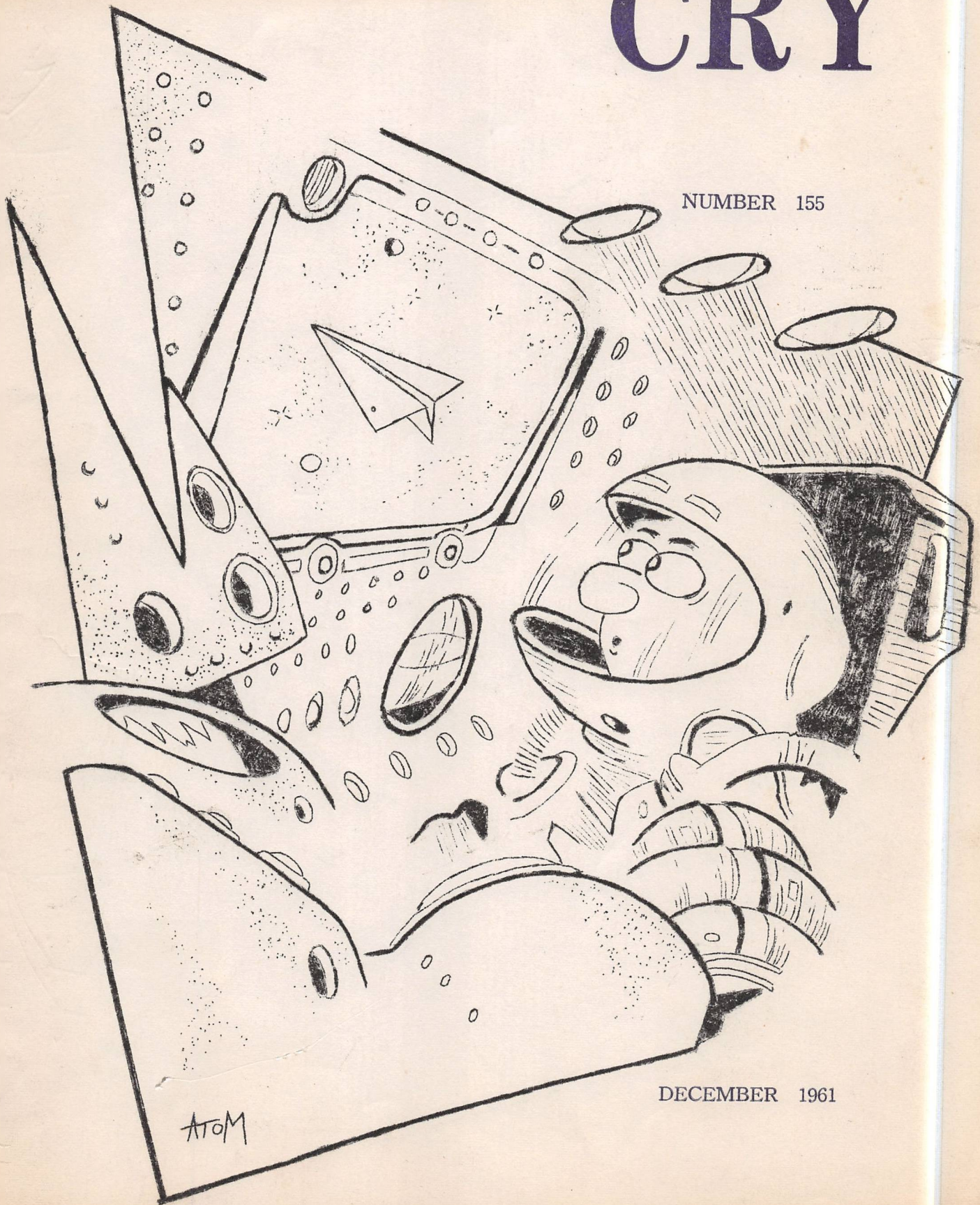


CRY

NUMBER 155



DECEMBER 1961

CRY

NUMBER 152

DECEMBER 1961



Know ye all men by these presents that this day appears before you one

C R Y 1 5 5 d a t e d D e c 1 9 6 1

and hailing from Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington. Deponent affirmed its availability at 25¢ or 1/9 each appearance (5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-), its susceptibility to generosity toward contributors, letterhacks, and occasional vagrant traders, its connection with the UK-agency of John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. Deponent equivocated concerning its Regular Monthly Schedule, disclaiming responsibility for the months of July and September. Under further questioning, deponent implicated several accomplices, of whom Wally Weber, Burnett Toskey, Jim Webbert, Wally Gonser, and F M and Elinor Busby are known to be currently involved in its activities. Sworn ~~4~~ to this day of 3rd December, 1961 anno domini. Further hearing was set for 31st December.

It must be the New York influence...

O K , t h e C o n t e n t s :

Cover by ATom (logo Multigraphed by Toskey)	page 1
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CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber 18-36

Art Credits: ATom 1, Jones 4, Nirenberg 9, Notoff 10.

Stencil-cutters' scoring: Wally Weber 21, Elinor 11, Buz 3.

Duplication (and the counter has gone bust!): Webbert, Weber, Toskey, Gonser.

Chicon-III TAFF Westercon Willis Fund Bricks for Tucker Ella we MISS you!

So what's controversial with you these days? I'm for Larry Shaw against draft-dodging and lawsuits, against the new Analog logo not because it's a change but because it is not distinctive, for the support of fannish endeavors such as listed a few lines above, against saddling Worldcons with any obligations to support side-projects of any sort on an expected or "traditional" basis as distinct from any given voluntary instance, and up against it for controversial subjects.

By golly, CRY has finally turned the corner and come down to a reasonable size so that we can have some fun out of it too! For 1961, our ten issues total 372 pages (not counting blanksides), the "best" from a workload standpoint since 1957 (12 issues, 367pp); 1958 was 12 issues for 496pp, 1959 12 for 494, and 1960 11 issues for 596pp! It certainly is a wonderful thing, Terry Carr!

I don't think the CRYstaff has any unit stand on TAFF this year. Elinor is a strong backer of Ethel Lindsay and will be stencilling some fine ATom plugtype illoes in the next few CRYs on Ethel's behalf. I feel more comfortable in recent years just boosting for TAFF itself with good wishes to each candidate, and we've not polled the rest of the gang, who will plug or not as each chooses. CRY, the wishy-washy fanzine? Could be, except when someone riles us up, of course. Or when Weber has a glass of milk too many and it goes to his head, like. (Yes, Ella?)

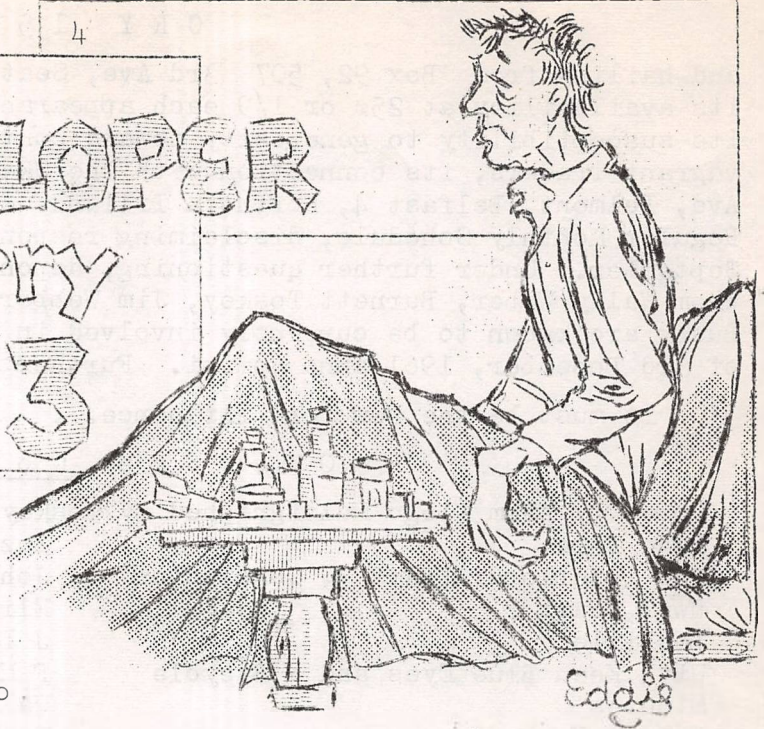
Phone fandom, as Elinor mentions, is going great guns here. For those of you who have DDD (a convenience, not a disease or remedy or insecticide), Seattle's area code is 206. CRYgang phone numbers are: Weber AT3-1763, Toskey LA4-6248, Busby AT2-5927, Webbert ME3-3643, Gonser WE5-1274. Remember the time-differentials and that if you ever catch Weber at home you'll have scored a major triumph.

Answer the phone, Elinor! It was your idea, after all. --Buz.

THE INTERLOPER

by John Berry

PART 3



Jed Manson was happy, although he shouldn't have been. Everything was against a blissful state of mind as far as he was concerned. He had TB..not sufficiently critical to have to go to a sanatorium, but enough to cause him to be bedridden.

He was eighteen, and until he had been afflicted, had done remarkably well at school..he had shown a superb skill at painting and drawing, and his vocation was to teach Art at the local high school. Although he wasn't especially outstanding at the ordinary subjects, his skill with pencil and paint was such that he was able to sell cartoons to local newspapers, and once, just once, he had managed the SATURDAY EVENING POST, which wasn't bad for a sixteen year old.....

He'd happened upon fandom in rather a haphazard way.. Many people sent him books. And in a bundle from so and so was a tattered copy of HYPHEN #23. He'd laughed uproariously at the stories, and the smell of mystery in the esotericism had nurtured a desire for more, and by writing letters to people mentioned in the lettercol (and God knows, he had plenty of time to write letters) he'd built up a sizeable correspondence with fans, and was the happy recipient of a varied assortment of fanzines.

Right away, he realized that the artistic aspect of fanzines was for him..rather, he thoroughly enjoyed everything about fanzines, most especially the humour, ranging from the ribald to the subtle..but to actively participate, to be creative, except for a letter quoted here and there, the art angle was his forte. After all, if you took a broad view of it, he was a pro, and pro's were seemingly looked up to in fandom....and he had the inclination and the time to study artwork, all aspects of it, and that's what gave him the Big Idea one hot day.....

VOID was the lucky fanzine. After some little correspondence with Ted White, he'd gotten a contract to fill one whole issue with a critique of artwork in fandom.. a coverage which he and Ted White felt had never been sufficiently exploited. After all, consider the amount of artwork in fanzines. There was no doubt, he considered, that the standard was really high. It was amazing that the real king pins were able to be so prolific. Take ATOM..his output since 1954 had been phenomenal, and he'd completely filled whole issues since that time..whole HYPHENS, ORIONS, RETRIBUTIONS, etc., and although it was also unhappily obvious that the sparkle of genius had gone from the cartoons of late ((alternate universe story)) the sercon science fictional illustrations were supremely gifted and expertly styloed. Manson rated Adkins high on his list..nothing had been heard of him for a year or so, but he'd left behind a wealth of impacted drawings..some of the TWIGS were superb..there was an efficiency and an exuberance which no one else had ever matched..and then BJO..so delicate and refined, but humorous just the same, a rare talent..and Eddie Jones..technique with a capital phew..Jim Cawthorn..Prosser..Lansing..and then, unhappily, some faneds who

perhaps hadn't got the contacts with the big name artists (or rather, they hadn't got their confidence because of poor repro) and did the best they could with a knife and fork.....and over the weeks of preparation Manson filled several note books with comment.. and then spent a further month writing his fifteen page essay longhand. He covered fan-nish artwork with skill and shrewdness and the return airmail from Ted White filled him with happiness and contentment, because he knew from reading about Ted White in fanzines that he gave the facts as he saw them, and for him to use the expression 'happy to publish this' meant that Ted White was just so happy. A couple of weeks later, he got the stencils from Ted White. He'd sent the VOID editor examples of his copy-stylo work (because he wanted to illustrate the thesis with classic examples of his pointers) and Ted replied with a thick batch of stencils and a vote of carte blanche to do whatever he, Manson, wanted.....

His technique was to copy, but to copy with great care and deliberation. Time, the enemy of most men and fen, was on his side. He could afford to be leisurely, and therefore the copies he made were little short of perfection. He spent three days on an Eddie Jones illo from EPITAFF, every careful stylo stroke, every cunning shading emphasis filled in.....and many times he scrapped stencils which he thought didn't quite come up to the original work of the artist.

He was severely taxed with Lansing's work. It was uncanny, the almost three-dimensional effect the short sharp stylo lines had..one felt the spaceships actually possessed movement..it was almost supernatural..and, in his critique, he had had no compunction in stating with definite knowledge that the extra-special Lansing technique was by far the most compelling in all the fannish artwork he had ever seen. It was delightful to see an artist with the concentration to use such short shading lines to perfection..not to hurry them..because even one misplaced line would have ruined the superb effect.

Lansing's work, in fact, had given him the most trouble..but he was determined that if the artist could manage it, he could, because he had the time..that was it..that was what gave him such dedication.....

He had been two days on a Lansing illo of a rocket circling Saturn (hell, how did he manage to make the Rings glisten so), and the final touching up was spoiled by the appearance of his mother with his lunch. Heck, even though he'd told her not to, she had that funny maternal aptitude to make order from disorder. 'The doctor's coming, and the room must be tidy,' and she'd pushed a pile of fanzines to one side, and the Lansing stencil had fallen on the floor. Damn. But due to his protestations, she had handled the stencil with loving care, and put it at the bottom of the bed.

He hurried his lunch..he had time..but not that much..he was doing a dedicated job, and he opened a FLING, and in his hurry put the stencil on the wrong illo and he closed his eyes and opened them and looked again. He repeated the act. Now something was wrong. It was more than wrong, it was damn queer.....

He maneuvered the stencil to confirm what he saw..there were four blocks of numbers plainly visible..the little shading lines on the page of the fanzine married perfectly with the lines on the stencil..and there it was..definitely..four blocks of figures..seven figures in a line..five lines under each other.....

Manson lay all afternoon thinking about it. It was beyond his comprehension. What the hell did it mean? He snapped his fingers. He sorted out FLING #1 from the pile of fanzines at his bedside, and much more impatiently this time he copied the top left section onto stencil, then placed the stencil on top of the other illo's, and yet again he saw the top three rows of one block of figures...now this was really something..what to do?

Coincidence it was not. He considered first of all writing to Lansing and telling him..'say, Elmer, those illo's of yours, if you put one on top of the other, you get a whole lot of numbers in blocks..what gives?' but was this wise? Lansing had become a mite intolerant about his illo's of late..he'd refused to illo other fanzines, said he 'hadn't the time'..and this was of course true, the skill was such that he couldn't have had the time..even with the natural ability it would have taken many hours to complete one stencil.

What to do?

What was it about?

Why should fanzine illo's be used to incorporate codes...say..wait a minute..codes.. that's obviously what they were..next, was it a gimmick..a sort of inner sanctum G.D.A?... no, too damn improbable..and then he had another idea..it took him a day, but he placed every other fan artist's stencils he'd cut over their other work in the same and different issues..and the result..no groups of numbers. Well, he had to do it. He took the staples out of the FLINGS, and held the different illos in each issue up to the sunlight streaming through his windows..and, his heart pounding, he stapled the pages which had married illos together..eight of them..two illos in each of four issues..sixteen blocks of code numbers...

Next job..he'd read about codes somewhere..most codes could be cracked, it was a matter of looking and examining..no, he considered that if it was some fannish prank, he should be able to work out what it was all about..not that fans weren't intelligent, but if it were such, a glorified G.D.A. or L.N.F., with rather more subtlety he should be able to get somewhere..maybe not entirely decode it..but work something out.....

For three days he worked until his head almost burst with concentration. Nothing. Not even a glimmer..then he had another idea..he had purchased a bundle of SAPS mailings, and a keen perusal had elicited the fact that Burnett Toskey was a Ph.D., a wow at math, why not send a couple of the number blocks and suggest it was a puzzle from a book.. see what an intellectual could make of it. He copied out two blocks, wrote Toskey a rather witty covering letter, and asked if he could have the result back via airmail because it was all part of a big joke.....

Letter back from Toskey within a week.....

"Are you trying to make a mug of me? Been up to 3 am for two mornings, and can't make head or tail of it..what the hell."

Manson summed the situation up.

It was beyond the capabilities of a Ph.D., to work it out, Q.E.D., it was unlikely to be any form of fannish esoteric joke.

The work was executed with such infinite skill that even if it was a fannish joke it couldn't be worth the effort..

If it was, for argument's sake, a fannish joke, why didn't any other fanzine feature it?

Therefore, on the basis of those three factors, eliminate a fannish joke.

What was left?

A code..blocks of numbers in four successive issues of FLING.

Why?

If it wasn't for fandom (and how could it be) who was it for?

Obviously it was important, else why not send it normally.

And if it was so important, and couldn't be sent openly, Q.E.D., it was secret.

Now comes the time to concentrate.

If it's secret.....WHERE IS IT GOING TO?

He knew fanzines had a worldwide circulation..America, Canada, England, Northern Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, France, Australia, New Zealand, Germany.....was there a connection somewhere..but as much as he thought about it, he couldn't wrestle the slightest facts from the morass of detail..save his theory that it was secret.....

Now then, suppose he sent his information to the F.B.I..what would happen?

Fandom would undoubtedly get the works.

But would it?

He could say that only FLING featured the mystic code.

Then they could say..uh huh..why not use another code in fanzines..they went all over the world without scrutiny..uh huh.....

But then, suppose..just suppose he had stumbled upon something..as it was so secret (and in fact, would never have been discovered except for an accident) that it concerned the safety of his country..would he be correct in not telling the F.B.I. even if it did endanger the free passage of fanzines..and more, just suppose it was a joke after all, what would happen to him?

Suddenly, he made up his mind. He wrote a long covering letter, explained the utter innocence of fandom, except for this one peculiar circumstance, and enclosed the eight FLING pages..and addressed the envelope to the F.B.I., Washington. He wrote a dozen letters to fans, and slipped the F.B.I. one half way down the bundle, and gave the letters to his mother to post. She'd mailed his letters many times, with but a 'tut tut' at the cash value of the postage stamps he'd put on them..she'd never notice..and what would happen next.....?

And what would Lansing say in his next editorial if it was a joke.....?

AND WHAT WOULD FANDOM SAY.....?

Elmer Lansing had the feeling as he was walking along Fifth Avenue.

That tingle in the scalp....

That almost extra-sensory perception that someone quite close was concentrating on him...

That uncanny instinct he knew he possessed, exemplified by a sudden urgency of his heart beats, almost as though his heart was trying to jump in his mouth..and the shiver in his stomach..

There was no doubt about it.

He was being followed...was under observation...

He turned down East Fourteenth towards the Hudson River side of Manhattan.. He did the block, turned down Sixth Avenue..... He stopped to look in a shop window, and he used the window as a mirror to catch a face that looked at him..or to see if someone had stopped to tie up a shoelace or a similar apparently mundane act.... HMMMMMMMM... Another sudden surge of heartbeats, but no visible clue....

Now, think.....

Why the sudden feeling now...what had gone wrong...but more, what to do?

To the right down Seventeenth Street..... That was bad...he'd started to meander.. there was no obvious reason why he should take that route..Q.E.D....he'd disobeyed a cardinal rule..he'd let Them know that he knew they were watching.....Now..the Underground.. he'd been a wow at eluding shadowers in the Underground in Moscow...where was the nearest station.....?

The van which approached him looked run down..it should have had a major overhaul.. it looked that way..yet he'd seen it at the corner of East 14th and Sixth..... It stopped, and a grey haired man lifted up the hood and peered inside...

He looked in a window..behind, a vivid scarlet taxi had stopped, and a stout man seemed to be arguing about the fare....

He walked on, every nerve tensed... They shouldn't have been following...they should have waited until his contact came..that's if they were on to him... But then, suppose they had picked up his contact..and he was to complete the catch... He passed the old van.

Two men stepped out of a doorway. They wore raincoats and trilby hats..big trilby hats, with a dark grey hat band..

He looked behind quickly..the stout man was walking towards him, and the scarlet taxi seemed to have difficulty in getting out of first gear.....Well..... The two men stepped in front of him.... They had their hands in their pockets, and the scarlet taxi drew across the road with a squeal of brakes.

One man smiled. It wasn't a nice smile.....sort of sculptured.....

The taxi's rear door opened.... "Inside, Elmer." He did as he was bid.

The two trilby hatted men got in, one on either side of him...outside, the stoutman was talking to the driver of the battered van...they didn't even look at the taxi...

"Thought you'd have made a run for it, Elmer," said one. The corner of his mouth twitched....."a sort of final fling."

The spy shrugged.

He thought, in passing.....'a final fling'.....an unconscious pun..or maybe it wasn't, but it was apt, anyway.....it suited the occasion.....he should have actually said it himself...it would have added to the occasion if he had said it...it would look good at his trial...egoboo, really, if such were warranted in the circumstances.....

He was glad it was said, anyway.....

John Berry
1961

* * * * *

H W Y L (Part 2) *

* * * * *

Elinor Busby

Thanksgiving evening we got a long distance call from New York. It was Ella Parker, and first off she warned us that we were making a tape for London. We were quite terrified at the thought of suddenly confronting all of London fandom, so we put the whole thing out of our minds and concentrated on talking to the dear Ella. She sounded so clear and real that, as Buz said later, it was hard to believe we couldn't get right in the car and go across town and SEE her again. We miss Ella, and we hope she'll run for TAFF some year soon. In the meantime, our appreciation of Scottish Womanhood is at such a height that we're looking forward eagerly to meeting Ethel Lindsay. Of course we realize that Ella and Ethel are very different personality types, but we think they are similar in some of the character traits we care about. So much for that--

Do you know what I've been doing this past week, when I should have been writing a column? I've been reading science fiction. I've been enjoying it too; perhaps the old taste for it has come back, or perhaps I've been lucky in what I've been reading.

First I read "Storm Over Warlock," by Andre Norton. This is real good from start to finish. It has a superb opening: the youth lies on a ledge above the survey camp, watching its total destruction by utterly implacable aliens, knowing that he will be the only human on the planet, with only his two wolverines for company. One's attention is grasped immediately, and is held throughout the book. It's an action story, but it's interesting action. Characterizations are satisfactory, and there are interesting aliens, as well as the utterly implacable ones.

Then I re-read "Methuselah's Children." It's still as good as ever, but it reminds me of what some woman said about "Hamlet"--'it's all full of quotations', all of which are the remarks of Lazarus Long. Lazarus Long is the complete Heinlein Hero--all other Heinlein heroes are mere echoes of him.

Then I re-read Mark Clifton's "Eight Keys to Eden." I remembered it as being interesting but unsatisfactory, and I found it to be so again. The main thing wrong with the book is that all the action is extraneous to the plot. The real plot is this: a man comes to look at a puzzle. After a while he understands it, and then he explains it to his superiors. This didn't provide action, so it's fooshed about with all kinds of very uninteresting upper-level feuding. Too bad. With a little more work, Clifton should have been able to make the understanding of the puzzle action, instead.

Then I read "Galactic Derelict," by Andre Norton. It was interesting, but not nearly as good as "Warlock." It has some improbabilities (apart from the fact it's stfantasy). For one thing, the characters, who are from so near in our future that prejudice against Indians has not yet died out, are living off food canned 12,000 years ago by aliens. You know, 12,000 years is kind of a long time. At the present moment, we don't have any canning techniques that keep food in top condition for more than a year or so. Oh oh! Stupid me! I was about to go on and say that the characters should have displayed more sense of wonder at being able to survive on this ancient food, when I suddenly realized that although canned 12,000 years before it wasn't 12,000 years old because it was brought to present time via time travel. Oh well. We always knew I wasn't a genius, didn't we? --At any rate, it is not as interesting as Warlock because there are no relationships, either friendly or antagonistic, between any of the characters.

Then I read "The Beast Master" and "Star Hunter" by Andre Norton. "Star Hunter" was pretty dull, I thought. The basic situation was interesting to me, and I wished she'd carried it through as originally set up, instead of tossing it out almost immediately and dragging in a lot of very dull aliens and inexplicable alien forces and so forth. But "Beast Master" was superb, as good as or better than "Warlock". I love animal stories anyhow, and while "Warlock" has only a pair of wolverines, "Beast Master" has a black eagle, a big cat, and a sort of a mongoose. The Beast Master is a Navajo Indian, dispossessed of culture and homeland, so that all he has left is his animals and a blood feud. He has all sorts of fairly interesting adventures, and while he doesn't get to keep his blood feud he gets better things in recompense.

And I guess I'll have to save the rest for next month. --Elinor

HARRY J. HACKER,
YOU'VE BEEN A
FAN FOR 30
YEARS



WRITING, PUBLISHING +
SAYING DEATHLESS
THINGS SINCE
1931.



ALL YOUR OLD FAN FRIENDS
HAVE LONG SINCE DIED
OR GAFIATED.



SO YOU CREATED THE "HACK AWARDS",
A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK DESIGNED BY
WILLYCK & PROSSER,
SOMETHING THAT
WOULD MAKE
THE NAME OF
HARRY J.
HACKER
REMEMBER-
ED FOREVER.



... AND NOW, WHEN A NEOFAN MEETS
HARRY J. HACKER AT A CON,
HE



... STILL ASKS,
"WHO'S HE"?



J. LES PIPER

. . . with keen blue eyes and a bicycle

I see by AXE #17 that Ted White has finally been accepted as a genuine New York type fan. Chris Moskowitz is doing the honors; she's threatening to sue him, unless he apologizes and promises to hold his breath until he turns blue. Et al.

You do all remember Ted White, don't you? He's the fella who set out to do something about his unsatisfactory Public Image: two or so years ago, Elinor told Ted Pauls that his sense of wonder had gone to hell since he got in with "bitter ol' Ted White". Wally Weber corrupted this to "bitching ol' Ted White", and Ted White himself (being nothing loath to go along with the gag) semi-adopted the tag. But just lately, Ted White felt that "bitching ol' Ted White" was not an image that really suited him. He wrote an article about this, a fine article ending with the thought that his New Image would be "Ted White, libertine and lecher". By golly, I do like the upbeat note in fannish writings, so I liked this very much indeed.

But the image did not hold up very long. In the very same FAPA mailing that carried the Image piece, who should appear but Bitching Ol' Ted White again? (Now I do not want you to be discouraged because of all these references to FAPA-- it can be shown by a little careful study that the current beef is a lineal descendant of the WSFS, Inc.-catastrophe-- but mainly, only a few of the most recent blows have been dealt within the confines of FAPA. And we will try to render these intelligible without recourse to extensive quotations. So cheer up.) Ted White threw some slams in a bit called "Hydra Country", apologized next time in the same mailing containing Sam Moskowitz's counterblast, then just recently came through with some very ambivalent remarks. That is, Ted was polite up to a point and then turned around and vented a few blasts that would have got him horsewhipped in any self-respecting pioneer town.

I took a neutral view of this entire beef. Neither Chris nor Sam Moskowitz are any more shrinking-violets than Ted White is; all these people are outspoken and are somewhat proud of it. Well and good. But each and all have overstepped the borders of propriety more than once, too. Still not too serious from my view; all these folks can take care of themselves in the clinches so why get all worked up?

But Chris went chickie like and hollered copper, and I do not think this step was warranted under the circumstances: certainly, parties had been getting nasty on both sides for some time-- that's no excuse for calling the cops when you run out of answers. I wouldn't have blamed Sam for walking into Ted's office and pasting him one upside the chops like unto Dempsey at his hungriest; I realize that the physical approach is not legally feasible these days, but the lawsuit-bit rubs me wrong nevertheless. To paraphrase Asimov: "Violence is the next-to-last refuge of the incompetent--- just before he sues you."

That's slightly exaggerated. Naturally there are cases when the law must be invoked by way of civil suits and/or criminal charges. I just don't happen to think that this is one of those cases. As a non-juror, my opinion is not at all binding, but nonetheless that's how I see it; you are of course one and all at liberty to disagree; just don't let me catch you at it or (I'll sue you?)

Regardless of personal preferences, though, attorney Stanley Seitel quotes 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lines of pica type derived from the writings of Ted White and specifies that these lines are or can be legally-actionable. And I wouldn't be too surprised but what he might be right about that, word-for-word: hell, I don't have to think that Sam or Ted either one have all the right answers, just because I like the both of them; it's equally likely that they both got rocks in their pointy heads. OK so far? But along toward the end, attorney Seitel says: "Furthermore you shall be held responsible for any repetition or recurrence of the aforementioned banalities, whatever form they may take, be it verbal gossip or direct or indirect written reference." Boy, I don't know how that strikes you, but it strikes me as an attempt to throw a legal muzzle onto any possible unfavorable reference to one side of an argument, while the other side is quite free to cut loose as indicated. It's such an effective measure in silencing an opponent that it really turns me off-- Ted might need some quieting (depending on the viewpoint) but real censorship is something else again.

Not that anyone should go around reiterating personal insult, etc, but the wording of the attorney's letter is so all-inclusive that in effect it says "Ted White, you shall not disagree with Christine Moskowitz in any way", or pretty nearly so. And that is what comes of getting the law into the act in the New York fan tradition...

It is also what comes of putting one's foot in the typer. For instance, take this parenthetical remark of Ted's re Chris: "(with her highly inaccurate articles on medical subjects)" -- anyone who has followed the brännigan (part of which was highlighted at the SeaCon fan panel) will recognize that line as Ted's assessment of Christine's two fanzine articles on peyote and mescaline, articles which were apparently written off-the-cuff from generalized medical-grapevine info that she would naturally know, but not presented as researched pieces (and refuted to quite an extent in Habakkuk 3 by Al haLevy, Ph.D. in physiology, who backed his article with 18 reference works covering 60 years and at least 4 countries). But by his loose choice of wording, Ted is in the position of having attacked the professional writing of Dr. Moskowitz as it appears, say, in Mr. Gernsback's current fact-zine; this is an item demanding retraction, as worded. Whereas it is no way libelous nor reflecting on Dr. Moskowitz' professional standing to rebut or disagree with her writings in an esoteric corner of the medical field far-removed from her own field of practice and outside her personal areas of specialization (or at least I hope the day has not arrived when the word of a professional cannot be argued or questioned or refuted for fear the pro's status will suffer if he goofed a little), written off-the-cuff for a friend's fanzine. Entirely different bucket of clams.

So much for the trials and tribulations of Bitching Ol' Ted White, Libertine, Lecher, and Apologist. Let's hope it all smooths out OK eventually, all around. It's a lot of work beating those Plowshares into swords and back again all the time.

I REMEMBER WHEN "G _ W _" always had six letters to the surname, but not any more it doesn't. George Willick, we understand, is bucking for a starring role in the Second Coming of Degler. You'll recall that he got a bit fractious last year? George's trouble seems to be that when he wants his own way he wants it so bad he can taste it, regardless of circumstances or of anyone else's wishes or rights. It would be nice if he would just relax a little more. Voluntarily, I mean. And I'm afraid that further details must be reserved for DNQac for the time being, but keep your crash hats on, just in case "all fandom" really is "turned upside down".

JOE GREEN IS A DIRTY PRO! Joe, ex-coeditor of Confusion with ShelVy and currently a Seattle Boeing man, recently made his first two pro sales within a week of each other-- one to IF and one to Ted Carnell. Needless to say, Joe's typer is really smoking these days.

BURNETT TOSKEY IS A DIRTY PRO! His new book is at the contract-signing stage following completion of the second draft. Too bad he didn't take it to Wollheim, though; I'm sure Don would have come up with a livelier title than "Modern Algebra". I understand that some sections are quite analytical, proving that Tosk has solved his old troubles with plotting.

JIM WEBBERT IS A DIRTY PRO! Soon will appear "So You Want To Be An Engineer", by Alan E Nourse with James C Webbert. Jim put in a lot of time and effort getting and checking the piles of info necessary to flesh-out this career-mapping book, and it'll be nice to see his by-line up there loud and clear.

I tell you, it's beginning to make all us Clean Amateurs feel all slothful and grasshopperish and maybe a wee bit sparked to get on the stick or something!

Finally got around to read van Vogt's "The War Against the Rull", combining parts of his 3 Rull and 2 Yevd stories from aSF. As is usual with me, I feel that a lot of the best parts of the original stories has been overly-condensed or cut out, losing more flavor than the added material can compensate. But it's not a bad book in its own right-- only by comparison with my preference for the originals.

"Why," thought Gosseyn in wonderment, "I'm at the bottom of the page!" --Buz

M I N U T E S

reported by

hon. sec.

Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE OCTOBER 19, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

President Doreen Webbert called the meeting to order in Room 4023 of the Arcade Building. The Esperanto Club had beaten the Nameless Ones out for room 3035, which was probably just as well since that seemed to be the only room one of their members (the "little man" who kept dropping in on the Nameless the previous meeting) was able to locate in the building.

Elinor Busby was not present to give An Excuse about The Book, but another lady, whose name escapes the infallible memory of your dependable SEC-Treas, offered to donate a weighty and unread tome titled, "OAHSPE." (OAHSPE describes itself as, "a new Bible in the Words of Jehovih and his Angel Embassadors." It has a $3\frac{1}{2}$ page addendum at the end by Ray Palmer.) The members offered to accept this generous offer even though it would mean a gap in future business meetings that might have to be filled by discussing something wild like science fiction.

President Doreen seemed unusually eager to get on with the business meeting, and it turned out that she had elections in mind. In fact, one got the impression that it was the election of the specific office of President that she had in mind. In the due course of events and usual Nameless election procedure, a newcomer attending his very first meeting was elected President of the club. It is not the purpose of the office of SEC-Treas to uncover plots or the underhanded methods used by other club officers, but strictly in the interests of accurate reporting it must be noted here that John Rundorff was attending his very first meeting of the Nameless Ones as a guest of Doreen's.

Gordon Eklund was reinstated in the office of Vice-President, Wally Weber was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer again on the grounds (completely false, I hasten to assure you) that the books were too fouled up by now to be handed over to anyone else, and Wally Gonser's position as Official Coffee-Maker was re-affirmed. Only the office of Official Bem caused the club any problem. There seemed to be no reasonable replacement for Kristine Pfeifer available. Ed Wyman was nominated in a half-hearted manner, but this nomination created so little enthusiasm that the matter was dropped pending future inspiration.

The meeting was eventually adjourned.

MINUTES OF THE NOVEMBER 2 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES (1961)

President John Rundorff opened the meeting at 8:30:30, and The Book was discussed under the appropriate heading of Old Business. Ex-President Doreen Webbert admitted that she had forgotten to bring The Book, otherwise known as, "OAHSPE," to the meeting.

Not having achieved much success with Old Business, President John tried for New Business, and somebody moved that the members pay their 25¢ for the room rent for a change. This motion was seconded and passed because nobody had the courage to admit they were as cheap as everyone else.

Joe Green, perhaps to justify his being able to squander money on attending Nameless meetings, announced the sale of a story to New Worlds. The story was inaccurately described by the author as being about machine type mental therapy, although any expert would tell you it is a time machine story.

Wally Gonser could have used a bit of mental therapy himself when he arrived and was outwitted by a folding chair. He finally gave up and obtained a more cooperative folding chair.

The President gave a welcoming speech to the new members, which included Rob Masters, Bill Johnson, Don Leo, and Roger Kykendahl. (Gordon Eklund's meeting announcement must have paid off.) Unfortunately elections had already been held or the club could have acquired a complete new slate of officers. Ex-President Doreen could not resist rubbing it in by remarking how much she was enjoying her first meeting as a member.

The Official Member, Steve Tolliver, informed the club that he would be leaving for the Los Angeles area before next meeting. This will leave the club officially member-

less. This frightening possibility had not occurred to the club when Steve had originally been appointed to the awe-inspiring office of Official Member.

The President mentioned that he was working on a script for Orson Wells' "War of the Worlds." The Nameless Ones apparently is undergoing a major crisis. One of its members sells a science fiction story to a prozine, the Official Member makes plans to leave town, and now the President turns out to be writing scripts for that crazy Buck Rogers stuff.

Juanita Green invited the club to hold its November 30 meeting at her place before Joe knew what she was up to. The idea met with almost unanimous club approval, there being but one individual who seemed to see any disadvantage to holding the meeting at the Greens.

A recess was called at 8:54:45 to await the arrival of the Sec-Treas. Jim Webbert and Wally Weber straggled in finally, and Jim proved his mastery over any physical object by effortlessly unfolding the very chair that had defied Wally Gonser. Doreen attempted to equal this achievement by constructing and test-flying a paper airplane. Jim observed the short, catastrophic test flight and announced, "You have just flunked your course in aeronautical engineering." Later tests were more successful, however (see cover).

The meeting was reopened at 9:11:00 so that the SEC-Treas could be reprimanded for not having prepared a report, and Wally Gonser could read the minutes of the first half of the meeting for the benefit of late arrivers.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:23:50.

MINUTES OF THE NOVEMBER 16, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Faithful President John Rundorff called the meeting to order in room 4023 of the Arcade Building at 8:23:50 or 8:31:04, depending on the correct time. The Official Member was there despite his announcement at the previous meeting, and he was put to work taking notes for the absent SEC-Treas. Any inaccuracies in these minutes are therefore the fault of Steve Tolliver, wherever he may be.

Dr. Toskey was present, and his curious, scientifically trained mind (i.e., he is nosey) led him to inquire into the nature of a bulky package that everyone else seemed to have forgotten. It turned out to be The Book, "OAHSE," rather than the food Dr. Toskey had no doubt been hoping for. He relieved his disappointment by doing calculations on his pitiful teachers salary, which amounts to a meagre \$16.67 per hour, and brooding over the fact that he only gets four months vacation each year.

Juanita Green discussed her mad plan to have the club meeting November 30 at her place while Joe thought his own quiet thoughts. "Bring Your Own Bottle" applied to everyone except the Sec-Treas, whose milk would be provided in rationed amounts to prevent him from getting too wild (a completely unnecessary measure based on outrageous rumors, I might add).

Joe Green changed the subject by moving that 30 minutes be set aside in each meeting for discussion on a topic chosen the meeting before. This was passed in the usual Nameless manner, and a discussion followed on what the topic for the December 7 meeting should be. Ignoring Pearl Harbor completely, the members hit upon the remarkable plan of discussing a prozine. A quick survey among the 11 persons present revealed that 9 read Analog, 6 read F&SF, 7 read Galaxy, 5 read Amazing, 7 read If, 5½ read Fantastic (don't blame me -- I told you Steve took these notes), 3½ read New Worlds, 1 read Science Fantasy, and 1 read Science Adventures. The motion to discuss Analog at the December 7 meeting was carried with Wally Gonser and Dr. Toskey abstaining.

The meeting was recessed at 8:49:30 and reconvened at 9:42:00 so that the minutes could be read and approved. Even the Treasurer's report was acknowledged.

Joe Green announced that he had sold a story to If. Although he did not fully describe the nature of the story, it is no doubt a time machine story since he is known to be a one-plot author.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:56:10 so that everyone could go to the Dutch Kitchen for banana splits.

Most Hon SEC-Treas Wally Weber

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* * * * * Terry Carr * * * * *

Not too long ago I changed addresses again, and in the process of getting settled into the new apartment I applied for a phone. Now, in New York at least there is a horrendous charge for the installation of a new phone, but they don't charge you if you've had a phone before and are just sort of transferring. I told them that I had had a phone in Berkeley and gave them the number there (THornwall 1-0400, as many Berkeley fan-visitors can testify); they said they'd check my account and I undoubtedly could bypass the installation charge.

About a week later I went down to Towner Hall, and Ted told me that I'd had a call from a Miss Arbuckle or something at the phone company, and handed me a piece of paper with a number and an extension to call. So I did. I sort of wondered why they'd called me c/o Ted, whose number I'd given them as a temporary number until my phone was installed. By this time my phone had been installed. But I chalked it up to the telephone company's usual efficiency.

Somebody answered my call, and I said, "Extension 32B, please." There was a great whirring and clicking and somebody else answered the phone. "Miss Arbuckle, please," I said.

"Who?" said the voice.

"..er..Miss Arbuckle, or something like that. She called me this morning and I wasn't here but the fellow who took the message said her name was something like Miss Arbuckle. It might be Arbogast. Or Harbinger. Something like that, anyway." I felt that this was an admirably concise statement of the situation.

There was a brief lull, during which I could hear the young lady at the other end breathing very regularly.

Then she said, "Well, do you know why she called you, sir?"

"It was probably in reference to the phone I just had installed."

"I see. And what is your phone number?"

"You mean the number of the phone I had installed, or the one I'm calling from?"

"The telephone which was installed."

"WAtkins 4-3069."

"Oh, you're a WAtkins 4 exchange. Then you want Extension 37X." I tried to protest that 32B was the extension number which had been given to me, but again there was a great clicking and whirring and a voice saying, "Please give this call to Extension 37X," and another saying, "All right," and more whirring and clicking and a general to-do, and finally a brand new voice said, "37X."

"May I speak to Miss Arbuckle?" I said. I knew it was no use.

"Who?"

"Miss Arbuckle, or Arbogast, or maybe Harbinger or Argyle. I'm not sure of the name, but she called me this morning when I wasn't here and someone took the message to call her back, whatever her name was. They gave me a different extension number, but when I called that extension they transferred me to you. It's probably about a new phone I had installed. I'm not too sure."

"Why were you transferred to this extension?"

"Apparently because the number of my phone is WAtkins 4-3069."

"I see," she said. Then she breathed for awhile. Finally, she said, "I can't think of anyone in this office by any of those names. Can you give me a better idea of why she was calling you?"

"Well, when I applied for the phone I listed a Berkeley number as a reference, because I'd had a phone before."

"In Brooklyn?"

"No no, in Berkeley. Berkeley, California. I had a phone there, and I told them about it so that I wouldn't have to pay an installation charge here. They said they'd check on it, just to make sure; possibly there was some confusion because I just sent off my final payment to the Berkeley office last week, but I sent it airmail--"

"Oh, well then you did want a different extension." I opened my mouth to say some-

thing (though I hadn't the slightest idea what I was going to say), but there was another whirring and clicking and she said, "Please transfer this call to Extension 32B," and the switchboard operator said, "All right," and after more clicking the first voice that I'd talked to said hello to me.

"Hi," I said. "It's me again. Extension 37X said I should talk to you after all. I'm the fellow who was calling Miss Arbuckle or whoever she is."

"But there's no Miss Arbuckle in this office," she said. "Or anyone with a name that starts with an A, for that matter. Have you any idea why you were transferred back to this extension?"

"Well, it happened when I told them that I'd listed a previous phone in Berkeley, California. They were going to check on that, and possibly there was some confusion there." I stopped, but she didn't say anything. "I mean, there might have been some confusion," I said lamely.

"And you say the phone you had installed is a Watkins 4 exchange?"

"Yes."

"Well then it seems to me you should be dealing with Extension 37X. This is all very strange." I opened my mouth and there was another whirring and clicking; I began to wonder irrationally if I might be a robot. "Please give this call to Extension 37X," she said.

The switchboard operator said, "All right," and there was some more clicking and she said, "Boy, they're sure bouncing you around, aren't they?" I liked her.

"Extension 37X. Hello."

"Hello again. Extension 32B insists I should be talking to you."

This time she sounded irritated. "I don't see how that can be," she said. "Will you hold the line for a moment?" There was one click and then silence on the line. I held the phone to my ear, wishing that I could hear the phone conversation that was obviously going on between 37X and 32B on some other line. It lasted for awhile.

Eventually there was another click and 32B said, "What was the name of the person you were calling again, sir?"

"Miss Arbuckle," I said. "Or something like that. Do you have anyone in your office with a name anything like that?"

There was a silence, and then she said, "Well, we do have a Mrs. Farbuck. I'll ask her." There was a muttered conversation and then the voice came back on. "Yes, apparently you wanted to speak to Mrs. Farburk. However, she is out to lunch right now. What is your number?"

"Watkins 4-3069," I said. "Or do you mean the number I'm calling from? That's Watkins 4-6137."

"Thank you. I'll have Mrs. Farburk call you when she returns from her lunch hour."

So I hung up and forgot about it. A little later Avram Davidson dropped by, and I sat around talking with him and Ted White and Andy Main. I told them all about what had happened. Andy said that it certainly was a wonderful thing.

Then the phone rang, and I answered it.

"Mr. Carr?"

"Yes."

"This is the New York Telephone Company. I'm afraid I've asked Mrs. Farburk about why she called you this morning, and she has no idea. She got out your file and said there would have been no reason for her to call you. We're sorry to have caused you this inconvenience."

"That's all right," I said. "I hope Mrs. Farburk feels better soon." I hung up.

Half an hour later the phone rang again.

"Hello--Mr. Carr? This is Mrs. Farburk at the New York Telephone Company. I tried to get in touch with you this morning, but you weren't in at the time."

All this clicked into place in my robot's mind and I decided I didn't want to go all the way through it again. "I meant to return your call, but I forgot," I said.

"Well, Mr. Carr, we inquired with the Berkeley office about the telephone number that you listed there, and it seems they have no such listing. Was the number THornwall 1-0400?"

"Yes it was. But of course this was a couple of months ago that I had that number; conceivably it could be out of service right now."

"I'm afraid that there is no THornwall 1 exchange in Berkeley, California. That exchange was cancelled about a year ago."

"But that's fantastic," I said. "I had that phone number up until July of this year. It really existed. And it worked, honest it did. I got calls at that number constantly. There must be some mistake; could you check it again? I mean, that's fantastic."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I have before me right now a list of all the exchanges in the country, and there is no TH 1 in service anywhere. The list was published in June of this year."

"But that's fantastic."

"I'm sorry, sir."

I thought for a moment, and finally I said forcefully, "But that's fantastic. Look, a friend of mine from Berkeley is here, he's just moved here, and he still has his list of phone numbers from Berkeley; I'll have him check it in case I'm remembering the wrong number." I asked Andy Main to check it, and he did. I had the number right.

"No," I said into the phone, "that was the number. Are you absolutely positive there's no such exchange?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"This is New York, New York, in the United States, isn't it? September 1961? John F. Kennedy is president and Robert Wagner is mayor?"

She laughed. "Yes, sir."

"But you're telling me I don't exist!" I said.

Avram Davidson, who'd been listening with the rest of them to my end of the conversation, said to Ted, "Say, what's that blur over there by the phone? It looks a little bit like somebody with a beard, but it isn't very distinct. And it's fading."

Ted peered at me. "There's nothing there," he said with finality. "That's just a hairy mouthpiece."

"Operator, there really was such a phone, and I had it!" I said frantically.

"Well, we'll check it again, but I don't think it will do any good." She hung up.

So I talked to the others about it, and Ted suggested that I call Berkeley Information myself. I did so.

After three thousand miles of whirring and clicking I got Berkeley Information.

"Hello," I said. "Tell me, do you have a THornwall 1 exchange in Berkeley?"

"Pardon me, sir?"

"Is there a THornwall 1 exchange in Berkeley?"

"Yes, there is," she said.

So I explained as briefly as possible what had been happening. "They say there was no such number and in fact no such exchange," I concluded.

"But that's fantastic," she said. "Of course there is. I have a Berkeley phonebook in front of me now, and I see three, four, five...oh, a lot of THornwall 1 numbers."

"Well," I said, "would it be possible for you to call the New York office, Extension 32B, and talk to Mrs. Farburk and tell her that?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir, I couldn't do that."

"You couldn't do that."

"No, sir. That's entirely out of my jurisdiction."

"Well, is there anyone else out there I could talk to who might be able to help me? Someone higher up, perhaps?"

"Well, I could give you the Information Supervisor, if you want to give it a whirl."

"Yes, please."

More whirring and clicking.

"Information Supervisor. May I help you?"

I explained the situation. "You do have a THornwall 1 exchange in Berkeley, don't you? And I'll bet if you check your listings for June 1961 you'll find one for Terry Carr at 1818 Hearst Avenue, the number being THornwall 1-0400."

There was a faint rustling of pages, and she said, "Yes, sir, I do find that listing."

"Well, could you call the New York office and tell them about it? These poor people

here are terribly confused."

She paused, and then sighed and said, "All right, I'll do that." So I gave her Mrs. Farburk's name and extension and she said she'd call that afternoon.

"When you talk to her," I said, "tell her that it's too bad the Yankees lost the pennant to the Dodgers this year." I hung up.

The next day Mrs. Farburk called me.

"Mr. Carr," she said, "we rechecked on your Berkeley phone and found that we made a mistake. There certainly is such a listing in Berkeley, and I'm terribly sorry for any trouble we may have caused you."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "It was fun."

--Terry Carr

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 * H W Y L (Part 1) Elinor Busby *

CRY 154 -- Cotr pinned

Harry Warner: I hate to admit this to you and Tom (fellow-members of Cry of the Readers Julie Harris Fan Club) but Our Heroine was on the teevee two nights ago in "Victoria Regina" and I didn't watch it. Joe and Juanita Green were having a party to celebrate having five Thursdays in November, and of course we couldn't miss that. We had a fine time, which quite made up for no Harris. Next day the tv critic said that Julie Harris had been enchanting in spots, but badly miscast. I can well imagine it. Queen Victoria was rather a plonking woman, and I think Julie could do almost anything better than she could plonk.

Phil Harrell: Well! I talked to you on the phone just a few weeks ago. --Folks, Phil is a pleasant person to talk to on the phone, and has a nice accent: southern, but not too corn pone. --Phil, we were flabbergasted to get your call, but were even more flabbergasted (if possible) on Thanksgiving evening.

Nancy Shriner: Hyperspace is a Literary Device, so that people can go thru space and get there quickly, and have adventures on planets with different physical characteristics than occur in our solar system. You don't have to understand it, anymore than you have to understand why the Wicked Witch of the North turned into wet gingerbread when Dorothy threw a bucket of water on her.

Donald A. Wollheim: Don, you keep talking as if you wanted CRY to fold! Are you trying to give us feelings of rejection or something?

You will be pleased to hear that the reason I have not got more in this CRY is that I have been reading ACE books all week.

Avram Davidson: Boz is a lovely name for a cat, but by now aren't you tired of people asking you if you aren't afraid he'll turn out to be a veritable Dickens?

Tom Purdom: We envy you the pleasure of seeing Julie Harris in person. But what do you mean saying that she is 'far from pretty'? No, no, we can't agree. She's not lusciously pretty like Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren, but (quite apart from her fire and elegance) she has very nice bones.

Wrai Ballard: At long last a CRY letterhack! May you never look back.

Bob Lichtman: I think the reason why I didn't send you a CRY 152 (if I didn't, and I probably didn't) is that I thought you were incommunicado at the time. I'm tremendously pleased that all is well with you now.

Es Adams: Write, boy. Or send money. * * * * * ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF!

CRY OF THE READERS

AVRAM DAVIDSON AND HIS CRYPTIC MESSAGE

410 West 110th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

Dear CRYcrowders:

date? date? day after Election Day, /61

Today's mail started off, I confess, with a bit of a jolt, chaps. A postcard from Poul Anderson, from whom I was not in particular expecting a postcard, with the following cryptic message: Erratum: The "Bixemad" must contain enough soy sauce to make the whole thing light brown... This is it, I said to myself, bleakly. It's finally happened. He's flipped. Completely. Round the bend. Too much involvement with the Original Old Middle High Ethnic, night after night, pouring over those translations. That'll do it. "Bixemad", indeed. It wasn't until (tears pouring down my cheeks) I sorted through the rest of the mail that I saw there was a letter from Poul, too. "Ruthlessly I ripped to read" (--Snorri Snulbug, c.13th C.). Relief poured over me in great waves. What it was, it was a recipe. Poul was sending me a recipe for the Peasant Cooking book. Bixemad, for the rest of you clods, is simply Sjömansbiff with a Dansk accent. "No garlic or herbs," Poul warns, sternly, "if you want it to be authentic." Well, we do, gorsh, we sure do; in fact, we shall insist that nothing but genuine imported Danish soy sauce be used.

All right, the rest of you slobs who haven't sent us any recipes, what's your excuse?

Harry Warner says "The Japanese letters are even more surprising from phrase to phrase than those of Avram Davidson..." Well, I'm sure I can't think why. I could never write a line without at my elbow stands a copy of The Itchi-Bitchi-Nitchi-Nitchi Complete Retter Writer For Engrish and Jahanese Occasion. No one who ever intends the indispensable courtesy of leaving a note for his concubine before jumping off Mount Fuji, or a polite hint to the grocer that the last consignment of pickled radish was far from being up to par--let alone write letters to CRY--can dare be for long without this essential little volume. Price 10 sen (cloth, 80).

Delightful cartoon following HWjr's letter: guy in propeller beanie addressing Japan Science Fiction Club, and saying, "And we'll take over CRY or my name isn't Claude Degler."

Watch out, Fandom: we're being got at.

Inasmuch as Les Nirenberg has let the cat out of the bag, I may as well keep no longer silent, but take a little wine for my stomach's sake, and for mine often infirmities...er, no, that's the wrong line. I mean, like where he says that Ella Parker "sounds like a Lady Bookie...Or one of those guys who sells stuff on the open air market in London." The truth of the matter, which it can no longer be denied, is that Ella Parker is really Prince Monolulu. I knew it the minute I asked her how she planned to get Upstate to the Kyles, and she replied, "I've got a horse!" and automatically held up her hand as if a race-card (tip-sheet to You Yanks) were in it. Greatest black-face make-up artist in the UK, is Ella.

Lawrence Crilly (age 17)'s suggestion that I be black-balled just for cancelling an appearance at ESFA, I pass over in cold s.

For years the Friends of Avram Davidson (Pty.) have been asking themselves in vain, What is the adjective, The Adjective, which we need it to describe the essential Avramness of his letters? And now Nancy Shriner comes up with it in her artless little screed from Tishomingo, Indian Territory (formerly, Hobart, Oklahoma). The word is "spellbingling". She said my letter was spellbingling. I treasure that more than Ivory or Emerald. It even puts in the shade that she thinks I seem like a nice man. I am a nice man, Nancy (too nice for my own good, he said, darkly), but what is more important is that I am spellbingling. Nan, you kin come and ruffle mah whiskers any day you please. Just one little point. How is it that you "buy all /my/ books", like you say, when--owing to a diabolical conspiracy in Publisher's Row, slightly assisted by my having contracted this rare and little-known tropical disease extremely debilitating in nature which prevents my completing the two books I'm contracted to write; and besides, I spent the advances--none of my books have yet been published? Can it be that Hobart, Oklahoma, exists in a parallel universe, one in which Avram Davidson books can be picked up at any drugstore as easily as if they were copies of Fanny Hill? The concept is fascinating. In fact, it's spellbingling.

Donald Wollheim (a pseudonym of Robert Silverberg) says he finds it hard to see how he (meaning me) combines his (my) terrific catholic erudition with his (my) life of fanatic

religious devotion... Well, Don, it isn't easy. I got to admit that. Why, many's the night I come home from burning a heretic or bombing a Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit-Predestinarian Baptist Church (deny Free Will, freely, will they, the dogs? Gimme nother smear a that gelignite, Clem) so plum tuckered out that I can scarcely get through my ten pages of the Five Foot Shelf. We terrifically catholic erudite fanatic religious devotees have our work cut out for us, leave me tell you. In fack, next Monday night I gots to read twenty pages, stidda the usual ten, cuz on Tuesday night, real big job! Gunna stone some dirty athieiss editor lives over in Forest Hills. Name of Woolholm, or sumpthin like that.

As to Don's contention that I won't go to Heaven, that, of course, remains a moot point. (I'm very particular about my moot points. I buy them from a little Jewish man who has a store down on Canal Street, who makes them himself. He learned mootpointing in the Old Country, and it is rather sad to think that, owing to the high cost of moots and the refusal of apprentices to toil 18 hours a day in the stone-cold blast furnaces which the art requires, that this fine and lovely old craft will soon be a thing of the past; but that's progress, eh, fellows? and I'm sure we wouldn't want it any other way, would we?) I can, however, suggest one way for Don to get to Heaven (capital H, kid), (and thanks, by the way, for the small "c" in "catholic", up there. Things being the way they are, the Pope has enough to worry about), which is for Ace Books to bring out a collection of those "wonderful stories" he was wondering when I find time to write.

Gee, this letter seems to be mostly about me, doesn't it? Let's talk about you.

What did you think of my last story? I am catching up on my personal meetings of fans, all of whom seem to be fan-publishers--are there any other kind?--have met Andy Main, Terry Carr, Pete Graham, Steve Stiles and Boyd Raeburn. Not yet met despite Desperate Attempts: Richard Bergeron. Re-met, after a year's not-seeing, Andy Reiss, whose mordant wit and vorpal pencil are even better than ever. Spent several hours last Sat. night in the Caffè Cino (31 Cornelia St., Adv.) with the Whites, Les Gerber, and the two Andys (Andies? Andes? Halp!). The Whites and Gerber pooped out presently, Your Servant to Command and Reiss and Main stayed on. And on. And on. The reason may have been the presence at an adjacent table of a striking-looking girl, apparently unattached. Our attempts to out-wait one another came to nought when the girl got up and walked out with the waiter, a tiny, slim, soft-spoken boy with hair down to his shoulders. Oh, you meet all kinds in Greenwich Villich. But the time was not a complete waste. I asked one old time Villager (he is such an old timer he knew Pres. Harding's mistress) if he knew Thomas Wolfe when W was living there. "Thomas Wolfe," he said. "Name sounds familiar..." Another old timer said, "You know--the great big guy who lived at the Chelsea and drank so much." "Oh, yeah...I thought I knew the name."

Thanks, Elinor, for recommending Pelegrini's UNPREDJUDICED PALATE. I'll look around for it. However, it looks from here & now that all I'm going to be able to publish is something called A BOOK OF ALIBIS FOR NOT SENDING RECIPES FOR A PEASANT COOKBOOK.

I had intended, for tonight, to treat myself to a lecture at the Italian Information Center, entituled "The Prehistoric Saharan Art and Culture in the Light of Discoveries in the Acacus Massif (Libyan Sahara)"; but the Ellisons blew into town, and I have some tape recordings to make and, well, so I'll have to wait till the next time I meet Sprague de Camp to find out what was Discovered in the Acacus Massif.

I seemed to detect, in ww's miniscule mutterings, stuck into my last letter like a roach in a Russian sugar-bun, some hint that my letters have been too long. Stung to the quick (and my quick has been particularly sensitive to stings since I stepped on a yellow-jackets' nest as a boy) by this crude canard, I hasten to sign out.

Frantishly farewell,

Avram

PS. A most mysterious bluky (that was meant for "bulky", but "bluky" is more spellbingling) envelope arrived here a fortnit ago. It contained, not a MS nor yet a wad of banknotes, but a bran-new pair of gemmens elastic nylon sox, grey, with cable-stitch. Now it happens that I wear only elastic nylon sox, but the envelope was from Boston, sender's name illegible, address unfamiliar to me. The only people I know in B. are my ex-Btn surgeon and the Titular Grand Rabbi, neither of whom are likely to send me sox. I near went out of my mind. Few nights ago I mentioned this to Ted (Loveable, former Bitching) White, who

promptly said, "Probably Alma Hill." At once the lightning struck! Of COURSE--my letter in previous CRY, where I said that all that kept me from rushing to MIT, where Alma is Earth Mother to the femmefrosh, was that I didn't at that mo. have my sox on... Well, Alma, she called my bluff. Yes mayum. The only thing I can say, Alma, is that the only thing which now keeps me from rushing to MIT is that I don't have the money... I mean, yes, I'm wearing the sox, but you don't expect me to walk there--do ya?

Spellbinglingly yours,

BETTY KUJAWA DEFENDS "ANYHOO"

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear Wolly;

Saturday, November 11, 1961

WHERE is page twenty-two? What fascinating fans wrote fascinating things on page 22?? For all I know there were startling revelations that shook fandom--perhaps, sob, even a letter from Ella! Ah me and oh well.

My compliments to Helen Hendrickson on this CRY cover--it is stunning..mayhaps I am a square and don't go in for modern art in a general way, but this I found most attractive. Where has she studied? (for studied she has...no?)

You know I am beginning to feel that THE INTERLOPER is just about the best Berry fiction I've read--it hits me just the right way--and am anxious to read the final part.

In case you-all didn't know the latest--and it seems you don't--have heard from Ella --she is midwifeing at the Kyles at the present. Brother Fred (Parker) tells me that she has done this before--how come the Britifen never done told us about this side-line of Ella's?? Anyway (note that, Elinor) she writes that, barring bombs, she will be at the Philcon! And I wish I were going too.

Like I could go on for pages about.. 'are fans square'? This is how I see it----fans, in the main, are square (Though we should first agree on a common definition of that word, I suspect). Predominantly, fans come from the middle class..from the middle income..from the middle educated (take a survey and see how many have college educations)..and from the middle browed.

Most any group (am speaking about stateside fen, remember) in America would be termed the same--barring a yachtsmens club or a polo league. Dig?? Hence we is in the main a buncha squares. Now MZBs definition I cannot go along with--here is why--there are 'active' squares--take the organized, oh so peppy, Liberace Fan Clubs...or those kind of folks who flock to Dale Carnegie courses..the type who go in for lessons at Arthur Murrays ---surely these by our standards are a bit square...and obviously quite active in their pursuits--also the Elks, DARs, Moose, Lions--and on and on and on. I don't see them as 'passive', do you?

I agree most fully Elinor about the non-square really not having time to know all about this and that. As you, I suspect far too many have only a surface knowledge and the language to 'talk a good game' and underneath are far more rigid and set than others.

And now I must protest--but in a mild and friendly-like way about the term 'anyhoo'. I have two points to make---

1.) As many of you adore or relish certain terms from the Tolkien sagas I have a deep affection for the term 'anyhoo'..because it was part of the language used on a VERY beloved radio show called "Vic and Sade"--perhaps Redd Boggs can back me up on this? 'Vic' used it--aaah me.

2.) The reason Vic used it is because it is a true native term of my part of America. And long before Gracie came to radio, I believe. This is part of the patois of my city, my township and my county--and can be heard as far north as Benton Harbor in Michigan. Part of the local dialect, Elinor..and as such I use it. And will use it in time to come, Tuts curse notwithstanding. Won't put it back into a box--if we begin to ask each other to abstain from this word or that word or this term or that term where do we end up?

Ah Buz--you and your Deringers--when you, ahem, 'move up' to shot guns and skeet, lemme know. And a hearty amen to all you had to say about gun handling and precautions. I know about 3 or 4 boys here who lost an eye in childhood with unloaded or slipshod handling of guns-- and 2 that died of same.

Harry Warner, Junior.....You are joshing me with this legend of Pope Joan, no?? I'll take it as that, anyway. Recently (in the last 2 years) a fascinating book was pubbed about this quaint tale. It is just a legend, Harry. Not that it doesn't amuse and tickle me greatly, but you as a well read man and a reporter surely knew it for what it was? Supposedly she gave birth to a baby (what else!) either at her coronation or at some High Function later on---an interesting tale, but only that.

Buck Coulson....Nope, never pictured you and Juanita as 'liberal Bohemians'--matter of fact, heh heh, being a city gal (over 150,000 population) from the north of the Great State of Indiana I always picture you two as Hoosier Hicks. That's how I think of you--rustics out in the hinterlands (Juanita, to me Anderson is a quaint Hoosier village right out of Herb Shriner)..couple of hayseeds from way back. This is prejudice in its rawest form--this is croggling intolerance...this is the way we effete northerners in the Mighty Cities look upon you--down-on-the-farm folk. (wanna come up and stage a sit-in demonstration?)

With luv to you all--even Wally, who is, when you think of it, a good boy and means well--in the words of Wrai Ballard a slip of a boy who appeals to a womans protective instincts.

Your Betty

STEVE STILES SAW AVRAM FOR FREE

1809 Second Ave., New York 28, New York

Dear Crygang,

Nov. 7, 1961

I've taken a little rest-respite from the good old Cry, but I've returned, yea, here I am. I'll bet nobody noticed I was gone.....the rotten, stinkin ingrates.

The first thing to excite me was the cover of #154, which was -- as fine art goes -- just good, but as far as typical fan art goes it was highly imaginative. It is quite similar to the spacial arrangement we are doing at Visual Arts-- or rather arrangements: we do some 30 per week. The black area against the whites could've perhaps been better had it been a size smaller, but that's just my own taste.

Perhaps I was a bit unfair to hint that fanart lacks imagination; upon reconsideration I must admit I've seen some tremendously stimulating stuff---quite a bit of it coming out of N.Y. I guess I was thinking of the Yandro type of work..... (there, Ted White---I've finally said it aloud in a fanzine!) First Betty calls Buck and Juanita hayseeds and now you call Yandro's artwork unimaginative. The Coulsons might break off diplomatic relations with CRY and plunge all of fandom into war. If you don't care about fans, at least you might give a thought to the poor unsuspecting mundanes who don't think there is anything more to worry about than nuclear warfare. --www/

I'd like to see more by Hindrickson; possibly a portfolio.

Berry's serial was good, but rather predictable. I'd give the climax away, but I'm not that kind of a sadist.

Elinor: Ever hear of "anyhoooha"?

I see that everyone is talking about Ella Parker--blah,blah,blah--all about her. How conformist can you get? I mean like, it gets to be a real drag after a while.

By the bye, I met Ella Parker. I actually left Manhattan to do so, too--it was a fantastic experience; getting lost in the Bronx. (or was it Brooklyn?) When I staggered into the Fanoclast meeting, my ordeal must have addled my brains, for I introduced myself as "I'm the one who started the bit about your age". It was then, when she said "Yes, you did, didn't you?", and hinted that she'd settle accounts, that I realized my horrible error. Futilely I tried to stay out of arms reach, but to no avail; she was like an avenging angel, closing in, closing in---and then, in an unguarded moment: POW!!!

But, kidding aside, I found Ella to be a very engaging person, and also very likeable. I shall have to subscribe to her fanzine--the supreme compliment.

Ah, the Philcon. I lay awake nights, staring up at the ceiling, thinking about the glorious, glorious Philcon. It is my first two day out of town convention; does this make me a BNF? But, man, I can hardly wait to engage in con activities; putting signs on people's seats, saying "DAVE KYLE SAYS YOU CAN'T SIT HERE", and on johns, saying....., and the thrill of sleeping on some stranger's floor, and throwing water balloons out windows, and..... Goshwow.

Es, baby!!!---Welcome back, pops. Now maybe the Cry can come back to its full glory.

Poor old Larry Crilly. I got to see Avram Davidson for FREE, without even attending an ESFA meeting. I was just sitting in Towner Hall, stencilling an Avram Davidson story illo, complete with my idea of what Avram Davidson looks like, when in walks...ROBERT KROLAK and TOM CONROY!!!!later Avram Davidson walked in.....we discussed highly controversial subjects, like whether or not my dots were influenced by Finlay's dots, and whether or not Donald Duck is a Jew..ver elevating.... (and it seems that Donald's real name is Drake!)

Best, or Something,

Steve

HARRY WARNER JR. MEETS THE ELLA PARKER

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

November 23, 1961

Ella Parker wanted to come to my hotel room at the Philcon. But when I explained that the new issue of Cry, which I'd brought along to Philadelphia, was not permitted to leave my room, she just let me tell her about its excellencies, assuming that there would be a copy in New York which she could read after the Philcon. There was a certain sensation at the Philcon that I was hearing a Cry of the Readers in living sound, instead of attending a science fiction conference. There were the voices and the stereophonic bodies of regulars like Ella, Tom Purdom, Avram Davidson, Gary Deindorfer, and goodness knows who else. Tom frightened me to death. He looks exactly like my boss. It was with quite different emotions--those of delight and awe--that I discovered that Avram talks exactly as he writes. I hope that he thinks in the same way that he writes and talks, because he must be a most entertaining companion for himself if he does.

I read this issue on the bus to Philadelphia. My eyes are not ordinarily compared with a pinball machine, but they lighted up in an excellent counterfeit of that mechanism when they spotted the mention of Anne Walker's story on Page Three. I have begun to read the prozines again sporadically and this was the first time I'd known what any reviewer was talking about in a fanzine's prozine mention in a year or more. I couldn't agree more heartily with the general opinion of the F&SF story, although I never got to the ending: I found it as absolutely unreadable as an arrangement of Die Meistersinger for two piccolos would be unlistenable.

Now that this neurosis has developed about Tom Purdom, I can't criticize his fanzine contributions for fear of getting fired. Fortunately I agree with most of the things in this one. I think there is still much opportunity for authors to do a new and good job of using old, familiar plot devices in new stories. A major part of VOR, for instance, consisted of an account of the difficulties of establishing communication between the earth men and the alien visitor. It was done so thoughtfully and logically that the reader forgot that this very same process had been a part of the events described in ten thousand previous stories about the first visit to earth by aliens.

It is a wonderful thing, how all my best friends in fandom are gun enthusiasts and I can still hold out in my proud and lonely hatred and fear of firearms. I gave away the only thing in the house more violent than an air rifle, a .22 rifle, about a year ago, on the theory that I wouldn't be able to remember where it was, even if I did find myself in a situation that made it advisable to have a gun. I'd give away the air rifle if I didn't think it might come in handy some day as a prop for photography; it looks almost like a real gun. I don't want dangerous weapons around me because I might lose my temper and shoot someone or someone might lose his temper and shoot me. I think that the world has changed too much for the armed citizenry to be the valuable thing in preserving the American way of life that it was in the 18th and 19th centuries.

The minutes are another manifestation of the compulsive obsession to write fan history that has come over all fandom since I announced my project. Two or three years from now, the complete history of fandom up to the present will have been published in various fanzines, and all some anthologist will need to do is to gather up the scattered sections and bring them together in one volume in proper chronological order. He will hesitate to do so for fear of conflicting with my history, and then I shall spring my great surprise. It'll

be just like the ending to a story in the old Astounding when I reveal that I never did any fan history research and never intended to write a history, but merely announced such matters to touch off the fan history binge among all the other fans.

In the letter column, I agree with Lawrence Crilly to some extent: "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." If I thought fans were writing with the same degree of quality as the pros these days, I'd say that the Forrys weren't worth the trouble. Fortunately, fan writing has forged ahead of pro writing in quality, and I'm quite sure that there will not be any difficulty in finding candidates for Forrys as there has been with the Hugos from time to time. Bob Coulson might be even more double-taken if he knew that I apparently was the organized fan on that panel at Philadelphia. I'm sure I'm not a pro any more and I don't read science fiction that much. The funny thing was that I didn't feel organized at all. I didn't even act organized, because I got up there with no questions written down in the form of notes and only two of the things rattling around in my mind, and I wondered if this was to be the first time in fandom that a panelist couldn't think of questions to ask. ~~My boss~~ Tom Purdom didn't keep Julie Harris in Philadelphia long enough for me to see her new play, but I consoled myself with a record of dramatic fragments in which she is a participant and an evening at the Academy of Music instead. Wrai Ballard's meeting with Ella Parker on the train is quite similar to mine. When I went to meet Ella at the bus in Hagerstown, I spotted her coming through the terminal, and just as I got close to her she ducked into the women's rest room. I waited outside and every time she stuck her head out after that I rushed up to greet her and she dived inside again. Fortunately it was during one of her absences that I overheard the woman outside telling the taxi driver in a determined voice that she was going to let him take her to 423 Summit Avenue to see why she hadn't been met at the terminal. There was an even odder double twist in Philadelphia. When I checked in, the porter took the bags of me and this woman up at the same time, since we'd been given adjoining rooms and he asked a question in the elevator of Mrs. Sanderson and I was just about to jump all over her when she replied in a definitely American accent so I realized that this wasn't Joy after all and I would have had to explain fandom to a mundane type if I'd greeted her. So the next day Mrs. Sanderson turns up at the Philcon and behold she is Sue Sanderson, a fan from Carlisle, Pa., who might be a 32nd cousin of the British Sandersons who were also on hand by that time.

Who is Surprise and why did he want to get to the letter column and why did he wait until the last page to do so?

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

/Cleverly ignoring Harry, I shall divert your attention by inserting an excerpt from the Busbys' private mail, which I always read when they're not looking. --www/

ELLA PARKER DOESN'T READ CRY (much)

New York

Darling Buz&Elinor:

Nov. 22nd. '61.

Some time last week I was over at Staten Island to the Shaws and, what do you know, there was an issue of CRY just out: L#154 it was. This makes the second you've issued since the Con and me not home yet. Don't you think you should slow down and give me a chance to catch up? In spite of what Avram (isn't he a darling?) says, I only managed to get a quick glance thru to see what items there were in #153 the night I went to his place for a 'cuppa'. This time I read at least page 3 plus the letters in #154 to keep in touch with what is being talked about. I haven't had time to do justice to a CRY since I saw you but, just wait until I get home. The reason you lost touch with me, by the way, apart from my not writing, was, that I went to Potsdam on schedule and, by rights, should have reached home by now but, some clot who wishes to remain anonymous sent me the necessary to enable me to stay on for the Philicon. In the face of a gesture like that, what could I do? That's right, I stayed on. That was a real bonus on this trip I can tell you. I got to meet Tom Purdom. I can't even recall if you've met him???? He surprised me by being as much fun to be with as any I've met. I shouldn't have been caught like that because, he is after all, a CRYer, and they all have a streak of the zany in them. I had a ball!

Ella

TOM PURDOM GIVES A PHILCON REPORT

3317 Baring Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.

Dear Cry-Gang:

November 19, 1961

This one comes in late because of getting the ~~Philcon~~ Philcon ready. That's over now; it ended for me at six this afternoon. For some it's still going on but I left at the official quitting time to take my wife out to dinner since today is our anniversary. I won't try to write a report but I had a good time. Especially rewarding to me was the chance to meet so many people I hadn't met before, especially members of the Cry-Gang. I got to meet four very fine literary gentlemen-- James Blish, Avram Davidson, A.J. Budrys, Ted Sturgeon-- I hadn't met before and that was a real pleasure. Then there were the fans and what a number of these poor neo-fan Conference Chairman me hadn't met either. Mike "Whole Wheat" Deckinger; Harry Warner; Dick Eney; Dick Lupoff. Well, there's no end to that list.

Ella Parker. Now that was a surprise. I didn't find out she was coming till the day or two before and then there she was. I watched her signing her name card and when I saw P-a- following Ella... Ahh, it was love at first sight. We fell into each other's arms, far-flung disciples of the Cry united at last. Wally, you have done her great libel. You did not tell what a fine, true woman she is (I can't write that pseudo Cockney stuff, even though she speaks Scottish-London and I had to say "All right, youse guys" every hour to remember I'm still American). Well, I took Ella on a quick tour of our town this morning, about the time all true-fans are in Church. I showed her Independence Hall, since she's English. She took my picture by the Liberty Bell (stand so the crack shows, she said) while the golden voice of the current Director of the United States Information Agency explained the significance of this national shrine.

Ella is the best British export since Glynis Johns. If only we could keep her in the country. I don't care what she did to you, Wally. You probably deserved it. I'm on Ella's side. Do you know that old Scottish Ballad about Prince Charles the Bonnie, of which the chorus goes "Will ye na come back again? Will ye na come back again? Better loved you cannot be, Will ye na come back again?" The folk singer I first heard sing it says it's sung still in Scotland not just for the Pretender but at the departure of an honored guest. If I could sing, I would have taught it to everybody at the con and we could have sung it for Ella. That's what I wanted to do. So I'm sentimental.

To those who haven't met Avram Davidson-- be not fooled by his letters. He's not as conservative as he sounds.

Enough of the con. On to other matters. I'll let others write con reports.

I didn't see Julie Harris in The Power and the Glory. That is too bad because, as you may know, Julie Harris is the First Lady of the American Stage, incandescent, magical, capable of bringing any part she tries to life. In not seeing her I undoubtedly missed one of the few moments of truth and art television has yet offered the American public. Also, of course, if I had seen her I would have been able to write another Cry letter mentioning Julie Harris, thus fulfilling Harry Warner's dream of a Julie Harris fanzine. It deeply disappoints me, Harry, that I didn't see Julie Harris in the Power and the Glory and so am not able to mention Julie Harris in this Cry letter and fulfill your dream of a Julie Harris fanzine.

I feel good. I haven't felt this good ~~since I got drafted~~ in a long time. So I think I'll retire from the letter writing business now and ~~Julie Harris~~ relax within the confines of my home which is one year old today.

Hey, Ella, take care of yourself and write us often, hear?

Tom

ED MESKYS DEPORTS ELLA

723A, 45 Street, Brooklyn 20, New York

Wally:

24 November, 1961

You can come out of hiding -- it's safe now (I think!)

Jock Root, Les Gerber, and I put the Scoaw on the Mauritania today and it presumably sailed at 3:30. Unfortunately we didn't think of locking her into her stateroom and then keeping a close eye on the ship for the 20 minutes between when we were chased off and it was scheduled to leave so it IS possible that she snuck off again as soon as our backs were turned.

But you can breathe easier now for the Scoaw has apparently finally pulled up anchor after dropping it into the murky waters of US fandom some three months ago.

Elinor -- that's a sneaky way to avoid the WWW (er, sorry -- the www) ax. Get back in "Cry of the Readers" with the rest of us peasants and stop taking unfair advantage of your geographic location!

I think Purdom will replace Bloch in that cliché, " - was superb". But dat there bum better watch it or he will loose one of his fans -- namely M*E! At the Philicanf last week, 30 seconds before a panel interviewing Jim Blish is to go on, he informs me that one of the panelists failed to show and I'm to take his place.

Betty Kujawa's letter gave me an idea. (Don't look so shocked, you stuped clod of a weber -- I do occasionally get them!) If Fanac Breen has a Fannish and accompanying pole, don't you think Avram Davidson is the most sensible choice for "Best New Fan Of The Year?" He's simply fabulous.

Warner and Wollheim should get together. Actually it's Wollheim who is right and NY fandom was thoroughly decimated by the Newyorkon in 56. It's only beginning to come out of hibernation now, and it is still split up into three clubs without much overlap in membership.

Re Papal succession and cetera: I became interested in the matter some 8 or 10 years ago and asked the obvious person about it -- my Religion teacher in High School. I put it this way -- suppose all of the Cardinals not behind the iron curtain were to be in Rome for the election of a new Pope, a war was to break out, and Rome get clobbered by H-Bombs wiping out the entire College of Cardinals. (The ones behind the iron curtain being taken care of by the local authorities.) What would happen to the Church then? He said that the Bishops and Archbishops then would get together and select a new Pope, for they -- er, carried -- the power of Apostolic Succession. In fact, he said, if only one Bishop and nobody higher were to survive he would automatically become Pope where-ever he was -- even Alaska. The way I understand it, there is no election of a Pope as such, but of a Bishop of the Diocese of Rome. This Bishop is ex-officio leader of the entire Church -- namely, the Pope. Thus, for a person to be Pope he MUST be Bishop of Rome but I do not believe that his election must take place in Rome or that he must reside there after the election. As for the, er, inspection cited by Harry as a part of the ceremony -- I doubt it. There never was a "Pope Joan". This is connected with a novel titled Pope Joan or Saint Joan, but whether the novel or the myth came first I don't know. Incidentally, I recently saw a new edition of this novel advertised in the NY Times, and it was huckstered as a completely fabricated story which was still amusing and erotic.

Scientifictionally yours,

Ed Meskys

BOB LICHTMAN AT A STRANGE ADDRESS

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

Dear CRY:

Monday, 27 November 1961

Please to note the above Change of Address. The Careful Reader will note that this is back where I started from, many long weeks ago. Be informed that since all the Problems that caused me to leave there in late July have been resolved, and test-cased on two weekend visits to LA during November, that I have decided to return there, and to college. It's been fun, this keeping one address change ahead of my mail, but solidarity will be the Word for the next year or two, until I finish my undergrad work (most of it) at UCLA and then come up to Berkeley again to conclude things.

The cover of CRY #154 is nice, in a ghastly sort of way. I don't know who this Helen Hendrickson is, though. I will guess at it being another Toskitic Discovery and that this cover will also show up on the January FLABBERGASTING; but maybe not. Clues, please?

Well, Steve Tolliver showed up in Los Angeles all right. He sure escaped the rain up there in Seattle. He was at Forry Ackerman's birthday party on Friday night and I exchanged a few words with him.

It rained that night in Los Angeles.

"The Interloper" is developing smoothly, though I don't really have any idea of how John is going to finish it off in just one more installment. It seems to me that this could easily be made into a much longer story. No trouble at all, if you're a John Berry.

I agree with Elinor that we shouldn't be expected to write to every odd john who writes a note to Amazing Stories and gets it printed. For my own part, I find it difficult to maintain correspondences these days with all the people I would like to. I'm now active in two fandoms, mundane ayjay being the second one, and have had to adjust my activity to spread out over both fields.

Second point I was going to raise was this business of biographical material in fanzines. Seems to me that most of what we get to read along these lines in fanzines is of a humorous nature, wherein Jophan has experienced something humourously unusual and is going to try to impart upon We The Reader just how croggling it was to him. Only in rare instances, like ASI and Joe Gibson's recent and ill-starred article in S-L'A, do we get more of the DNO-Side of Life.

I would not, as would I suspect most other fans, care to divulge details of my life in a fanzine as widely circulated as CRY. Hell, there's things most people probably would rather not put into a private letter. One's personal life is his own business.

How is it, then, I wonder, that some people seem to know so much about mine???

I see from Buz's column that I will not be attending the Chicon banquet. Not so long as they're going to be stuffy and require a coat & tie. This sort of thing rubs against my grain. I don't like wearing something that I know will make me terribly uncomfortable.

I just noticed, whilst finishing the second half of this issue, how long this CRY runs. Thirty-two pages.

That's not too many...

Thou art God,

Bob

NANCY SHRINER BLUSHES

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma
9 November 1961 Thursday 0900 (that's in the morning,
you know.)

Dear Trashpaperbasket:

I'm just going to skip a comment on the cover because it didn't say anything to me. It's very interesting, I'm sure, but it just didn't take somehow. I even pleaded with it. "Say something," I pleaded. But it didn't.

Skipping over Berry for reasons mentioned last ish, we come to HWYL. I, too, like MZB's definition of a square. And I can also see how some fen might be squares using that definition. Reading escape literature like the CRY, for ex... I'm trying hard to give the problem serious consideration, but I have forgotten just what it was I was going to say.

Tome Purdom: Good reading. The last paragraph is particularly sensitive writing. And I don't mean he handles it with kid gloves. Talk about someone who doesn't mince words... Why I like it, mainly, it sounds hopeful.

LesNi: You mean Piper wasn't for real? Didn't exist? I thought "Nirenberg" was the phoney handle. And here I've been a Cry reader for--Great Zot!--a year and a half. I remember some big thing about it back when I was a neo neoneo, but I must of got confused.

Phil Harrell: You're infectious, lad. (So help me, Wally if you make that out to be a nasty catty type of remark I'll proofread you creatively. Down to about seven letters.)

Avram Davidson: This is the letter I read first, you lucky man. This is pure English? Well, yes, I suppose it is. I really hadn't considered the matter in that light before. At least I am sure it is not pure Burmish. Burmish makes with pictures like. And that is rather difficult to do on a typer. By the way, the greeting with which you greeted JSieger is spelled "heighdy". Just ask Pogo if you don't believe it.

I have a question, sir. Perhaps you, worldly wise as you indubitably are, can answer it. I mixed a drink the other night, half lemonade (Frozen concentrate) and half Scotch whiskey, and what I want to know, doesn't it have a name? I'd like to find out because it was pretty good. I might want to ask for it sometime, and how can I do that if it doesn't have a name?

Tom Purdom: (How strange to be addressed as "Mrs. Shriner." I never will get entirely adjusted to that.) Upon reading your little note I actually blushed with pleasure. I haven't blushed in ages, for any reason.

Well, I read the other letters and the WAHFs and I still ain't finished. I got several more other things to say. For one thing, I didn't realize Seattle fandom was in any danger until reading a few of the letters. Now I'm scared, too. Another thing, I'm going to write a book, which will actually be a dictionary. My next door neighbor is a native Oklahoman, and talks like one, and gave me the idea. It will be called Crude but Apt Descriptions. Or Definitions, if it's to be a dictionary. I'd quote a few examples, but I get embarrassed real easy so just wait till the book comes out. I also have a new love, la fiesta brava. But it can never take the place of being a fan. Last, but certainly not least, a note acknowledging the fannish congrats and best wishes. Thanks a lot.

Bye for now,

Nancy

MSGT L. H. TACKETT MISSES & MAKES THE DEADLINE
Dear Blue-eyes and others,

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

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That is how you write "Cry of the Nameless" in Japanese so let us hear no more of these feeble excuses as to why you are not putting out a Japanese edition. After all, if F&SF can have a Japanese edition, why not CRY? (I cry whenever I see the U.S. edition myself. How the mighty have fallen.)

You do seem to have some requests there from Japan. Imagine that--your fame has spread all the way to the exotic orient. I wonder how the Japanese found out about CRY? Yes. Ummm, I do seem to recall seeing your magazine mentioned in an article in SF MAGAZINE a while back. Couldn't read the article, of course, since it was in Japanese. I wonder what it was all about? Yes. I really do. Heheheh.

What is this notation at the bottom of page 3 about an October 29th deadline for the next issue? I didn't receive the 153rd (sheesh) issue of your big, fat, sloppy, Hugo-winning fanzine until the 2nd of November so how do you expect me to meet a 29 October deadline? Do you think I have a time machine or something? You will recall, Mr. Weber, that we have been over this once before in Seattle's leading fanzine, WRR.

Am happy to see Poul Anderson's speech in print, of course, but it does remind me of something Baxter mentioned a couple of issues back--the fact that those of us who, for various reasons, can't attend the con are left out in the cold when it comes to the vast and profound pronouncements of the various speakers. Oh, sure, the speeches and the rest usually end up in the various fanzines but it is sometimes an effort to round them all up. I should think that it might be well for the con committee to issue a final report which would list where the various speeches, etc., were to be reprinted.

FTL is, perhaps, more fantastic than psionics (which does appear to have some small foundation in fact) but FTL can at least be conceived as a future scientific development where the powers displayed by the psionic psupermen belong more properly in the realm of fantasy and magic. Psionics appears to have become the magic wand that solves all the stfictional problems--except the one of how to create rational stories using this gimmick.

Dunno about this Berry tale. "Elmer Lansing" will obviously be caught rather quickly; the ASPCA isn't going to let him get away with lighting all those camels for very long.

It is really too bad about Weber. Thought sure that Ella had done a thorough job. She mentioned that Wally was, after all, a rather cooperative chap and didn't put up much of a struggle--he just sort of quivered there on the floor after the first four or five lashes of the whip. Said something about checking with Ethel Lindsay (for TAFF) about whether it was normal for so much blood to come from only one body.

Avram Davidson: How can you say that I am not taking this matter seriously? I who have spent several years engaged in the study of bullets. Besides, you are all mixed up on this matter anyway. I have it straight from Ruth Berman, a member of the BSI (Bagel

Slicer's Institute) that there was never really a bullet in the case. This doctor was apparently some kind of a hop-head who was using the bullet story as a cover for his mainlining. Ruth says she got the information from a fellow in New York who has made a thorough study of the matter. His name escapes me but I understand he is short on eyebrows and long on Creme de Cacao.

A Japanese edition of CRY. Heheheh. I wonder if there are any stf zines in Laos and maybe Art Wilson could.....

Roy

Iwakuni, Japan
6 November 1961

[And a couple weeks after this letter, the following showed up.... --www/

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

I finally received an issue of CRY before the deadline for the next issue. By Avram, the mail service is getting better.

Let us get on here to a serious type letter of comment on CRY NOVEMBER 1961. This, uhh, picture on the cover...you owe Helen Hendrickson money or something? What I'm trying to say is that I've grown accustomed to finding covers of this sort on Dynatron but I expected better of CRY.

"The Interloper" progresses nicely and I eagerly (more or less) await part three. I think this Elmer character must be a double-agent of sorts--also working for the U.A.R. Where else would he be getting all those Camels?

Elinor, I note in HWYL that you would like CRY readers who have lead an interesting life so far to write in and tell you about it. Very well. I'm a modest sort but I have led a fairly interesting life so far. There, now, I've told you about it.

What's all this about A. Davidson putting out a book on how to cook peasants?

Let us consider the square. Or, more properly, the not-square. Would it not seem that the not-square, the hipster by the hipster's definition, devotes himself to the avant garde of music, art, books and the like because this region, like the life of the hipster, has, in reality, no meaning or purpose? The not-square devotes himself to the pursuit of what is called (by some) the far out simply because he has nothing else to do with his time. No meaning, no purpose, no goal other than the passage of time. Where then is the difference between the not-square and the square who passes his time raptly watching the shadow pictures on the magic box and also does nothing?

The square at least does not try to rationalize his time-wasting; he vegetates passively. Neither group really contributes anything so, again, where is the difference?

We arrive at CotR where one W.W.W. holds forth. (Avram Davidson holds first, naturally). It is immediately apparent that John Howald and Phil Jaskar have the wrong impression of the cover illo of CRY ONE HUNDRED FIFTY THREE. Gentlefen, the cover represented the fat and awkward warrior from the east jousting with the lean and hungry capitalist. Sheesh, haven't you guys heard of income taxes? South Tacoma is, of course, pretty far away from things but one would think that some of the word would have gotten through by now.

Lawrence Crilly writes of stfts. Stfts? Sounds like a couple of disgruntled cats on the back fence. If so, he writes to the wrong fanzine. Send all cat material to HABAKKUK. Besides, Buz, I disagree with him about your column being degenerating. I don't feel any more degenerate after I read your column than I usually do.

And here is Avram Davidson, also with cats. Pardon me whilst I check the logo again. (I have here (somewhere) a flyer from the Phillyconf to the effect that Avram Davidson and L. Sprague de Camp will (have?) engage(d) in an open-ended discussion on any subject that interests them. They are, it goes on to say, two of the wittiest men writing in the science-fiction field (how long has it been since you've seen anything by de Camp?) famed for their knowledge, et cetera. Can you picture A. Davidson going on (chuckling in his beard, of course) at length about CRY and Ella and cooking peasants and his nameless wreck of a cat whilst Sprague de Camp takes on a dazed expression and retires to the contemplation of the elephant of Rhodes or something similar?

And James Seiger reads CRY end to end. Fascinating. I have trouble reading it the regular way.

Roy

Iwakuni, Japan
17 November 1961

BEN JASON DISCUSSES FAN AWARDS

3971 East 71st Street, Cleveland 5, Ohio

Dear Wally:

October 25, 1961 and November 14, 1961

May I extend my congratulations to the entire Cry gang for having survived the ordeal of putting on a con? You are now automatically a member of TWOGAGWWFETPOACA (Tired, Worn-Out Guys and Gals Who Were Foolhardy Enough To Put On A Convention Association). Seriously though, I thought that you put on a good convention and I enjoyed myself tremendously, so much so, that I now regret that I don't live in or near Seattle. Of course there was another reason but---uh, I won't go into that here.

Also enjoyed my first issue of CRY (#153) and feel like making some comments on Len Moffatt's letter concerning the Fan Awards. You might be interested in knowing that George C. Willick, via an announcement in AXE #13, named a Fan Awards Committee consisting of Len Moffatt, Dave Prosser, Ben Jason, Roy Tackett, John M. Baxter, and George C. Willick. I should point out that both Len and I were astounded at this announcement which was made without our approval or knowledge and I see where Len took the pains to write AXE to that effect and very shortly I intend to do the same. Since then, I've been notified that Roy Tackett was unaware of the decision to make these awards at the Chicon. It therefore boils down to this: The decision to do so was, and is, entirely Willick's. From what I can gather, Tackett's stand on the Fan Awards is that he is "somewhat in favor of this fan awards business". Mine was, and is, still undecided. Apparently George is pushing - and pushing hard - much too hard. It would be interesting to see what Earl Kemp thinks of this announcement.

I agree with Len on (1) where he says that there is nothing wrong with the Fan Awards set up - if enough actifans are interested enough to make it a workable project. This remains to be seen. Disagree with him on point (2) about a TAFF set up with votes and donations. Methinks that there are too many such donation set ups and fans are showing signs of turning away from them. While I disagree with Len, unfortunately, I cannot think of a better set-up. Agree with him that Worldcon membership fees should NOT be raised for the Fan Awards or any other reason for point (3). And finally agree with him that the Emsh-Prosser design is in poor taste and would be too expensive to make (\$1800 to \$2000), and on this point I could argue or discuss almost indefinitely.

*

Noted scattered comments on the Fan Awards throughout CRY #154 and particularly Forry's mention of Charity #1 - one third of proceeds to the First Fan Awards, to make Ackque Plaques or Forry Trophies, etc. Methinks many fans are jumping the gun and assuming too much, particularly when half of Willick's alleged committee has resigned, which includes yours truly. Willick's action in announcing these awards was premature in more ways than one and unfortunately (?) may pave the way for their demise. In a recent letter to me, George resigned from the Fan Awards Committee and threw the whole Fan Awards project into my keeping - an astonishing action, in view of my neutral viewpoint concerning it. What, if anything, shall be done about these awards, I can not say at the moment, but I will make public any decision that I may reach after conferring on this project with fans, whose opinions I respect, at the forthcoming Philadelphia Conference which I plan on attending.

Ben Jason

PHIL JASKAR & JOHN HOWARD SOLVE POSTAGE PROBLEM 8624 Haviland Ave., Tacoma 99, Wash.

Dear Wally ~~Wally~~ Weber & his very own Fan Clan,

November 15, 1961

Hmm... Cover on #154 has us bamboozled. Might that little dealie in the upper right-hand corner be the button-down-face of Wally Weber?

Hmm...again. 38pp. cost 6¢ to mail

32pp. cost 4½¢ to mail

..14pp. cost 0¢ to mail Q. E. D.

Why don't you plit Cry #155 into three parts of fourteen pages each? You could have C #155, R #155, and Y #155, and complete sets would be much more valuable. (Especially with the vagaries of the New Frontier Post Office.) Then you could charge the UNIVERSITY OF WASHING (sic) Library at least \$3 for your complete files.

The Berry Tale -- Still thud and blundering along, we see. We're still trying to figure out the code behind the typos, but now Berry has thrown in another. Codes within

codes -- this is harder to figure out than A!

Our order for The Goon Goes West is enclosed -- did you hear the definition of a cowboy? Cowboy--a parenthesis with spurs!

Speaking of goons -- Wally, after Elinor rambled on (p. 18) about White Space, you left 16 sq. ins. on the back page. What happened--did the Post Office censor Betty Kujawa's dirty joke?

Elinor -- Shame, Shame! You left Phil's name off of the address sticker -- 10 more strokes won't hurt those pretty fingernails. Do you really know as much about porno as you let on?

John typed the final copy of the last letter, but Phil (neo) Jaskar, indeed! I've been in fandom only 2 hours less than he has, and I'm already less mundane than he is.

The Tacomabems,

Phil (First Fandom) Jaskar
in collaboration with....John (Neo) Howald

PHIL HARRELL WITH A PHONECOM REPORT
Greetchings Gang:

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va.
November 8, '61 1-703-UL-52439

I now have lived. What more could my lil Fannish heart want? I mean, first I was immortalized in John Berry's story, then I talked to Buz and Elinor for ages via DDD, then I actually get an illo of mine printed in CRY! I also got different opinions on it, too. Betty Kujawa said I looked like Ella Parker drawn by ATom, so I should change my glasses. Bob Jennings said "Shame on yew for having stile the harry Bem from Imagination" and someone who shall remain nameless said "your lil bem looks like a hairy phallic symbol". There were also a few other comments, but I won't go into that. Post office you know.

Well, a few nights ago I got to fiddling around with my phone dial and who should answer the rings but somebodies mother.... So naturally I asked for Buz Buxby (I mean it's amazing the places you can dial now days.....& after only 20 minutes of dialing too.) and when poor unsuspecting Buz answered innocently I let him have it with, "Courtney's Boat is sinking; wanna help me bail?" to which he answered "Ho dare! Who dat out dare?" "The Harrelling Bem from the Sunny South and it's 70° here...how's the snow there?" "What snow? You know, I finally figured that one out, that must have been in Spokane cause I know it was snowing somewhere there when I asked. Anyway that's the way it went for 25 minutes with Buz sounding like a Bank President, and Elinor "The Voice" sounding even more like a Greek Goddess than I pictured her.

I didn't wait for the Post Man to come today (I knew it was CRYday). I went out with a pair of Binoculars and when I saw a dot on the horizon IT WAS HIM THE MAILMAN! I set out at full gallop and 20 feet away I pounced, but this time I missed. Darn tricky mail man. I took out my Boiled Blog coated Plonker and finished him off (Gad, what a way to go, but he asked for it, trying to keep me from my CRY). Once again CRYday had come to Norfolk....

Say, that's a pretty spectacular cover you have there for this CRY and me on page Three....*sigh*

My I seem to be cropping up all over CRY here; could it be I'm on my way to taking over the CRY?

Who's this other "Phil" anyway? I mean to tell you this guy is gonna have to change his name to Fill or somethin'. Here I am blithly reading along loving all the egoboo raining down on me, and who pops up but this Phil Jaskar.... Down with the Imposter I say D*O*W*N! Before you know it every Tom, Dick & Harry will be named Phil.

By George I think CRY does have an influence on the Weather after all. Look at Et Ethel Lindsay's letter about "Sleet & hail" and then I get this CRY and for the first time in 10 years November 8th here was Sunshiney, 70° and there were gentle breezes tickling the treetops. Like Mark Twain said, "Everyone talks about the weather, but Cry does something about it."

Well, Beloved CRY, I leave you now.

Fannishly yers,

Phil
The Harrelling BEM

MIKE DECKINGER MOURNS PIPER DEMISE

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRY-cats,

Nov. 11, 1961

The cover of CRY, by Helen Hendrickson, whoever she is, was excellent. It contains the proper degree of off-beat realism and avant-garde technique to make it an attractive and unusual eye-catcher. Now I suppose I'm in the minority when it comes to applauding covers of this type, but I would strongly encourage you to use others of this sort if you get them.

Berry's story continues along in an interesting enough money. I can't help but question the necessity of serializing it, as others have mentioned, but the promise of succeeding chapters does make an inducement to stay on the CRY m/l. I hope that John will keep the remainder of the story in a pseudo-serious style, rather than twisting it in some whimsical half-humorous manner. The Jones illo heading it was outstanding as well.

Elinor, you should realize that fans are definitely not squares. It is the non-fans, the non-thinking, plodding square-peg 102% Americans who are the squares. As a rule, fans are more free-thinking and broad-minded than non-fans.

Purdom's article, or little essay, to be more exact, was quite well done. I imagine the throwback counterpart to this was done a few million years ago by one caveman insisting to another that it was fear of the unknown, dinosaurs, sabre-tooth tigers, lightning, etc. etc. that made his cave paintings such a success among the wall-browsing population of that era. I note that today negros are given monstrously big buildups, usually tinged with hostility. I wonder if this has anything to do with the fear of the unknown.

Frank Dietz has a tape-recording of Heinlein's speech and last month he mentioned to me he was contemplating starting a fanzine chiefly to publish this and other important con speeches. It's too bad that Blish's Pittcon delivery hasn't appeared in print yet either.

Norm Metcalf is the only one who has permission to print the Heinlein speech, and at that Heinlein wants to edit the copy before it is printed. Actually I should be telling Frank this rather than you, but at the rate I write letters, I won't get around to writing Frank before Heinlein's next twenty-year speech in 1981. --www7

Say, I just realized that I met and spoke with Ella Parker too, for a couple of hours at the SEACON. I must confess that I tried to convince about the Britisher's being mixed-up, by driving on the wrong side of the road, but she maintains that we Americans go on the wrong side. After that little discussion it got me so confused that I've just been driving in the middle, so I don't have to go on either side.

Les, I mourn the demise of J. Les Piper and all he stood for. I've noticed that some two-bit artist by the name of Feiffer has been cribbing his style and appearing in rags like THE VILLAGE VOICE but that's what happens when a fannish artist makes a name for himself I guess. Immediately he's surrounded by a horde of imitators.

In my opinion fan awards are not a bad idea, but giving out statues that could be titled "Nude with Orgasm" is not my idea of a suitable commendation for some fannish achievement.

Speaking of N3F types, that hallowed organization is now going through another internal reform program whereby a lot of members, most of them inexperienced and with more enthusiasm than logic, are striving to shape the N3F into fandom's finest, or something equally silly. After awhile you get to realize how this runs in cycles. As it is now, I feel the only worthwhile thing the N3F does is maintaining the N3F room at cons. They do an excellent job there, and if that was their only function I don't think there would be much downgrading from fans. But otherwise, the N3F is a pretty worthless group, and it took me about 3 years to find this out. I can't wait till they take over fandom and liberate FAPA.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

GEORGE C. WILLOCK LOOKS AT FAN AWARDS OBJECTIVELY
CRYERS,Ritter's Lanes, State Road 107,
Madison, Indiana

Nov 8, 1961

LOC...like.

Although my comments are not addressed directly to Larry Crilly, they are directed to his offered line of thought re the merits of a set of Fan Awards.

It matters not a damn if Fandom goes on or dies, if Prodom goes on or dies. I don't think any of us will stop breathing. In fact, we'd all have more money in our pockets. So let's put these silly FIAWOL versus FIJAGH arguments aside for a while and look at this thing objectively.

The Fan Awards will not inspire anyone to great efforts of perfection. They will not give Fandom its glory or whatever word you want to tack on. They will not accomplish anything that you can point to and say, "The Fan Awards did that."

The Fan Awards will achieve one purpose and no other. They will eventually become regarded as fandom's collective opinion of what it considers its most active and deserving practitioners in any given category. Why bother? Well, I shouldn't answer a question with questions but this seems a good time to do so. Indeed, why bother to hold a World Con? Why bother to present Hugos? WHY? BECAUSE WE WANT TO.

No one is going to agree a 100% on anything. I heartily endorse the Fan Awards. I think they fill a needed gap in fandom's structure. We've been playing pussy foot with minor and numerous egoboo polls long enough.

I see absolutely nothing more innocent or pure of intention than a field initiating a set of awards to give public recognition to its best participants. If you want to disagree...swell. You do that. But if you can't be reasonable about it for Christ's sake be human.

It's a hell of a lot easier to sit back and hoot then it is to try to accomplish something. I know, I've been on both ends. I like to think I learned something.

Len Moffatt remains very astute in his observations and I find that I agree with him more and more. If you don't like the Fan Awards then avoid them like the plague. If you have something constructive to say then spit it out and we can kick it around. But why clutter up the print with silly things like "I'm not against the awards as such...just the fact that they're an indication of further removal from stf."

I might point out to Buck Coulson that judging from the Regency Books payroll I'd allow myself to be presented in the nude with two knives in my fists.

George C. Willick

/I'd prefer the payroll, myself. --www/

DONALD FRANSON, WORLD-RULING GOUGER'S SON 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
Dear Wastebasket Weber and all the other Baskets, November 11, 1961

Why can't you publish the January 1962 CRY on January 1, 1962? Or publish it now and date it January 1, 1962? Can't have 1962 CRYs dated December 31st. Somehow CRY has become an Irregular Fanzine.

I suppose John Berry's story is good, but I don't like the idea of spies in fandom. The thought of spies, necessary or not, disturbs my sense of fair play, or something. The idea of watching the enemy (which shocked some people over the U-2 for no good reason) doesn't seem wrong, but an enemy pretending to be a friend and living with people with the intention of destroying them, bodes ill for the human race if it becomes a widespread practice. I think universal thought reading, if it ever comes, will be a blessing, for this and for many other reasons, and will make war impossible. Anyway, fandom is an escape, and I don't like the intrusion of mundane amorality, even in fan fiction. I suppose the ending will be that the spy became loyal to fandom rather than to his Leader, and was accepted as one of the Good Guys. I don't mean to attack John Berry, who if you haven't noticed, has had a contribution in every CRY since 1958, and has to use any plots that come to mind. I'm not mad at John, even though he hasn't sent me the last two RETs. Maybe it's just as well, since I don't have a chance to comment on all fanzines I do get, but then, who does?

I really don't care whether I'm considered square or not, Elinor. Does that make me a non-square? It reminds me of "Johnny Pye and The Fool Killer" somehow. "Dedicated to not-squareness" sounds dangerously close to "militantly lackadaisical" as I see the anti-sercon element in fandom. None of these people seem to have heard of "live-and-let-live" except as it applies to them. Beats are interested in freedom -- for beats. Etc. It's a form of nationalism. Wonder if this is enough to pep up the letter column?

Sorry, Buz, but I can't comment on "Bicycle" when you do nothing but rant about worldcons and rave about derringers. (And don't "correct" this, WWW, it's "derringer" in all the dictionaries, even if the inventor's name was Deringer. Look what happened to Peter Gunn's invention.) Buz, for a person who deplores harmless plonkers to extol the virtues of truly deadly weapons is croggling. I hope you don't take these damn things to Chicago with you and play with them at the convention.

The Tacomans' decoding job sounds like a calypso song. The CRY Letterhack Cards are "all", as the Pennsylvania dutch say it, but if there is DEMAND, I will print up a second edition.

Avram Davidson: Yes, "Donald Franson" could be a made-up name at that. You must have heard of Fran, who made his mark (more like a gouge) on fandom about fifteen years ago. And "Donald" means (look it up) "World Ruler". Aren't you sorry you asked?

James Sieger: I'm not egotistical enough to say that I'm not self-centered enough to think that I'm so brilliant that I don't need to learn anything more. Or something. I don't mind the facts or fancies Heinlein preaches about. It's the way he preaches. "Ignorant clod! Why weren't you born a genius, like me?" is the attitude I object to. And though I haven't met Heinlein, Elinor and others describe him as utterly sure of himself. I am always suspicious of people who are sure of themselves; there is no one more sure of himself than a crackpot, or a Hitler. This is not an asset in a good man and great writer such as Heinlein doubtless is; it is a failing.

Yours,

Donald Franson

JAMES R. SIEGER AGES BUZ
Greetings.

s74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis.
November 13, 1961

HWYL: you won't be 41 for "Untold Ages to come"? How many ages? I have my pencil poised. I do note that FMB is 41 himself.... ((Note again, friend; your first note is somewhat premature. -- FMB))

Purdum: interesting, but what about the Hollywood aspect? Or is that subject too disgusting for a family magazine? But one invasion story which isn't utter nonsense is Leinster's CREATURES OF THE ABYSS. Same tentacled monster story as Hollywood delights in, but no silly super-weapons, a legitimate motive for the monsters' attacks..... SF wouldn't be in such disgrace if the movie world would make this kind of story into films instead of the ones they do bring out.

Avram Ben-David: I never saw a muskeg in my life. And I don't need any grid coordinates; there's a Nike launching site on the nearby ridge in plain sight -- if there's ever a war you'll see where we are by the fireworks.

Rejoice:

James Sieger

MINORU MAEDA HAS NO TIME TO WRITE
Dear Cry:

Hagino Byoin, Shingu, Wakayama, JAPAN
14 November, 1961

Many thanks for fanzine you have kindly sent me. I received your fanzine today. I have not yet read it; it seems to me that the article in it are very interest. I partly thought that you would send no more me, as it is long time since I have sent you letter. Having read fanzine, I will send off my comment about your fanzine.

I am busy and have not time to write to you, and now I must close.

Sincerely yours,

Minoru Maeda

THOMAS SCHLUECK FOLLOWS THE INVASION
Dear Cryers,

Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Western Germany
22.11.61

I think I've to do something now. After that Japanese invasion has passed, I feel it's my turn again.

Since I wrote last time, some more CRYs have come in, bringing interesting things. I've to thank your friendly distribution-department for supplying me with nice envelopes which keep my CRYs in best condition. ((You should thank our unfriendly P.O. who

won't let us send 'em overseas naked anymore. -- EB))

When looking at the cover of #154 I felt rather goofed. I turned that thing upside down, figgering that the printer might have been mistaken, but I still can't see the use of all those confusing lines and black areas. Maybe I'm rather old-fashioned, not to see the value of modern art, but a pic like that has got to show me something more, to affect my senses, my mind, but this leaves me scratching my head... (Print is good anyway)

Maybe this is the requested photocover, showing the prototype of a CRY-letterhack who tries to produce letters month after month...?

THE INTERLOPER made me frown. This will be impossible. Nobody behind the "iron-curtain", is ever able to understand neither our democratic way of thinking nor that of our fannish circles. Referring to this I want to tell about the "adventures" of a fan, living in Eastern Germany (Soviet-sector of Germany). This fan, whose name I avoid to mention, had built up a fairly good collection of stf with the help of some of us over here. From time to time we send books over, hoping that the mailings would not be opened, for literature of that sort is strictly forbidden in "Paradise of Socialism". One day there was a house search, all his books were confiscated and he himself was brought to trial. He was imprisoned for "having read pro-militaristic and anti-communistic books imported from the West." I quote from a letter of this fan: "Here some lines from the sentence: The accused even wrote short-stories himself. From the literature, which was found in the house of the accused, is to be seen that its contents has the purpose of educating the reader to become a despiser of mankind." (Reproduction according to the sense. If there's anything wrong, please correct, www!) /I haven't the courage to correct a word. Besides, the main wrong in the statement is beyond correction by even such a potent weapon as my creative proofreading. --www/ The Fan had to stay in prison for half a year!

I remember that I intended to ask you a question about the Anderson speech published in CRY 153. Would you please have the kindness of allowing me its publication in a German fanzine? /It's O.K. with us, but you should check with Poul Anderson, also. Poul's address is 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California. --www/

Yours Hon. Asker,

Tom

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton. Surrey. England

Dear Crygang,

Cry 154 to hand and it looks as if I need a new ribbon in this typer. Thing is; I hardly ever use it for anything but stencil-cutting, so mystery to me how it can be going done!

A truly magnificent cover.

I think John's serial is nice and smoothly written. You get the impression he has now settled down into the story length he is happy in. But there is a novel to come out of his waistcoat yet!

It is a good idea, Elinor talking to us all in her column -- see Wally -- somebody takes us seriously! Much intrigued by her references to Betty, Anyhoo and me. Only I never picked that up from Betty I am sure; have been saying anyhoo for all my life. It is a part of Scottish speech. Like hoots.. Particularly in the rural districts, how is often pronounced hoo. Thus you will hear one man say.."An' hoo are ye th' day man? Theys graun neeps ye have". Translation: How are you the day man; these are grand turnips. That Scottish song that Elinor quoted has later on the lines..Noo's th' day, and noo's the oor - see th' front o' battle loor, see approach prood Edward's poor..chains and slavery!" ooooo to you toooo.. ohoo Elinor..all in fun!

The finishing line of Tom Purdom's article is as hopefully wise a saying as I have ever read. There is a man in the evening class I attend who steadfastly maintains that the spread of humanitarianism is greater now than ever before in the world's history.

It was very nice of you all to heed my plea about the weather and put sunshine on the back of Cry. Miraculously enough.. the sun has shone, and the fog of the day's before Cry's arrival has gone.

At the moment Ella is on the high seas..arrival date Dec 2nd at Liverpool. This will be a great relief to me. I am tired of hearing Jimmie Groves mutter dismally "This

club has gone to pot since Ella left..". In vain I cooked him nice mince; all I got was a big sigh and "How I miss the Friday meetings".

All joking aside though: we have missed her; she generates an enthusiasm which keeps the club stirring. Why Atom has hardly come up with an insurgent idea since she left!

One thing we did accomplish though: we made it to the Liverpool party to celebrate their 10th anniversary. Into two cars piled Al Hoch (driver), Bruce Burn and Mike Moorcock; Dave Barber (driver), Jimmie Groves, Pat Kearney and myself. We hared off down the M1. Lots of fun as they would stop and gestulate fiercely at each other on which way to go -- but we got there! When I went to bed at approx. 4.30am Ina Shorrocks was still up. When I crawled down the next morning I found that she had provided sleeping accommodation for 15 people, and was busy cooking the last of their breakfasts! She looked as bright as a button too!

Is there any use trying to coax you all into giving a con report through the eyes of Cry? I know that it must have been quite an experience but if you live it again on paper you will be able to see the fun that you had as well as the backbreaking work.

/That isn't the problem at all. We think we had a wonderful time at SEACON. But it is a well-known fact that convention committees have a miserable time at their own conventions, and we're afraid to relive it for fear of suddenly discovering how we really suffered.--www/love and such to 1 and all

from,

/Humm. Did you forget to sign this letter on purpose, Ethel? --www/

FRED PARKER, "LOOKING IN FROM MUNDANIA"

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

Dear Cry-Folk,

London ENGLAND

Nov 29th/61

Ella is, at the moment of writing, orbiting along the shipping lanes of the Atlantic, and re-entry via Liverpool due to take place this weekend Dec 2nd.

Everything here is now ready to receive her, and I've time to write a few lines to you.

The "Penitentiary" is shining like a new pin. A six inch brush slapping color left right and centre has transformed the place adding that touch of freshness and it only remains for me to keep the dust down and clean the windows again, set out the ink & paper, the water carafe and bring the temperature back somewhere up near the 80's degree F. I've done one wall in off-white as a back cloth for a projector, drawings, or names etc., and another in very deep blue. The blue seems to recede and the Atomillos stand right out. The frenzy of decorating is now over and I've time to relax. Strange that I should have been working hard all day at Olympia (Home of Britain's best Exhibitions) and would come home and do an hour's work here each evening in order to cope with the huge program I had set myself, and now that it is finished get chucked out of work. I start back to work again on Monday, and, well, I think I needed this 3 weeks rest. So I hope Ella travels down to London on Sunday and I can meet her at Euston Station and see her safely settled back home with tea and toast and the inevitable cigarette.

I was at the wedding of Anne, daughter of that well-known writer W. F. Temple, to Joe Patrizio and a grand affair it was, too. Mr. Temple, aided by his capable wife, carried the festivities along with a verve and masterly style. Mr. Temple looked spruce and robust. The young couple looked charming with their brides maids in a beautiful setting, a lovely day. I know Ella would have given plenty to have been there.

Back here over the past 3 months only one or two fans have shown up, as if seeking something, a communing, an aura, an insight, and have left again perhaps feeling stumped, lost, left in suspended animation, waiting for those evenings here again, knowing there's lots of tales to be told, and to get into the vortex and driving power that Ella seems to wield.

I've been having a high old time this past fortnight, been browsing through Ella's huge stack of material. Stuff that's not sealed, that is, fanzines ancient and modern. I go for the ancient. Perhaps it's because they are selected, but there's such a lot of crud with the modern. Some of it not worth the time taken up reading it. And time is a valuable commodity. When any perversion creeps into the reading or derogatory remarks of race color or creed, I drop it, or side track it. I'm 3/4 way through the Immortal Storm. Berry's Goonings On (TGGW) is good. I've read the Willis papers. Had a look at some

"Outlanders." I've a soft spot for Ricky. Some "Fanacs". Select this one, ah here's one I'll read that, sling this. A merry old time and no one around to shout - Eh -

I've read "Starship Troopers", and if I had my way it would be in every soldier's knap-sack. I get the impression that some discussion against the author has been on the trivialities and have overlooked the main theme. The embodiment of a futuristic patrol, highly trained and organised, could cut out a lot of the armed forces we have today. There was an artillery officer in the 17th Century -- or was it 16th century -- who advocated two and three stage rockets on which today's efforts in this field are based. No doubt he had his deriders. History has shown that propose what you like and it gets torn to shreds; advocate a change and you are scourged.

Last Sunday I wrote a letter to Mr. & Mrs. Temple and decided to type it as I was sure it would look better. So I brought Ella's typer down to my room and forced the lock and set the machine in front of me learning which lever did the moving carriage and which one to make the paper up at the end of the line. I managed to type a full page. The word thanks was never used yet it was intended. That letter and several attempts at typing took me 5 hours solid, honest. It still looked terrible but I had to let it go at that.

I'm in a deathly hush now wondering at the results of my crassness in displaying in print such ignorance as is mine. Hope to write again some day.

Fred Parker

WE ALSO HEARD FROM a whole mess of fans, or possibly I should say an unwholey mess of fans, several of whom would have made it into the regular letter section if it weren't for the inescapable fact that CRYday is but minutes away. The names of the individuals making up the above-mentioned mess are MARK IRWIN, EMILE E. GREENLEAF JR., GEORGE LOCKE (oog, what have I done, putting you back here? for shame, www!), GARY DEINDORFER, SETH A. JOHNSON, BOB SMITH, TOM ARMISTEAD (Keeper of the Alberts), ALMA HILL (sender of the sox), LARRY WILLIAMS, MIKE DOMINA, JOCK ROOT, GREG BENFORD, JOHN FOYSTER, DICK KUCZEK LENNY KAYE, BILL WOLFENBARGER ("Mr." G. M. Carr has not been in charge of CRY subs for some time now, but we got your money which is really all we care about.), PETER B. HOPE, GREGG CALKINS, RICHARD SCHULTZ, MARTIN HELGESEN, NORM METCALF, LAWRENCE CRILLY, P. F. SKEBERDIS, DON FITCH, and ED BRYANT JR. And thank you ATOM for the ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF illos. And thank you, readers, for sending in all these letters and cards for me to slash and ignore; it's lots more fun than pulling wings off of butterflies. -- wally weber

from: CRY

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