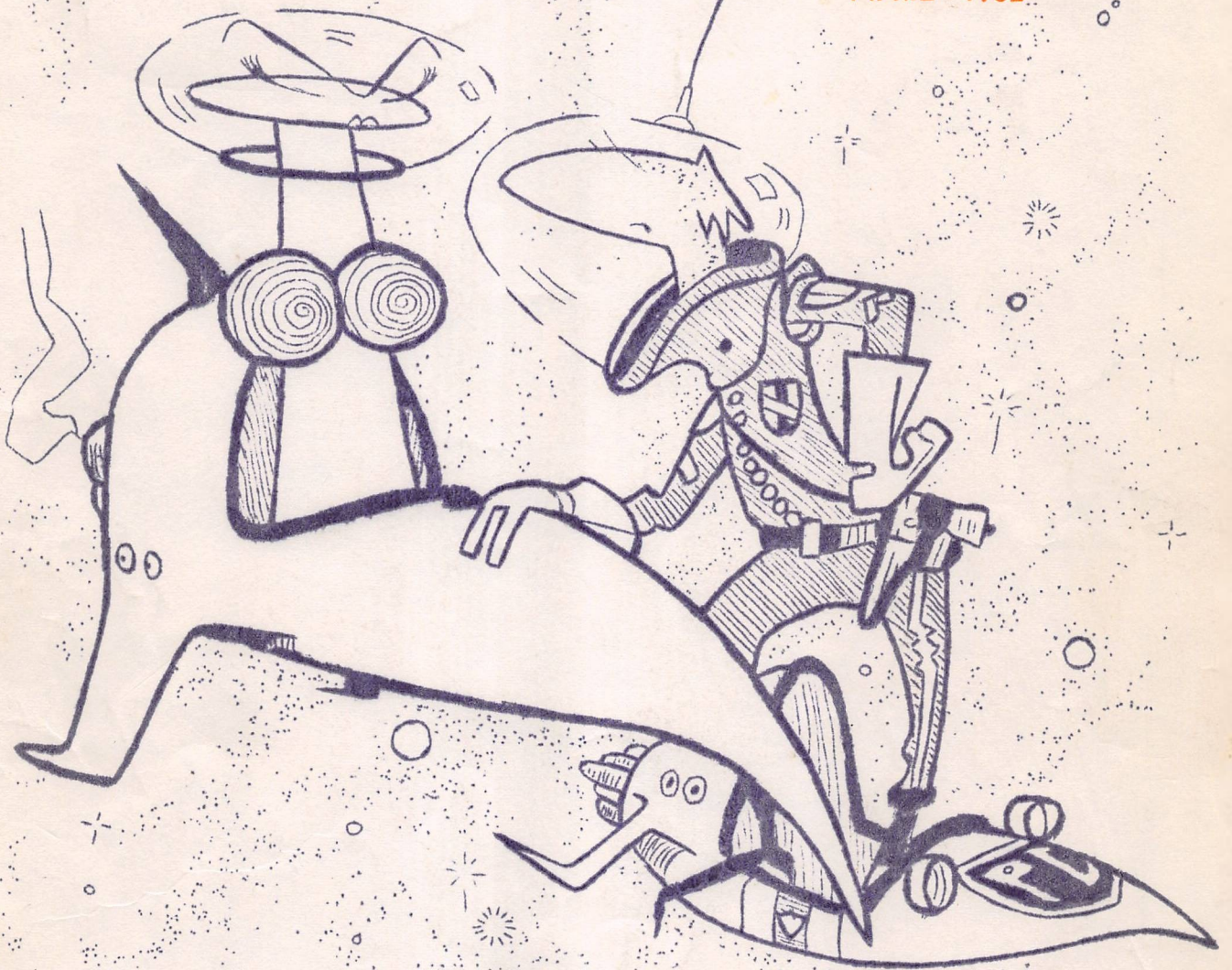


CRY

159

APRIL 1962



"LADY, EVEN IF YOU ARE IN A HURRY TO GET TO SOL III AND
GET YOUR FOTO TAKEN BY WILLIE ROTSLER HIMSELF....
YOU STILL GET A TICKET!"

CRY

151

APRIL 1962



THEY EVEN IN THE VILLAGE HAD TO GET TO THE
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THEY EVEN IN THE VILLAGE HAD TO GET TO THE

Out of Box 92 [507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash] by the first of the month [except for July and September, which have a bad case of the uglies]. Track odds are 25¢ for 1, \$1 for 5, \$2 for 12 [checks payable to Elinor Busby]. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland, offers the same odds at the equivalent sums of 1/9, 7/-, and 14/-. Free passes to contributors [incl lettercol]; some trades.

Circulation limited to about 140-150 or wherever The Cranking Arm gets tired.

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You may have noticed that this is not our old familiar typeface. And neither is this one, if you're watching closely. This one, too, is new to this unique fanzine. And I'm sure CRY has never used anything like this before, right out loud.

All 4 of the typerfaces used in the preceding paragraph belong to this fine IBM Selectric typer, the kind that uses the little quick-change golfballs to carry its type. First electric machine I've ever been able to use with any degree of ease, as you'll have noticed if you ever saw anything I tried to type on Wally's machine!

Some of the above typefaces are merely out on loan to us by IBM; we haven't decided yet just which ones to buy and keep, and the company has others coming up which we may try out later. Oh, it's a full life, Charlie!

publication date of CRY 160 (May 1962) will be APRIL 29. Since this is the day after April 28th, and since April 28th is Elinor's and my wedding anniversary [8th], and since we intend to celebrate in fitting fashion... I guess I'd better do this page up ahead of time next month, maybe.

Today is April 1st, which gave rise to all sorts of ideas among your dedicated CRYstaff for hoaxing & harrassing our loyal readers. O, you just wouldn't believe some of the fiendish schemes this gang can come up with! So anyhow, after considering what it would take to top "pages 19 thru 22", we decided to play it straight. Well, almost straight. So straight that probably no one will even notice. Except Bruce Pelz, of course; that lad is positively uncanny.

Incidentally, last month on this Page I had a spoof paragraph about Naming Names, intended merely to point up that maybe we'd all been getting too Creeping-Sercon about that deal and that maybe it was time to ease off. The Names in that paragraph were chosen entirely for purposes of demonstrated-incongruity, and the whole thing was 100% in fun, dammit! So everybody just relax, now. OK?

Bob Lichtman kept worrying about those overly-wide capital-Ws I used occasionally on this page with the Olivetti 44 typer. Well, it was this way: to make that machine cut an ordinary capital-W even semi-legibly, I had to bang the key hard and repeatedly. But the capital-Vs printed just fine. And the Olivetti has the half-spacing feature. All clear on that now, Bob? W WVVVVW. O well. Or rather, OWell. [Have fun!]-Buz.

THE SQUARE (AND SOMETIMES BLEARY) EYEBALL *

by John Berry

Both the B.B.C. and Commercial Television (U.T.V.--Ulster Television) feature a high proportion of American features these days, and I thought it would be a pleasant change if I gave my opinions of some of them:

LARAMIE. (B.B.C.) Unfortunately, since the advent of Spring Byington and a little orphan-type critter, this series has deteriorated. In the old series, even though there was another orphan-type critter, at least there was Hoagy Carmichael. Not that he did the plot any good (he seemed as out of place as William Rotsler at a meeting of the Plymouth Brethren) but on the rare occasion he was alloed to tinkle the ivories, and I was glad to see him making dollars the easy way. I've always admired Hoagy since hearing him sing one of his ditties which featured the classic lines:

"He hit a chord which rocked the spinet,
And disappeared into the in-fin-it."

Robert Fuller as Jess Harper looks the part as much as anyone else on the small screen, or even the big screen for that matter. He is handsome, mean at the same time, and shoots enough bad men to please the youngsters. John Smith, as boss of the Relay Station, is fat of face, and prys so much into Jess Harper's business that by rights he should have been shot long ago.

The production is slick, the action is usually sustained (except when Spring Byington gets into the act) and I reckon that Robert Fuller (Jess Harper) carries the show.

HIGHWAY PATROL. (U.T.V.) Broderick Crawford, as Dan Matthews, is dead cunning in THESE FILMS. He is usually at the wheel of a sleek patrol car, and by his uncanny intuition and the imagination of the script writers always manages to catch the outlaws just when they think they've gotten away with it. Broderick Crawford has the personality to give authenticity to the character of Dan Matthews, but unfortunately, physically, he just doesn't stand up to the role. A swift-of-foot wrong-doer is seen whipping over the countryside like a gazelle, and Dan Matthews lumbers out of his car, and is seen in pursuit. It isn't so much his flat feet and piles, which seem to me to be the main cause of his ungainly movements, but he also seems to have trouble with arthritis, which is evident when he handles his .38, and I reckon his eyesight is giving him hell too. Of course, he's the brains of the outfit, and therefore can presumably be forgiven all these physical defects, and yet he always seems to be the one who finally corners the crooks, and he always fires the telling shots, even though wonderful hunks of American manhood are with him when the chase starts.

However, it is good entertainment as long as you don't take it too seriously. The documentary-type approach is effective, and the little traffic tips Dan Matthews gives at the end round the whole affair off on a suitable note.

BONANZA. (U.T.V.) The Bonanza Outfit is, I reckon, the most ignorant bunch of boyos in the whole wild and woolly west. They're always sticking their flippin' noses in things which don't concern them, just 'cos they've got the biggest spread.... I'm also sick to death of their love affairs. They're a bunch of sex-maniacs to boot. Horse gets involved with a woman who is a gambling addict, and his brother calmly doles out \$25,000 of his pa's money just to show Horse what an idiot he is, when a boot in the backside would have been as effective and definitely cheaper. Little Joe is just as bad, he's a menace to the whole countryside. Even Lorne Greene, as the grey-haired daddyo, who should know better, nearly goes berserk when he as much as hears a skirt rustle. Another thing, one of the Cartwright boys is in prison for shooting someone... what happens..... Ben and the other sons grab their rifles and if they cannot talk the sheriff out of letting the other go, by threats or bribery, they prowl up and down outside the hail, waiting for a chance to spring the offending Cartwright. Everyone is wrong except them.

The only thing I like about the programme is the music, which is worthy of a much better series.....

THE DEFENDERS. (B.B.C.) I class this series as the best on both U.T.V. and B.B.C. I've seen about a dozen of these films so far, and I haven't had a disappointment yet. I am used to court trials, I've given evidence in many of them, even in murders and suchlike, and although court procedure differs widely between Great Britain and the U.S.A., The Defenders always manages to retain that undefinable courtroom atmosphere to a most authentic degree. The acting is first class, the plots have depth to them, and the denouement is not performed with the brashness and superciliousness of Perry Mason, but with tenseness and feeling, as though there was only an even chance of getting an acquittal. One of the latest in the series shown over here concerned the Bossman lawyer, Lawrence Preston, being up on a charge of inciting perjury. His son Kenneth, played by handsome and talented Robert Reed, was defending him. The twist was that the witness who claimed he had been told by Preston to commit perjury was lying, but the only way to bring out the truth was by producing his girl friend..but he was married, and son Kenneth didn't want to hurt the wife by showing what a heel her husband was. Therefore, his gimmick was to seat the girlfriend next to the wife in court (they didn't know each other) and then by questioning show the man that if he didn't admit he had lied, he, Kenneth Preston, would produce the girlfriend to prove his case. The man didn't want to admit perjury and get a long stretch, and he didn't want his wife to know of his adultery, so he wouldn't budge, and Preston didn't want to spoil the marriage by producing the girl, yet his father's name was at stake. So it developed into a battle of wits, with Kenneth having to ask stupid questions which only the guilty man knew the significance of, and the judge kept upholding the prosecutor's protestations. I'd never previously seen such high drama on TV....a rare TV moment. And the rest of the plots, though not as compelling, are much much above the average.

DR. KILDARE. (B.B.C.) Superbly acted and produced, with a memorable musical theme. I don't dig hospital-type films, so it would be unfair for me to comment at any length.

CHEYENNE. (U.T.V.) Passable western, that's about the best I can say for the series. Clint Walker is a BIG man, and never fails to show off his physique to advantage, but his acting ability is limited, although he tries hard. The plots present a very thin canvas indeed, using all the old worn cliches which have lately been rejected from most other westerns. I understand that women like Cheyenne, principally because of his coconut-matting chest, and children like him too, which I suppose is a good thing, because he always win in the end. Not for me, though.

RAWHIDE. (U.T.V.) I see that Rawhide was named the Outstanding Western Fictional Programme for 1961 in America. I can understand this. Eric Fleming puts the fear of God into me every time he opens his mouth, and Rowdy Yates (acted by Clint Eastwood) handsome, quick-tempered and undisciplined, pleases the girls (my 8 year old daughter, anyway). The rest of the cast act with the same high standard, as though it's a good job and they need the money. What riles me, however, are the all too frequent 'set' shots. They stand out so much that even my kids can spot 'em. The drama of the wide open spaces is spoiled by scenes obviously made in a studio, with the shadows on the ground going three different ways....the voices sound cramped(as is only to be expected)and it is really nauseating.... One finds oneself wondering how the multi-angled shadows could have been avoided by more subtle placing of the lights, and the plot is relegated to a less important sphere. A few of the plots are excellent, most moderate, some plainly shocking. Like the one about the chap who wanted to swipe the whole herd, so he latched on to the Favour Outfit, and let it be known in a subtle way that he was a gunsmith. What happened? It is understandable that one or two found that their guns needed repairing, but in the case the whole bunch queued up at his wagon and handed their guns in. Besides showing what a rabble they were in not having efficient weapons, it also demonstrates their lamentable intelligence and lack of leadership by handing over their entire armoury to a stranger, who called up hss cohorts and away with the herd. I think it's a shame the way they show Mushy to be a simpleton. It sometimes seems to me that he's the only sane one amongst them. It could be said, I suppose, that I say that because I find myself unconsciously associating myself with him. Ah well.... keeps the children quiet, anyway, and my wife loves Rowdy.

PERRY MASON. (B.B.C.) This series has been on the B.B.C. for a considerable time, but I just got fed up with watching it....after the first dozen or so. Everything is stereotyped. The basic characters are always churning away in exactly the same way, and poor old Hamilton Burger (is this an intentional pun on 'hamburger'?) is always made to look a nit. The theme music is arresting, the photography, acting and production is absolutely top class, but, frankly, I find it boring.

TENDERFOOT. (B.B.C.) It is pleasant to note a subtle (and sometimes broad) sense of humour in these films. Once again there is a preponderance of studio 'sets', which I suppose one has to forgive on the grounds of finance. But at least I am always on the lookout for a good laugh. Will Hutchins, as Tom Brewster, is an engaging young fellow, getting viewers immediately on his side. Very enjoyable.

WELLS FARGO. (B.B.C.) Handsome Dale Robertson, as Jim Hardie, shows in each film how advantageous it is to have a left hand draw. I like the way he talks; I mean by that that he seems to exude just the right kind of atmosphere for a Western--but his shows, too, have now become somewhat monotonous. Nevertheless, there is usually skillful production and photography, and he does get shot occasionally, to show he's only human.

JOHNNY STACCATO. (U.T.V.) This is only a recent acquisition on U.T.V., but I'm rather impressed. The acting is most definitely well above average, particularly on the part of John Cassavetes, the rather neurotic 'hero'. The location shots of New York, mostly around the Greenwich Village area, add stark realism, and somehow the films manage to show the essential speed of things in New York, which is very difficult to explain by the mere written word. Apropos to the acting, most of the actors seem to favour The Method System -- like "er, reel cool, man, dig that stuff--duh--man?" sort of thing, but even that adds to an all-round sensitiveness and urgency. So far--top class.

That's eleven American programmes I've discussed. We've had others, such as Wagon Train, Lawman, Bronco Layne, etc., but these are not current on either B.B.C. or U.T.V.

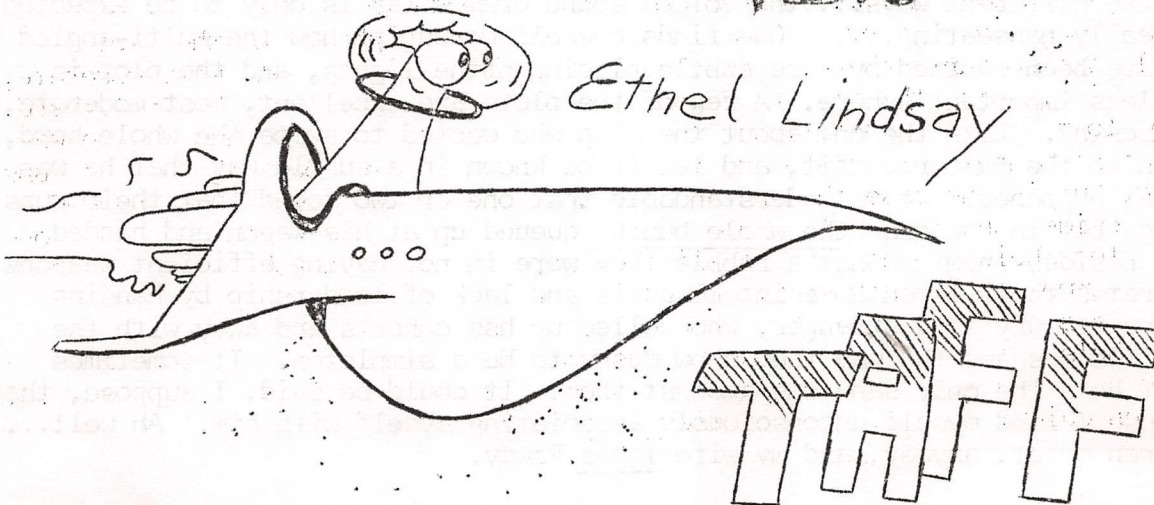
I must say that the photography, production, direction and acting in most American TV programmes is infinitely superior to most British productions. For example, THE CHEATERS, MARK SABRE, STRYKER OF THE YARD, CHARLIE CHAN, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, all made in Britain, are deplorable. I only watch them when I'm fed up with life and want a good laugh to cheer me up, and all those I've mentioned are deadly serious. THE THIRD MAN is about the best of the British half-hourlies, but unfortunately, it isn't typical--I wish it was, because it's the only series which measures up to the American standards.

It would be interesting to me at least to hear which British TV series (if any) are shown in America--and what CRY readers think of them. I mean, if you've suffered, it's a good thing to share the load, isn't it?

John Berry, 1962

Vote

Ethel Lindsay



AN OPEN LETTER FROM DIRCE ARCHER

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It has been reported to me that a certain individual is now claiming that FANAC won PITTCOON'S fanzine Hugo, and that he and Lynn Hickman "witnessed" an occasion when a stack of ballots naming FANAC were destroyed "on the grounds that the handwriting is similar."

This story, the last in a series of vengeful attacks upon our group, is entirely and totally false and with no basis whatsoever.

- 1) I have never met this man to my knowledge and do not even know what he looks like.
- 2) Lynn Hickman was not in Pittsburgh at any time during the year prior to the convention and, since ballots must be counted weeks before a convention so Hugo plates can be engraved, he could not have been present at a ballot counting session. Lynn's character is such that it is not even necessary to check as to whether he had any part of this malicious gossip.
- 3) Even PITTCOON committee member's wives and husbands were excluded at ballot counting sessions--as at all business meetings. It would be ridiculous to share knowledge of the most carefully guarded secret of any convention, the ballot results, with outsiders!
- 4) FANAC, although tops in nominations, did not win a Hugo. In fact, until the last seven days before the deadline SF TIMES was leading and we expected it to win. In the last seven days four of the five nominees changed places.
- 5) PITTCOON did toss out some nominations but with excellent reason. We received 78 ballots--packaged, not sent separately--each nominating the same novel, short story and publisher, with an accompanying letter saying, "These are all bona fide nominations, as are attested by the individual names and addresses." They nominated a single author (author of the novel and short story) totally unknown to our committee, whose stories appeared in an obscure British publication (not Nova Publications) which was nominated for best magazine.

Surely no one could expect us to believe that one English village of something under 7,000 populations contains upwards of 60 bona fide fans, many with identical handwriting, seven with identical addresses and last name (the author's) and ALL with identical nominations!

It was our belief that duty required we discard these obvious attempts to stuff the ballot box. We would do the same thing again under such circumstances.

I trust, for his own sake, the fertile imagination of this individual will be kept under control in the future. We deplore legal action and have ignored previous slander, but there is a point of no return in these matters. We could and would take steps.

/s/ Dirce

Dirce S. Archer
Chairman, PITTCOON

8
M I N U T E S

accounted by Hon. Sec. W. Weber

MINUTES OF THE MARCH 15, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The March 15, 1962 meeting of the fabulous organization of international reknown, the Nameless Ones, was brought to order by President John Rundorff. No kidding, our fearless leader was there in person. And he brought the meeting to order at 8:45:00, which isn't easy to do at a meeting of the Nameless Ones. Doreen Webbert overruled a motion that the meeting be adjourned, so the minutes of the previous meeting were read in order to pass time. The minutes were begrudgingly accepted with minor corrections, none of which will be made since the minutes were already published.

President Rundorff, for want of anything better to do, asked for old business. Mary Gregory finally decided her offer to buy Maxfield Parrish prints could come under the heading of old business. Dr. Burnett R. Toskey, famous mathematician and author of the forthcoming best-seller, "Sexed-up College Algebra," told Mary about Mark Walsted's great fondness for Maxfield Parrish prints and how little good Mark's collection would do her due to the fact that Mark lived across the continent now.

For some reason the conversation got off of Maxfield Parrish and shifted to Leprechauns. Dr. Toskey had seen some of those, too.

Doreen Webbert (who is not the President anymore) asked for old business, just as the real President had done earlier, except Doreen got much better results; nobody had any. The President then asked for New Business. It was voted that a meeting be held on the fifth Thursday in March at Stumphouse, and that the regularly scheduled April 5 meeting also be held at Stumphouse. According to President Rundorff, the voting was unanimous, and we have to take his word for it since none of the members had time to vote on the matter. It was generally decided that the project at the next meeting would be to construct a 20-sided hexa-hexa-flexagram.

There was, present at the meeting, a 6-sided hexa-hexa-flexagram. Various members of the club had been flexing it during the meeting in futile attempts to unflex all six sides. Mysterious Vice President Gordon Eklund had made the best showing, with the possible exception of Doreen, who had constructed the evil device. It was Dr. Toskey, however, who turned in the most spectacular demonstration of flexing by unflexing two-thirds of one side, and one-sixth each of two other sides, a combination that is not possible in three dimensional space. It was concluded that Dr. Toskey had broken the hexa-hexa-flexagram.

John Rundorff announced that he had written a radio play. Doreen announced that Jim Webbert's book (co-authored with a struggling writer from North Bend, Alan E. Nourse) has been published. John Rundorff admitted he was to be interviewed March 16 for a position on Channel 4 TV. So much for the dirty pros.

The club voted to buy a block of tickets for an Anna Russell performance scheduled for next winter. This was to show that the Nameless Ones were interested in the future, as a true science fiction club should be. This vote was just as unanimous as the previous ones, and the Secretary-Treasurer was instructed to find out when, where, or even if tickets could be obtained.

Mention was made of a meeting March 17 with Mr. Vogel, head of the Arts Productions Department of Century-21. So far as could be determined, somebody named Gordon Eklund had told him to get in touch with the club with regard to a Science Fiction Panel to be held at the Fair.

The conversation shifted with no trouble at all from science fiction authors to monsters, and it was during this spine-tingling discussion that Dr. Toskey interrupted the proceedings with an ink-curdling scream He had just turned up seven segments of the six-segmented hexa-hexa-flexagram. Soon after that he disappeared from the meeting without a trace.

Shaken, the club members adjourned the meeting to the Dutch Kitchen where the Secretary-Treasurer calmed his nerves by eating a double-decker banana split, specially made to celebrate the 100,000th mile achieved by his automobile on the way to the meeting that very evening.

Hon. Sec-Treas Wally Weber

MARCH 17, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES?

A special meeting was called to order at 3:20 p.m. in front of the Swedish Hospital for the purpose of censuring Wally Gonser for not staying at the hospital until F. M. and Elinor Busby and Wally Weber could visit him.

Most Hon. Sec-Treas, Wally Weber

MARCH 29, 1962 PARTY OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Dr. Toskey was not present at the party, and nobody even so much as mentioned the subject of hexa-hexa-flexagrams. Practically everybody did bring their knitting, however, and those who hadn't brought their knitting were supplied with knitting, even the Unfathomable Gordon Eklund.

The controversy of the evening centered around the publication date of John Wyndham's, "The Day of the Triffids." Although the actual year of publication was not determined (despite such extreme measures as contacting the spirit of Dr. Toskey, who could only tell us that, "The Day of the Triffids" was published at 3:00 o'clock), Wally Gonser's guess of a more recent publication date was crushed by evidence found in Wyndham's, "Out of the Deeps," that the Triffids had seen print previous to 1953. It served him right, however, for leaving the hospital a day ahead of schedule.

Wally did display his toes for all to see, and we were much relieved that he displayed them on his foot rather than in a jar.

Jerry Frahm announced that Fafnir, Malcolm Willits' famous 12-cylinder Cadillac, is running for the Oregon State Legislature, proving that all it takes to get into politics these days is sufficient pull. This reminded Wally Gonser, for no good reason, of a sign he saw in Idaho stating in huge letters the simple suggestion, "Next time try a Cadillac," which he, a veteran Cadillac-owner himself, would not have felt to be unusual if it had not been for the sponsor's name on the billboard, "Jones Chevrolet Company."

Ed Wyman and Jerry Frahm collaborated on a heart-rending description of Ed's recent experience attempting to call Jerry on the telephone. After two or three attempts at calling Jerry, each time dialing more carefully than before, and each time being answered by a woman on a phone having an entirely different number, Ed had concluded something had gone amiss in the mysterious bowels of the telephone company and tried calling the operator. As luck would have it, he was successful in contacting the operator, who kindly dialed Jerry's number for Ed. In a moment there was a three-way conversation going between the operator, Ed, and the woman with the entirely different number we were telling you about. Giving in to an impulse to experiment further into the matter, the operator dialed the number of the entirely different woman -- well, that isn't what your most Hon. Sec-Treas means exactly, but he's not going to corflu it all out and correct it this close to press-time -- and the familiar buzz indicating a phone ringing somewhere else in the world was heard, but no woman with an entirely different number answered this time. No other woman, man, child, beast, or Frahm answered, for that matter. The operator finally reported to Ed that the only thing she could do about Ed's attempts to call Jerry was to feel sorry about it, which we suppose she did. Jerry professed to be primarily interested in whether the phone company is going to charge him for service he didn't have on his next bill, while the rest of us are primarily interested in who that woman with the entirely different number is who is answering Jerry's phone.

Wally Gonser was reminded (you just can't talk about anything without it reminding Wally Gonser of something) of a recent telephoning experience that had been new to him; calling collect to a pay phone.

The topic was changed for a moment to the impending visit of John Howald & Phil Jaskar to a meeting that doesn't exist, and rightaway the subject got back to telephones when it was suggested that we call the invaders from another city and tell them about it. Wally Gonser discovered a likely phone number, JU8-3115, from an undependable source (the phone company) but resisted the temptation to actually place the call at eleven o'clock at night.

This brought attention to how late it was, and, after rummaging through a box of the club's pocketbook collection (the treasury is financed by a committee of pickpockets), the typically boisterous Nameless party broke up and everyone took their knitting and went home.

Hon. Sec-Treas Wally Weber

With KEEN Blue EYES

and a Busbycycle □□□□□□□□□□

It's a shame to disillusion a nice fella like Tom Purdom, but here is where CRY spoils its record and says a few words about Fallout. But at least we have a different slant to present on the matter; maybe that will help take the curse off.

You'll recall how a few years ago the troops set off a Big One and lofted an entire island downwind in the form of fallout-dust? And this Japanese fishing-boat "Lucky Dragon" came into port with a load of radiation sickness and we've been hearing about it ever since? Well, it seems there are more aspects to that story than are generally publicized; I wouldn't know why...

A fella at the office happened to be in Japan at the time this boat came in, and saw quite a lot of it in the newsreels[and on the TV perhaps] so that the details are pretty clear in his recall. One such detail is that the boat was still loaded with heavy layers of this dust; the men had not washed or even swept it off the decks; they just tromped through it. They had not rinsed the dust off their own persons, but only tried to brush it off [not enough fresh water for washing, and for some reason the idea of an ocean dip did not suit them.] Consequently, then, these men had spent 21 days in intimate contact with rather huge quantities of fallout dust from one of the dirtiest bombs ever fired. And yet not one of them died of it. One man died, yes-- of jaundice, possibly aggravated by the radiation sickness-- but not from radiation as such. Not after 21 fallout-dusty days.

My reporter is not planning to dig a fallout shelter. He hopes to be, in any time of disaster, in the vicinity of some relatively-undamaged structure that will keep most of the dust off. He recommends some plastic rain-type clothing that can be washed or shaken reasonably clean with minimum effort, for outside excursions at the peak of activity. And he is concerned about provision of a clean water supply. I tend to go along with his way of thinking, myself.

And that's all I have to say about Fallout. You can open your eyes now, Tom.

Century 2]: Seattle's Space Age World's Fair. The papers say it is up to all of us to plug this thing, so I just now did; I hope you were paying attention.

As might be expected, the Fast Buck Boys are blooming early this year around the Fairgrounds. Apartment house owners are evicting longtime tenants in order to cash in on the 6-month bonanza at transient rates; parking lots, hotels, and some restaurants are preparing for equivalent gouges. As always, it's a minority that gives the whole lot a bad name, but a minority big enough to make headlines around here two or three times a week. The whole Fair bit thrills me a lot less than you might think; it means six months of traffic jams, overcrowding, being gouged right along with the tourists (2 firms are selling badges reading "Don't Gouge ME-- I live here!"), and the normal invasion of shady characters and plain thugs that infest all such operations down through recorded history. But still I think it will all be worth it in the long run, for reasons the Chamber of Commerce would be horrified to hear. It's this way. If the city doesn't have any better luck controlling the gougers, than it has had to date, this town will so stink to high heaven all

by F.M. BUSBY □□□□□□□□□□

across the country that it should be at least ten years before the tourist traffic gets back up to pre-Fair normal. And quite a few of our current citizenry will get fed up and move away. Then business will be bad for the Fast Buck contingent, and they will have to strike tents and follow the migration of the herd. The next fella speaking up for Boosterism will be found hanging from the Space Needle, and those of us who have had the stamina to tough it out-- well, you know, we'll end up with a nice quiet little city to live in. Why, it won't matter whether the Freeway is finished, or not!

I was thinking of writing a letter to the paper, to this effect, but I decided not to; given warning, they might find some way to avoid this sequence of events, the prospect of which is all that makes the next 6 months worth living through at all.

The finest piece of fugghead-dissecting I've seen in years turned up the other day, by Wm F Buckley, in NATIONAL REVIEW [there will be a short break while the liberals climb back down off the ceiling]. Yes, I had been told off and on how Buckley is a nut and probably some sort of neo-Nazi, how he wrote "God and Man at Yale" which I've seen parodied by Ira Wallach-- so naturally I realized that Buckley must be a conservative. However, I haven't read "God and Man at Yale"; instead, I've read "An Evening With Jack Paar", in which Buckley deftly cuts Paar too short to hang up; it was utterly delightful, and I was reminded sorrowfully that the fannish shoes of F Towner Laney are still standing empty. Buckley would be the perfect ally in a really slambang fan-feud; he did not leave one stone standing on another, in Paar's ~~head~~ case. Like wow.

Ofttimes have been recommended the adventure stories of Ian Fleming, concerning a British secret agent named James Bond. So I read one, then another, then a third: "Goldfinger", "Live and Let Die", and "Moonraker", in that order. They are fun to read, those books; the author has a fine eye for suspense even when the reader knows exactly how the formula has to save the hero until the end of the book [and for sequels]. The plotting is not what can be called inspired, and some of the technical mistakes border on the farcical. The hero must without fail be captured at least twice by the villain, and I wouldn't be surprised but what these captures occur within 25 pages of the same point from one book to the next, because they [and the escapes] occur at the author's need rather than as logical developments. But still the books are fun, and I think I know why: Fleming has resurrected and modernized the fine old formula used by Sax Rohmer (pseud) to crank out the many many adventures of the evil Doctor Fu Manchu. Fleming uses a different villain each time, being rather wasteful of villains, but in each case they are imaginatively constructed and well on the outre side. Fleming also allows his hero to make out in the romance dep't now and then-- nothing like the usual private eye, and not necessarily in each and every book, but now and then anyhow; I'll bet Bond is glad he's working for Ian Fleming and not for Sax Rohmer!

Elsewhere in this issue is an Open Letter from Dirce Archer. For the sake of discussion let us assume that she is referring to George Willick, since I know of no one else who has been cutting-up re the PittCon Hugoes. George, by the way, repudiates the term "witnessed" and substitutes "personally heard" (Dirce telling of ballot-dumping); I'll leave this discrepancy up to George and the two independent sources that quoted it as "I SAW"; both are CRYreaders and may identify themselves in this connection or not as they choose. Aside from the disputed overelaboration of earwitness to eyewitness, it seems that George put two twos together and got four, not realizing that the correct answer was ten because there were some twos missing in his deck. That is, putting together a change in standings from midrace to finals, and invalidation of some phony nominating ballots, he assumed a connection when there wasn't any. There's nothing wrong with not having all the facts. But as Dirce says, it is something else again to go making accusations without making sure of the evidence-- not only highly unfair, but also a little bit like playing catch with a hand grenade in a phone booth; if you happen to pick the wrong target you may well wind up wondering what hit you.

This hasn't been a very good year for George; he's gotten carried away about a few other things, as rumor may have mentioned. Looks as if some of these are going to be aired out now; this would be a Good Thing, and then maybe all concerned can get their feet back on the ground. Including George, who I'm pleased to hear now has a good new job (and let's hope an improved disposition to match). Anyhow, I'm sure it pays better

than the night shift at the Rumor Works, which, I suspect, is a real drag.

While we're at it, let's correct both a statement of George's in a recent N3F zine, and various people's reaction to it. Geo said that the Fan Awards were all my very own idea in the first place; several have assumed that he was lying, and have become quite angry. Well, the fact is that in this case George forgot one detail in a long correspondence during 1961. Geo had come on rather strongly with the quite impractical idea of adding Hugoes for fans to parallel the pro Hugoes-- the kind of thing that gives ConCommittees the cold robbies. In reply, after arguing the reasons why fan Hugoes can't and won't be added to the Con's work&expense, I mentioned that Harry Warner had recently suggested a set of separate awards for fan efforts. Since Geo & I discussed the Fan Awards quite a bit during the next few months, it is understandable that he might forget the initial crediting of the idea to Harry. Clearer?

And by the way: regardless of the merits or demerits of Fan Awards or of some of George's tactics in promoting them, one point perhaps needs emphasizing. The financing and awarding of any such trophies should be no business of a Worldcon, as such. Now if someone has a project that he carries out himself or with help, and wants a few minutes of time on the Con program to announce its results, no harm [but not at the Banquet-- that should be reserved for Awards given BY the Con itself, surely]. But these Fan Awards are in reality fanZINE-Fan Awards, and while you and I are all fanzine-fans we are a minority in staging and paying for the WorldCons, which are and should be basically pro-centered in theme. So let's get off this kick of trying to saddle non-Con items onto the backs of the Cons, which are for speeching and partying and (censored)...

We recently had an example of the accusations-from-insufficient-facts bit directed at Seacon; luckily this was done in letter rather than in zine, because it was a bitter gripe that would have required ungentle handling if turned loose in print. It took a while to dig up the pertinent facts but eventually they came to light, and I believe the entire misunderstanding is now laid to rest (so no NEED to Name Names, y'see?)

I have a theory to propose, concerning Polls; it is based upon only a scattering of data, and I'd appreciate additional documentation either pro or con. Briefly, it is that the distribution of ballots with a given fanzine improves that zine's chances greatly in any given voting competition, such as the FANAC Poll or Hugo balloting.

Naturally I have more complete data on CRY than on other zines. CRY distributed Hugo ballots in 1959, 1960, and 1961; this year we got lazy; it made the final ballot in both 1959 and 1960; last year we publicly disqualified it for obvious reasons and it still came in second in the preliminary balloting [thus proving the validity of our grounds for the disqualification, by the way], and not counting those who affirmed in the margins that CRY would have had their vote, EXCEPT... I'd be very much surprised if CRY placed in the first ten in this year's Hugo nominations.

CRY distributed ballots for the second and third FANAC Polls but not for the first or for this latest one still running. Placed low in the top ten the first time, high in it the next two times, and my spies in Berkeley report that it's not doing so hot this year-- not clear out of the running, but back more like the first time.

In Seacon's Hugo voting, most of the zines that placed highly had distributed nominating ballots. The ones whose standing dropped noticeably between nominating and final ballots were those that had distributed nominating ballots, thus indicating that the distribution definitely helped their standings in the initial vote.

SFTimes, I believe, had been on the final Hugo ballots from time immemorial until last year when Taurasi did not distribute nominating ballots; it did not even come close to making the final ballot. This year I expect that the ballots in the prozines will put SFT on the final with no strain at all, since many prozine readers take SFT and no other fanzines. End of Department of Incomplete Data.

This discussion is in no sense a gripe, or sour-grape session; CRY has no complaints of its treatment in either the FANAC or Hugo voting over the years. Nor would I wish to give this ballot-distribution factor a greater weight than it actually pulls. Certainly the results of any Poll are inevitably skewed by a number of factors; after all, this is fandom, not the Bureau of Standards. This is just one more such.

And we do seem to be all out of page for this time. Live it up, folks! --Buz.

THE BALLAD OF C-21

(OR BUST)

by Scotty Tapscott

(tune: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon")

Seattle town has built a World's Fairground;
 It's built with public money that was earned by you and me.
 And if you ask them why the subsidation,
 The fair commission says, "T'will be a lovely thing to see."

Thing to see, Lord Lord, a thing to see.
 It will bring in lots of money, what a lovely thing to see.

Of course, we're thinking not of just the money;
 The banner of our friendship is about to be unfurled.
 The Wax Museum and other such attractions
 Will bring fame to Seattle in the eyes of all the world.

All the world, Lord Lord, from all the world.
 It will bring in paying customers from all around the world.

"The building code's a thing of little virtue,"
 Apartment-building owners cried, in voices loud and clear.
 "If we can rent by day, instead of monthly,
 The tourist housing problem won't be nearly so severe."

So severe, Lord Lord, not so severe.
 We can earn ourselves a fortune in three-quarters of a year.

But vacancies are fewer than expected,
 So a rasher of evictions solves the problem quick and neat.
 And now the tourists have accommodations,
 But the natives of Seattle are a-living in the street.

In the street, Lord Lord, out in the street.
 In spite of all the traffic they are living in the street.

Seattle streets are highly inefficient;
 The crowding of a million tourists' cars will be a curse.
 And if you do not care for city driving,
 The monorail goes right downtown to where it's even worse.

Even worse, Lord Lord, it's even worse.
 But what the hell, Seattle will have fattened up its purse.

The city council's feeling very pious;
 It's knocked price-gouging, and it hopes the merchants will comply.
 The business men, of course, are more than willing;
 (Two dollars for a sandwich isn't really very high.)

Very high, Lord Lord, not very high.
 We'll gouge the tourists now, because we cannot by and by.

I do not throw the bull today, I really mean it when I say...

I approve of bullfighting. It is part pageant, part ritual, and an art as well as a sport. It is elegant and colorful, and well done, it is supremely style-full. Too often, ordinary life lacks style; ordinarily, people lack style--they are too often untrue to their real selves. But at its best, bullfighting is the epitome of style. It is a pageant of love and death. The audience loves the brave torero, yes, but they also love the brave bull. He is cherished and enfolded and praised even as the sword goes between his shoulders.

Afterwards, his carcass is butchered and sold, and he is grokked in fullness.

I don't see why a person who consents to the slaughter of beef in a slaughterhouse should boggle at the slaughtering of beef in a bull-ring. I do believe quite firmly that death in the arena must be pleasanter, from the bull's point-of-view. The bull comes charging out, gloriously, furiously angry. He is an essentially wild animal. For many generations he has been bred for strength, speed, and above all, courage and spirit. When he is wounded by the picador and the banderilleros, his system is so charged with adrenalin that I doubt whether his wounds hurt him much. In any case, isn't the pain of a wound connected more with the healing process? His wounds generally do not have a chance to heal. Dominated by the torero, the bull is confused and bewildered. Is he afraid? Perhaps not. His imagination does not encompass his own death, and he is not surrounded by frightened animals. For four years he has led a happy life--untrammelled, complete, proud, masculine and beautiful. His life is ended in the arena over a period of less than fifteen minutes, during part of which time he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Compare that with the drab sordid impersonality of death in the slaughterhouse, ending the uninteresting life of an animal castrated in calfhood. And in the slaughterhouse, there is never any reprieve. The brave bull does have one very slight chance. If he is outstanding in his courage, the audience may ask that his life be spared. In that case, if he has not been too badly wounded by the picadors and the banderilleros, he will be returned to the ranch and used for breeding.

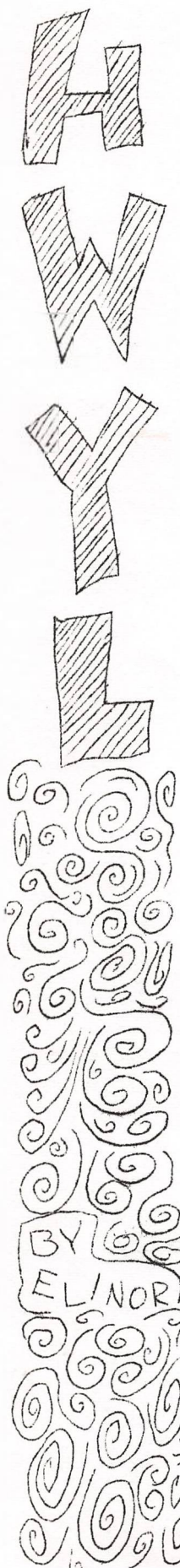
I approve of bullfighting. But, although I did once see a torero tossed, I never saw a horse gored. Whether my warm approbation of bullfighting would hold up under that, I have no way of knowing. And up here in Seattle, Washington, I'm not apt ever to find out!

Pictures at an exhibition...

"Fantasy and Surrealism in American Art" is an exhibition presently being circulated by the American Federation of Arts. Perhaps it will show in your town; it did in mine.

It consists of 27 oils, watercolors and drawings from the Whitney Museum of American Art. Most of these pictures--probably all--were technically marvelous, though the marvelousness of technique of such a technician as George Tooker ("The Subway") or the guy who did "Terror in Brooklyn" is more obvious to my untutored eye than that of Alexander Calder's portrait of a young onion on tiptoe.

Pictures I liked best: Bernard Perlin's "The Jacket". The fantasy element in this was that the jacket looked like it was being worn, but the wearer was invisible. A mild bit of fantasy, but the picture was very pleasing to the eye. The jacket is richly painted in dark reds, and is shown against a predominantly green background of leaves and flowers, conventionalized but precisely detailed. Then there was a colored pencil drawing entitled "Boy Presenting Mollusc to the Poet" which could have been called



almost anything else with equal appropriateness. I liked it a lot. It was an astringent bit of whimsy in offbeat pastels. Then there was "Bird in the Spirit" by Morris Graves. So far, I've liked everything I've seen by him. He has a romantic spirit and a love for elegant detail. Then there was a picture of a girl with swans that I liked for its odd combination of meltingness and harshness. I don't know what it was called or who did it. And I would have liked to own "The City" by Jules Kirschenbaum, which would look well in almost anyone's house, and was attractive in detail close-up and in pattern from a distance.

I disliked Tooker's picture, which looked like an illustration for an old GALAXY story. I disliked "Terror in Brooklyn" which looked like an illustration for an old IF story. I disliked Koerner's "Vanity Fair" which I thought ugly. I disliked two other pictures which seemed to me respectively anti-religious and political propaganda. All in all, I enjoyed the exhibition very much, as liking pictures and disliking them are equally stimulating.

I compared this exhibition in my mind with the two Fan Art Shows I've seen. I don't doubt that almost everything in this show was superior in technique to almost anything that will ever appear at a Fan Art Show. But the Fan Art Shows I thought richer in fantasy, both in specific fantasy elements and in the intangible feeling of fantasy. Perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps it is merely that the fantasy of the fan artists is more accessible to the untutored I. At any rate, I've already started looking forward to the Chicon Fan Art Show. The Pittcon Fan Art Show was good, but if the Chicon show is as much better than the Seacon Fan Art Show as the Seacon show was better than the Pittcon, it should be tremendous.

They've been framed!

While at the Frye Art Museum, I looked at their permanent collection, originally the property of Charles and Emma Frye, who I suppose established this museum on purpose that their treasures might continue to be enjoyed. But--I never saw such uninteresting-looking pictures. There are several pictures of cattle, some fording streams and some not. A couple pictures of ducks, some ruffling feathers and some not. Some sheep being dipped. Susannah and the Elders. Some women with children. Alpine views. Marine views. Well, you know the sort of thing. These pictures were collected around the turn of the century, and I suppose that the Fries could just as easily have collected the French Impressionists, and perhaps Picasso and Matisse. How sad! What a waste! And yet--the pictures, though too resolutely old-fashioned to be the work of geni, were not really as bad as they seemed. Each picture had something attractive about it--none was really a total loss if one could actually bring oneself to look at it. But they were hard to look at. I think their heavy gold baroque frames were like a sign saying this is oldfashioned, this is dull, this is mediocre, don't look. I would like to see that collection hung unframed. What would they look like? Who knows? They might be almost interesting.

I also read books...

"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett. Mostly composed of crisp, epigrammatic dialogue. Sort of like a George Bernard Shaw novel, with overtones of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Cherry Orchard."

"A World of Love," by Elizabeth Bowen. Has misty quality, like Carson McCullers, or Truman Capote, or Henry Green, or Eudora Welty, or almost any other Really Sincere Novelist. It's not quite a drag. But these novelists try to deal with a great many half-thought thoughts, half-felt emotions, attitudes, half-realized actions which while true enough in themselves become false when expressed in words. Words are too tough, too thingish, to express these ephemeral un-things. Their novels are worth writing in that they are honest attempts to expand awareness, to make the language finer, more flexible, more fully expressive. Whether they are worth reading is an open question. I wonder if they are often re-read? If they are, it's very seldom by me.

I'm coming to the end of the page, but I have more to say. I'll talk about some more books in the lettercol. Like later, man.

The trouble today is that everyone seems to think I've gafiated. This is not true at all. I've cut down on my fanzine writing output and haven't sent as many letters of comment as I would have liked. I've even neglected to renew my N3F dues this year.

But I haven't gafiated.

In the past year I've been busy with other non-fannish pursuits, working, and commuting, and making a little money on my job with an insurance company in Newark.

About a year ago, after suffering through a myriad of unmerciful proddings by my parents I applied for a position at the Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. I hadn't gafiated then, either.

I got the job, and was grandly welcomed into the big, happy, family with open arms. I imagine by now I've achieved the status of a several times distant great-grandson of the President (our father image). I have found my niche in mundanity by becoming a member of a large insurance company family. Just me, along with one thousand others. It's a big, big, happy family.

Traveling back and forth each day forces me to use the mechanized torture chambers supplied courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad. During this traveling I get time to read a lot of prozines and fanzines. And I don't think of gafiating.

Every morning I leave the house at seven, just in time to greet the milkman whose sour face generally matches the condition of the milk he delivers. In the evenings I can be home by six. Sometimes when I come home I'm exhausted, and other times I'm disgusted. But I don't gafiate, though. Not once.

In September I flew to Seattle for the SEACON. I enjoyed meeting everyone there, participating in the various festivities, and altogether I had a delightful time. Had I gafiated and gone to the con anyway I probably would have felt bored stiff at the juvenile antics, miffed at being snubbed by strangers, and started a terrific guilt complex for permitting myself to drink maybe a little too much at too many of the parties, and make a spectacle of myself in front of all those other fans--who were making spectacles of themselves.

I would have been mad at myself for croggling Boyd Raeburn when I told him I was drinking straight gin and then showed him the glass to prove it.

I would have been disturbed at my displayal of bad taste by approaching God (cleverly disguised as Elmer Perdue), inquiring how the family was doing, and trying to cajole him into performing one miracle--even a small one. God never did perform a miracle at the con (though he did stay sober, which may have been a miracle at that) but somehow I didn't really mind.

I would have been thoroughly embarrassed at the thought that I was actually leering at Joni Cornell as she paraded around in a costume which revealed far more than it hid.

But I was pleased afterwards. I hadn't gafiated.

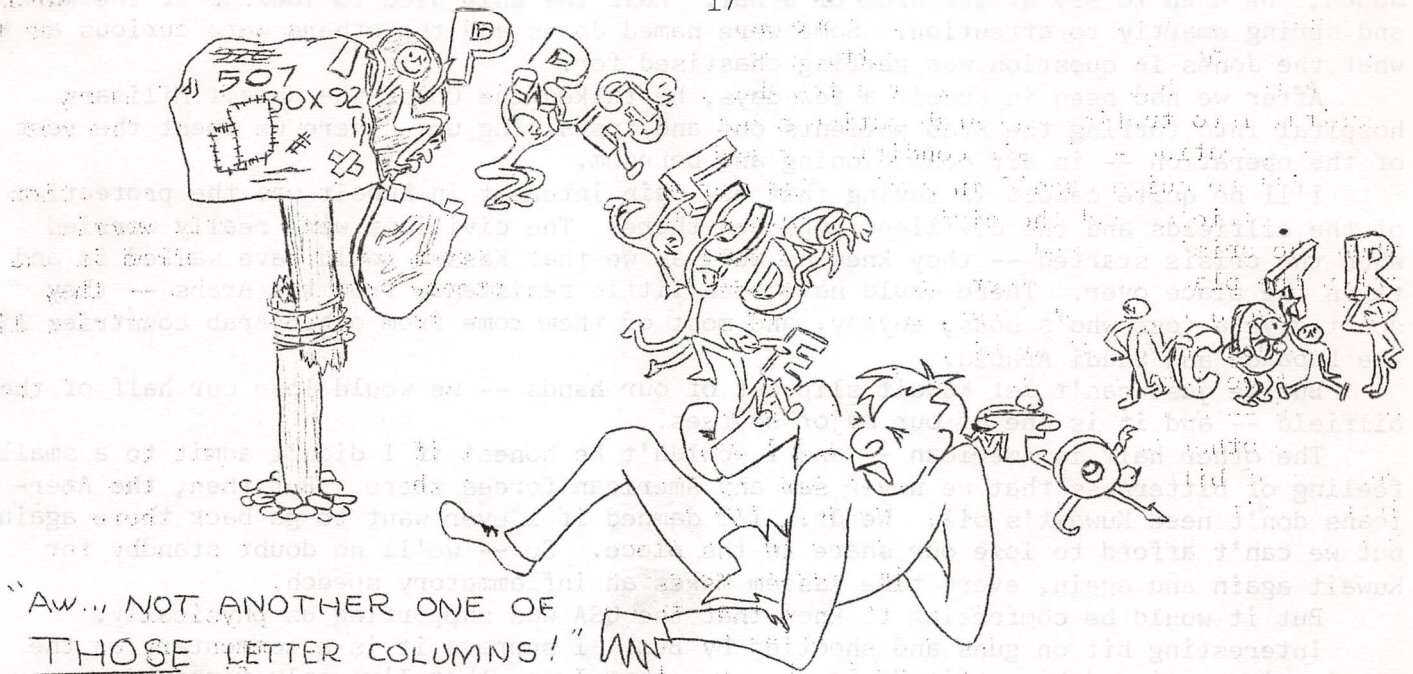
At the Philcon I approached a well known fan who said, "Mike Deckinger, haven't you gaf....?"

"No," I declared. "I haven't."

Add what's more people have begun to forget that I deserve a loaf of bread. All except the jokers in Boston who so kindly sent me a loaf of Thrilling Wonder Bread (helps build strong souls in 12 ways) and then had to spoil the gag by mailing it to my old address, making my mother furious because she had to pay 30¢ forwarding postage on it.

But still I haven't gafiated. I recently published an issue of BEDLAM and started writing for some fanzines and even intend to go to the CHICON. I may even condescend to read a few N3F zines now that Seth Johnson has unwittingly revealed the secret of my success (I've been in the N3F).

But I won't gafiate. No!



[Uh, seeing as how CRY is a perfect fanzine and does not tolerate any mistakes, the fact that the letters immediately following this introduction were actually received in time to be included in the CRY #157 lettercolumn even though they are being printed here, for the first time, two issues later is not an easy fact to explain. So I won't even try. There are things fandom was not meant to know, and I plan to do my utmost to see that this becomes one of them. --www]

CRY #157 ANNEX

GEORGE LOCKE WRITES ABOUT LIFE

11 Jan 1962

Dear Crystaff,

In HWYL I note an invitation to write a few words about my life. The obvious section of my life to write about would be the recent events during which I've not seen CRY and seen too much sand for my liking. I spent three months twiddling my thumbs and sucking my toes in Kuwait, saving the country from being taken over by Iraq. While we were there, I met for the first time since leaving the UK, Sgt Don Geldart. He was with us for about three weeks, before returning to Aden and, as I learned later, England. He's written some excellent stuff for various fanzines -- and is a most fannish type, even though the army has managed to keep him away from fandom too much. Apart from that interlude, during which we made one or two tapes to send back to Ella, nothing at all happened.

Our thoughts mostly speculated on when we would return to Kenya -- after the first week or two, it was obvious that Kassem wasn't going to attack. The European employees of the Kuwait Oil Company, jointly owned by England and the USA were very hospitable to us. They all lived in Ahmadi, a town about forty miles from Kuwait Town, and let us use their club, the Hubara Club. In general, the troops were very well behaved -- a few abused the privileges and hospitality (they once threw the manager of the club into the swimming pool) but they were in the minority. Our unit was very fortunate in its billeting. Most of the troops lived in tents in slightly uncomfortable surroundings, shaking scorpions from their boots and lizards from their bedding.

But our Commanding Officer...

Our Commanding Officer was a character. He is a large, florid man -- the typical Indian Army, whisky-swigging Colonel. He used to attend CO's parade, which he held whenever he wasn't swanning off somewhere playing golf, in dress uniform and chukka boots. He accompanied his dog Jones, a non-descript hound with a penchant for chasing other, smaller

hounds and for using the smart ranks of the parade as an avenue of trees. "You bastard, Jones," he used to say at the drop of a hat. Half the unit used to look up at the words, and spring smartly to attention. Some were named Jones and the others were curious as to what the Jones in question was getting chastised for.

After we had been in Kuwait a few days, he talked the CO of the Kuwait Military hospital into turfing the Arab patients out and installing us. There we spent the rest of the operation -- in air conditioning and boredom.

I'll be quite candid in saying that our main interest in Kuwait was the protection of the oilfields and the civilians employed there. The civilians were really worried when the crisis started -- they knew as well as we that Kassem could have walked in and taken the place over. There would have been little resistance from the Arabs -- they don't give a toss who's boss, anyway, and most of them come from other Arab countries like the Lebanon and Saudi Arabia.

But we just can't let Kuwait slip out of our hands -- we would lose our half of the oilfield -- and it is one of our major sources.

The other half is American -- and I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit to a small feeling of bitterness that we never saw any American forces there. But then, the Americans don't need Kuwait's oil. We do. I'm damned if I ever want to go back there again, but we can't afford to lose our share in the place. So -- we'll no doubt standby for Kuwait again and again, every time Kassem makes an inflammatory speech.

But it would be comforting to know that the USA was supporting us physically.

Interesting bit on guns and shooting by Buz. I suppose it is a commentary on the previously-mentioned hip attitude in the army that I say that I've only fired 5 rounds -- four of which missed. The annoying thing is -- shooting is the one thing that interests me about the army. I could spend all day quite happily on the ranges firing any type of gun you cared to thrust in my hand. But the RAMC isn't interested in shooting.

And an excellent warning to would-be shooters, too! I shudder to think of what happened -- or could have happened -- at school. You get fed up with shooting at the targets -- that's a lovely fat pigeon on the telephone wires...And in the middle of London, too! DON'T PLAY WITH GUNS! But even grown soldiers in the army do. A lack of sense or responsibility that too many have. And it ain't confined to just us lowly mortals, either.

TTFN

George

ALMA HILL READS CRY STRAIGHT

January 1, 1962

First chance I've had to sit back and read CRY straight through. Don't look now, but Avram Davidson has taken it over and there he is on every nook and page you turn. First he takes over F&SF, now this, and what next?

Now, I admit he spellbinkled me out of a pair of sox, but if he wants money too, he will have to spellbingle it out of somebody else. What does a spellbinkler need of money anyway? For that matter, what does a trufan know about money? I fear he is false, and in that case, all is over between us.

Possibly he is an alien in disguise? All that rotundity and beard could be a coverup for spare tentacles, eyes and claws in unusual places, what, what? Besides all that, he is trying to Whitewash White; who is much more obviously monstrous. Does Avram know man from monster? Maybe those guys are defending their right to munch peyote because their metabolisms can't survive on natural Earth food.

Well, Avram is a witty monster, at least, so if he does spellbingle his way to Boston we'll give him a good dinner -- just plain Boston food of course, Duck Tesla with MZB cake for dessert -- no peasants by any recipe, no creme de cacao, and no whiskey sours made with concentrated lemonade -- what sort of an organism can enjoy concentrated lemonade and whiskey? That's all very ominous; but hospitality has interplanetary etiquette and he shall have our best. Just so he doesn't bring his Loveable Ol' Fanged Friend.

Alma

DONALD FRANSON NO LONGER PUBLISHES FANZINES

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood,
Calif. January 11, 1962

Dear Elinor,

I am addressing this to you since you answer the lettercolumn more than Wally Weber does. However, Wally may read this as he types it up. [I think I do a better job typing up the letters when I don't peek. --www]

I might explain, to Wally, if nobody else is reading this, about Tetrahedron. It was a fanzine dedicated to Elinor Busby, because she once complained that I had never put out a fanzine. It was carbon-copied, lasted 15 issues, and was folded for various reasons, such as -- but I don't have to give reasons, do I?

Insidentally, faneds of fangdom, why don't you send Seth Johnson a few copies, maybe half a dozen, one anyway, of each new issue of your fanzine as it comes out? He bundles them together and sells them. This isn't so mercenary as it sounds, though, since he sends them to fringe fans who are not yet in fandom, for the cost of postage and advertising. [Advertising? --www] In theory, this is a good way to recruit new fans. In practice, it depends on the quality of the material sent out. Remember, if you don't send him your wonderful fanzine, he will have to send out crud. It ought to be easy for you to remember this, next time you publish. It will be particularly easy for me to remember, because I don't have a fanzine.

Yours,

Donald Franson

TOM ARMISTEAD SEEKS INFORMATION

Dear Wally cut-it-then-throw-it-into-the-Wahf-section Weber,

Someone tell me what SCoaW is, please? Seth Johnson says: "I think its something to do with the Willis Fund or something." I'll bet half your readers don't know what SCoaW is. I've asked almost EVERYBODY I know (so I've asked 3 people) and they come up with a blank. Somehow I can't see Ella as a blank. Can't you see everyone calling Ella a SCoaW, no one knowing what it means, and it turns out to be the abbreviation for a very nasty anglo-saxon word with kteic overtones (like, man, what's kteic??) [Hol' on, there! One question at a time! "SCoaW" is the definition of "ipso facto." And, no, strangely enough I can't see everyone calling Ella a... well, calling her that thing that you wrote there. Somehow, whenever the thing that you wrote there is mentioned in reference to Ella, everything goes blank and I can't see a thing. --www]

Albertly yerz,

Tom, Keeper of the Albert^S

WE ALSO HEARD FROM (CRY #157 ANNEX DEPARTMENT):

DICK KUCZEK would like to talk about the fans he's met, but he hasn't been able to find any Portland fans to meet. Serves him right, expecting to see fans out on the streets of Portland so soon after the NORWESCON. PETER SINGLETON, being of even temper and kind disposition as are all British fans, wants to know, "Where in hell is my copy of the December CRY, you pugnatious bunch of demons?" And here we went to such extra pains to keep his copy safe and unmangled in our files rather than irresponsibly delivering it into the tentacles of the ruthless Post Office department. DAVE PASTOR tells all about becoming a CRY addict from having read too many of Dick Kuczek's copies. Obviously Dick has given up finding a Portland fan, and has taken to creating Portland fans. NORWESCON II, here we come! BILL WOLFENBARGER thanks us for putting his name in CRY #155, but at the time he hadn't seen the issue where we spelled his name wrong. DICK KUCZEK and DAVE PASTOR send us a story and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, showing how little faith they have in each other's writing ability. PHIL JASKAR and JOHN HOWALD send us the original of the carbon copy we printed last issue. FRED W. ARNOLD expects Elinor to straighten out his checking account -- we gotta do everything for everybody around here it seems. FRED GALVIN sends lovely money. HECTOR PESSINA sends lovely Christmas greetings. But the WAHfer of the issue(s?) is BOB SMITH, who has the following to say:

BOB SMITH CUTS HIS OWN STENCILS

1 Amenities Unit, Vic. Bks. SYDNEY,
NSW. Australia. 12 Jan 62.

Dear CryEds:

I am determined to make it back into the Cry lettercol somehow, and if this is the way I have to do it...okay. Only nine copies left on my current sub, so I am taking the extreme (for me, anyway - maybe all your readers comment on stencil, I dunno) measure of writing to you on a first-class military-type stencil, complete with double carbon so's not only can I see what I'm typing but you can observe the results on the backing sheet. So, when you come to this page (whatever it is) just relax and have a cuppa tea, for most of the work is done already. After the SEACON you need it, too!

Comments on Cry 155: Fine Atom cover, as usual. Tell me, does the good man put them on stencil himself for you people, or what? Part Three of the Berry yarn ended up rather...umm, strangely, I think. Not what I expected, but good nevertheless. Funnily enough, I have just got through reading the copy of Playboy that included the other Piper/Feiffer version. Hmm, you are probably right about Lazarus Long, Elinor - I felt pretty much the same after re-reading Methuselah's Children recently. "Fandom Harvest" was just great this time round! I really chuckled.

The main trouble, of course, with having an Avram Davidson letter at the commencement of the letter column is that I am usually rolling all over the carpet in quite uncontrollable merriment, and can never really do justice to the rest of the Cry hackers. Tak, Mr. Davidson, your Japanese monetary information is definitely out of whack. 10 sen (even if it still existed) wouldn't even buy one page of that obviously indispensable book. Ne? (Or - if you happen to come from Osaka - Na?) Anyway, just wait until all the Japanese readers of Cry clap their oriental peepers onto that...

You know, it's a pity I'm not a faunching young neo just entering the zany realm of Cry's letter column - I'd be tempted to ask: "who is this Ella Parker...?" "As it is, I'm eagerly looking forward to this coming weekend when I should be able to listen to Ella's voice on a tape from Betty Kujawa. (There is also a tape from Alan Dodd which will probably turn out to have nothing on it at all...)

Roy Tackett's mention of a final report after the Con is over brings to mind a rattling argument I had with Kiwifan Mervyn Barrett in his hotel room in Sydney's "King's Cross" about that rather vague term "world" included in the "World Science Fiction Convention" title. I suggested that this term indicated that the convention was not only for those fortunates that attended it, and therefore the convention organisation had certain responsibilities to all the overseas fans who subscribed, and who were deeply interested in the various speeches, etc., by leading authors. Fans who, in some cases, could not go chasing a couple of dozen fanzines to track down this information from between pages of fannish conreps. Now, before Buz hits the roof with a roar and grabs for his Deringer, let me make clear that I am not criticizing any aspects of the SEACON management; this goes back a lot farther than that - maybe even to the first Convention. Hmmm?

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

[How do you like that, smarty? Your whole letter, stencil and all, not only ended up in the WAHF Column, but it ended up in the obsolete WAHF Column.

Anyway we're done with this sort of nonsense. Now we can have our usual sensible-type lettercol. --www]

CRY of THE Reader

WALLY W. WEBER'S LITTLE WORLD

LESNI -- Bon Vivant, gay blade and young man about town appreciates CRY

1217 Weston Rd, Toronto 15 Ont. Canada

Dear Swingers of Seattle,

er...I don't really have anything to say, but I had to find some way to try out my new 'lectric Underwood Scriptor typewriter zxcvdsa. You don't mind of course not. Oh happy day for Avram Davidson and his bride and many many more to come (happy days I mean) for both youse. What has happened to rich brown -- a card sent to him was returned to me bearing strange Teutonic inscriptions: He vasent hier bekommen.

Let it here be known that my client Leslie Nirenberg of the County of York, in the Township of Etobicoke in the City of Toronto in the Province of Ontario has instructed me to arrange proceedings of one Geofry Wanshel of the Place Called Larch on the Mount New York State in the United States of Amerigo. The charges being laid by myself on behalf of the aforesaid client of the aforementioned geographical area, being gross grossness and extreme ridiculousity and making fun of and causing my client extreme agrivation and unhappy feelings because of a cartoon which appeared on page 7 of a publication known to all and sundry as CRY of the Nameless. Agrivation being caused because said cartoon is too good and too funny, making my client sob and cry hysterically, not to mention loss of sleep over grief.

Acting on behalf, I remain

Stanley Stencil, Barrister
Solicitor (arrested twice)
and Queen's Council.

And now, in taking leave of you, a word-to-the-wise type word originated by a friend of mine named Bob Miller, a neo from who you may be hearing much who stated, and since this would be fitting for the Davidson Simcha:

marriage is a phallacy.....

[I can see, this is going to be one of those columns again. Now we have a do-it-yourself letter column! Any other fanzine where you letterhacks wouldn't trust the letter editor to edit and stencil your letters, you'd simply stop writing. With CRY, you send in your own stencils -- I just don't know.

Now, to top everything off, this sneaky IBM Selectric has sneakily come up with a new typeface, I just now noticed. Who'd ever thought the day would come when a fellow had to check the typeface in a typewriter before he use it? Even science fiction didn't predict that one! --www]

HARRY WARNER, JR., IS A HARRISSED MISSIONARY

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Cry:

March 23, 1962

The front cover produces hope that my Julie Harris missionary work has begun to prosper mightily. I have made it a practice to include in all tapes going to overseas fans a dubbing of Julie in one of her stage successes. I'm rather hazy about the extent to which she is known on the other side of the puddle, but this process should wipe out any pockets of resistance against her magic that may remain on other continents.

I have no intention of reading any of these sex novels that Buz writes about. But it would be nice to know if any studies have been made about their readership. Do the same individuals who like pornography in picture form also like to read sex novels, or do they appeal to an entirely different group? One of the photography magazines has just run a lengthy interview with a publisher of a girlie magazine. He said in it something that sounds quite reasonable to me: the sexy stuff won't do any harm unless the reader or looker gets twisted badly enough to prefer the stories or pictures to the real thing. In any event, I'm waiting for the first time one of these sex novel writers slips up and forgets to change a few lines when he rewrites a science fiction novel into a mundane work, and we read that the villain has four arms or leaves a slimy trail behind when he walks.

Although I don't really know Wally Gonser in either a personal sense or a corresponding manner, I hope that his leg troubles end up with a happy denouement.

Grand Larceny is much better Berry than his recent average. I sense the atmosphere of the old GDA narratives in this different setting, an impression that probably comes from the fact that this doesn't read like practice for something intended for professional publication. Although John's items aren't quite as consistently fine now as they were a couple of years ago, there is improvement in one respect; you never can be quite sure what you're going to encounter in the stories nowadays, a totally mundane yarn, something involving fantasy, exaggeration or real life events, or faan fiction.

Someone should tip off the New Yorker about the Metropolitan Museum's activities. It's exactly the kind of material that they like for the first item in each issue. I confess that I occasionally feel guilty when I take a stroll in the country and see a well-shaped rock and know that it's probably forty thousand years old or thereabouts and that if I don't take it home, it will get busted up for a rock garden or will be buried under eroded soil for the next ten thousand years. Only the thought of these free antiquities going to waste restrains me from writing to New York and asking if they have a special stock set aside for mail order customers.

Avram Davidson's account of his wedding should be in the anthologies. Not just one or two anthologies, but all of them. It is the sort of writing that hits you in the face and even as you're toppling off your feet in stunned reaction to its excellence, you realize that it's one of the classic pieces of fan writing of all time. Unless Avram is a pro, a situation whose probability is very small because pros can't write this well. This is an unsolicited testimonial because I have not nor have I any intention of in the future submitting any stories to Avram, not until I get done writing the fan history a year or two hence, anyway. [You're being smarter than I was. Avram still hasn't paid me for my stories about grulzak rustlers. -www]

Tom Purdom's remarks are the most sensible that I've seen on military service in quite a time. I keep wondering, however, why the Heinleins who insist on the duty of each man to serve his country apply it only to military preparation. The nation needs police protection against its criminal element, firemen to handle blazes, husky men to collect the garbage that would lead to disease if not hauled away, and several other categories of public service. I have never seen the argument advanced that every healthy young man should be drafted into one of these occupations for a year or two as a preparation for citizenship, and yet I think that the nation and the individuals would get genuine benefits from such a system.

Since writing that last letter, I have discovered how that letterpress operated. You wrote the letter in a special ink. Then the letter and a blank sheet of paper were pressed together vigorously and a copy emerged, as if you had a hekto without any gelatin. Now I must resume my research to determine how they got the copy to appear like

the original without reflecting it in a mirror; maybe they rotated it through the fourth dimension or something.

I wonder how Seth Johnson knows that the astrologers know that the planets were stretched out in a neat, straight line when Christ was born? Not even the organized religious denominations claim that we have the slightest clue to the exact date of his birth and December 25 has been chosen because of its association with the winter solstice. You'd think that the astrologers would get on stronger ground by trying to find something special in the heavens at the time of the Crucifixion, which can be fixed because of the dating of the Jewish festivals.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

TOM PURDOM PLUGS ALONG

1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Dear Cry-Gang:

THE MAGNIFICENT PURDOM WRITES AGAIN! [Awright! Awright, awreddy! -www]

Plugging into a circuit always gives me a dramatic feeling. When I first started working for the airlines, I spent about six months on the long line. That's the open line telephone that connects all the stations on the system; when you have a rush message for Pittsburgh or some other God Awful Place, you yell "Pittsburgh" and they hear it on their squawk box. You come in in the morning and you plug in your headset and you're linked in with all those other people all over the system. There was a story in ~~Walden~~ Astounding by Gordon R. Dickson that ended with a scene where the hero dies and then his memories, recorded on tapes, are hooked into the circuit of robot stations that guard the Solar System from the Invaders. Anyway, I get that plugging in feeling writing this letter. There's Ella (glad to have you back baby) Ethel, Atom, all the Londoners...Avram in New York with Mrs. Avram (Congratulations to you both)...Roy Tackett and friends in Japan...Nancy Shriner...Betty...Ed Mesky and various New Yorkers...Seattle (yes, you do have something to do with this, don't you?) [That's a good question. -www] ...all hooked in, gang?...Are you there, Harry?...I can hear the static crackling...Come in Amenities Unit! Are you there, Amenities Unit?...Kenya! Is Kenya hooked in? Suppose I need an ambulance soon? We must have Kenya!...The world wide Cry Circuit has been established! All systems go! Ready....Now!

It's about time we heard from Ella. Convinced she wasn't going to talk to us anymore, I had almost decided to sub to ORION. And what's a CRY without an Avram? Don Fitch, what CRY needs to be fed is Avram and Ella. Look how fat it got right away.

So you're doing the book reviews now, Elinor? By the way, we got so wrapped up in this military service thing, I forgot to ~~jeet at~~ comment on your HWYL in 157. I liked the Dickens bit. A few years ago there was a lot of this small scale, personal type history on the stands. Two books I remember best were a biography of Nell Gwynn and a book on four of the bandits and killers who operated on the Natchez Trace. On the other hand, the quarrels of kings weren't too different from the quarrels of less famous people. The battles between Henry IV of England (Did I get the number right? Lion Hearted Dick's dad) and his four sons weren't much different from most family feuds, just on a bigger scale.

Nor have I mentioned Atom's covers yet. A whole series of them we get, and all superb. But who's the chap asking after Julie Harris? I assume it's wither Harry or me, but it's too fat to be me, so it must be Harry.

Hey, Harry, that's a great solution to the Blue Law problem. The only flaw is, the cops would have to telephone the police station and make sure the man is registered. Why not issue a card he could show them?

The other day Will Jenkins told me there are people coming to the Gilded Cage (our leading coffee house) who don't remember WWII. (One of our Jewish coffee house habitues (most coffee house habitues are Jewish) said something about "Adolf Schickelgruber" and was startled when somebody who's almost old enough to vote said, "Adolf who? That's a funny name.") But I didn't think people that young had gotten to the state legislatures yet. And when I think of all the times I've had to argue with people, really struggle to convince them that there are good reasons for making history a required subject in our school system.

We have a history major in our office, Elinor. He told me once it's the worst subject to take if you want to make a good living. Elinor, I just decided, right here at the typewriter, you're the person I most want to have a political argument with. The most obvious thing about all the conservatives I've met is, paradoxically, they don't know any history. So they're push overs, and what can you learn arguing with a push over? But a conservative who knows some history...ahh...ole!

Hah, Hah, I'll bet your typer doesn't have a French accent mark. See how I write cafe. Let's see you do that when you stencil this. (WAHF Tom Purdom who sent us a letter we couldn't stencil.) [Good Grief! Out of our dozens of typewriters with the zillionz of typefaces, not one can duplicate your stupid French accent mark. -www]

Where's Roy Tackett lately? [In bed, I suppose. -www] How do I vote for Ethel? [Get somebody who knows how to write to fill out a TAFF ballot for you, make your mark on it, and mail it in with your life's savings or 50¢, whichever is greater. -www] I mean, like, where do I send my money? [Ron Ellik, 127, Bennett Ave., Long Beach 3, California. -www] What does DNO mean? [Damn Needless Questions. -www]

Last night at the office they got to talking about the world's fair at Seattle and flying out there on passes. "Maybe I should go," I said. "I've got some friends in Seattle I haven't met." Buz and Ella, you are right about the reactions you get.

Tom

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE

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

Dear Nameless:

March 20, 1962

This is a letter to show you I am still alive. That's about all. I see CRY and others, haven't as much time to read and comment as I wish I had, but I know it's there and enjoy it.

I would comment on several items, but hold off for diplomatic reasons. For instance Avram's account of his marriage was hilarious and makes it sound like lots of fun and frolic and all that. However, somehow the whole thing sends a rather sour note in me for a number of reasons, all unfair and biased and mean-souled, so I can only say that I am holding off my presents until their tenth anniversary. [Sorry to hear Avram took your girl friend away from you like that. -www]

Terry Carr's account is amusing-- he's a pleasing fan writer, isn't he. [He's also a dirty pro when nobody's looking. -www] But who is Carol? [All names in the article were obviously fictitious. -www] And where is Miri? [You mean now that Avram got your girl you want...?? -www] (You see what an old-fashioned stuffed shirt I am? I ask embarrassing questions like that all the time.) [What a relief! Now I don't have to regret my embarrassing answers. -www]

I oughtn't to like the reviews of Ace Books this time--but any notice is better than no notice. Personally, I liked The Light of Lilith.

Anyhow, all out of comment.

Best.

Yrs. Don

ROY TACKETT AND THE COLLECTIVE CRY'S
CRYpeople,

915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,
New Mexico 14 March 1962

Let us not cry over past CRYs but get on to the current one which is, I believe, ahh, yes, CRY 158. There has been a flock of them, hasn't there? Or, perhaps, "flock" is not the proper collective for CRY. No matter since I don't have a complete collective of CRYs anyway.

Buz, you can name your staff Wally Weber if you want to but it seems to me that you should have been able to come up with something better than that. I knew a Greek fellow once who had a staff he called "Cadeusus" or something like that. ["Cadeusus" is Greek for "Wally Weber". -www]

I greatly enjoyed Harry Warner's recounting of his encounter with Ella. And I do hope he wasn't hurt when he fell into his coffee cup. In any event it is a relief to know for sure that Ella does not cause machinery to break down, although this does not explain why her ship had to be towed to port.

Effembee, Egad, are we up to Tenth Fandom already? What happened to the other nine? This brings up an interesting point though: would sexbook fandom be an improvement over comicbook fandom or not?

Don't think it will catch on for although the sexbook tales are rather fantastic there is no element of fantasy in them. Aside from the feeble attempts in Galaxy-Beacon one has to go back to the 30s and such as SPICY ADVENTURE and HORROR STORIES to find sexed-up stf or fantasy. Hmmm. Now there's an untapped lode for the reprint publishers.

Berrytale noted. He slipped a bit in his predicting, though. Speer should make it in '76 after serving two terms as VP under Hensley.

Terry missed an opportunity at the Museum. He should have picied up several ancient Egyptian items and then he could have sent off to Ray Palmer or some such for genuine textbooks of genuine ancient Egyptian lore and learned how to revive mummys and contact the dead and all like that. It would certainly be a wonderful thing.

Elinor, 10 or 15 years ago I'd have said that man wasn't the type of animal that could be turned into a pet. Now I'm not so sure. Pethood would seem to be a state that most of the current mob that makes up what we call "western civilization" would take to quite readily. It offers a handy supply of food, a warm box to sleep in, and very little in the way of responsibility. This seems to be made to order for modern man.

Now that all the introductory material is out of the way we arrive at the main part of the zine, to wit, CRY OF THE READERS, where the greatest wit belongs to Avram Davidson and it is nice to see that his new responsibilities as a husband and professional-type editor have in no way hindered his ability to write wonderful fannish-type letters. Avram has more determination than I -- if I had found it that much trouble to get married I'd have chucked the whole thing and retired to a cave somewhere to spend my life composing interminable letters to CRY. Don't ask me what are interminable letters, Weber, go buy your own dictionary. Besides, I don't have one here at the moment so how should I know what it means? You idiot, anyone knows what an interminable letter is; it's a letter that doesn't have an end to it. "O" is an example of an interminable letter. --www/

Having just a few minutes ago seen a picture of Avram I will certify his contention that he is no Indian taxed or otherwise. He would, in fact, drive any Indian completely wild trying to decide which end of his head to scalp.

Tsk, Tom Purdom, why should you be obsessed with whether or not the boys are acquiring sexual experience in a reasonably decent atmosphere? (Some people will even tell you that there's no such thing.) You can't blame that on the Army. There are plenty of places in any town where the younger troops can go to meet girls their own ages and provide them with a reasonably decent atmosphere. Hmmm, I see we disagree on another point--you maintain that only the east coast of the country is important while I feel that there is nothing worth bothering with east of the Rocky Mountains.

Joe Gibson: all this talk about bombs and explosions. You didn't have a hand in blowing up Art Rapp's yard a few years back, did you?

And Seth Johnson comes in with his talk about ethical fans. We got comicbook fans and sexbook fans and folksong fans and now ethical fans. What ever happened to science fiction fans?

Bob Smith: Whiskey with COKE? You people down under do have some strange customs. I won't share water with my brothers unless they share their booze with me. I don't have any brothers anyway.

Roy

JOSEPH L. GREEN, BRILLIANT YOUNG NEW ENGLISH WRITER
Dear Cry-Gang;

426 N. 59th St., Seattle 3, Wash.

A note or two on Keen blue Eyes, No. 158. Disagree with you on statement that Sex Novels are regular novels that failed elsewhere, Buz. It's true in my particular case, but I think this is the exception rather than the rule. Most of the writers you see in Novel, Fabian, etc, you have never seen elsewhere and probably never will unless they learn to write. Incidentally, of my large and assorted library of pornography you have read the poorest ones, so far, for reviewing purposes. You casually throw in a brief word or two at the end of your article about the best book in the group I loaned you, and

review the crappy ones I bought for study purposes /meaning this second novel I am doing for them/ at great length. How come? ((Simply reviewed what was on hand here at the time of writing, is all. --FMB)) It's hardly fair either to the readers of the genre at large or to the particular writers who have turned out fairly good sex novels. Like, LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER, TROPIC OF CANCER, THE DECAMERON, etc., though DECAMERON is a collection of short stories. All are world-famous novels, and are definitely nothing more or less than better-written and better-handled sex novels.

'Sm'atter of fact, I don't think you can take the sex out of any form of literature as long as you're writing about people. William F. Temple, in a recent guest editorial in NEW WORLDS No. 11f (where also appeared a fine story by that brilliant young new English writer, Joseph Green) states that women and sex have no place in science-fiction, but that since men who are dedicated to life without women are kooks--naturally--you should, all through your story, hint that your hero chases skirts when he has the chance but is at the moment too wrapped up in cutting tentacles off whatever BEM has him in close embrace to take the time. I couldn't disagree more emphatically.. Whole notion is silly. (IN MY OPINION, MY OPINION! Wallace W. Weber, if you cut out my affirmation that this is only the way I feel I will cut out your palpitating heart when next we meet and squeeze out all the ink.)

In other words, I think there is room for all sorts of opinions in this world and don't want other people's jammed down my throat. Nor do I want my own ideas presented as infallible truths, like the axioms in DIANETICS. [Okay, okay. But about your writing, I think it's terrible of you, a family man, to do this. It's quite all right for you to stand out on your own and do what you want, but you must remember that the rest of your family cannot help but suffer the humiliation and shame along with you. Now that you've had a letter published in CRY, how can your wives and child face their friends again? -www]

Regarding the rest of CRY, the issue appeared normal. All interesting, nothing spectacular. Enjoyed Avram's account of his wedding, but dislike reading letters by the same people saying the same thing month after month. Feel that the letter column needs some new ~~z~~er, blood. Too many people, faithfully, regularly, month after month, send in letters to CRY...when they have nothing to say. Which is why you won't hear from me again for awhile. Five issues, to be exact.

ALMA HILL NOW HAS 1-3/5 GOONS
HEY! PUT DOWN THAT AXE

120 Bay State Road, Boston 15, Mass.

March 19, 1962

yyiti

Poor Goon. CHOPPED INTO FIVE CHUNKS. Here is another lone buck. Bury them together. Or send me the doppelganger. Use your, you should excuse the expression in this kind company, judgement.

I thought you like fans to be DIFFERENT. Holdy ROSCOE. Well, is two bucks different conformably, or is it two deer again?

Please tell Ella to get accounts squared with the Sisterhood, and Ethel too, or the familiars will be converging again and the innocent bystanders will get nit some more. Tell her that the familiars are all UNIONIZED in the U.S. of A. But we have plenty of connections. She can put her pint of cues through the London branch, and as soon as her account has cleared, we can forward a request through from Boston and have her Axe forwarded on the next broomstick from Seattle.

I see by the papers where popular Avram Davidson got himself a bride despite his difficult requirements. We should never underestimate the powers of a good shadchan. Hi, Djinn. I put Formula #1 on the flyleaf of the Boston Cook Book I sent them. Has the California Sisterhood taken care of Formula #

Oh? You don't say. Well, that's good. You know the way it usually is, much CRY, little wool.

Well, Avram can easily get over that sensitive fannish idea that nobody loves him, now that he has attained fannish Valhalla and is editing F&SF. I sent him a story myself. All about a Mama Grulzak whose Child is Kidnapped by Space Rustlers. Oh, I tell you, all stf needs is the female viewpoint. There's nothing like it.

Helpfully,

Alma

Dear Buz n Elinor:

A few comments on CRY 158...

Harry Warner's article is almost as good as most Warner, which means I like it very much. He's never been known as a punster, but that "terminal diseases" remark shows that he's got it in him.

Buz's review of sex'n vels makes very good reading. You have an excellent penchant for the mot juste, Buz; I especially liked lines like, "The reader may wonder why all these women keep climbing this fella's frame...". One thing is left unclear in the review of "Abnormal Norma": in what way was she "a woman and a half--figuratively and literally"? Was she bisexual? Had she grown an extra breast? Eh?

Wally is as clever as usual, but I must say that paragraph about Wally Gonser's circulation difficulties is about the most croggling reportage of a fan's troubles since Ron Ellick made funny remarks about Ken Cheslin losing his right hand. Hope Wally Gonser gets through all this okay; he's a good fella.

Don't like Berry's story at all; can't see a single thing to recommend it.

That's clever, the Zuber illo at the end of my column.

Bob Lichtman: I rush to the defense of Seth Johnson. There definitely have been several blasts at fans "citing one abuse after another" coming from Fan Hill in the past few years...Bjo's letter in WHY IS A FAN? is one example, her letter in TNFF shortly thereafter is another, and late last year John Trimble had a few more remarks to make on the lack of manners of fan-visitors in SHAGGY. Come on now, surely you remember reading them.

And not a one of those letters named names, either; Gibson has no monopoly on that.

And I guess that's all my comments on this issue. I'd send a "Fandom Harvest," but this month finds me with nothing to write about in that vein and no time to do it in....I've got over 20,000 words to write this month and I have a feeling it may go slowly.

Best,
Terry

[Buz wouldn't tell you what was with poor Norma, because he is a conscientious fella and wouldn't Reveal the Plot for Those of You Who Might Want to Read it Anyway. I have no conscience, and will freely reveal that #A non-fan friend of mine read Wally Weber's reportage of Wally Gonser's difficulties.. "It's gruesome, isn't it?" I said. "Wally Weber is a terrible person, isn't he?" She didn't agree. Said she'd gone to the hospital for major surgery and all her friends had been so warmly and sympathetically alarmed on her behalf that they'd greatly increased her own natural fears. --I asked Wally Gonser what he thought of it, and he said he didn't quite know what to think. #Trust Bernie Zuber did not object to the liberties I took with his illo. In the original it was a starmap the man was gazing at. #Forgot to tell you (but no doubt it's mentioned elsewhere anyhow) that Wally Gonser was permitted to take all his toes home with him, but he has got to give up smoking. #Congratulations on your pro career, kid. What are you doing reading this, you nut? Get with those 20,000 words. eb]

NEW CLAIMANT FOR CRY LETTERHACK CARD (Don Franson take note)

Dear Wally & Gang,

Tom Purdom: What timing--I am indeed impressed that you probably saw Julie Harris walking down 42nd St., and am particularly impressed that you mentioned it the month we were using the Julie Harris cover!

Tom, these boys in the service getting sexual experience--I can't help thinking it's sort of nice they are getting it from 'foul mouthed middle-aged whores' who can protect themselves and in any case have something to gain rather than from innocent young girls whom they would probably impregnate and/or boast about to their friends. I am a devoted reader of Abby Van Buren and also Ann Landers when Buz buys that paper, and so

I know about these things.

Tom, who wrote "He and She" and "The Middle Age of Mrs. Elliot"? I hate to tell you this, but there's no point in recommending books to me, at least, if you don't mention the author. I recognize the title "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter"--though I haven't read it--so I suppose it's on the paperback stands. I did read "Member of the Wedding." I thought it was all right, but I have never re-read it. Tom, don't go all arty on us. Nobody really likes to read that sort of thing, do they?

Harry Warner: the fanzine that the factory girls in Lowell, Massachusetts published in the early 1840's was professionally printed, and was sold on the local news-stands.

Bob Lichtman: I was going to explain Seth Johnson's remark but I see Terry has beat me to it. So much the better.

Ethel (for TAFF) Lindsay: I'm going to level with you. The way Americans eat boiled eggs is this: they break them open, and scoop the egg into a little sauce dish. Then they cut it up with the spoon, salt and pepper the entire egg, and maybe put a little butter on it. Ah! How good. --I should think it would drive sensitive people mad to eat their eggs right out of the shell, because how can they get it all salted and peppered? It seems to me that they would have to salt & pepper with every bite, almost, or do without. Of course, eating the egg from the shell has one advantage--the egg stays hot longer. But in America practically everybody eats breakfast in the kitchen anyhow, so the egg doesn't have to travel any distance after it's shelled.

Don Fitch: The thing that Leslie Nirenberg should understand is that Burbee's effect, like that of radiation, is cumulative. The more of Burbee's stories that one has read, the funnier they get. Any single story improves vastly with re-reading. And The Watermelon Story gets funnier the more times one hears it. It had better--it's not funny at all the first time. Oh, Burbee--if it isn't hynotism, it must be magic.

Nancy Shriner: I don't know what Scotch and grapefruit juice could be called, but I discovered today that Scotch, vermouth & bitters is a "Rob Roy". Don't know if it's any good or not. Ever since Seacon Buz and I have been drinking Martinis which I used to hate but now love. I discovered yesterday that the way we mix them they have 284 calories a piece, and now I think it would be advantageous if I could cure this unseemly and fattening addiction.

WYL, continued from page whatzit

"The Fountain Overflows," by Rebecca West. I re-read this recently for I think the fourth time. Every time I read it I seem to enjoy it a little more fully. I first read it as a serial in THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL. At the time, my main reaction was that I hated to finish each installment, and when the serial finally ended I was sort of indignant, because I could see no real reason why it shouldn't have gone on for lots longer. Now, each time I read it, it seems more and more a congruent, well-planned, well-realized whole. The book is about the relationship of artists and intellectuals to the world of inartistic, unintellectual people. This relationship is looked at from an infinite variety of angles, giving the book an indescribable richness and depth. I don't like to commit myself, but I think it's possible that this may be the finest novel I have ever read. I would not surely and certainly place any novel above it. It is unquestionably first-class.

"The Lani People," by J. F. Bone. Stf. Judging from cover and blurbs, one would imagine this to be a red-hot tale of fornication. It isn't. This is a story about an earnest young veterinarian who goes to work on a strange planet. Part of his job is to guard the health of some humanoid females. He falls in love with a member of the livestock, and is very unhappy about it (having strong views on the subject of bestiality) until he accidentally discovers these human^{oids} to be a lost tribe of the human race. This is a completely satisfactory small-scale story. The protagonist is an honest, decent, ordinary man. He is not a poet, not a reformer, not an idealist. This would have been a larger scale story with a larger scale hero, who might have taken more interest in the enslavement of intelligent non-humans, but instead it is so small-scale that when one actually thinks about it one feels a bit cramped. Oh well.

Elinor

BOB LICHTMAN BUGGED BY ALIEN W's

=29= 6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Dear CRY:

Monday, 19 March 1962

The cover on CRY 158 is another of those delightful ingroupish CRY jokes that one laughs at when he first sees it, and then later reflects that it's really the sort of cartoon that should have been about one-quarter the size and squeezed into an interior page. But what the hell? The multigraphing is nice, anyway. I have to keep giving it egoboo so that you-all won't start doing those scrawly handlettered mimeograph logos again, you see...

Buz, I wish you would use some other typewriter for your editorial, or go back to having half-unprintable W's, but I simply cannot ignore the fact that all the capital W's in your editorials are somehow alien to the whole scene. I mean, whenever I run across one of them I find myself stopping and thinking nasty thoughts. You don't use these special W's in your N'APAZine, I notice, so why don't you like stop bugging me, man...?

Warner was fun, Wanshel was a gas, and Berry was delightful. I liked Terry's article. It was The Best Thing In The Issue. I'll bet it is, too, possible to put on a bad science fiction convention. But I can't point out any examples. If things had turned out differently, though, I might have been able to point out one example...now isn't everyone sorry there was such a big furor over the idea of NY in '64?

Avram Davidson: Hoo-haw for your wedding report and hope you're happy.

Intolerant Ella Parker: I would probably agree with your view that fans are squares more if I'd been in more fan centres. However, I've only been in the Bay Area and in Los Angeles, and neither area is really particularly square, though Ellay is perhaps half again as square as Berkeley. Of course, Berkeley fandom (as differentiated from Barea fandom in general) is rather more bohemian than the rest of the Bay area fandom. There are all sorts of incredibly square Little Men, but most all the Guggfuzzies are pretty damned unsquare. Which certainly is a wonderful thing. (And that's a Dangling Which Clause.)

I don't really think, Ella, that my personal life is the business of any fan, unless I choose to divulge it in a letter or a fanzine to him/her. I've said a few things in small-circ fanzines that I wouldn't care to have reprinted in Yandro, or Cry, or even Bramble Bush. But let's not argue this point any further. If enough people will send me articles of a personal nature about themselves or about other fans -- material that probably shouldn't be printed -- I will start a fanzine called TRUE FAN CONFESSIONS QUARTERLY. Who will start the ball rolling by bashing out a sexy mss. right now? Oh, one other thing -- the author of any article has to agree to sign a document accepting all responsibility for any legal action taken by the persons he may defame in his article.

About that German "reprint" of the ATom Anthology... Recently a Gerfan reprinted, in the same sense, an issue of the Shaggy Xmas Supplement. The results were quite good, but we nearly keeled over at the thought of all the work these people must have gone through to do all that complex restencilling. Hell, if they'd've asked, we could've sent them the original stencils, which are still around, somewhere, somewhere.

Bob Smith, I'm sorry to say this, but when anyone starts talking about how he feels people he's never even written to are better friends than people out of fandom he's known for years in person, it's time to try to pop that protective shell. The next time you feel this sort of mood coming on, come up to Los Angeles and drop in on a LASFS meeting. Give a fake name, and say you're from, um, Norwalk and you saw a sign advertising the LASFS in a library, and see what sort of a reception you get. Most likely, you'll be almost entirely ignored.

Later,

Bob

DONALD FRANSON REPORTS

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California

Dear Wally or Buz or the first one who opens this;

March 22, 1962

Don't know if CRY is a neszine, but here's some news: The new President of the N3F, appointed by the Directorate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Ralph Holland (remainder of 1962) is:

Arthur H. Rapp.

(Chicon booklets to the contrary)

Yours,

Donald Franson

HAL LYNCH TELLS OF ELVES
Dear cryptiks

McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23rd St., New York 11, NY

After some months of suffering in silence, during which I've apparently forgotten how to type, I take keys in fingertips to express various wonders your recent issues have aroused in me. Like, I wonder why Gary Deindorfer calls himself Yackamura? He doesn't know how to spell "Deindorfer." -www/ I'd like to assure Elinor that they don't keep all the prisoners over at dear old Eastern in solitary any more, but I'm not really sure and the way to find out is unpleasant and time consuming.

Now I will venture upon something that will cause grief, anguish, and possibly threatening rumblings among MZBradley and assorted Tolkienites, but will at least clear up Mr. Schultheis's problem and some other related questions that may have occurred to some others.

Long after the chronicles of Middle Earth had closed, in the Age of Men, there were intermarriages of Elves and Hobbits. Neither race were any longer as numerous as in the past; barriers of racial pride and incompatibility of personality fell before the threat of final extinction. Not only were such unions fertile, they resulted in a new race, with characteristics of both older races, but bearing the name of elves.

These latter-day elves were long-lived, but not truly immortal; inclined to be musical, like the older elves, but fat, fond of bodily comforts, and users of pipeweed like the hobbits. Unlike neither older race, they tended to hairiness of face and body (combining of recessive genes?). Elvish wit and hobbit commonsense became in them a kind of precocity that expressed itself in mischief. One of them, named Robin Goodfellow, achieved a certain notoriety as a practical joker. Another, called "Nick" by men because his childish humor seemed to them devilish, determined, as a superlative jest, to impersonate a saint who was inadvertantly his namesake. The jest backfired

You must entice Will Jenkins out your way some time to give you an expert opinion on whether or not Pioneer Square is really like Rittenhouse. Jenkins, a long-time observer of life in RSquare, watches people and talks to squirrels there. No, they don't seem to be acquainted with Ellik.

Hal Lynch

P.S. Luckily, sexy Avram Davidson in his sexy grey sox has been taken off the open market, so now us other bachelors have a chance.

MARION Z. BRADLEY HATES TO DISILLUSION
Dear Elinor,

Box 158, Rochester, Texas

Honey, I hate to disillusion Amelia Pemberton, but THE NEMESIS FROM TERRA is VERY early Leigh Brackett; it's her first book, Shadow Over Mars, reprinted with a new title! Leigh just don't write like that no more--thank heaven!

Maybe someday I'll get tired of hearing my work compared with Brackett; right now I love it.

Marion Bradley

E. W. BRYANT, JR. ALSO QUIBBLES

Route No. 2, Wheatland, Wyoming

Dear Kimball K. and the rest of You,

March 15, 1962

Elinor blasts Leigh Brackett's NEMESIS FROM TERRA and says that it is the work of a disenchanted Leigh Brackett who has forgotten how to write stories like SEA KINGS OF MARS. NEMESIS is a faithful reprinting of SHADOW OVER MARS which appeared in a 1944 STARTLING. SEA KINGS didn't appear until 1949. Maybe Leigh Brackett was disenchanted when she wrote SHADOW--she hadn't learned how to be enchanted then. But I don't think so; witness her "Terror Out of Space" which was written in 1944.

Aside from that one quibble, CRY was pretty good except that it was much too short. I mean, if I want short fanzines, I can publish them myself.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RELEASE THE CONFIDENTIAL DATA CONCERNING THE TOTAL RESULTS OF THE CRYPOLL???

Arcanely,

Ed Bryant, II

DICK KUCZEK STARTS A FANZINE

2808 S.E. 15⁴, Portland 36, Oregon

Dear CRYgang,

March 10, 1962

I, with the help of two friends, am starting a fanzine. They are pretty good writers. We've even got an artist, And Is He Good! We want it to be a good fanzine. If anyone wants to offer suggestions, they're welcome; needed in fact. [I suggest you ignore all suggestions, including this one. Got any other problems I can solve? -www]

Well, I'd better proceed to destruct your fanzine now.

Cover: The drawing was excellent, but the caption didn't quite fit it. Better watch those captions, eh?

With Keen Blue: Excellent column. I've decided to read all the books you recommended in it. They sound real sexy. Seriously, though, all these sex novels don't do any one any good. [Not even the publishers? -www] I read Peyton Place, and it was ridiculous. It sold no doubt because of the build up they gave it, and it wasn't that sexy either.

Grand Larceny: One of Berry's best. I can't figure out where he got the mistaken idea that Wally was capable of figuring out who did it. [Who said I had to figure it out? All I had to do was recollect back to CRY 158 and remember who the culprit was. -www]

Fandom Harvest: Average Terry Carr.....say, average Terry Carr is pretty good, isn't it.

Yours,

Dick Kuczek

RICHARD SCHULTZ HELPS A LUCKY DOG

19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

Dear Wally;

Well, as CRYday rolls nearer and The Beast starts making its presence felt, it is up to me to let you know that I've decided to help you write Cry of the Readers.

You lucky dog you. [Arf! -www]

It's been a long time, hasn't it? I'm back, though for how long, I don't know. All I know is, last year when trying to hack out a letter for ye, this little man in a green suit jumped onto my typer and waved his hat at me and next thing I knew I was writing to someone else, Ruth Berman, I think it was. Even the heading on the letter had been changed from Wally to Ruth. Now a number of things you may be, Wally, but Ruth Berman you are not.

Anyways I walked around my house, sprinkling a powder (composed of dried newsstand dealer's brains ground on Walpurgis Nacht...and if you think it was easy finding a newsstand dealer with any brains, you've got another think coming) and cackling a prayer to the CIA and Jack Parr to protect this house from all evil, etc., etc. That's why your little man hasn't been through this time. The curse is a little too all-inclusive, though. The mailman, newspaper boy, nobody can come in now.

A whole new CRYhacking crew has sprung up. Betty Kujawa is making the CotR regularly now. Harrell, Davidson, Kuczek, Jaskar, Purdom, Bob Smith, Ruth Berman, Fitch, Alma Hill, a whole new generation of CRYhacks. What a commentary on fandom. A generation in CRY lasts just a little over fourteen months. Oh Busby, what hath thou wrought?

Did you realize Ella can't pronounce ORION correctly? Her own fanzine and she can't even pronounce its name. She kept insisting that it was pronounced like the name of some bog-stomper straight off the freighter from Cobh, "O'Ryan". I hastened to correct her. "You pronounce it 'Oar-rien'. Can't you speak American yet?" She became a bit upset at that, God only knows why.

Anyways we came to a compromise. I promised to allow her her eccentricity, and she promised to get me.

After reading Avram Davidson's letter, I got to thinking about religions. Particularly about the Jewish one. It seems that quite a large number of people in fandom seem to be of this creed, and I wonder if the percentage isn't a bit larger than normal? If so, why? If we could find out why stf's appeal is so narrow, why fandom has so few negroes (and it has a few club group negroes, never fear), and maybe so proportionally more of some other religious or ethnic group, we might be further along the road to finding out why we joined this mad swirl in the first place.

Yours,

Dick Schultz

MIKE DECKINGER KNOWS FANS LOOK RESPECTABLE 32
Dear Bad CRYstians,

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

For shame, for shame. Not only do you misplace my contribution, but you have also performed a butchery on my letter that would have made Jack the Ripper's heart beam with joy. /It certainly was a wonderful thing. --www/

Harry Warner, writing on the subject of Ella, makes interesting reading. At the SeaCon, I spent several hours trying to convince her that here in the U.S. we drove on the side of the road that God intended man to drive on, unlike merrie olde England where everyone is violating the traffic laws. No wonder Chaucer had such a difficult time getting to Canterbury.

When I first read of Davidson's marriage I thought it was all some clever hoax, but after reading the wedding invite, and meeting the new Mrs. Davidson (though she wasn't at the time) at a party at Don Wollheim's house, I'm forced to include that it is indeed factual and our great white father is settling down to raising a progeny and perpetuating the species.

If this is Ella Parker's revenge for being in the U.S. only three months, I can imagine what she'll do if she was confined here for a couple of years. And how can anyone look too respectable to be a fan? Most fans are the epitome of suaveness, in their carefully modeled propeller beanies, with zap guns strapped carefully to their waists.

Joe Gibson hasn't cleared up the situation any, but at least it's nice to know he realizes it. Gibson is a very funny man, incidentally. He probably spent several nights trying to think up an original comment on BEDLAM #2, and at last arrived at "crude filfth" which certainly was original and different. It's obvious that Joe has overworked himself, exposing all the miserable SOB's in fandom so that his powers of perception have suffered a terrible strain and even though he chose the term "crude filfth" with such originality and daring, that only one person has agreed with him (at least to me) it shows he wasn't working at top capacity, and surely could have come up with something better. But if Joe does get his kicks from revealing all the nasty characters in fandom like....uhhh and well like.... and well..... then I won't begrudge him his little game.

A veeblefetzter is an original invention of Alfred E. Neuman's, who, shortly after its patent, sold several to an obscure tribe of African natives living in the congo. He was duly rewarded for his noble deeds by a group of Southerners who visited him en masse, and took it upon themselves to sanctify him by anointing him with tar and feathers.

SIN cerely,

Mike

KEVIN LANGDON SUSPECTS IT'S ABSURD

823 Idylberry Rd., San Rafael, Calif.

Dear CRY,

17 March

Isn't it a bit absurd to have letters longer than your articles? Ah, well, CRY has never shrunk from absurdities before. CRY 158 was a lot better than CRY 157, mainly it was longer and thus provided lots more material for me to copy for The Fughead's Corner in QUANTIFIER, my fanzine, the first issue of which should be along Real Soon Now. It's gonna be a rider with FANAC 86, as soon as Walter Breen gets it writ. I especially liked the Wanshel bit, Keen Blue Eyes, and CotR.

Why don't you put out CRY 763 now and be done with it?

Seth Johnson: Yeah, share water with you, brothers. And may our eggs be scrambled together.

Buz ought to be careful about starting new fandoms. There aren't many left. Doesn't he know that after eighteenth fandom we will all be killed off by radiations emanating from Tucker?

Kevin Langdon

PHILLIP A. HARRELL SPEAKS OF SCOTCH

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia

Deer Cry: (Do Deer Cry?)

March 18. '62

E*T*H*E*L L*I*N*D*S*A*Y F*O*R T*A*F*F !

Speaking of Scotch reminds me of a marvelous drink I had the other evening. I concocted it myself and I call it "Tang-a-rooney". It consisted of 2 teaspoons of Tang

mixed in a talllllll, cool glass of Pineapple juice which has a dash or three of Peach juice, Cherry Juice, Lemon, Lime, crush a dozen grapes and add them, some Hawaiian Punch, and anything else you happen to have lying around the kitchen. Then stir until one of three things happen; 1) the spoon dissolves, 2) the drink gets up and walks off, or 3) the glass dissolves. Then add a bit of Scotch, mixer, (Tom Collins) Gin, bourbon, three fingers of vodka, and stand back.....after the fallout has cleared, stir again (careful of the fingers) and serve to your guest. I haven't gotten up the nerve to drink it yet. I think I may have invented a universal solvent.

And it's TIM Dumont, not "Time Dumont." Tell me Wally ol' buddy why do you do these things to me? [Because you're littler than we are. -www]

Talk about weird happenings here, I was at this party I was telling you about [I suppose you mean that party you described so hilariously in your letter that I had to cut it out to keep you from getting more laughs than me? That party?? -www] and when they were going out after the drinks they ordered the different things like Gin & Scotch & Bourbon. And I ordered Rhoot Bheer. At first they thought I was joking. "You're not Joking?????" "No, I really want R*H*O*O*T B*H*E*E*R!" "You did say Root Beer didn't you?" "Yes, I said RHOOT Bheer!" "Alright, but I just can't see using Root Beer as a chaser." "Who said anything about using it as a chaser?" "Goorrrrrrr! You're putting us on!?" "Bring it back and we'll see who's putting who on."

Alone in an unbelieving world. And yet I still ended up with that inferior substitute, Root Beer, and I distinctly ordered Rhoot Bheer.

Wally Wordsmasher Webber if you Leave out my Congratulations to Avram Davidson one more time I may bring a Schesknoska on you! So watch it buddy! Anyway Congratulations Avram Davidson for the umpthdozenth time for your Marriage and Editorship.

Best.

Phil

JOHN HOWALD & PHIL JASKAR THREATEN NAMELESS
3w and all other April Fools,

8624 Haviland Ave. SW, Tacoma 99, Wash.
March 23, 1962

NOTICE OF IMPENDING DISASTER !!

Due to conditions beyond your control, two Tacomabems will be in attendance at the Nameless meeting of 4-12-62. Phil just got his driver's license and has decided to brave the Seattle Traffic Patrol. Seacon members will remember the Highway 99 traffic and know how vicious it can be. Riding shotgun, carrying the first aid kit, and waving the red flag at each intersection will be John, whose fame as a flag waver is already known all over South Tacoma.

We see Cry got a mention in the lettercol of Amazing, thanks to Dave Williams. As Tom Purdom remarked a few issues back, you've really arrived when you hit Brass Tacks.

Dep't of Usurping the Legitimate Functions of Newszines (as Buz calls it): Two articles this month. As anyone who can read can plainly see, the familiar name of Street & Smith will no longer appear on Analog reprints; Conde Nast finally bought 'em out. Also: we see Saturday Review for 3-17-62 has a full-page ad for Century 21. Included in the ad is a plug for a SCIENCE FICTION PANEL to be held in the Opera House on the Fairgrounds on May 13, '62. You've been unusually quiet about it. Or didn't you know? When we have to go to Saturday Review to get news about an impending S*F meeting, things are really going to pot there.

Elinor; We like the snazzy new white address label this month!! The other one looked like it was printed on Gov't Issue toilet paper, but this is really Madison Avenue stuff. How about pink next month? [The new label was still Gov't Issue toilet paper, but it was from the officers' toilet. I dunno about pink, though -- unless the WACs...-ww]

Speaking of getting checkbooks balanced (as Buz was on page 3) we still haven't got back the cancelled check for TGGW. Are you saving it to make an umbrella out of for a rainy day, or what?

Dep't of Misc. Info: Problem -- How to tell male sardines from female sardines. Solution -- Observe which can they come out of.

philharrell: Boy, you've asked for it now!! Shattered me, indeed!! What happened was that after wwv finished cutting our letter there wasn't enough left for the WAHF, let

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alone COTR. But me an imitation!! Really, you old surrogate! You've forced us to do it again! Watch out! Here it comes!!

Phil
The Howalding Bem
(I hope that really stung!!)

Phil & John

PHIL JASKAR SOLOS

236 Lake Louise Dr., Tacoma 99, Washington

Dear Social CRYmers,

March 27, 1962

You Seattle gang (I assume) got more info on the S*F PANEL at Century 21 through the Times or the P-I, but in case you missed it, the admission price will be \$2.75, with no ticket to the Fairgrounds necessary. Featured panelists will include Rod Serling and Ray Bradbury. (That price sounds more reasonable now, doesn't it?)

Not having \$1.10 for the map depicting the "View from the Top of the Space Needle!" which shows various historic points of interest around Seattle, and not having Mayor Amalfi's "direct intuition of spatial distances and mass pressures" of the Jim Blish saga, we are reduced to asking www himself where the April 13 meeting will be held. Any additional info (how much food, drink, and money to bring) will be appreciated. I've been waiting for you to ask about that April 13 meeting, because the Nameless are having a special party night that night. Being Friday 13th, the club picks a meeting place and throws an all-night brawl that lasts usually until six or seven in the morning when the police break it up. This April 13th the club meets at 236 Lake Louise Dr., Tacoma. Are we ever going to have fun! The club's regular meetings (which take place on 1st and 3rd Thursdays, and the April 5th meeting takes place at 3924 So. 117th, Seattle where the members will decide where to hold the April 19th meeting) are free of charge, costing you only your time and sanity. --www/

Elinor: Your ponderings re conqueror vs. pet are (ouch) thought-provoking. Gordon R. Dickson ("The Quarry", Astounding Sept. '58) brings out the point that a creative human could not endure the life of a mere pet. The masters are often cruel to the pet ("she treated him like a dog," "in the doghouse," "living a dog's life"), often unintentionally, and the dull routine would become unbearable. So.

I'll cut this short now, for the dog, three cats, two kittens, guppy, and goldfish are clamoring for their good. (Ever see a guppy clamor? It's heartrending!)

See ya soon!

Phil Jaskar

E. E. GREENLEAF, JR. DEPLORES MARRIED ASTRONAUTS

1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La

Dear Cryogenics:

Been busy as a bird-dog building a nest. The chess bug bit me again, and I rejoined the local club. And all the study required to even hold one's own as a mediocre player cuts into the time available for fanac.

Betty Kujawa and husband Gene were in town between Christmas and New Years. She called me and Jan Samuels. That's Jan Penney's new name. Yes, she got married again.

Well, anyway, Jan, Al, the Kujawas and I went to dinner and both during and after the meal had a real fangab session. We discussed politics, Avram Davidson, Ella Parker, Avram Davidson, the coming Chicon, Avram Davidson, swapped DNQ's, talked about Avram Davidson, and even mentioned science-fiction a little.

Tom Purdom's comments on military life, expressed in CRY 158, are somewhat similar to my own feelings. You have to have been in a branch of the armed services to really know what it's like. And I would add, you have to have been an enlisted man, not an officer.

No Betty Kujawa in the latest CRY. But Avram telling about his forsaking the joys of bachelorhood. Sigh.

There is too much discrimination against us single people, these days. Didja notice that all nine astronauts (two Russian, seven American) are married? When they gonna send a bachelor into orbit? Whenever they find a fellow nutty enough to volunteer on his own without having a wife to push him into the job, that's when. --www/

But seriously, this business of sending married men into space is not the Way It Should Happen, at all. Can you imagine the scandal that will result when the first Martian expedition gets there, and there are no single men to rescue-and-romance the beautiful, scantily-clad princesses? Take a note for an article: Will Interplanetary Travel Promote Infidelity?

"Very happy to rescue you from the Grulzak, Miss, but I'm afraid I can't come up to your place for a glass of Zeno. You see, I'm a married man. That's right, I have a wife back on Earth."

What writer would dare come up with such a plot gimmick? Not even Campbell would buy a story like that.

Sincerely,

Emile Greenleaf

LENNY KAYE WANTS CRYHACK CARD

Dear Wal, ole pal, buddy, chum:

Now more CRYhack cards??? I gather that because I've never gotten mine....do have some more printed up. /Okay, go ahead and print some and we'll take credit for it, just like we did when Donald Franson printed up the original ones. --www/

Buz entertained me not a little bit. What he should have done, tho, is quote the sexy parts so we poor, unblemished, protected specimens of American fannish manhood could have judged for ourselves. Really tho, he was very interesting and enjoyable. Fabian books...that's almost as bad as Galaxy Beacon....

Berry was good, though his conclusion was upon me before I even realized what was happening. It seemed too short. Anyone for "The Berry papers"???

Terry Carr has perhaps the best column around. /What do you mean, "perhaps"? --www/ This installment was sort of a letdown though from some other memorable ones. I wish someone had told me about that ancient Egyptian sale. I really am a bug on that stuff.

If I haven't told you yet, The Goon goes West is nothing short of magnificent.

Idealistically:

Lenny

SETH A JOHNSON WANTS MENTION OF ETHEL'S COMPETITOR

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall,

Dear CRY gang;

New Jersey March 20, 1962

I'd like to call your attention to article in Saturday Evening Post by Margaret Meade. I'll just copy a paragraph of the thing and let you look it up for yourselves in Satevepost, Mar 3, 1962 and read the rest for yourselves.

"Science Fiction which has done so much to prepare boys for understanding and participating in scientific activity is almost entirely written in profound ignorance of human beings as the poet, the novelist or the social scientist know them. So most girls are repelled by Science Fiction and the gap in scientific understanding between boys and girls widens in spite of higher and higher general education for both sexes." End quote.

I'm voting for Ethel Lindsay for TAFF, too, but seems rather unfair that all the fanzines drum up votes for Ethel and no one mentions the other candidate. Can't even remember his name at the moment, but this seems to take all the contest out of it. Would be better by far to have candidates with equal pulling power so as to make real contest out of it. Otherwise people will simply take it for granted their favorite will win and not bother to vote.

Ella Parker hit the nail on the head re bullfighting. I much prefer the old American custom of bullthrowing. More excitement more fun and no one gets hurt, or at least not the way matadors and bulls get hurt. It's different you know.

Tell Bob Lichtman the articles I referred to were printed in WHY IS A FAN, TIGHTBEAM and SHAGGY. Ralph Holland being ordered out of the Fan Art Exhibit at Seacon was in his portion of TNFF right after Seacon.

Tell Phil and John that there is local HAM who often puts me on air with all the fannish vocabulary, just in hopes of drawing attention of some other fan with access to the air waves.

Fanzine Clearing House is averaging five bundles per month. Hope more faneds will come across with bundles of their fanzines. Everything sent here gets mailed out.

Fanatically yours,

Seth A. Johnson

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN, from Tyndall AFB (you've heard of that place), writes, "Did read 'Little Fuzzy' - found it delightful. I think it is the ideal symbiosis, but what happens when the ten-year-old level Fuzzy sapiens Holloway Zarathusa, in living with homo sap, begins to learn about war, religion, politics? Then, they'll get more like people, and won't be so delightful." He also suggests Budrys', "Some Shall Not Die," for Hugo nomination. FRANK WILIMCZYK comments, "I suppose it was to be expected that the cover on No. 154 would not be happily received all around, but I'm one of the people who liked it very much. In fact, I think it's one of the best covers I've seen on a fanzine, and easily the best of CRY covers during my subscription time. I had one small quibble, though: it seemed to me that it should have been rotated a few degrees counter-clockwise." TOM D. ARMISTEAD claims to have invented the term, "sense of wonder," in order to describe SaM's burp at the Third Convention. ROY KAY of 9I, Craven Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire, England, believes we publish a fanzine and would like to find out how to get a copy. We're telling him to steal Ella Parker's. GEORGE H. SCITHERS sends us news clippings of a cartoon and a news item headlined, "Push Probe of Cult for Clue in Slaying," with a London dateline yet. DAVID B. WILLIAMS notices that CRY is "...back to normal: 38 pages and nothing about s-f, just stuff like lawsuits and sex and like that. Aaah, there's nothing like fandom to get away from that crummy old mundane world, eh?" LLOYD DOUGLAS BROYLES, Rte. 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas is sending out questionnaires for his 1962 edition of WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM. RANDY R. REYNOLDS, who had CRY recommended to him by somebody named Kuczek, made out his check to "CRY", which is a helluva way to get started in this zine. Somebody named DICK KUCZEK ask us for advice on pubbing a fanzine. Do you suppose we oughta? DAMON KNIGHT, ESQ., sends us a copy (dittoed) of a one paragraph report on Avram's wedding. Or maybe it was AVRAM DAVIDSON who sent it. (WAHF Avram Davidson -- hoo boy, he'll never pay me for that Grulzak story now.) Anyway I wouldn't advise subscribing to the publication since it's probably just a one-shot. DAVE PASTOR wants to know what became of his story and CRY sub, but we'll never tell. D. A. LATIMER wants his Seacon Progress Reports and Program Booklet -- some guys never give up; we'd better send 'em before he becomes a BNF and turns us in to the N3F Secret Police. RICHARD BERGERON, BILL BERGER, RALPH KRISTIANSEN, MARVIN DEVANS (sometimes known as Marvin Devins), VIC RYAN, ROBERT W. LEBLING, JR., and JAMES R. SIEGER send money, money, money, money. It warms my black little heart to see so many of you using "U.S. Man in Space" stamps to send your CRYletters through the mails, although special mention must go to PHIL HARRELL who used two of the stamps to send his letter air mail. May we meet again next issue, whenever that may be.

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