of the embarrassing moment that it suffered quite a few centuries back when a newly elected pope turned out to be a woman. They no longer take any chances, so the iron pants will have to come off for at least a few minutes.

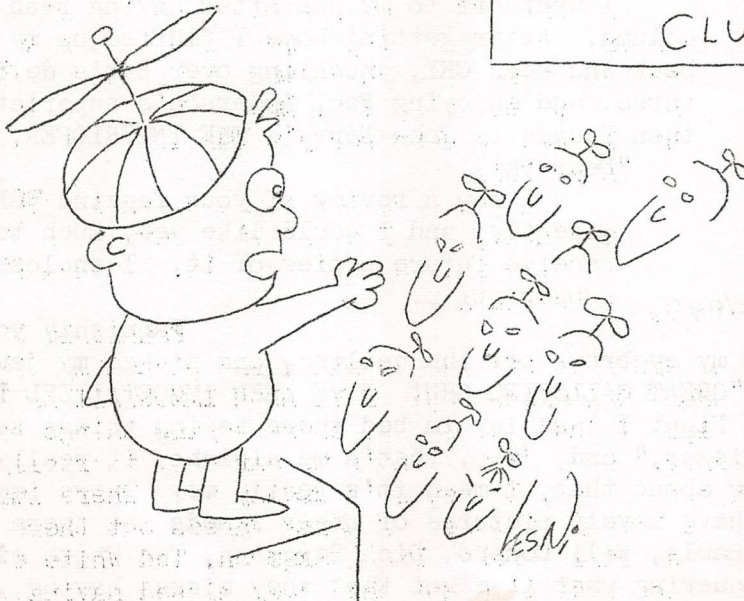
I felt guilty as all getout when I encountered Phil Harrell's letter because his fanzine has indeed arrived and still hasn't been read. I'm determined to get to Ventura very soon, but that will cause someone else to think his publication went astray. I have been thinking about proposing a National Fanzine Reading Week. It would be a specified week each year in which fans would write no letters, attend no gatherings, publish nothing, and indulge in no form of fanac except reading the piled-up fanzines.

Elsewhere in the letter column, I sense a struggle just ahead between Philadelphia and Japan, to determine which will take over the letter column. The Japanese letters are even more surprising from phrase to phrase than those of Avram Davidson, but the Philadelphia fans have the great advantage of Julie Harris as a subject. If she keeps trying out a play in Philly each fall, I see no reason why she couldn't be a feature at a Philcon. I'm sure I could be pleasantly cataleptic the entire weekend, just staring at her.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

JAPAN SCIENCE FICTION  
CLUB



"And we'll take over CRY or my name isn't Claude Degler."



LES NIRENBERG ADMITS PIPER DEMISE

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Canada

Dear Buz &amp; Elinor &amp; all you Crycats,

When I saw that 1 after my name I realized that THIS IS IT! No comments no CRY and no CRY means, for me anyway, no Fandom.

I think it's time to admit that J. Les Piper has died. Ideas have ceased gushing forth and it's time we buried him with the proper amount of reverence and all.

The Crycon must have been a gass...if only because people actually danced. Could this have been a con...a stf con? Where science-fiction fans...with beanies gathered? I can't believe it. Could this be a sign of some kind? That maybe the average age of fans is higher than it used to be? That the majority of them are older now? I don't know, you analyse it.

Say, I had the ~~missed~~ opportunity to talk to our own SCoaW a couple of weeks ago. Betty Kujawa called long distance. As usual, when such fateful or whatever, things happen, I was out. My brother was in the store and the next day I called back. I was surprised to hear Ella's voice. She sounds like a Lady Bookie, like the British kind I mean. Or one of those guys who sells stuff on the open air market in London. Only she sounded like a lady who sells stuff...etc. Anyway -- boy did she Project! Someone told me once that she was a bus conductor or something. Great!

Missing Ella is one of the reasons I eat my heart out for not having gone to the con.  
Later...

Les

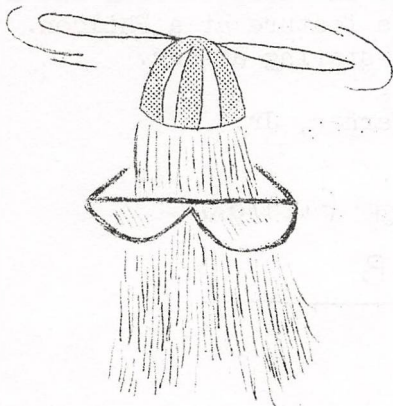
PHIL HARRELL IMMORTALIZED

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia

MAGNIFICENT MARVELOUS WONDERFULLY WONERFUL ONES:

October 16 &amp; 19, '61

I went to the mailbox as I saw the mailman coming and noticed he had his chubby little mit clutched around something and when he handed it to me (along with ten other somethings and a thing-a-mor-bob or five) I saw it was CRY! I reacted to it with quiet calm and after he had climbed off the roof and every body had been notified that it wasn't an air raid siren that had gone off, I was in house making staples fly.



Lots of things have happened since I saw you last. I got a new pair of glasses (I can see again now). I finally decided to let everyone see how I really look and so I include this beautiful two color self portrait (Black and white). Without furthur ado I give you.....

M\*E\*!

Handsome aren't I? Truly it is a shame I couldn't make SeaCon, but that's the way the Martian grok's.

I went off to my job after having read the letter column. After getting home I fluffed up my pillow and sat back and read CRY, chuckling over Buz's delightful page three, and enjoying Poul Anderson's superlative speech. And then I came to John Berry's THE INTERLOPER. I read:

"Dear Phil,

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

Fannishly yours,"

Well, after I had pryed my eyebrows off the ceiling, and picked my jaw up off the floor, my first thought was "GREAT GALLOPING GHU! I'VE BEEN IMMORTALIZED IN A BERRY EPIC!"

For the best part of the Night I just lay in bed there saying things to myself like, "Well, I'll be a dirty nit picker," and, "Yep, that's me alright, it really is, yep, it sure is, yes it is that. How about that, I mean it's really me. There immortalized in CRY by John Berry..." and I have lovely pictures of other faneds out there turning a jelious shade of Green; Ted Pauls, Bill Donaho, Dick Bergeron, Ted White et. al, Walter Breen, all reading it and wondering what I've got that they missed having.....\*sigh\*

Being mentioned in John's story was one of the biggest Joys I've ever experienced.

Fannishly yers,

Phil

PHIL HARRELL

*Who needs a room?**The Con only lasts 2 days.*



LAWRENCE CRILLY WANTS AVRAM BLACK-BALLED  
Dear destroyed Mr. wastebasket weber:

951 Anna Street, Elizabeth 4, New Jersey  
Saturday 14 October 1961

I've heard all about your unfortunate demise at the SeaCon and I'd like to offer my condolences along with a hopeful wish that you'll recover enuff by next year so you can have a repeat engagement? Engagement? ENGAGEMENT?! Oh, I see what you mean...don't scare me like that! --www/

Buz's cartoon on page six is even better than LesNi, if I can be a heretic and say it.

John Berry's new story is about the best I've read so far; Eddie Jones' illo for it is good, as to be expected. I got a gripe, tho...when Elmer drives up U.S.#1 and passes thru Baltimore, Philly, Trenton, and finally gets to NYC, he doesn't mention Elizabeth! Huh! US #1 passes not 20 feet from my front door, and John Berry doesn't mention me! Heck. At least I know who that fellow was that visited me that day, anyway...

But why don't you run it complete? You have no idea how many fmz I stop subbing to when they run serials; it doesn't help circulation at all -- in fact, it actually brings it down. Egad! You've uncovered our cowardly plot! --www/

Buz's column is degenerating. Why not at least mention stf, huh? I'm glad that I inspired you to write on something, anyway. Heck, don't even think about lowering WorldCon membership fees. Think about non-members voting, however. What ever happened to the discussion some months back about voting privileges for a quarter?

Speaking of WorldCons brings up the thought: N.Y.C. IN '63! All we have to do is re-activate NY Fandom... It would be nice if I could attend a WorldCon there; maybe '66?

TCarr's article had me practically rolling over on the floor with laughing. Don't let him get taken away from you completely by VOID.

Another letter by Avram. I think you ought to black-ball him till he attends an ESFA meeting like he promised to. He was probably thinking up things to put in his next CRY letter; for that he passed up the glorious opportunity of meeting ~~de~~ all the people who attend the meetings at the Newark Y. Well, he did say he might make another meeting in a few months...

Len Moffatt has a good idea for the Fan Award's being financed and voted on--those people not interested in it don't have to pay for it or even take note of it, tho my opinion is that once it's adopted, it'll be more of an indication of FIAWOL more than of anything else; eventually stf and fts will be forgotten completely and Fandom will be benefiting nothing but Fandom, with stfts readers just that: readers and nothing else. I'm not against the awards as such--just the fact that they're an indication of further removal from stf. When amateurs start thinking that their work is as good as pros' work so that they deserve awards for it, it sounds like Fandom's in a bad way.

Yours,

Lawrence Crilly

NANCY SHRINER CHUCKLES BY HERSELF  
Hullo Lad,

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma  
Oct. Whatzit, 1961

I can tell you are a city-bred boy and don't know what a thrashing machine looks like. I can state with certainty that no human being, even Ella Parker, could possibly be mistaken for a thrashing machine. I can tell you're a country girl who has never called Ella Parker a... a... well, what I called her in the letter column a while back.www/

Cover by ATom: It's cute. Every so often I go off and sit in a corner and chuckle over it all by myself. The next time I hear of expressive feet, the cover will pop into my mind. The little guy (obviously the hero) bouncing up and down and up and down and up and down and up twiddling his toes--ah, me.

Page 3: So! You have gone and got it done at last. Hooray. And tnx for giving instructions how to get a copy of TGGW. Now if you'll just oblige me with details on the FanCy II or whatever, I'll be pretty well satisfied.

Poul Anderson's address was very interesting. He has put in words some of my thoughts on stf and What's Wrong, mainly the part about people being sick of psi-type literature. He also mentioned about hyperspace and this I have never been able to get a good definition of. What is it? What does it do? The closest description of it I have read was that it was time turned inside out, or something equally esoteric. I began to cringe a little



when he got to talking specifically to the non-writing fans. A couple of barbs whizzed past my ear and one or two actually stuck. The charge of snobbery came far too close to home for comfort. I realize that he is right, and shall change my ways all I have time for.

Buz, your little cartoon carries more than a dash of bitterness. Two dashes, at least. What did Heinlein mean about one third of us being dead shortly? From old age or atom bombs or can I take my choice?

I ain't gonna read J. Berry's serial yet. I'm gonna wait until I have all the parts. Every time you run a serial, I read the first installment, miss the second, and the third never does get published. So you aren't getting me all involved until I get all the bits together. I know what it would do to me. I would write pleading, shameless, wretched little notes begging for the rest and the rest never comes and there I am.

Hwyl: (Both of them): Mighty good fare from Elinor. Happy belated birthday, lass. Am looking forward to more con reports, after that appetite-whetting bit.

Minutes: As usual, Wally, you have managed to make the clear obscure as--- well---.

Buz, again, with the keen blue eyes gazing back over the last hectic months with a nostalgic gleam. What kind of ribbon did you use anyway? The gleam comes through on the paper.

Fandom Harvest: This Jim Davis sounds like a dangerous sort to get mad at you. The whole thing was good Carr. I like him. He writes good. No one argue. I might get mad.

Cotr: Betty K., good for you. Seems like people just don't take into account that no one just rushes up and grabs your hand and says "Let's be pals." I'd be in a bad way if they did, because I'm shy. Here the Indians are in about the same shape as the Negros. In fact, around harvest time, you get such a conglomeration of Mexicans, Indians, Negros, and pore whites, that you wonder where you'll put them all. There couldn't be any segregation, unless the hands were to eat in the middle of the street. (It all sounds a bit incoherent, now that I read it over, but what is writ is, and I can't do anything about it now.)

Avram Davidson's letter was spellbingling. (Ghod, that is supposed to be "spell-binding" not "spellbingling") (Spellbingling is what I do when trying to write a letter without dashing to the dictionary every other word.) As I was about to say, Avram Davidson seems like a nice man. With whiskers to ruffle. Speaks pure English, does he? HMM. On second thought, HMMMMM. MM. Hey, lad, get with the cook book. This is your public speaking. The one who buys all your books. Me. No one else does. There now, lad, I didn't intend to upset you like that. My apologies, but it's true anyway.

Oh me, I can't go on like this. All the other letters were good reading, and I enjoyed them. I can write no more.

Bye for now,

Nancy

ROBERT COULSON HOPES BETTY IS ORGANIZED

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear Wally,

10-12-61

A quick letter to CRY before I forget to write (and I hope before you bring out another issue).

I did a quick double-take on Tom Purdom's letter, particularly the bit about a panel composed of "one pro, one organized fan, and one person who reads science fiction". Philly fans must be a different breed from the rest of us; among all my fan acquaintances I don't think I could find one who is organized. They're the most disorganized bunch of nuts I've ever seen. (Although I rather hope that Betty Kujawa is organized; if she isn't she's going to find herself leaving for Bermuda before she gets back from Montreal one of these days and shatter the entire space-time continuum.)

I can't help Avram; all the peasant cooking I know about is in folksongs, and it all seems to have been poisonous. (Maybe he wouldn't mind, but think of the poor publisher getting sued by the relatives of 500 people who bought the book and dropped dead. Or maybe even 1000 people, since Avram's writing seems to sell fairly well.) [It may be worse than we think. It is possible that Heinlein was thinking of Avram's cookbook when he predicted that a third of us will be dead soon. --www/]



As for Betty, Juanita has been "with" Negroes socially one hell of a lot. (You take out that capital N and I'll come up and bite you; if people write about race relations they should at least get the preliminaries right, like capitalizing Negro and Caucasian and using small letter for black and white.) I've been with them somewhat less, but I spent one evening at a party where I was the sole white person present -- and I'm sorry I only made it once because I had a hell of a fine time. And I've visited on a few other occasions. (Of course, to Betty, Juanita and I may be liberal Bohemians, but I don't think she meant us when she described the category.) But of course she has a point; I do not go out of my way to form friendships with anybody, though I have been known to go out of my way to avoid it. There has to be some point of contact -- mine was fandom, though it was strictly a minor point it did get things started.

The Fan Awards are a certainty, according to Willick. You know anybody you want to award a fan to? Maybe we could award Willick to Regency Books, for their outstanding story blurbs.

I would close with "love" but after reading PODIUM I'm afraid to.

Buck

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM TURNS TO SERIOUS MATTERS  
Dear Crypeople:

66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74, N.Y.  
Oct. 18, 1961

Chapter Eight of MIKE MARS' SPACE RESCUE having just been squared away, the remaining time tonight allows me the moment to attend to more serious matters like acknowledging CRY, etc.

Which I have perused as best I can, with the uneasy feeling that I may have missed an issue--a feeling due to not having been present at the beginning of the end of Seattle fandom. As I remarked to you in Seattle (this remark is inserted to baffle people who somehow overlooked me at the convention), no fan club has quite survived its big convention. Whither Toronto? Of course, you are starting bravely enough, only a month late with CRY, but you'll see. Gradually the thing will pall on you -- you've HAD it, you see it. You can now begin to slacken up. You have no more future--only a past. And how many issues of CRY can you keep up talking about the past?

I will have to read Anderson's speech again--somehow I don't quite get it the first time.

Berry seems great. What an idea! What a wonderful waste of Russian money!

Who is Ella Parker?

When does Avram Davidson find time to write his wonderful stories? He puzzles me though. I find it hard to see how he combines his terrific catholic erudition with his life of fanatic religious devotion. A contradiction. I cannot help but feel that it represents a flaw in his soul. He won't go to heaven, in spite of his beard--he knows too much forbidden lore. Besides which he is surely giving aid and comfort to the Enemy --eh, Randy?

Love your cover.

Cordially,

Don

BILL MALLARDI REMEMBERS ADAMS  
Dear CRYcon-ers,

214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio  
Oct. 20, 1961

Gee, after that fabulous time I had at Seacon it's kind of a let down to be back in the mundane working world once more. First off, let me thank the whole CRY-staff for a job well done at Seattle's first convention. Buz, Elinor, Toskey, everyone else, and..... uh.....yes, even YOU Wally W. Weber, may bask in the glory of my praises! To tell the truth, there are a few small gripes, but they're too minor to bother enumerating now. Besides which they are overshadowed by the praises. And congrats on making all that money. /Shush, Bill! You weren't supposed to squeal. --www/

I'll tell you, I'm relieved to see CRY #153 come out afterwards. Tho't the worst mite have happened and the rigors of the con made you people pull a Clevcon bit and go gafia.

Muchly enjoyed ATOM'S cover---ver' cute. Chuckled out loud at that one.



'Sfunny, but I don't seem to recall Anderson's address at SEACON. Anyway, it is good. BERRY'S "THE INTERLOPER" sounds like another good one for John. But then, does he ever have a bad one? One thing tho, somewhere in the middle of the tale I seem to get a hint as to how it may end, but I'll wait and see if I'm right & not spoil it for anyone reading this.

ETHEL LINDSAY: So that's it; Ella is habit forming! Well, no doubt Ella is back by now, so you people should be back on the "kick" again. But just every liddle oncet and a while send her back over here.

AVRAM DAVIDSON: No wonder you were so quiet & reserved, after drinking a whole glassful of....ugh!....CREME de CACAO!! That girl musta gone to the cupboard muttering, "Imagine mother giving that poor man a lukewarm glass of lemonade. I'll fix him up a GOOD DRINK!" And she did. Fix you up, I mean! BHOY!

ES ADAMS: Goshwow, it was good to see your name in CRY's lettercol again. And it felt so funny to see you talking 'bout the good ole days of CRY, because in a way you're right. No, I wasn't around fandom in those days, but I happened to get about 3 full boxes of old fanzines last year and I found a bunch of old CRY's in 'em....ish's like #105, 107, 110, 113, etc. Bhoy, wasn't rich's letters the wildest? One thing I liked muchly about the old CRY's were the many photo-covers you CRY-PUBBERS did of your many letterhacks. So I want to ask a SERIOUS question, Wally & the Busbys: Why can't you do another recent photo-cover of CRY's letterhacks???

GOTTA GO NOW, BEMMISHLY,

BEM

AVRAM DAVIDSON AWAITS de CAMP PANEL  
Noble CRYterion of Fanzines, Hail:

410 West 110th Street, New York 25, N.Y.  
October 224/722

Ah, you would have been pleased, you would have quelled, you would have shept nachas, had you been at my apartment larst Wedn. night, what time Ella Parker, second cupper poised lipwards, espied a certain publication esconced, jewel-like, in a little ebony cabinetto we keep for sconsing purposes, and uttered the following shriek (or scream) of joy, videlicet & to whit: "CRY is out!" What matter the tea got cold, that pun followed ripe pun like heavy fruits in harvest time from the lips of Randall Garrett unheeded, that Belle Dietz's tiny foot--she was chauffeuring--er...chaufeuseing?--tapped in vain: Ella was immersed in CRY.

Had you been present after she was finally torn away by main force, bleating, "But I've not finished yet!", you would have seen the curious spectacle of a massively-built (some say "stout", but what odds?) and magnificently-bearded man, average in stature, fling himself upon the reluctantly-abandoned copy of CRY, and turn feverishly to THE INTERLOPER, by Jno. Berry, Part One. Gad, what a concept! What suspense! What versimilitude! Little did I think, when seeing and hearing Jno. Berry in the fleish (tho whether Part One or Part Two of him, I can't say), that he could turn out anything like this: which it makes possible one should say, "Fan fiction" with neither sneer nor leer. I look forrard to Jno. Berry Part Two with feverish eagerish.

So I got this young cat, see, and I couldn't think of a name for him, see, so for quite a while I was calling him...You guessed it: Nameless. But he now has a real Christian name (though whether or not he is a real Christian is certainly not up to me to say): Boswell. Boz, for short. He is a real mixed-up cat, and if he continues to hop up on tables instead of crusing around on mouse-level, which is what he was broughten for, he is going to be more mixed up yet. Thud-thud-thud (sound of cat being swept onto floor, kicked across room, knocked off typewriter, flung out of sinc, etc.) thud-thud-thud.

And never mind triumphing because I was too poor to come to Syattle; think yours was the only SF convention holden this calendar year? Guess Tom Purdom's etter learned you better, diddint it? Yas, Nov. 19th sees me, D.V., in glamorous, pictureque Philly, dancing gurls, lascivious native quarter, panelizing (subject still unknown) with L. Sprague de Camp--provided he gets properly invited--that is, subject still unknown to me. LSdeC may know. In fack, he may have selected it. Or invented it. "Curious Mating Habits of the Rare White Rhino of Basutoland East, With References to the Office of Grand Bastard of Burgundy in the 13th, 14th, & 15th Centuries": summat like that. Will AD rise



to the Challenge? Will he struggle, at least, gamely? Will he sink without a bubble? Does Jad Ben Otho have a tail?

And what does Harry Warner (Jr.) mean, by implying that Richard Harding Davis and Gene Stratton Porter are anything less than "universal and timeless"? Why, as a matter of fact, de Camp is translating Van Bibber into Swahili right this minute (Up-Country Dialect) and as soon as I finish this letter I plan to start my annual Re-Read of Freckles and have a good old cry. Really, Mr. W. After all.

AND NOW we come to that yo-yo from muskeg country, who adds grid coordinates to his address as if he expects his mail to be dropped by air over a featureless landscape (and for all I know, come to think of it, maybe he does and maybe it is), namely none other than good ol S74-W20660 James Sieger. Hidy, Jeeyum. Jim wants to know Why some writers wear huge beards and swagger around looking masculine, anyway? Well, Jim, for one thing, had you considered what sort of a spectacle we'd make, in our huge beards, if we swaggered around looking feminine? Really, now. There hasn't hardly been no marker a-toeull for that sort of theng sence John Ringling North closed down the Big Tops.

Next question, Jim.

Someone calling himself "Donald Franson" (AND a phonier-sounding patronym or -nymic I never did hear. Davids we all know, but--Frann? Really. Really.) invites no one in particular to "Take Avram Davidson..." Any takers? Just anybuddy try, is all. I might could be had, but I can't be took.

Frantishly farewell,

Avram

TOM PURDOM MEETS HEINLEIN  
Children of the Cry:

3317 Baring Street, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania  
October 23, 1961

I hope this gets to you in time for Cotr. You didn't give us much time to write this month. Well, it was good to get old Cry again. Two months is too long.

All right, Busby....

In the background, as I write, the sound of the bagpipes. And how will that affect my writings? Haven't smoked in over five weeks. Haven't been happy in a month. Ah, well.

Heinlein came and we managed to find an hour when he wasn't attending a session of the Aero-Space Convention here and I wasn't tied up myself (somewhat easier to arrange). My impressions of the man were exactly the same as Elinor's and so I really have nothing to add to the last Cry. We had a very pleasant conversation, pleasant to me a reader, useful to me as a writer. Since I'm young enough to have read Heinlein's juveniles at about the age they were intended for, I suppose I belong to one of the first groups of readers of Heinlein juveniles to reach something approximating maturity, which made the conversation doubly interesting, since I'm aware of how many of my attitudes have been strongly influenced by his writings.

Mrs. Shriner: I'm glad I don't make you feel like an insensitive clump. Many people make me feel like an insensitive clump, so I know what you mean, I think. My solution is to remind myself that the person who makes me feel like an insensitive clump probably doesn't know as much as L. Sprague de Camp, hasn't travelled as much as Robert Heinlein, and probably can't do anything as well as Theodore Sturgeon writes. So who is he to feel so smart? Of course, I'm afraid I often make people feel like insensitive clumps in conversation, but when writing I have time to consider my words and be rational about my limitations. Of all the compliments this series of essays has received, yours is the one I appreciate most.

We're expecting quite a good Philadelphia Conference this year. A copy of the program is enclosed. I think we have a very good program and anyone who comes should enjoy himself immensely.

I saw Julie Harris in her new play about two weeks ago. She was as good as always, Elinor. This time she played a sexy French maid who's accused of murdering her boy-friend, the chauffeur. There are two pleasures in watching Julie Harris. One is the pleasure of being moved by whatever part she's playing. The other is watching a craftsman in the act of creation. After about five minutes you have no doubt that the girl on the stage is a sexy French maid and not a thin, far from pretty actress. I also like her because she



picks good plays, not wasting her talent on junk. This is a funny French play with some good thrusts at the ways of justice, plus some good comedy on sex. Very well written, too. Kind of a comedy version of Camus' The Stranger.

Well, I don't have much to say. The forthcoming Conference has absorbed all my energies. My congratulations to I.F. Wertlieb on his recent move to 1724 Spruce Street. By the way, Busby, my name is spelled Purdom, not Perdom.

Tom

WRAI BALLARD MEETS...ELLA PARKER??

Blanchard, North Dakota

Dear Wally,

October 22, 1961

It may be too much to expect but why didn't you do a description of Ella Parker? All who read Cry have built up their own picture and it would be interesting to see how it stacks up with reality. I was certain I'd recognize her when I saw her, and I did just that before I'd traveled more than 300 miles towards the Seacon. Got on the train in Fargo at 3 AM, got a double seat to myself and was stretched out as much as you can stretch out on a "bed" a couple feet shorter than you are. Had my head towards the aisle because people walking down the aisle keep bumping into you and if you lay the other way you can get your feet hurt. Anyway we stopped at Minot, North Dakota, and I heard this roaring grumble that became a gruff female voice with a strong British accent saying things about the way the trains were run, the inefficiency and stupidity of the crew and how she'd had the same trouble on the boat from Liverpool until she threw the captain overboard. The conductor answered rather sharply and she told him not to be impertinent, and there was a sort of a thud. I think she just dropped her suitcase, but that's mostly what I wanted to think, so I didn't look, only the conductor was nicer when I heard him next. Sounded like an entirely different fellow and even looked like a different one. Much younger, tall and blond instead of short and dark. This woman certainly had an effect on him. She also gave her views on other things, and they were such strong views I was certain it must be Ella. Finally, a few hours later I did glance over and she did fit the description: a wide powerful woman in her late sixties. By now I knew it was Ella, but I was afraid to introduce myself for she may not have recognized my name, and the way I felt, it might be even worse if she did. She had me intimidated to the point where I didn't try to locate any other fans on the train though later I found Stu Hoffman was sitting in the seat in front of me, and Phillis Economou was in another car.

Just before we got to Seattle, Ella started talking to a seat-mate and told how she was going to Vancouver and that she better not have to wait long to make her connection, and I felt sort of relieved that it wasn't our Ella. And it wasn't, for I met our Ella at the Seacon Hotel and found her a slip of a girl who appeals to a man's protective instincts. In spite of what you try to hint Wally you must have felt the same, for you told me before the convention that the duty of your room-mate was to act as your body guard, and when I tried to protect you by keeping Ella away from you, you would hunt us up and carry her off. It wasn't a Wally thing to do.

You're a fraud anyway; you didn't even insist I protect you from Joni Cornell.

It was a good convention though and only marred slightly by the acrimonious passage between Ed Wood, Sam and Chris Moskowitz and the rest of fandom. I enjoyed the fans' answering Ed and Sam, but deplored the rebuttal of Chris, for after all she's just a slip of a girl who appeals to a man's protective instincts.

That's a good description of your home..."Lovely mansion underlooking Queen Anne Hill." You are different, for I visited six fan homes (the home of nine fans) in Seattle and yours is the only one below street level. The rest live up aflight or two except Toskey. Tosk evidently wanted a view of Seattle, so he got a house where he has a view of the whole city any time there's a break in the clouds. I didn't mind climbing up that last block to his steps because I could see no car could park there, and by resting often, I didn't even mind the stairs. What got me was after getting to his house he insists on showing you his magazine collection in the attic, not because he wants to brag, but because he wants to see if you get a nosebleed at that altitude. After that trick I was brutally scornful of his sunflowers, though candidly I must admit they did wonderful considering the altitude.



It was interesting to attend a meeting of the Nameless Ones and it proved something I've long suspected. You gained your reputation as a humorist under false pretensions. People have read the minutes of the Nameless Meetings for years thinking, "By Ghod that Wally is good!!" when all you've done is write a slightly edited account of what actually happened. Any of the Nameless members could have given away your secret long ago, but they'd rather you got an undeserved reputation than admit it is so. Even GM Carr who has a reputation for saying what she thinks has been kind to you, which is natural for she wants to maintain her image as a slip of a girl who appeals to a man's protective instincts.

Sincerely,

Wrai

BOB LICHTMAN, THE PARENT'S PROBLEM  
Dear CRYcrew:

1441 Eighth Street, Berkeley 10, California  
Wednesday, 11 October 1961

You've read some of the details of my sudden move in FANAC, I'm sure, and SAPS members will have had more of the story; but, for the moment.... um; Ella, you SCoAW, would you like the Ultimate Parent Problem Article for ORION? Just airletter me and let me know, deah. Anyway, I am now reachable c/o Donaho, though by next CRY I will almost certainly have an address of my own. (Went and put a deposit on it this evening, at last.)

CRY #153 is only very slightly like coming in on the middle of an interrupted conversation -- I did read parts of #152, anyway -- but I distress that, for the first time in CRYhistory since #132's lack of a LichtmanLetter, there is no letter or even WAHF from yhos. My string is broken; my shoe falls off; I am undone. Nothing more now for me to do but to go the way of Brown, Meyers, Moran, and Adams. Adams??!! What am I talking about? Not Adams? More about that kat later...

Congratulations on publishing Poul's speech. Probably this problem -- the lack of freshness, of newness; the ritual repeated endlessly -- is what has largely turned me to other pastures for my reading material. It strikes me that the same thing could well apply to fannish writing. Willis' monumental "The Enchanted Duplicator" is perhaps a testament of the "standard", or "trufannish" ritual involved in the Path To Trufandom.

Berry's serial starts excellently with the Eddie Jones illo and some fine ideas. This one I'm waiting for further installments of.

Fandom Harvest is another of the incredibly detailed things Terry has been doing successfully for years, which makes me wonder if some day he isn't going to gather these all up and smoorge them together and--le voila--Instant Memoirs? Really fine, interesting reading, though hardly drawable of komment.

Ethel Lindsay: I see you mentioned IPSO and I think perhaps some CRY readers are Unaware of its presence. IPSO -- for the International Publishers' Speculative Organization -- is set up more like a combozine than an apa. Each quarter appears IPSO FACTO (Esoteric for SCoAW), filled with the contributions written and published by IPSO members. A given topic is assigned for each mailing; the idea of these things is to provide a sort of symposium. Dues are \$1 a year. For those not interested in producing, subscriptions are available at a buck a "mailing" or \$3 for a year's supply. Write to Ted Forsyth, 11 Perndale Rd, London S.W.4, England.

Betty Kujawa: The Leiber Baycon speech appears in the 3rd scintillating issue of Karen Anderson's superb fanzine, published for the GGFS, VORPAL GLASS. You may get a copy of it for one shining, or even slightly dull, quarter. Send it to Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California.

Es Adams: What are you doing back? If this is your Last Gafiating Cry, er, CRY, you may not have much luck at it. Walter Breen has published your "change of address" in FANAC #79. Pour moi, je suis heureux to see you reappearing again. Let's band together and Take Over The CRY, ewot?

So much for letters. HWYL in all its Selectrictitled brilliance was fine, and though I have a pretty good idea who the Obnoxious LA Fan was, I'll keep it to myself.

Mighoodness, my sub is down to only one more issue! Looks like I'll maybe have to re-subscribe soon. Sigh, and the last time I did that was #121. Awell...

Yours for a better,

Bob



ES ADAMS, A LIBERAL LYNCHER  
Ha!

1720 Third Ave. W., Birmingham, Alabama  
Oct. 20, 1961

My friend Spenser Spood goes to all that trouble just to write a pome for CRY and what happens but that you don't use it? Nothing. Thass what happens but that you don't use it. Prejudice. Blind prejudice. I'm going to paint Spenser green and say he's an American Martian and take him before the Supreme Court and you better guess they'll protect his rights, boy, and then you'll have to print all his pomes. Unless we decide the "Minute Quarterly" is prejudiced, too.

This is all really just joshin' and I hope all of you realize it's just for ha-ha and I'm liberal as the next fellow and wasn't making light of Serious Problem of Inhumanity to Man by Backward Lowlife Whut Oughtta Be Lynched unless They Git Tolerant, By God. Not me. I'm just as liberal as the next fellow. So don't take away my rights.

Address up there is for real. Though for how long, one does not know. But mail can be forwarded. Do I get CRY free again, or needst I swipe money directed for Educating Future Leader of Our Land in Difficult Times Ahead to send you pipple?

Best.

Es the Outlaw

ETHEL LINDSAY LOOKS OUT OVER DERMENT WATES  
Dear Nameless Ones and Poor Wally Weber,

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton.  
Surrey. England October 20th 1961

I was very relieved to receive Cry 153 and to see that Poor Wally was still with us. This proves, I think, that fans do too have moral stamina! Still, one could see that he was shaken..he has me looking out over the Derment Wates..and I honestly can't remember them in the Lake District!

I bet everyone laughed their heads off at Poul Anderson's story of the twins..well I did. It certainly pointed a good moral, so maybe if I keep on reading I will find a pony among all that manure. I won't cancel my Analog after all.

Trust John to come up with a new twist in the spy story; he has thought this one out carefully I see. I wonder if it is any use trying to outguess him and find the spy brain-washed by fandom?

It was nice to read Elinor's description of Ella, very accurate I thought it, but I wonder what she thought it was about Ella that appeared Scottish. I would say Ella's straight level glance, but the boys would say I was boosting Scotland again!

After reading Terry Carr I reflected what a quiet childhood I had! Never saw a knife pulled, hardly ever saw a serious fight, even the name-calling wasn't ver impressive. I wonder if the Scots are phlegmatic?

The Readers are getting to be a match for Wally no doubt..I've just snorted with laughter (I am not a horse) at Avram Davidson's "Mr. Weber's Creative Proofreading". Now that is a very good description of what takes place in Cry; I often suspect the typos of being on purpose they are so apposite!

I am watching with interest this sudden spate of fans who are taking the N3F seriously; I gather from his letter that Donald Franson is now a member. I have a 'hunch' about the N3F; I think it is about to blossom out in a way to amaze.

I enjoyed Elinor's little snippets about the Seacon, only whetted my appetite for more though, so hope this will continue in her next.

Dear Crygang..take it easy will you..someone of you put on Cry "Regardless of sleet or hail please deliver this to:"

Now: you know that Cry has a strong influence; why could you not have mentioned sunshine? We have had a gale here ever since and it's COLD. Please: do something.

shiveringly yours,

ETHEL

/When Ella gets back the temperature will go up, and even CRY won't be able to do anything about that. --www/



LEN MOFFATT, COME OFF IT

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Oct. 22, 1961

I see the CRY deadline is nigh

and I have writ no letter

If I want to get the next one yet

I guess I damn well better

The cover by Arthur was a real arf-arfer  
No, that's not an imitation of Orphan Annie's

Sandy

It's meant to be a chortling laugh because

The speech by Poul had a start that was droll

his drawing's dandy

and I got no bitch, you-all, with his theory of ritual

Berry's serial of "Elmer Lansing" is very entertaining fannish romancing

Elinor...is never a bore...I only regret ther wasn't more...by Elinor

Wotinell rhymes with Weber?

Ole F. M. B.---Makes his points strongly---and, basically,---I agree  
(so long as there are no further raises in the worldcon fee...)

Terry Carr...was up to par...even if his harvest was reaped from...one not quite a member  
of fandom  
(whatssa matter--you don't dig semi-blank verse?)

The letters / were better / than usual, I think, or maybe it was the long gap, you see, /  
between issue no. 152 and issue no. 153....

This isn't exactly a letter nor is it exactly a pome

But I hope it will bring me the next CRYtome

I faunch for more

Please send no. 154...

And in the meanwhiling, everybody...keep smiling!

Len Moffatt

JAMES SIEGER TRANSLATES

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

Dires:

October 10, 1961

Can think of little to say this time, although certain personages in this house have  
said unkind things about "lazy slob" because I insist on reading CRY end to end as soon  
as I see it.

Incidentally, the number of typos in this issue was fantastic; but I suppose Wally's  
-- uh -- condition -- is the cause of it...

Wouldn't know if I know any Jewish girls; everybody acts like you can tell by their  
names or something, but I get it not. And don't care either.

The words at the end of my letter were Bohemian (Czechoslovakia didn't exist when the  
1889 handbood for immigrants I got it from was published.) It goes: "You are a bad man--  
the head is very small and the mouth is very large. There are mice in your pants." The  
third sentence I will not translate, save to say that "nicnik" means "chamber-pot"....  
I don't know the language, I just substituted words in common phrases.

Franson: what the hell do you have against preaching? If I know fans, they need to be  
preached to more than anybody else. I may or may not like breachy books, but I'm not self-  
centered enough to think that I'm so brilliant that I don't need to learn anything more....  
(Any insult in that remark is only half intentional.)

Thine:

James Sieger, Esq.



SUPRISE

SUPRISE

SUPRISE

you have finally made it all the way to the

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

the lettercolumn

GARY DEINDORFER sends us his picture and asks if we are still being pushed as a focal point. I thought we were still being pushed as the poor fan's Heroin. STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS admires our industry and wishes he had half of it. Industry like we have we could do without; if we thought he'd ever speak to us again, we'd have the Spirit of CRY grant his wish. JAMES R. SIEGER, referring to my opinion that Ella was like a thrashing machine, wonders, "...is it possible that I and Ella Parker are related? I have documentary proof that my great-grandfather invented the thrashing machine." THOMAS ARMISTEAD, HENRY A. STINE, JIM KNOTTS, DON ANDERSON, all send lovely money for CRY. FRED GOTTSCHALK sends heavy nickles that cost us 4¢ extra postage; use lighter lead next time you cast up a batch, Fred. MRS. TOM MILLS is too bashful to subscribe for herself, so she is having CRY sent to DAVID MILLS. PETER B. HOPE, MIKE DOMINA, GREG BENFORD, and WILLIAM HANLON sends lovely money for TGGW. So does JAMES R. SIEGER, who seems to be taking over all parts of this lettercolumn. GREG BENFORD, by the way, only sent \$1 for Goon, so he only gets four-fifths of a copy. ED BRYANT is our favorite; he sends lovely money to both TGGW and CRY. UNIVERSITY OF WASHING LIBRARY optomistically orders CRY's beginning with number one and continuing through those published in 1962 for which order we are required to fill out invoices in triplicate and charge \$2. We have yet to phrase our reply, and with a little luck we never will.

So much for the letter column. See you next issue if you don't see me first. --www

from: CRY

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507 Third Ave.

Seattle 4, Wash.

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