

# CRY

161

JUNE 1962



# CRY

181

JUNE 1963





Appearances notwithstanding, this is CRY 161 for June of 1962, A.D. For the first time since CRY 90, April 1956, CRY is not a Fenden Publication; I do not know exactly what the approved name might be, but this issue is published by the House of Toskey. The same will with luck be true of #162 which will probably touch ink to paper on July 29th or Aug 5th or some other such improbable-sounding date.

As is wellknown among the cognoscenti, CRY retails for 25¢ or 1/9 the issue, with large economy size subscriptions of 5 for \$1 or 7/- and 12 for \$2 or 14/-. CRY appears monthly except for July and September and is generally published on the Sunday nearest the first day of its date-month. Subscription checks should be made payable to Elinor Busby unless of course you subscribe through U.K. Agent John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. In case you do not wish to turn to the back page for CRY's return address, we list it here as a special service:

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

I keep hearing a lot of nonsense about free issues going to successful contributors and even letterhacks, and some rumors concerning selected trades, but personally I think this is probably just a smokescreen to cover up Weber's huge profits on CRY.

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At the cranks tomorrow will be Burnett R Toskey and Wally Weber, says our publisher. Manning [and probably unmanning] slipsheets (!!), paper, ink, and maybe the Patent Collator, will be possibly Wally Gonser, Jim and Doreen Webbert, F M Busby, and the obviously carnivorous plant that keeps creeping up on people who sit with their backs to it but which Toskey assures us is Harness. --what's that, Tosk? Harmless, you said? I can't understand you too well through all those bandages.

With the exception of the Minutes and the last nine pages of CotR, the text of this issue has been transcribed onto stencil by this the IBM Selectric mit der liddul goofballs (that's golfballs) [yeh; sorry] mit vvhich like der typenfacer gechangen und alles [get that nut out of there, huh?]. (This has been an exercise in "fleebl-fleebl").

I tell you I just go out of my gourd sometimes about this machine...

Next issue may have a Westercon report [you've joined, haven't you?]; it's been nearly 4 years since we sampled Burbee's brew and Isabel's enchiladas, and that's far too long. Looking forward to seeing all our other friends who with luck will be in attendance; of course a fella should look in at a Con's program once in a while, too; that way you get a chance to mingle and find out where the other parties are going on. So maybe next issue we will have a Westercon report, if Wally remembers to take notes. Aside from that, just expect the usual scintillating lineup that will include such as-- such as-- well, heck, gang: such as shows up in the mailbox. Same as always.

Do-It-Yourself Lino: "I always said \_\_\_\_\_ was a \_\_\_\_\_; hell, he \_\_\_\_\_ like it! --Buz.



Excerpts from the fan diary of Hugh Bongflap, 101 Maria Avenue, Ketchashatch, Kan.

June 7 -- No mail today except another cruddy issue of CRY.

June 8 -- Still no letters of comment on WAHRSCHEINLICHKEITSRECHNUNG #7, although it was mailed exactly two weeks ago today. Has another plague of writers cramp struck fandom? This afternoon I received a phone call from some mundane type who informed me excitedly that I have just won a contest of some sort. I hung up on him after explaining that I have not entered any contest since I lost the TAFF race to Chris Moskowitz.

June 9 -- One lousy little postcard came in the mail today from Ted White criticizing the format of WAHR. That's all there was. At least I know at least one copy of my fanzine has struggled through the postal system and reached the hands of a reader. The mundane voice was back on the telephone today, insisting that I have just won a brand-new Jaguar XK-E plus gas and oil for life. He said it is first prize in a contest conducted by A&P or some such supermarket chain. Now I vaguely recall filling out an entry blank because a pretty checkout girl sweet-talked me into it. I wrote a LoC to Wally Weber tonight on that cruddy issue of CRY.

June 10 -- Fout. Sunday and no mail delivery.

June 11 -- At last, a LoC from Harry Warner! He said my editorial "read like Terry Carr." Sweet egoboo. I've noticed that I can write in Harry's style too. That Jaguar XK-E was delivered today. It looks like some sort of sports car. I had them park it in the backyard. Started stencilling WAHR #8 tonight.

June 12 -- LoC from Walter Breen, who says my lead article sounds like it was written by John Berry. Breen is very discerning sometimes. Incidentally, I've discovered that I can write in Walter Breen's style too. Odd that I didn't realize long ago what a master of styles I am. WAHR #8 will be smaller than usual, running about 56 to 60 pages. I cut three more stencils today.

June 30 -- I've been busy the past three weeks rushing WAHR onto stencil; I should have it ready to mimeo soon. The mail on the seventh issue has been very disappointing. No mail at all today, and yesterday only a subscription renewal from Peter B. Hope.

July 11 -- At last! I ran off the last page of the May WAHR last night and I managed to assemble and wrap a dozen copies tonight before the post office closed. I rushed out of the house with them under my arm and was just about to straddle my bike and pedal downtown in my usual no-hands fashion, when I happened to think: there's that sports car in the backyard. It was the work of but a moment to load the stack of WAHRs in the bucketseat beside me and start up the motor. Aside from wrecking the picket fence around the house across the street when the car took off on me unexpectedly, I didn't have any trouble. I reached the PO 15 minutes before it closed instead of 12 seconds before they locked the door as is my usual custom. I was surprised. Ted Pauls sent me a LoC today but it is too long and humorous to publish.

July 12 -- The only mail today was a postcard from Lee Hoffman showing a Lil Peepul holding her nose. Hmm.

July 13 -- Nothing, utterly nothing, in the mail today except another damn issue of CRY. This is the last straw. While sitting on the front porch tonight, moodily tippling Pepsi, I came to a great decision: I am going to become a Traveling Jiant. Yes, instead of mailing the rest of the May WAHR I'm going to deliver all copies in person and then stand over the recipient with a baseball bat till he writes a LoC. After all, I've got that sports car out in the backyard, and the thought came to me: Why not make use of it?

July 14 -- Nothing in the mail but KIPPLE, so I went ahead and did it. I quit at the casket factory, came home, threw some clothes, my typer, and my Prosser trophy for Best Fan Writer in the back, and gunned the Jag down the highway for L.A. Of course I'll visit a few fans en route.

July 16 -- The strangest damn thing has happened. I drove all the way across Oklahoma today so I could reach Rochester, Texas, and meet my first fan face to face. Well,



Rochester is a small burg, and everybody knows everybody else, but nobody ever heard of Marion Z. Bradley. I talked to everybody from the mayor to the Santa Fe station agent, and none of them knew her. Finally it sank in that Marion Z. Bradley is another Carl Brandon or Leslie Norris! I wonder who has been writing her stuff like "Cryin' in the Sink"? I am inclined to suspect Redd Boggs. I'm en route to Los Angeles now. Just wait till I tell the Mathom House mob!

July 18 -- Los Angeles. More mystery. I spent all morning trying to locate Gramercy Place. The street simply does not exist. Nobody has ever heard of it. And none of the fans who are supposed to live on it are in the telephone book. I finally gave up trying to find them. Like MZB, Bjo and John Trimble and the rest of the Mathom House gang are obviously figments of somebody's overheated imagination. I tried to find Bob Lichtman too. South Croft actually exists, but is not extended far enough to have a 6137. Croft ends at 5542, which is smack on the rim of a canyon. After visiting a drive-in and soothing my nerves with a Pepsi, I drove out to Whittier. After much search and inquiring, I discovered a small road inaccurately called Pioneer Boulevard that meanders off into a maze of dry gullies and sand dunes. The very last house on the street is 7620; beyond that are irrigated fields and truck gardens. 7628, where Burbee is supposed to live, is a watermelon patch. I find this very significant.

July 19 -- En route to Berkeley. I gave up trying to find Southern California fandom. It is all a gigantic hoax. Not one of those fans actually exists. But whose hoax is it? In Berkeley perhaps I'll find -- the puppet master!

July 20 -- It certainly is a wonderful thing. So far as I can discover, there are no fans in California at all. Nobody in the Bay Area ever heard of Bill Donaho, Walter Breen, Norm Metcalf, Ray Nelson, Poul and Karen Anderson, or even Joe Gibson. They are just as mythical as the Trimbles, Forry Ackerman, and Don Franson. There's no record of Breen or Metcalf on the Berkeley campus. Orinda and El Sobrante are localities that do not appear on any map. There is a 1441 Eighth Street in Berkeley, but I learned that it is the local headquarters of the John Birch Society. In the morning I'll head for Seattle. California fandom may have been a hoax invented by the Nameless Ones.

July 22 -- I should have expected it. Seattle fandom is, like California fandom, absolutely nonexistent. I spent all afternoon yesterday and all day today investigating thoroughly, and it has been a frustrating experience. The Seattle post office laughed at me when I sought their aid. They pointed out that I should have suspected long ago that someone was hoaxing me merely by noticing such addresses as Gordon Eklund's and F. M. and Elinor Busby's: Seattle 66, and Seattle 99. As the post office remarked, not even Los Angeles or New York City has as many as 99 postal zones, and a city with a population less than 600,000 certainly isn't going to need 66 postal zones.

July 23 -- En route. Who is the hidden chess-player, the secret Gosseyn, behind this gigantic fannish hoax? I expect to find this person somewhere in the midwest or the east.

July 26 -- Minneapolis. Ruth Berman and Redd Boggs do not exist. Redd Boggs is not in the telephone book, and the street named Highland Place does not have any residences on it. I tried to phone Ruth using a number printed in an early NEOLITHIC and was connected with a chiropractic clinic.

July 27 -- Today I discovered that while there's a post office in Wisconsin called Fond du Lac, there is no such town. Fond du Lac is an Indian reservation. From inquiries I learned that all the Indians weave blankets for their "wampum," as they call it, and there is no record of any local redskin selling furnaces.

July 29 -- Chicago. I thought I had stumbled onto a lead here this afternoon. Although I was unable to locate Earl Kemp, Sally Kidd, or A. J. Budrys, I did find a Vic Ryan in the phone book. I hastily phoned him, but he categorically denied any knowledge of fandom and even refused to admit that he ever met Ella Parker when she was in Chicago en route east from the Seacon. He asked me to explain about Ella and after I had pictured her as best I could, the man remarked, "Well, she sounds almost too fabulous to be real." I was forced to agree with him. "After all," I said philosophically, "Who isn't?"



August 4 -- Of course Bob Tucker, Nan Gerding, Lynn Hickman, Betty Kujawa, and Lee Anne Tremper do not exist. I searched in vain for each of them. In Wabash I discovered that the company Buck Coulson claimed to work for is actually located in Minneapolis, Minnesota, a suspicious circumstance except that Redd Boggs does not exist either. In Detroit I went so far as to enlist the aid of the police. After I had explained to them, as well as a mortal can, about the Misfits, the cops spent a long time checking their records, and afterward kindly gave me an escort to the Windsor tunnel. As I drove into Canada I looked back and noticed that the prowler car had thrown up a roadblock guarded with tommy guns. The tommy guns were all accidentally pointed in my direction. All this seemed very odd to me.

August 7 -- Toronto. "Willowdale," where Boyd Raeburn was alleged to reside, turns out to be the name of a well-known sanitarium for alcoholics. Weston Road, on which the Co-existence Candy Store is supposed to stand, is the main street of the red-light district. 1217 is the number of the building in which a publication called JUSTICE WEEKLY is published.

August 14 -- This is the maddest event of this mad journey: I have spent a whole week looking for New York City! New York City does not exist. As I sat in despair on the Weehawken beach the other evening, a kindly fisherman took me across the Hudson in his smack and landed me in the place where I had supposed New York City was situated. There is only a tiny village there, called New Amsterdam. The rustics who inhabit this sleepy country hamlet croggled politely at my wild queries about skyscrapers, the Brooklyn Bridge, and Bob Stewart, and gave me strange looks when my back was turned. Of course, after learning that the Statue of Liberty does not exist, I was hardly shocked at all to learn that Avram Davidson does not exist either. Naturally nobody in New Amsterdam has ever heard of Dick and Pat Lupoff, Larry and Noreen Shaw, Dick Bergeron, Frank Wilimczyk, Don Wollheim, Terry Carr, Pete Graham, or even Les Gerber. The only flicker of hope came when a graybeard in front of an old tavern called the Greenwich seemed to recall that Ted White was the name of a fellow they tarred and feathered a while back and rode out of New Amsterdam on a rail, but he didn't know what had become of the culprit.

August 15 -- I'm going to pass up visiting Baltimore, Washington, and Hagerstown, and head back to good old 101 Maria Ave. as fast as the Jaguar XK-E can carry me. I've decided that I don't much care whether all fandom is a hoax or not as long as the hoaxer mails me fanzines and letters of comment occasionally. I'll bet my mailbox at home is jammed by this time.

August 17 -- En route. As I sat rejuvenating myself with a Pepsi this afternoon, I finally figured it out: I am the hoaxer! I am a split personality and the other half of me has been writing all those letters and publishing all those fanzines for me to read. No wonder I'm so tired when I get up in the morning -- I've probably spent most of the night turning out FANAC, HYPHEN, or CRY for this half of me to fill with eye-tracks. No wonder my hands turn purple a day or two before I receive a new issue of CINDER. No wonder I found the cupboard full of loaves of bread when everybody was sending bread to Mike Deckinger. No wonder I'm so adept at writing in the styles of everybody from Roy Tackett to Cal Demmon. Well, I'll be home tomorrow, and the other half can take over again. I hope he will supply me with some good LoCs on WAHRSCHEINLICH-KEITSRECHNUNG.

August 18 -- Great Foo! I arrived back in Ketchaskatch, Kan., this mornigg only to discover that 101 Maria Ave. does not exist! 101 Maria Ave. is part of an old weed-grown cemetery!

THE END



## FANDOM HARVEST

by Terry Carr

U.S. Army had a big Civil Defense display. Three or four small rockets raised their snouts from the backs of trucks and trailers--a Nike Zeus, a Polaris, and a couple of others. I paused and looked up at them; up close, the welding of the bodies seemed flimsy, the tailfins blunt, and the rockets in the bases looked more like megaphones.

I shrugged, and went on. But gradually I became aware of a voice being broadcast from a loudspeaker somewhere: "Do not go outside. Radiation and fallout still contaminate the area; you will die. Your children will die, your dog will die, your pet goldfish will sink to the bottom of his tank. Do not go out."

There was a truck which housed a Civil Defense display: Come In And Inspect The Model Fallout Shelter. The voice of doom was being broadcast from there. I started to go on by, but then it struck me that the book I was carrying in my hand was Leigh Brackett's "The Long Tomorrow," about a post-atomigeddon world, and it would be slightly ridiculous to embrace one while rejecting the other. I turned and mounted the steps.

The voice, it turned out, was from one of those Civil Denfense lp's on "What To Do Till The Fresh Air Comes." A large photo was posted showing a man and woman and a four-year-old boy, all smiling and toothbrushed with Gleem. A sign next to it said, "These people spent two weeks in this fallout shelter." I grunted to myself and went in.

The area was roughly ten feet to a side. A bunk-bed occupied most of the room; one corner was taken up with a toilet (the lid was down) and washbasin. There was just enough floor-space to enable one to stand up and stretch--no more. One entire wall was taken up with shelves, most of which were filled with canned goods--peaches, cherries, spinach, creamed corn, and like that. But one of those shelves was filled with books.

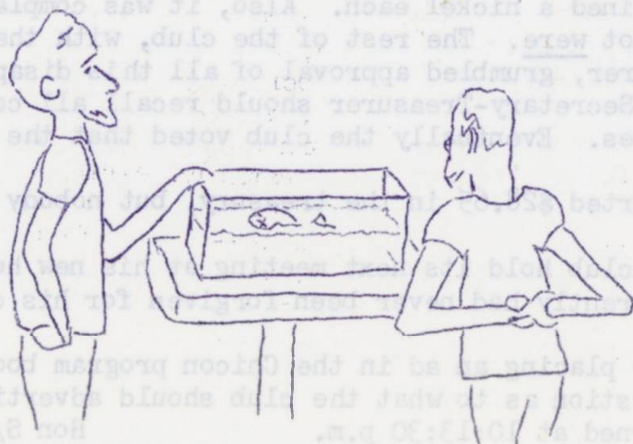
Ah, I thought; they recognize the value of books. I stopped to read the spines, wondering briefly why they had chosen hardbound books instead of paperbacks when they could have saved space by the latter choice. Well, undoubtedly this was a selection of the great books of the world--Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Joyce, Dostoevsky, Dickens, Dante....

It washn't. There were about a dozen books, of which a third were boys' books on baseball and so forth. There was "Twenty Ways to Better Spelling" and "Wall Street: Men and Money." There was a cookbook which concerned itself mostly with casseroles. There were several novels: Niven Busch's "California Street," and others by Yerby and Winsor ("America With Love"--!!). And there was "The Child from Five to Ten."

I stared at that bookshelf for several minutes, trying to make some sense out of it. But every way I put things together I got a cynical answer.

So I left, and I didn't bother taking any of their free literature.

-- to



I don't blame you,  
Terry Carr ---  
anyone who can't  
outguess a dead  
goldfish,...



## MINUTES

compiled by Wally Weber

### MAY 3, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

During the warm-up for the May 3, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones, a number of discussions and events took place that, at first glance, seemed completely unrelated to each other or to the club. Subsequent glances seemed to confirm this suspicion.

Preliminary discussions included mention of Farmer's, "The Alley God," which goes to show how dangerously close the club comes to mentioning science fiction from time to time. Jerry Frahm went into the political aspects of Fafnir, Malcolm Willits' dozen-cylindereed Cadillac that has been running for the Oregon State Legislature. Jerry concluded that Fafnir must be a Democrat because it had a thirty gallon gas tank. Doreen Webbert had little to add to the conversation, being involved as she was in re-assembling Wally Gonser's much-tortured hexa-hexa-flexagon, until Wally Gonser somehow arrived at the erroneous conclusion that she was knitting three socks. "I'm not knitting them for you," was the way she corrected him.

Gordon Eklund sneakily opened the meeting at 8:47:45 p.m., just in time to include Don Mills' heart-rending story as part of the proceedings. Earlier in the day, Don explained, he had applied for a job at Boeing, received a parking ticket, had one automobile impounded, and made innumerable trips between downtown Seattle and the northern part of the city, often without benefit of the use of his car.

The club proved to be extremely sympathetic and equally unhelpful. Many suggestions for retaliation were made, any of which, if successfully carried out, would have resulted in Don, himself, being impounded for several years in city, county, state, or federal institutions. The brunt of this proposed retaliation would have been borne by a motorcycle policeman who had the misfortune of living too near one of the Nameless members' residence. The plans eventually centered about various ways of gimmicking the officer's motorcycle, and, when one of the plans involved connecting the motorcycle to a solid object with a length of wire calculated to become taut when the motorcycle had a chance to build up maximum speed, Ed Wyman earned himself a 5¢ contribution to the pun fund by insisting it be a copper wire.

While on the subject of harmless practical jokes, Wally Gonser contributed a remarkable list of ways to prepare homes for the return of honeymooners. Among other things, it included pouring geletin in a water-filled bathtub, wiring the bed springs to the front porch light, and filling the bathroom from floor to ceiling with crushed newspapers. The extreme detail with which these plans had been worked out suggested they had all seen practical application at least once, and one immediately realizes why Wally Gonser is a confirmed bachelor -- he wouldn't dare get married.

Eventually there came the moment of truth for the Secretary-Treasurer. The minutes were read and disagreed with. Doreen insisted that she had repaired Phil's flexagon before throwing it back at him, and she furthermore insisted that puns were not discounted at 3 for a dime, but remained a nickel each. Also, it was complained, it had been voted that the minutes be, not were. The rest of the club, with the notable exception of the Secretary-Treasurer, grumbled approval of all this disapproval, and it was the general opinion that the Secretary-Treasurer should recall all copies of the May 1962 CRY and revise the minutes. Eventually the club voted that the minutes be moved.

The Secretary-Treasurer reported \$28.65 in the treasury, but nobody seemed impressed.

Ed Wyman suggested that the club hold its next meeting at his new home, and the club immediately agreed. Ed apparently had never been forgiven for his copper wire routine.

Some discussion was given to placing an ad in the Chicon program booklet, but nobody could come up with a suggestion as to what the club should advertise. For want of a decision, the meeting adjourned at 10:13:30 p.m.

Hon S/T - Wally W.



MAY 17, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The May 17, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones may or may not have been opened, but at any rate it took place at 929 N. 82nd, the newly inhabited residence of one Ed Wyman, the like of which there is none other. The house was thoroughly inspected by the membership and secretly approved, although audible remarks centered around its lack of protection from atomic blasts, earthquakes, and Nameless meetings.

Norm Dalke showed up with almost 200 science fiction magazines, which he sold to Wally Weber for a total of \$5. Norm was getting rid of the magazines as part of the process of moving into a new house. Also a part of the process of moving into a new house involved selling his old 5-bedroom house for \$15,000 (approximately), but the club treasury was getting low and the members weren't agreeable to a special assessment, so Wally Weber didn't buy the house. Norm described his old house as best he could before having to leave the meeting so he could move out of it, and in doing so he mentioned the 120,000 B.t.u. furnace that heats the place. This led to a highly scientific discussion on how long it would take the furnace to heat sixty tons of water one degree Fahrenheit, which led to a less scientific discussion of steam engines and locomotives, which finally led to a completely unscientific discussion of television.

Geneva and Marge Wyman handed out a full, multi-course meal to the attendees which was enjoyed by all with the possible exception of Linda Wyman, who was quarantined in the back of the house with some impending plague that wanted to wipe out human life here on Earth. While we were on the subject of heat transfer, Ed had his wife display the aluminum nails she used to bake potatoes all the way through.

The subject of automobile cranks (the tool once used to start cars in the Old Days, not the people who drive cars in heavy Seattle traffic) came to the fore, and this led, naturally enough for a Nameless meeting, to batteries and emergency lighting systems to (don't ask how) the bank on the Century-21 Fairgrounds, to marked money, to Loomis trucks.

Jerry Frahm recalled the wedding of Ron and Carlene McBeth and how the punch for same had been mixed in a Speed Queen washer, and a whole new train of conversation developed that found the club members quite informed on such matters as bottling champagne and preparing home brew. Ed Wyman reported on the hazards of home brew by describing the traumatic experience of an acquaintance of his (nobody you know, you jumping-at-conclusions readers you) who aged his brew by storing behind the bathtub. One quiet evening while the brewmaster was sharing water with his wife in the tub, an exploding bottle set off a chain reaction of bottle explosions causing ruin and destruction far beyond mere physical damage.

Prohibition was the connecting link between that discussion and the one that followed on Fafnir, the padlocked Cadillac, and how locked doors are usually most easy to open at the hinged side.

It was discovered that Wally Weber was the only member attending the meeting who had seen the Science Fiction Panel at the Century-21 Opera House, and he was mercilessly pumped for information about the Opera House.

Ed Wyman reported that The Menace was retracting its suggestion for a '63 Westercon in Seattle due to opposition from the states of California and Washington. Most of the attendees had heard of Westercons, but hadn't realized Seattle had been in contention for one. There seemed to be no objections by the club to either having or not having a Westercon in Seattle in '63.

Gordon Eklund wouldn't adjourn the meeting until the club decided where to hold its party May 31. In order to be able to leave (Gordy was guarding one exit with The Bone, and Linda had The Plague covering the other way out) the club quickly decided to meet the 31st at Stumphouse.

The meeting was adjourned at 11:38:30 p.m.

H. Sec-T, Wally Weber

NEXT ISSUE: Expose of the May 31 party where Elmer Perdue meets Phil Jaskar, Varda Murrell develops mental telepathy, Charles Murrell follows directions, Ed Wyman rests his case, Ian Robertson crams for exams, and Webbert Seacon slides see light.



CRYday Did you happen to notice that CRY 159 reached you a day or two earlier than usual? I mailed it out on Monday morning, whereas I usually mail CRY on the Wednesday following CRYday.

CRYday is always on a Sunday. About 1 or 2 o'clock people start coming over: first Toskey, then Wally and Jim, then Wally Gonser. Sometimes Doreen comes over with Wally and Jim, and sometimes she comes over later. People sit around and talk for awhile, and then start wandering out to the Fenden to run CRY off. I spend most of the afternoon cooking dinner. CRY is assembled, we eat, and sit around for awhile reading CRY and congratulating ourselves on having got it out. Then Toskey, Wallies, and Jim and Doreen go away--Toskey goes home, the others perhaps to the drive-in for a banana split--and I wash the dishes. The next day I think about addressing CRY. Sometimes I get one or two addressed. The following day I think about it even harder, and the day after I get them in the mail.

But on CRYday 159 I didn't cook dinner. I spent all Sunday afternoon getting the address labels ready, and all Sunday evening pasting them on. Monday I put the CRYs in the post office first thing, and felt quite clean and pure. Except that I did feel a little sad, because I'd been bitching and snarling at people all Sunday through feeling guilty at not cooking dinner for them.

So for CRYday 160 I prepared a meal which I personally enjoyed very much. We had tamale pie, honey cake made from an excellent recipe which Ruth Berman put in the last SAPS mlg (a family recipe improved by her mother), and golden-Hawaiian punch/grapefruit/melon-ball gelatin. Doreen asked me for the recipe for the tamale pie. I told her that I'd made it up as I went along, which was true, but the next morning at breakfast it occurred to me that with a little thought I could still remember all the ingredients. So here they are:

2 lbs. ground beef, 1/2 lb. Virginia Reel sausage, 2 cans tomato paste, 1 can chopped ripe olives, 1 can pitted ripe olives, approx. 1-1/2 chopped onion, 4 Chinese mushrooms, 2 quarts beef broth (part of which was used in the mush, part in the meat), 1-1/2 cup cornmeal (this was a goof--I should have used double the amount), 2 stalks of celery, Lawry's Season Salt, garlic powder, pepper, cumin seed, 2 tablespoons chili powder, one mild, one hot.

For those of you who aren't familiar with the tamale pie bit, it's a thoroughly cooked meat mixture baked in a casserole lined and topped with cornmeal mush. Since I hadn't enough cornmeal mush, I held out about 1/2 to 3/4 of a cup of the meat goop. Wally Gonser said I should bake it too, but I thought not. I thought the remainder, which quite filled my largest mixing bowl, would be enough for our group. Well, I was wrong and Wally Gonser was right. Poor Toskey, who is a slow eater, didn't get a second helping, and he was disappointed. Wally Gonser reproached me, saying that if I hadn't kept some out there would have been enough for Toskey to have a second helping. I was remorseful, but nonetheless did not entirely believe Wally G. Toskey is a very slow eater, and someone else would be more likely to have a third or fourth helping than Toskey a second. I hope Tosk filled up on cake.

The next day I heated up the leftover meat goop for my lunch, and ate it with a large dollop of yoghurt. It was the best lunch I'd had at home in ages.

And, as usual, I brooded about mailing out CRY 160 all Monday and Tuesday and got it in the mail on Wednesday.

For CRYs 161 and 162 we have something different planned. Buz and I have the Fenden pretty well out of commission for the nonce--we're doing some work on the house--so CRYs 161 and 162 will be run off at Toskey's house on Toskey's Gestetner. CRYs 161 and 162 will not be held up by Elinorial cooking and so forth, and should start their trek to you first thing Monday morning.

For CRY 163 and subsequent CRYs, I have a decision to make. Would I rather feel guilty about mailing CRY out late, or would I rather feel guilty about not feeding the CRYstaff? Which is better--which is preferable? At least, I have six months to decide.



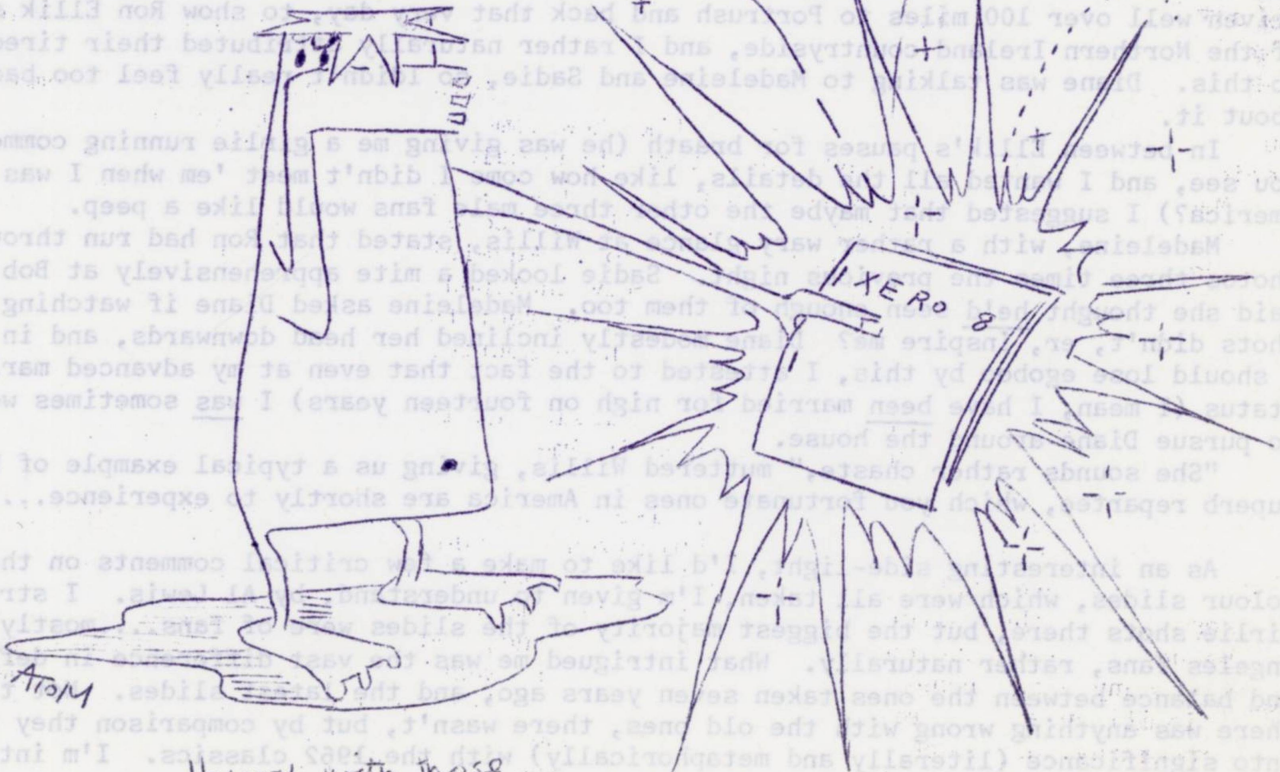
Dept. of Making the  
Pages Come Out Right

Buz told me I'd have to do another half a page, and I was nothing loathe, and started to tell you all about the play I saw last Thursday night at the Seattle Opera House. But it came out well over a page, so I'll save it for next month. So next month -- no, two months from now -- you may expect to hear all about the Old Vic Company's rendition of "Saint Joan." If they come to your town in the meantime, and you don't know whether to go to see them or not, I can only advise you to let your own discretion be your tutor.

Oh, heck, you might as well go. When will they ever come back again? They're also giving "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth", neither of which I've seen. I would really like to see "Macbeth", because the same actress who played Joan, Barbara Jefford, is playing Lady Macbeth, and she is a superb actress. She's a very different physical type from Agnes Moorhead, who played Lady MacBeth on the teevee. Agnes Moorhead was superb, but I expect that Barbara Jefford would probably be equally superb and in a different manner.

I saw Agnes Moorhead as Ana in "Don Juan in Hell", and later saw it on the teevee with Siobhan MacKenna in the role. Of course, there were years between, but so far as my memory could tell me, they were exactly the same physical type and read the lines in exactly the same manner. "Don Juan in Hell" on the teevee was rather a disappointment. I thought they'd be able to get in some nice little fantasy effects-- nothing blatant or crude--just some little evocative fantastical effects. Hah. Not only did they play it mundane, they also inserted a completely extraneous 'stage-manager' who mundaned it even more. TV has certain advantages over the stage, and it's a pity when they're too proud or too lazy to make use of them.

Elinor



Hurry with those  
dark glasses!



ELIXIR

by John Berry

Date....29th April 1962....

Time....8 pm....

Door kicked....

I rushed down the hall, and opened it to see Bob and Sadie Shaw.

"Come on in," I panted, "my favourite program on TV."

She was one of those uninhibited young dancers who was still under the impression that it was her dancing which was getting her the high spots on the Sunday evening TV shows. She wore skin tight tights drawn up at the outside of each thigh because she thought it made her dancing easier. She....

"Ron Ellik has some slides of girlies with less clothes than that girl is wearing," observed Bob Shaw....

"No sign of him yet," I panted when I'd returned to the room. "When is he coming?"

Shaw had me in raptures with his descriptions, when someone kicked the door. This time it was a really hard kick, so I knew it to be Walt Willis.

Walt, Madeleine, Ian McAuley and Ron Ellik stood in the doorway.

"Got the colour girlie slides, Ron?" I panted...."Oh, evenin', Walt, Madeleine, Ian...."

"Evenin'."

Ellik stood there, his mouth open....he reached out a trembling hand, which I shook, and when he stuttered that he'd forgotten to bring the slides, I dragged him and Ian back to Ian's car, gave 'em a close up of my tongue, and they blasted away down Campbell Park Avenue.....

"Thought you were never coming," I said irritably three minutes later.

At the time, I thought that it was not exactly host-like of me to sit leaching in a corner with a small transparency viewer in my sweaty hands, sticking small cardboard squares into the viewer and squinting through it at the girlies. But Ian, Willis and Bob Shaw sat back almost asleep, their eyes mere red slits. I knew that they had all driven well over 100 miles to Portrush and back that very day, to show Ron Ellik some of the Northern Ireland countryside, and I rather naturally attributed their tiredness to this. Diane was talking to Madeleine and Sadie, so I didn't really feel too badly about it.

In between Ellik's pauses for breath (he was giving me a girlie running commentary, you see, and I wanted all the details, like how come I didn't meet 'em when I was in America?) I suggested that maybe the other three male fans would like a peep.

Madeleine, with a rather wary glance at Willis, stated that Ron had run through the photos three times the previous night. Sadie looked a mite apprehensively at Bob, and said she thought he'd seen enough of them too. Madeleine asked Diane if watching girlie shots didn't, er, inspire me? Diane modestly inclined her head downwards, and in case I should lose egoboo by this, I attested to the fact that even at my advanced marital status (I mean, I have been married for nigh on fourteen years) I was sometimes wont to pursue Diane around the house.

"She sounds rather chaste," muttered Willis, giving us a typical example of his superb repartee, which you fortunate ones in America are shortly to experience.....

As an interesting side-light, I'd like to make a few critical comments on the colour slides, which were all taken, I'm given to understand, by Al Lewis. I stressed girlie shots there, but the biggest majority of the slides were of fans....mostly Los Angeles fans, rather naturally. What intrigued me was the vast difference in definition and balance between the ones taken seven years ago, and the latest slides. Not that there was anything wrong with the old ones, there wasn't, but by comparison they pale into significance (literally and metaphorically) with the 1962 classics. I'm interested in photography, although I don't profess to know much more than the layman, and it was significant to me to be able to see technique and skill as it developed from the sometimes off-balanced and slightly fuzzy circa 1955 slides to the miraculously defined and



and superbly balanced post 1960 shots.

The girlie shots....?

Weeeell, maybe you'll meet Ron Ellik or Al Lewis sometime.....

Whilst Diane, with help from Sadie and Madeleine, was preparing supper, I took Ron upstairs to show him my personal fanzine collection, that is, copies of fanzines which have featured my works. The Complete Berry Works (including my four pro sales) take up one entire length of a looong bookshelf, well over five feet, stuffed with fanzines. Ron and myself had a slight difference of opinion of what exactly constituted my tally of fanzine appearances, now nearing the 600 mark. He thought, for example, that two articles in one fanzine should only count as one appearance. I do not agree, of course. Ron asked me specifically how I tabulated "The Goon Goes West." I told him that I counted each chapter in each copy of CRY as a separate appearance. I counted the book version of TGGW as one appearance. I've counted each chapter in the German translation in SOL (called "Westwards Ho") as a separate appearance, and the projected book version as one appearance. In other words, counting appearances in CRY, SOL, the Seattle Gang book version and the SOL gang book version, my tally for "The Goon Goes West" and "Westwards Ho" comes to around the 27 mark....in other words, of my near 600 total of appearances, 27 or thereabouts is for TGGW and translation. Ron doesn't agree with this exactly, he feels that TGGW should count as one....but like I said, I count my total as appearances in fanzines, and not articles written.

I also took Ron into son Colin's bedroom, because Colin is interested in meeting American fans.

Seems that everyone in America plays GHOSTS. Most especially long distance drivers who want something to concentrate on besides the winding road, or even more potent, the continuous straight road. Willis had heard of the game, but I certainly hadn't. This is the way Ellik described it. You say a letter, any letter. Then the next person says a letter, any letter, as long as he can foresee that a word will eventually accrue. The third person says a letter, too, to go either at the front or the rear of the other two letters...and also with a word in mind. The trouble starts with the fourth person, because if he adds a fourth letter which makes a word, he is G... and the first one to make six mistakes becomes GHOSTS and thus loses the game. There are a few complications... words ending in four or more letters spell G H O S T S to the person thus ending, therefore the game evolves on trying not to end a word. Sometimes a crafty intellect will pass on letters such as LOPROGE, and the next person will presumably be bewildered unless he is very high IQish, and will have to challenge, maybe under the impression that said crafty intellect is bluffing, and there is no such word. Bluff seems to play quite a part in the game. For the connoisseurs, the word is 'philoprogenitive'.

So, sitting round the room, in this order, Ellik, Willis, Madeleine, McAulay, Diane and myself, we played...(Bob and Sadie had gone home)... Diane and myself had never played before, but Willis, Madeleine and Ian McAulay were SCRABBLE exponents, and condescended to allow Diane and myself to write down the letters, they with Ron Ellik preferring to do it mentally.

The end of the game was surprising....I forget the scores when we finally packed up, but Ron Ellik and myself were just 'G', some of the SCRABBLE players just wanted the 'S' to drop out....I reasoned that Willis and McAulay were each trying to get the other out of the way, and therefore planned words which circuited Ellik, Diane and myself. Nice game, anyway.

To end this short resume of Ron Ellik's visit to my house, I must say a few words about about him, nice words of course, because we were all tremendously impressed with his demeanour, his personality, and his fannishness. To meet a character like Ellik gives one faith in TAFF, when there are so many things about it which have the adverse effect. There is a personal reason for saying that Diane and myself will never forget his visit, and if he obtained as much enjoyment on his trip to Britain as he gave, his memories will be pleasurable ones.

John Berry

1962



# With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle....

Considering the number of items from correspondence to be taken up here, this month's column may read something like a refugee from DNQac. Nevertheless:

George Willick returned the dollar I had sent him along with a Fan Awards Ballot some months ago, and added: "As to last CRY...that's all folks. Save an issue and keep me off your list. I'm turning in my beanie." So that's that.

Ben Jason was understandably concerned at George's mention of "Cleveland post-marks" in connection with rumor-spreading, so let's clear that point up in jig time. The version of George's Hugo-ballots story which he is now disclaiming was told by George himself to Ted White, who wrote me to ask about some sidelights with George's knowledge and OK-- and I have the letters from both of them to prove it. OK, Ben? Actually, after all the work Ben put in last winter negotiating for George with folks George had alienated to the point where they would no longer deal with him directly, it ill becomes him to be throwing rocks at Ben, but that's buck-passing for you!

Bill Donaho says: "I have yet to hear of any con committee that didn't have trouble about the masquerade. Even if everything else went well, that has always caused trouble. At ChiconII Ginny Saari won 1st prize. She was either on the committee or intimately associated with it, so naturally her winning did cause comments. Also she and a male Chicago fan came in identical costume.. Ginny being a girrrrrul and all won 1st prize and the boy something like 5th. This caused talk too. Philadelphia in '53 had repercussions because they couldn't have anything resembling dancing or music. They had people parading around in costume in the meeting hall with the chairs still there. Hoo bhoy!

"SF in '54 had a big storm. They gave first prize to a professional model and there was such an outcry that they then and there took it back and gave it to someone else. Cleveland in '55 was relatively minor; some hassle about the prizes, but a lot of griping because it was held Monday night. N.Y. in '56 had loud screams about the prizes, but that sort of got overshadowed. Don't know about London. Solacon in '58 there were very bitchy screams about the mummy not getting a prize. Of course smudgepot was better, but the feeling was that if necessary another category should have been created and that anyhow he fitted perfectly well into the category that the Dietzes and Teddy-bear won, that the latter had only fair costumes that got a prize because the judges felt sorry for them about WSFS and all. Main hassle though was Ellie Turner's getting the prize instead of Trina which brought many groans, particularly as Bjo was a judge and Ellie one of her best friends." ((But the only one I heard concerned winner Fran Light's friendship with judge Fritz Leiber. --FMB))

"And then of course there was the big furore over Karen and her costume at the Detention, bitter gripes about the way the judging, etc, was handled at Pittsburgh, and now your troubles. The masquerade is one area in which the con committee just can't win." Yeh, you said a mouthful that time, Bill.

Then I have a letter from John Trimble. It is a pretty sarcastic letter for the most part, but we may overlook that because John felt he had plenty of provocation and also because he ends it: "Why don't we drop the whole thing, as we suggested before? You stop and we'll stop; in private and in public." John is referring to a series of interlocking beefs between us over the past few months, most of which were probably trivial in content and as much my fault as anyone's. But one item impels me to take John's words at face value and "drop it... in public" actually and literally. The thing is that way back in February Bjo leveled some charges against the Seacon that were of the type that rather demand either proof or retraction; well, she seemed to think the Committee rigged the Seacon Costume Ball so as to discriminate against LA [check your con report for list of winners]; along with this she had some legitimate gripes, I might add. Well, after digging up some additional info and testimony, I think I pretty well disproved the charge of "rigging", well enough that I'd have no qualms about arguing it fully in print except that it would bore you silly to read it. However, as I've said, that's the sort of charge that requires a definite statement of disposition in so many words, and both John and Bjo appear to be constitutionally



incapable of making such a statement, or so the past three months would indicate. Unfortunately I seem to be constitutionally incapable of letting a charge of bad faith just die on the books. I'm afraid I have let this thorn give me enough of a sore paw so as to bias me concerning the Trimble to the extent that at least twice I have unfairly misjudged their actions/motives on the basis of incomplete information. Actually I have no real excuse for any such unwarranted conclusion-jumping: so, my apologies where indicated; nevertheless, so long as this other matter were left hanging I could not guarantee to avoid doing the same sort of thing all over again the next time an unclear situation arose. So by "dropping it" in public in this fashion I am attempting to dispose of the bad-faith charges in such a fashion that they will no longer gripe me and unduly prejudice my reactions to the Trimble.

Now maybe we can fight in peace, huh? For my part, the matter is now dropped.

I cannot seem to locate George Scithers' letter; probably Wally ran off with it for the lettercol. Anyhow, George seems to feel that I sold out to John Campbell and thinks I need an un-brainwash [would this mean I could have the dirtiest mind in all fandom, I wonder?] But shucks, fellas: between John Campbell and George Scithers I'm not sure whether I really have an open mind, or more like a hole in the head; in fandom it is not always easy to tell the difference, I guess. I must admit, George, that the doodlings of several lunch-hours did not produce a graphical model, let alone plans for a physical model, of anything that would appear to give a definitive test to the Davis hypothesis. Anybody else out there have any better luck?

Betty Kujawa describes their new car which has Everything, including an outside mirror that is adjustable from the indoor side. She issues a grim warning against the use of bars of "soap" that are actually bars of detergent; that stuff is poison and man you better believe it! Since learning that I knew Sherwood Egbert [now president of Studebaker Corp] in school Befoh de Wah, Betty sends me clippings any time he shows up in the news thereabouts. This time he is fannishly being sued; refusing to pay for a poor job of house-painting, he replied to a lawsuit-threat with "Be my guest!" Yeh, sounds about the same as ever; maybe a little more hardnose is all.

Lee Jacobs is heading for Mexico for a couple of weeks later this month, and invites us to help Ed Cox pour him off the plane when he returns in time for the Westercon: "(You drink, I know)" he adds, reversing his usual line there. He also says he has been talked into racing me for the presidency of FAPA next mailing--oops, DRUNKEN Presidency of FAPA, that should be. Sounds like fun, unless some finky teetotaler files for the position and beats out the both of us.

Several people ask "What in ((several imaginative things)) is DNQac?" Sorry, fellas, but I am bound by Great Oaths and no wish to lose my own slot.

Elmer Perdue is in town and will be over here in a little while along with Charles and Varda Murrell (which reminded me to put a little more brew in the cooler; Elmer is a good man with the brew); it looks to be a fine evening in prospect.

I think we are just about caught up with the back-orders on "The Goon Goes West", so now would be a good time for any of you who do not have a copy of this fine epic complete with maps, photosheets, and several fine new ATOMilloes that did not appear in the serialized version-- now would be a good time for you to saddle us with a new backlog of orders which this time we can handle much more promptly than before. The price is \$1.25 postpaid or \$1-even if you drop by and pick up your copy in person.

It's not customary to pick on a letter in the current issue, but I must dissent from Harry Warner's idea that TAFF should be restricted to fans who Need the Money--to my mind this would ruin TAFF by making it look like a charity which it is not, rather than an expression of high esteem which it definitely is. Any successful candidate is of course at liberty to fill in with his own funds and pass along more than would otherwise be possible, but there should be no pressure or assumption or tradition or custom to this effect-- the TAFFman gets the loot along with the honor, even if his name is Rockefeller. Any other viewpoint would turn a lot of fans off running for TAFF, and I don't think there can be such a thing as too many good candidates. Sorry, Harry, but that one doesn't get off the ground around here. --F M Busby.



by Ted White

There's a fond myth that says that every young fan aspires some day to be a pro. Every so often someone like John Berry comes along and answers the question "Why aren't you pro?" with "I don't want to be one," but still he is the exception which proves the rule--or so the myth goes.

I can't question that myth myself, since from my wee earliest days it was ever my Great Dream to someday be A Famous Pro. I don't think I ever seriously considered making it as a writer (writing was Hard Work, something I deplored even then), and despite the fact that I was then known as a fan artist I made only one supremely abortive attempt to become a pro artist (which is a story in itself to be told some day when I am feeling quite mellow and un-bittered by my old age). No, always in the back of my mind was the thought of the Prozone I Would Edit. In those days "edit" and "publish" were almost synonymous to me, and I gave scant thought to such hard realities as budgets, distribution, printer's costs, etc. As I mowed many a hot summer lawn I contented myself with the plans of a prozone which would out-Palmer OTHER WORLDS (my then-current idol), and Set The World On Fire.

As I grew older, came to know a few Real Live Pros myself, and learned something about the publishing industry, my ambitions never wavered, but my plans grew more realistic. In fact it was a favorite delight in those later daydreams to "revamp" a going prozone, or overcome some specially-posed problem. Out of such mental meanderings came my plan for an elaborate pocket-book magazine, which I proposed in 1960 in YANDRO.

After I moved to New York I realized that the chances of achieving prodom in the stf field were slight. I had little inclination or talent for writing science fiction, and the market was already glutted with editors and ex-editors. I settled for other fields and made a passable name for myself as a music critic and riot reporter. It wasn't prodom as defined by fandom (and still isn't, for that matter), but it was something to do with writing and publishing--the fields I found most fascinating and attractive.

By this time, having settled for writing out of the field, I was not adverse to editing outside the stf field as well. And it was about this time that I was offered a chance of the proverbial lifetime.

You've heard of the \$5.00 magazine, EROS? Well, it was almost mine.

"Almost" is one hell of a long way from reality, but thereby hangs the following tale...

One evening in the fall of 1960 I was out on Staten Island, talking with the Shaws. I think Larry and I were kicking around the prospectus for a fancy car magazine that evening--something along the lines of CARS MAGAZINE as it is today. The phone rang, and moments later Noreen said it was for me. It turned out to be Sylvia.

"Ted!" she said, very out of breath. "Harlan Ellison was just over here and he wants you to come back immediately, put on your best suit and go over to his apartment. He says Jim Warren might want to hire you!"

You can imagine my feelings at this point. Jim Warren had done well on FAMOUS MONSTERS and had launched several other magazines including HELP! and any job he offered me would pretty necessarily be in the editing or publishing field.

I hurried home, changed clothes, and ran next door to Harlan's apartment where Jim was visiting. Harlan introduced us, and then Jim and I repaired to the kitchen where we talked for perhaps half an hour, Jim more or less sounding me out and dropping veiled hints about what he had in mind.

He planned to move his offices from Philadelphia to New York that fall he said, and when he did he wanted someone to take over as a sort of managing editor to work under him and take some of the load off his shoulders. Harlan had told him about me, he'd read some of my professional stuff, and he was impressed, he said. When his offices were moved, he wanted to have a talk with me, explain the job and see if I was interested.

See if I was interested! I fairly chomped at the bit. I'd been writing and selling for around a year, and was a virtual neophyte in the field. I'd thought a lot about publishing and its problems, but had little real experience. Under normal conditions I would have to go the route starting with office boy or copy reader for a matter of years



before attaining an editorship or position of reasonable responsibility. Jim was suggesting a job directly under him which would not only have responsibility but status as well.

A week later I received a formal letter confirming what we'd discussed, and I wandered about in a daze, dropping delirious hints to my friends and generally putting on the dog.

Then I waited for that move to New York. I waited for quite a while. Warren was having troubles with his lease, and the move was repeatedly delayed. In the meantime I was seeing him occasionally, socially, and getting to know and like him.

Finally, in the spring of 1961, he made his move to the Chock Full O' Nuts Building, and invited me shortly thereafter up one evening for our talk.

It wasn't quite what I'd expected. He'd talked it over with his controller, he said, and that worthy had, damn him, pointed out that while a man who simply removed a work load from Jim's shoulders was valuable in a negative sense, it did not justify a really respectable salary, certainly no more than, say, \$125 a week. Whereas, if I was producing a money-earner, something more reasonable, like \$200 a week or more would be feasible.

At this point I had no steady income and an assured \$60.00 a week would've looked good.

Now, Jim said, why didn't I think of a good money-making idea for a magazine? If I could, he'd publish it and I'd edit it. Of course, cars, jazz, music in general, and science fiction were out. But if I could come up with something workable... "Remember, Ted," Jim told me, "our ideal is a magazine which is both an artistic success and a commercial success, but if one of these must be sacrificed, it has to be the 'art.' You can't run an artistic success which isn't a commercial success."

Then we talked about the subject some more, and I left. I had the distinct opinion that I had just been kicked in the stomach by a golden mule--I was perfectly happy to be a flunky salaried at a "mere" \$125.00 a week, and the sudden chance for much more, combined with a much higher responsibility (and the consequently reduced chances for success) left me feeling rather shaken.

I went home and spent the remainder of the evening brainstorming magazine ideas with Bhub Stewart and Sylvia.

I came up with six magazines, which I outlined on file cards. They ranged from kiddy books like FAMOUS MONSTERS to an extremely ambitious effort which I christened EROS.

EROS was to be devoted to the sensual approach. Not directly sexual, the magazine would accent the hedonistic approach to life on a plane somewhat superior to that of PLAYBOY. I formulated it along the lines Jim had wistfully suggested earlier when he said "I'd like to publish the next step beyond PLAYBOY. Girly mags are out; the zine has to have class, it has to be good. And it has to have something which PLAYBOY doesn't have. More sex won't do it."

I presented my ideas to Warren. Three he didn't care for, two he already had on the drawing boards (the kiddy mags--one was SCREEN THRILLS), which at least led him to appreciate my deep perception and all that, and one magazine he liked. It was EROS. "I've been thinking about something along these lines for quite a time," Jim said. "I like it. But it will require one hell of a budget. We'll need a bigger legal budget than we will editorial budget. We'll have to stand bail and court costs on every newsdealer west of the Ohio River. But I think we should do it. I think we've got it here."

Then we talked some more and parted with my pledge to begin research.

That summer I researched. And Jim Warren spent most of his time in Washington DC doing mysterious things said to have to do with issuing stock. And HELP! ceased appearing.

Finally I heard from Jim in the fall. "Ted," he said, "I made every mistake that's in the book. I made every mistake a publisher can make and it's pure luck I'm still in business." He said nothing about EROS, but HELP! was now a quarterly, after missing six months, and apparently Jim had nearly lost his shirt on it the preceding spring. I never did hear all the details. But in any case all Jim's projects were cancelled. A model car magazine Larry Shaw was to edit for him was dropped (but will now appear on its own hook--Larry didn't give it up).



It was about this point--fall, 1961--that Lee Hoffman mentioned one evening in Towner Hall that the printer she was working for was taking on a new magazine to be called EROS. "It's supposed to be hardcover, like HORIZON," she said.

"Well," I said, "there's another one of my grandiose projects down the drain."

A month later Bill Meyers showed me a promotion piece on EROS. It was to be edited by Ralph Ginzberg, who'd parlayed an article in ESQUIRE ("An Unhurried View of Erotica") into an overpriced undersized best-selling hardcover book, and an equally overpriced and scanty pb. Later I heard him interviewed on WBAI, and I sat there envying hell out of him and hating the sound of his crude voice as he talked about what a great magazine EROS would be.

If I really was as nasty as some residents of Newark think me, I would've been overjoyed at the subsequent events. Charter subscriptions were offered at \$15.00 a year for four \$5.00 issues, and then quickly raised to \$19.50 (now discounted from \$25.00 a year after publication). I subscribed at the old rate, not daring to miss at least the first four issues to see how closely our views had coincided.

The first issue was barely out when the NYTIMES carried an ad for a new editor for the magazine. I did not apply; I had a good idea how much of a chance I had for success running cold. Then I received a new set of promotion pieces urging me to renew my subscription for only \$19.50 a year (\$78.00 for five years) and receive a miraculously discovered set of \$20.00 playing cards just like those illustrated in the first issue. Inasmuch as one of them had been stuck to the cover of that first issue ("embossed," they said in their sales literature, but I could tell the difference without even prying it loose), it was a cinch this was a carefully built-up promo designed to obtain additional financing and a good indication that the magazine was not a success--yet.

The magazine itself was in some respects better than I had envisioned my EROS--for one thing it was a subscription-only magazine, without ads. This obviated much legal expense at the hands of small-town police chiefs and PTA's. But it was thin, crudely fabricated, and in a large part a let down from the promotional leaflets. (When I say "crudely fabricated," I mean editorially--the printing and production was lavish.) The playing cards mentioned were beautifully painted and mildly erotic--not the usual porno. But mixed in were a couple of bad photo essays, a pointless clipping mounted on the last page, and various other items hinting at desperation.

Still, I am envious when I look at the magazine. After all, there--almost--went I.

o o o o o o o Ted White

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

A considerable number of black&white illustrations and a few cover paintings, all by Frank Kelly Freas [with one exception; see later] are now being offered for sale. A list of these items by number, the issue of ASTOUNDING in which each appeared, the page on which the illo appeared in the issue, and a brief description of the scene depicted in each case, is available from: Dirce S. Archer, 1453 Barnsdale St, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

Dirce requests that you inclose a stamped envelope, self-addressed, in asking for your copy of the list (it takes eight cents postage to mail the list 1st-class as is necessary in order that "Sold" items may be marked off for your convenience).

This Freas material is all from the ASTOUNDINGS of 1959 and 1960, just before he left the s-f field for (long)greener pastures. Well, heck, I'll give you a break for freesies: the remaining unsold covers are for July, September, and October of 1959. And there are 56 [count 'em-- 56] black&whites still available at this writing.

Prices are \$15 for black&whites ["All black-and-white illustrations are supplied with two proof copies" says the list] and \$50 for the cover paintings, which is better than one could expect to do these days in the competitive atmosphere of an Auction, yes.

There is also the Miller cover [for "What Thin Partitions"] from aSF September 1953. This one is a special for \$25, so act fast.

OK, you Freas buffs: write Dirce for the list, and don't forget the 8¢ on the self-addressed envelope which I'm sure you'll remember to inclose. Happy hunting!



19  
CRY of the READERS

beaten into submission by

Wally Weber

AVRAM DAVIDSON WINS COVETED YARMULKA

410 W. 110th St., New York 25, New York

Dear Friends,

May 8/62

--Eschewing the usual funny opening because I want to begin this letter on a serious note before going on to matters of glee. At the PittCon I met, for the first time, George Willick and Dirce Archer--not together. George gave me the good wishes of Joe Hensley, we smiled, murmured a few words, parted. I spent perhaps two hours in the company of Dirce and her quiet, very English husband, Arthur, and a few other nice people such as Schuy Miller and Frank Belknap Long. Dirce and I may have exchanged a brief note in the time since then, I'm not sure, but certainly no more. Limited as our acquaintance has thus been, I cannot say that we are friends, but my feelings are those of respect. George Willick sent me PARSECTION, we began to correspond (I had lots of time then), and when he came to NYC he stayed a while with me, and now lives next to me, in the adjacent apartment. He has been a good friend and good neighbor. I cannot, of course, testify as to what he told anyone else on any subject while I was not there. But I can testify as to what he did tell me about Dirce Archer and Hugo ballots. Here it is: "Dirce said that a number of ballots had to be thrown out because there was some hanky-panky with the handwriting." Nothing about his seeing her do this, nothing about FANAC. In short, he said that she said what, in her letters to AXE and CRY, she says that she did. And I might add that the only time that I met Lynn Hickman was, not so long ago, when he visited New York and stayed over with the Willicks. I think that there has been a lot of misunderstanding all around, and I would like to think that I might in some measure contribute to its diminution. [You mean you'll shrink your neighbor's head? --www] [George...NO! Please put down that lawsuit -- I was but joshin', honest. --www(standing for "Wishing Willick Well)"]

Well!

[yes. -www]

What with being an editor (new), a husband (new), and an expectant father (new), as well as a vile pro writer (old), I simply don't have the time I sued--oops: a freudian-fannish slip: read: used--to have for fanac. I hope all who read this and who've sent me letters & fanzines which remain unreplied to will understand and forgive. I would have replied to or commented on CRY 159, only I misplaced it, or somebody stole it, or the cat ate it. So leave me steal some time and write now while CRY 160 still remains on hand. So--

To all who expressed Good Wishes on our wedding, Grania and I send our Choice Jumbo No. 1 Thanks. Grania is a non-fan and her standards of judging fanzines are simple, viz. Does it mention her husband's name? Thus, one periodical, otherwise universally acclaimed, I'm sure, for its excellence, has been tossed aside with the petulant comment, "What a glum little crudzine!" Whereas CRY, on the other hand, is greeted with, "I like this fanzine! Isn't this a lovely little fanzine!" Faneditors, you have been Warned. All you have to do is Mention Our Name, and if you can just get Dr. Spock to contribute--wowee!

Inasmuch as Betty Kujawa mentioned that I was one of three nominees for the "Edgar" award (short story class) of the Mystery Writers of America, I will now end the suspense (which I'm sure it was unbearable), and letchez off of those well-oiled tenterhooks you keep on hand for such occasions; or, Hello, Ma--I won. It is a handsome ceramic bust, in color, of Poe; and Grania has made a little yarmulka for it to match the one she made for Ludwig ben Beethoven, our other bust (no prize--a gift of Esther Davis's). Thanks, too, Betty, for the plug on my book of SF shorts, and congrattoes to you, too, on the creation of the John J. Kujawa award. On this, however, I won't compete. Let someone else have a chance. But you are wrong in referring to the arrival expected c. next Nov. 15 as "A Little Stranger"--we know who he is, i.e. Hugo Edgar Fanac Davidson and/or Fantasia Scientifictiona Davidson. Unless you meant that sheshe will be a little stranger than most babies...?

NOTICE! AVVISO! UWAGA! BEKANTMACHUNG! The Davidsons head West in June (D.v.)! At first we planned to drive out with Andy Main. But in view of Grania's Condition,



she will fly out and stay with Djinn Faine Russell, whilst the Old Man follows with the bem. Two jet fares is one too much, also this will enable me to make the surface trip G. made only last year and I haven't made in c. six. So--either get your invitations in early, or make hasty declarations of the presence of smallpox, scurvy, or lymphogranuloma venereum.

Will someone please send me a TAFF ballot immejitly? Ethel Lindsay says that "Grania...is a lovely name." It is, and it's not Russian, either, as some have thought. Her mother got it out of a namebook and it's the Celtic goddess of whiskey or something like that.

Don Franson says that I am now the new editor of Innuendo--well, I am mostly so uncommon busy that I could be without knowing it. I have finally gotten my time-lag in replying to MSS down from three months to two weeks. When I get it down to two days all the writers will say that I don't even read the MSS, and they suspected as much all along. Now that Alfred Bester has resigned as Books Editor, I'll be busier than ever. Read me while you can, kiddies!

And all of us, I'm sure, send to Alma Hill our best and warmest wishes and prayers that her son's operation be maximally successful.

I see that it is alleged that a D.A. Latimer of Canton, N.Y., says that he hasn't enjoyed a full issue of F&SF since I took over. This is as it may be. I happen to know for a fact that there is no such place as Canton, N.Y. What a clumsy attempt at a hoax. Cheest!

Wellsirs and memsirs, the cock doth crow, the wind doth blow, the channering worm doth chide. It is time to secure the detail and return to our snug, cold CRYpt.

Eldritchly,

Avram

TOM PURDOM PROMOTES REVOLUTIONARY ROAD

1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Dear Cryers:

May 12, 1962

Twass in the merry month of May,  
Green buds were a'swellin,  
Young Jemmy Groves on his death bed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen....

Except that it's a chilly May here in Philadelphia, but for me that makes it a merry one even more, not being a fan of ultra hot weather.

I didn't write you last month, did I? At least I've demonstrated I'm not a slave of the CRY. I broke the smoking habit and I broke the CRY habit, too. But CRY is a real pleasure, whereas I've come to the conclusion, from my new found objectivity of many months without the weed, smoking is only a pleasure when done very, very moderately; above six cigarettes a day, it's not a pleasure at all.

Last night we had our first PSFS meeting since they elected me Vice President and Program Chairmen, in the hope programs at our monthly formal meetings will stimulate the membership. Speaker was Dick Peters, local psychoanalyst. Peters developed the classic Freudian theme that escape literature represents wish fulfillment and demonstrated that the Western corresponds to the phallic stage, the private eye story to the anal-sadistic stage and the science fiction story to the oral stage. The discussion that followed was lively. Since Dick reads science fiction himself, the idea that he was trying to tear us down was somewhat muted. Next month I expect we'll have a film on automation and for future events I'm hoping we'll have speakers on disarmament, theology and any other subject remotely related to SF. Some of our older members came out for the first time in a long while, and let me know that in the good old days the club heard from speakers on every subject under the sun.

Thursday night the wife and I went to a panel sponsored by the ACLU on Obscenity & Censorship. A lawyer from one of the Catholic groups argued for laws that would keep minors from pornography, but claimed he didn't favor general censorship, and the ACLU lawyer made an amusing defense of liberty in general. The best talk of the panel was given by Philip Roche, psychiatrist and author of The Criminal Mind. He argued pornography is part of a larger problem in our society and that the great concern with it is only an attempt to evade coming to grips with our real problems. He also said



21  
that it's not obscene to present on TV a symbolic sex act, two men with guns or a man shooting a woman, but it is considered obscene to show a real sex act. In general, he seemed to feel tightened censorship laws, greater repression of pornography and so on, would do more harm than good. Dr. Roche is an elderly man who speaks in a deep, rumbling voice, very slowly and very carefully elucidating his thought processes. I like old liberals, my wife said afterward.

Ethel Lindsay (hi, baby) asks if unions often lose strikes in the U.S. Knowing any boners I make will be corrected by the Readership, I will give my opinions on this subject of which I am no expert. I would say that unions in big, semi-monopolistic industries, industries with some control over the market and prices, usually don't lose strikes, if lose and win are defined fairly broadly (they don't get what they asked for but they didn't expect to when they started bargaining). Highly skilled unions, especially in those crafts where the tradesmen are often self employed (barbers, say) probably don't lose very often either; but some of these unions seem more like trade associations to me and I tend to lump them with other trade associations, such as the American Medical Association, the Airline Pilots Association and so on. The strikes that are lost are generally organization strikes; nowadays these would be among white collar workers or among unskilled workers employed by small businessmen. I believe the reasons are certain clauses in the Taft-Hartley law, which make organizing difficult, and a general hostility to unionism among most Americans, especially white collar workers. Probably the best explanation of why unions lose organizational strikes in the US will be found in the last few pages of Orwell's *The Road to Wiggam Pier*. I read that only a few months ago and was fascinated by the way his description of English lower-middle class attitudes toward socialism corresponds to American white collar attitudes toward unionism. This is a very controversial subject over here. So controversial it's impossible for me to be objective. Sometimes I find myself defending union actions. I wouldn't defend if it weren't for this wide spread opposition to the principle of unionism.

I'm trying to talk people into reading *Revolutionary Road*, a first novel by Richard Yates which is now in paperback. Esquire printed the first three chapters of this and when I read them I thought it was another well written book about people trapped in the "boredom, conformity, meaninglessness, etc" of suburban life. It is and it isn't. Yates presents his people with alternatives to a life they don't like. As I read it, I kept hearing a little voice, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings..." The result is a heartbreaking, tragic, beautiful novel that I spent a lot of time thinking about. The really heroid character in this, to my mind, is the wife, who takes the greatest risk and makes the profoundest moral choice. I wish you'd read it, Elinor, so I could have somebody to discuss it with.

Tom

EDMUND R. MESKYS GETS A LITTLE ABSTRACT

723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, NY

Dear CRY (except VVVVVV! Do you expect me to be polite to you after that fiendish axe job on my last letter?)

14 May 1962

Read Buz' bit on the Dean Drive theory mit much interest. (Speaking of mit, seen what the latest Twilight Zine had to say about the same article?) This caused me to pull out my copy of the April issue of Bulletin of the American Physical Society which printed abstracts of all of the papers presented at the APS Washington meetings. Yup, Davis' was there and here's the abstract:

FA10. Aspects of Certain Transient Mechanical Systems. W.O.Davis, G.H.Stine, E.L.Victory, S.A.Korff, Huyck Corporation and New York University.--Generalization of the familiar classical equation of motion to take account of high rates of change of acceleration leads to an equation of the type  $Dm^3x/dt^3 + Md^2x/dt^2 + bdx/dt + kx = F(t)$ , where  $D$  is the delay time, or "critical action time", before total system response is possible, and the other terms have their usual significance. This form of the equation of motion is relevant to certain transient modes of behavior in mechanical systems, and the solutions include terms, generally of exponential character, which for certain values of the coefficients are oscillatory. Some preliminary experiments on systems having high values of  $D$  indicate



behavior during the short times when the third derivative term is significant that differs markedly from that of systems under uniform acceleration. A few of the consequences of this type of mechanical behavior are discussed.

Well, there you have it. That's all that was published with respect to the Washington APS meetings, and that is all that will be published. The complete 10 minute papers are never published by the APS, but only the abstracts. (Incidentally, this paper was put into the session on "Relativity: General Theory", which isn't exactly appropriate. But then, none of the other sessions would have been either.)

As for the Oak Ridge colloquium, I know nothing about it and what the policy there is towards reprints/abstracts.

Oh yeah, Buz, so you were just a wee bit off on your Hugo nomination predictions last time around. I see where SFTimes did not make it and Cry did. Well, sorry to disappoint you, but if anyone gets my vote at all, it will be Warhoon. (I'm a bit grotched about their policy of your having to use the official ballot. I'm a completist fanatic second only to Walter A. Coslet, and I haven't decided yet whether or not I'll part with my copy of the ballot in order to vote.) [Well if I were you and didn't intend to vote for CRY, I sure wouldn't let those mean policy-makers push us around; I'd hang onto my ballot no matter what they said. --www]

Glyurbgk!

Ed

BETTY KUJAWA, TORNADO FROM SOUTH BEND 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana  
Wally W., sweet; Wed. May 6th, 1962

Right off I wanna talk of two books--am sending a copy of this first one (in a plain brown wrapping) to Buz soon. The book is a Ballantine Original pocket-book.....number F603....STUDENT by David Horowitz, teaching assistant in English, Univ. of Calif., Berkeley....blurb says...."What has been happening at a major University. The political activities of the Berkeley students." This covers the City Hall doings, etc, etc..... I have hopes that Donaho or someone in fandom will be reviewing or making comment on this.

Mr. Horowitzes style got so purple and fourid self righteous I felt like I was listening to some 102% Neffer defending the N3F against the civilized world. When he sort of proudly hauled in Fidel Castro's way of inspiring university students and sending them up into the hills to educate the natives and implied under Fidel there is freedom and virtue I began to question his other arguments and statements...

I took out that issue of HABAKKUK covering the City Hall demonstrations and found that Bill's account is very similar to Horowitz's--'cept for a few insignificant li'l details which, seeing there was all the confusion going on, is understandable.

Now this second book-- You know me and my interest in England--there is a new book out; title=ENGLAND HALF ENGLISH by Colin MacInnes.....MacInnes is an Austrailian laddie and a cousin of both Stanley Baldwin and Rudyard Kipling (cousin twice removed to them) and he's the great-grandson of Burne-Jones and the son of Angela Thirkell...have Elinor explain who all them cats are to you, Wally.

The book consists of a series of essays on contemporary British life--covering the daily sex-riddled newspapers, the enchanting Giles newspaper cartoons, R&R singers, he says their Tommy Steele is a finer more 'pure' authentic singer than Our Elvis.....

..I open book and check chapter headings.... and there half way down the line is a chapter entitled...

...."Ella."

Well! Sure I figure if he's gonna write of the 'real' England, and the folk and things that sway, motivate, and influence the natives--then of course he'd have a chapter on Ella Parker.

I turn to it all atremble and find it's on Ella Fitzgerald. Sniff and humph....not that I don't adore wholeheartedly that fine American-Irish Negress Miss Fitzgerald, it's just that when one writes of what really makes Englishmen tick these days by gawd you'd better write of Parker.....dammit.



In case you care, we Hoosier fen survived the tornados--just heard the details of Juanita Coulson's bout with them, happy to find they made it thru o'ay. Ours hit at 3:19 and at 3:15 BugEye, Warhoon and Xero came by mail--I was looking at that, shudder, cover of Xero when not one but a whole hassle of tornados hit our town. Suffered nary a bit of destruction to our place nor to the plane--but the rest of the places round us were really clobbered...quite an experience, not what you want to take up as a hobby.

Lynching parties were almost formed---city and parochial school systems woefully fell down on their jobs. All parochial and 80% of city grade schools let out at 3:15. Safety Patrol women and traffic police were grabbing kids from mid-air as they blew by. Kids stranded out in streets in blackness with traffic whipping by on all sides, glass flying about, high tension powerlines snaking on the ground crackling..... picture that with 6 to 10 year olds frozen with fear.

The Atom cover was splendid..I wish there was some way sometime to do the one Atom made for Gene..it's such a honey.

About TAFF possible nominees----last summer when Evans and Pavlat brought me that little bundle of British Joy, I...well the 2nd thing I said to Bob was (the first thing I said was--"The beer is in the refrigerator like last time and you know where the john is, kiddo.") that I thought he (Bob) should run for TAFF. He smiled and said.."No" and that he would go to England someday but would do it on his own and would not accept a nomination for TAFF..believe me I tried my best to change his mind..and I do think he deserves it enormously considering all that he has done (and knowing him will do) for TAFF winners here stateside. Then, too, I can't imagine a nicer fan nor one more fun to be around---and god knows he'd make a fine impression there and make em, I hope, think we are ALL that fine and peachy.

What about that Wally Weber guy for TAFF??? [Well, modest and unassuming though I am, I suppose an overwhelming public draft... www] On a one-way ticket, I mean??? [....uh, as I was saying, even an overwhelming public draft couldn't overcome my natural shyness and modesty so I'd have to refuse. Ulp. --www] Or like someone was saying in the latest ORION..make it so the winner can take wife along.. then we can send the Busbys---but on two-way tickets. Them I want back. Donaho, too.. yes a B\*I\*G fan. I don't know Ted White well enough to have a really correct idea but iffen he could take Sylvia along that would surely be a pleasant added attraction for the male-fen of England..or Buck and Juanita or the Kanadian Kid Nirenberg. I'd like it if fandom would send me Donaho or Les, personally.. Bill can't eat more than Gene does.

HWYL---Elinor someday you must scout around for the book I now have, the one mentioned in my last CRY letter -- Black Like Me by Griffin..there are too many bits of info to put here in a letter..but there is SO much in there that is pertinent to this HWYL column...the Negroes themselves looking up to and trusting more the lighter skinned more 'white' looking Negros, for instance..and looking with scorn or suspicion on the blue-black skinned ones. The practice of white men down there---they sneak into Negro men's toilets and post up notices, want-ads listing what sexual things they want.... this to a Negro, who is told by southern whites that he isn't 'ready' to be accepted because he is so much lower and more animal morally and sexually, can be obviously very insulting and irksome. A negro accepting a ride when hitch-hiking in many many cases is expected to 'entertain' the white driver by telling all of his sex-life with ALL the trimmings.

And these are some of the white men down south who say we gotta watch out for the over-sexed free-wheeling dissolute Negros. (Note I said some -- there were many with decency and fairness). A point he made that had never occurred to me was---try as a Negro to find in New Orleans (and elsewhere in big southern cities) a place to get a glass of water and a toilet --- they often have to literally travel miles to get either and must plan their travels and routes so as to be near a john or a colored restaurant 'cause if they ain't they are simply out of luck.

Well, heck--I see I did go off and tell more about the book than I intended, didn't I?



A 'croft' is a Scottish word and is an enclosed field next to a farm...Sutherland ---comes from 'sooth' meaning true or sweet--so that shire in Scotland would be the tune-land or the sweet-land, I'd figure.

Buz, I'll take your word for all this about the Dean Drive--I am hardly equipped to do otherwise. And thanks for this follow-up.

Understand Ella's next tape will have The Voice of George Locke on it--am panting expectantly--understand Geo. ain't the shy-Britibhoy he was before the Army days--Ella said he brought her a lil box of panties (yes...panties!) with appropriate lil sayings on them..am properly croggled and would like to know what "sayings" were. Jeeze what the Army does for these boys!

Wally, Wrai Ballard writes you gave him three pages of page 24 in his last copy of CRY.....why? [Because he doesn't like calling you on the phone, I guess. --www]

Ethel; I suppose if Ted lost the suit they would in some manner deduct so much from his weekly or monthly income in payment---but I imagine Ted will wisely go into bankruptcy before that, then no attachment can be made from the way I see it and have heard of here.

And to Alma Hill--I'll send you not sympathy but a sincere hope, wish and prayer that there will be a good recovery and that the future holds nothing but good for you and yours.

And now back to the ironing board..I'd like to exchange my husband for about a month--for one that is small and thin..ironing these Extra-Large sized pj's, shorts, and shirts makes for a long tedious job.....sigh.

Goodbye you...

Betty

GEORGE LOCKE AWAITS HOOKA

85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Dear CRY,

24-May-62

Number 160 received this morning, for which many thanks.

HWYL...Aren't you expecting rather a lot of us anglofen, expecting us to be so conversant with alien tongues as to translate the Scots word 'croft' for you? I'm guessing here - but the word 'croft' leaves me with an impression of a cross between a loft, and, for some reason, a haystack. Which probably fits, at that. And I wouldn't know about Sutherland; there are many things about Scotland best left unexplained.

Betty -you should complain about having to keep silver polished there in the wild American outback. The air is pure and non-corrosive - unlike the stuff currently seething round London. Ever tried this: cover each cup, plate and other argentiferous trophy with a thin film of soft paraffin. Stops it corroding - even though after a while it will tend to accumulate a lot of fluff.

No, Betty, the old Hooka hasn't been given its test run, yet. In fact, it isn't in England as yet, following me home by sea. I'm looking forward to making like an Arab seer with that thing - even if I don't normally smoke, there's something essentially FANNISH about sitting in the crowded underground carriage with a great big bubbly bubbly clasped between your knees, exhaling vast clouds of smoke. Did think of using an alcohol solution through which to bubble the smoke in place of the more usual oasis water - the product of distillation contaminating the water would be infinitely preferable to the products normally associated with the camel.

Still Betty... For an excellent home liqueur, try this one: Syrup of Orange, BPC:3Fl.Oz. Rectified Spirit 2Fl.Oz.; Vanilla Essence, a few drops; Citric Acid, to taste. We tried our African barman with this concoction, and he recommends it. It's best to let it age for a while, and it's rumoured that the addition of a few termites gives it a really MEATY flavour.

Toodlepip,

George



HARRY WARNER, JR. THINKS OVER TAFF

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

May 23, 1962

The effort to think over TAFF possibilities ahead of time sounds like an excellent procedure. I think it's more important on the topic of American fans than for Britishers. The criteria should be slightly different in this country. I feel that TAFF candidates from the United States should be individuals who would have little chance of attending a British convention and spending several weeks over there because of family obligations, studies in college, or some handicap that prevents earning a good salary. It would be decidedly unfair to permit myself to be nominated as a candidate, because I could afford the trip with no particular sacrifice. [Sure, you could go, but would you go without the incentive of having been pushed into it, kicking and screaming, by TAFF? Would you? To uphold your point, you will now be obligated to attend the next overseas Worldcon without help from TAFF. --www] Of the other candidates listed by Buz this time, I imagine that Ted White or Bob Tucker could beat out almost any opposition except possibly one another. The Coulsons would also be real eligibles, but I don't imagine that it will be easy to raise enough for two crossings within the coming campaign. On the other hand, I think almost any popular fan in Europe would be justified in accepting nomination, because wage scales are considerably lower over there and even the unencumbered individual with a decent job would need an extraordinary amount of economizing and saving for years to get together enough fare to finance himself.

Strange women remind fictional characters of Nefertiti for the same reasons that men in sex books learn that a girl is a true blonde in a certain manner and writers on international affairs refer to unilateral in every other paragraph and fans insist that this or that is a wonderful thing. There are things that everyone does in any field of writing. I have an uncomfortable feeling that the girl spells her name another way, but Neffertete looks fannish, and a bilingual pun might be created to create in Neffertete a synonym for fugghead.

The Berry story was of considerable interest because I had to interview an earthworm artist a while back. She is a woman who cheats by retouching the paintings after the worms do their work. About all that I can remember about her description of the process was her insistence that I be sure to say in the story that she always washes off the worms and returns them to the soil as soon as they have finished their creative period. She was afraid that the SPCA would get after her if that wasn't made clear, because the paint would soon kill the little critters because of inability to breathe or perspire or something through the clogged-up hide.

I hoped that Hal Lynch might explain in his article a phenomenon that bothers me. I can't seem to get around to reading anything about the orbital flyers and the details of their trips. As a fan, I know that I should be greedy to see fiction turn into reality, and as a newspaperman I should keep up on the latest events. But I doubt that I've read more than two or three news stories about the Glenn flight, from the preliminary announcements to his latest triumphal tour. Maybe this is akin to a situation that sports writers have discovered: someone took a survey and found that spectators at a baseball or football game almost never read the account of that contest in the newspaper the next day. I wonder if a survey among fans would prove that they've read less about Glenn than the average American, simply because they feel that they've already been there?

Omission of Willick's name from the latest rehash of the Pittcon squabble is ridiculous. At least half of the readers of Cry must have realized immediately that there is only one fan who entered the field shortly before the Pittcon and had his first fanzine published by Lynn Hickman, and the remainder of the readers could pin down the individual with two minutes' thinking. [Two minutes is a long time to think; I'll bet you are the one who spilled the beans to all those remainders of readers, you big blabbermouth. --www] In a legal sense, omission of a name is immaterial if the audience can be shown to know the identity of the subject by the clues given.

The material on the Dean drive leaves me lost somewhere just this side of kindergarten. However, the column had a slight rejuvenating effect on me. I felt that I was again back in the 1940's with all the scientific material appearing in FAPA



magazines, mathematical puzzles, explanations of ballistics, speculations on new chemical discoveries, and similar frightening things.

The letter column is particularly good this issue. I was sorry to see Rich Brown hint that he may no longer be gafeated, because this may portend the end of his activity. But I'm sorry to see that he followed a common failing of fans when he landed in New York and couldn't remember addresses. Fans seem to have a mental block against the knowledge of the existence of the city directory, which contains the names of all adults with their addresses. The only thing that I can think to say about Julie Harris this time is that the newspaper for which I labor published her photograph today, but it is a most distressing picture, making her look seven feet tall as she receives some kind of television award.

Mercy, this is the first time I've failed to fill two pages about Cry since the last time it happened. I'll try to make up for this lapse by producing a letter of comment on at least one of the issues you don't publish in July or September.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BOB SMITH, ALMOST-CRYGANGER

1 Amenities Unit, Victoria Barracks, SYDNEY. NSW.

Dear CryEds:

Australia

20th May '62

What a glorious feeling to know that for one, brief moment I was almost part of the Cry publishing crowd..."stencil cut by Smith..."!

John's reviews of the English television shows (from the U.S.) were amusing. All of those he mentioned are currently seen in Australia also (Dr. Kildare is the only "new" series), but I rarely watch any of them - possibly the "Rawhide" series from time to time. My TV viewing these days is limited to "The Untouchables", "Naked City" (a fine series in my opinion) and "The Dick Powell Show", although I usually break down and watch "The Flintstones". However, that is a vastly different category, and I'd be interested to hear from John just what U.S. comedy series are currently seen in England. (sorry...Britain). John's description of the Bonanza Outfit was a gasser.

Hmmm...I like Tom Purdom's conception of the Cry - "World Wide Cry Circuit", and that's what we are, I guess.

Joseph Green: Exactly. If the author is writing about people then sex must appear in some form or other within the pages, but it also works the other way, too - if you're going to write a decent and literary fictional work about sex then it must include people. This is apparently where those books Buz reviewed fall down. They are a far cry from the works of Lawrence, Miller, Frank Harris, or even something like "Tight, White Collar" and "Peyton Place".

Bob Lichtman: I was refering to fans who more or less know each other through letters and fanmags, Bob. I can (and have) walked into local club meetings here in Australia and been almost entirely ignored, and I would say that the majority of science fiction club types are not overly familiar with "fans" or "fanzines". Hell, if I dropped in on a LASFS meeting I certainly wouldn't expect anybody to fall on me with bleating cries of "welcome!", but as I'm not some fake name from Norwalk (where's that?) I'd prefer to use my own. (LASFS isn't so far...I met Ingrid Fritzch's brother only three weeks ago!)

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

BOB LICHTMAN FORGETS

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

Dear CRY:

Tuesday, 22 May 1962

That's a nicely lithoed cover that ATom and LesNi cooperated on for CRY #160, but it's it's really a shame that it had to be done on paper that is not only too small, but is also rather flimsy. But it is an excellently engineered cover, nonetheless.

I have managed to completely forget all the brilliant, witty things I intended to say regarding the Real Stuff in this issue, so please let me pass over with a somewhat amnesiac hoo-hah and move into the lettercol.



George Locke: Why are you getting so pompously hyper-moral all of a sudden? I don't think sex novels are bad. Besides, where are you going to arbitrarily cut off Sex Novels from respectable mainstream fiction? I don't read them myself, as a regular thing, though I have in the past read them, but I don't think they do any harm. I allow anyone the freedom to be Horny.

Rich Brown: Yes, if you want to get into the service, then there is no bitch against it; you asked for whatever you get, and you might as well take it like a man. But you say you joined because you don't like the draft. If there were no UMT and thus no draft, would you have joined? # Fandom, to amplify on one of your remarks to Fitch, is not so much a mental world as it is an on-paper world. Local fandom groups and conventions are anomalies and are usually outside of the general mainstream of fannish events -- as witness the way that bitter feuders (on paper, in fmz) become the best of Good Buddies at stfcons.

Betty Kujawa: I like some of the songs that Hoagy Carmichael wrote very much, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to unendear myself to you. I wish that ol' Hoagy C. never had the urge to record his stuff. His singing voice -- it is absolutely an abomination.

I'll be looking forward to next issue's letter full of Good Things About Fans by Bjo. Till then,

Return requested,

Bob

[I'm not going to print the letter full of Good Things About Fans by Bjo because I reread it and found out she forgot to say something good about me in it, and she was obviously lying about the other fans because I know them all and they're rotten slob, every one of them. --www]

TOM ARMISTEAD MEETS ELLIS MILLS

Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Wally Wastebasket Weber,

CRY came today, but I really wasn't as croggled as I usually am when CRY comes, because I got a visit from a real WKF last night (this being the 10th). You, of course, know Ellis Mills?

Just last night he called. My Dad answered, and said, "It's some Mills..." I faunched over to the phone, nervously wiping my hands of grease (I was eating my usual meal of fried chicken fat, with potrebzie for dessert, and Moxie to drink) and answered. We made a date to see each other later that evening, at my house.

My mother evidently didn't believe that I could want to straighten up my usually Bohemian fanden. So I did the dishes. And got water all over my front. Well, you can easily see what that looked like. (I wasn't quite that nervous...)

But, Ellis came, and I couldn't dry it. I met him at the doorstep and led him into my fanden. I showed him my Gigantic Prozine Collection. Then I showed him my collection of New Unread Prozines and commented that I was a trufan...no time to read the proz.

After this, we sat down to talk. I sat enraptured at his tales of the conventions, his recording sessions with Frank Dietz and a bunch of other recording bugs, the fascinating stories of what went on behind the closed doors of Ohio fandom's parties, why Algis Budrys is an officer in the Lithuanian Army, and a host of other tales. Then Ellis told me about the SeaCona, and what you, Wally Weber, look like. I've always wondered what the person who cut my letters looked like.

But, all too soon, Ellis had to leave. But I'll see him soon, I hope. And he promised me an LoC on KOTA, and some fanzines from his collection, and invited me over to visit him soon. (\*sigh\*)

Albertly verz,

Tom

P.S. Cry #160 was good, too...



NANCY SHRINER HAS BABY TOPOLOGY

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma

Well Heighdy, you all,

May 17, 1962 5:30:82 a.m.

It's been so long since I've written one of these things, I don't know whether I still can or not. And no one missed me, no one at all. Not even you, Wally-lamb. Well, if that's all the reaction I get from my sparkling missives -- well. But nobody should expect me to Miss a Mrs. --www/

Strange, this business about flexagons. I just finished a couple of books dealing with stuff like that: The Scientific American Book of Mathematical Puzzles and Diversions (vols. 1 & 2). Topology is my baby from now on, though. Fascinating. And another book I liked: Fantasia Mathematica, ed. by Clifton Fadiman. Especially a little gem called "Jurgen Proves It By Mathematics." Deliciously naughty.

Berry is somewhat better this time. Do you know what? (Going back an ish, for the moment.) I admire the casting director of Bonanza. Four guys, one of whom will surely make your heart stand still, young lady. Me personally, I like Adam, 'cause he reminds me of the man I married. Except that Adam isn't the type what gets married. Then there's Hoss, for all you frustrated mother-types, and Little Joe for the kid sister, and of course, Daddy Cartwright for just about anyone else.

Mr. Blupsy: Very interesting, but not very satisfactory. Or is the whole bit a subtle form of parody, which I just have no frame of reference for?

Oh, ho-ho, Mr. Buz, looks like you read the "Fourth Law of Motion" about the same time my brother did. And you didn't have any better luck explaining to me than he did. Off-hand I can't even remember the first three laws. Or is one of them gravity? And one is something about a frog jumping off a board in the water and the frog goes one way and the board goes another. It's sad isn't it? All that high school physics down the drain.

Speaking of high school physics, my teacher, Dr. Watson (yessir, his name was actually that.) used to get out of any esoteric discussion by saying: "Technically you're right, but for all practical purposes---" All of which is the long way 'round to recommending the definition of that phrase which I found in Fantasia Mathematica. It's too long to quote here, but I will next time if you like.

Have some more about math. That's what I like. Sci-fi, phoo. My Sense of Wonder is shot to hell these days.

Bye for now,

Nancy

WARREN DE BRA REMEMBERS MISSING PAGES

Rt. 2, Box 595A, Pensacola, Fla.

Editors of CRY:

May 15, 1962

Sirs and Lady:

Re. No 160 "The Thing in the Place"

Congratulations to Mr. Upflex. A sterling effort.

If memory serves, the original manuscript was a phonetic rendition of an ancient Irish dialect which had no written form. This explains his inability to determine the language.

Further, close to the bottom of the first missing page appears "How long I lay there unconscious I will never know", the first usage of this line which was later common from about 1880 to 1928 and only rarely seen thereafter.

Very truly yours,

d/hs Warren de Bra

LENNY KAYE DAMNS THE COVER

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Wally, you lovable ole butcher, you:

By damn, that is a nice cover, By Damn that's a Nice Cover. Atom looks so much better in Multilith than in ordinary mimeographing. It was a nice job, all right. But I hope you don't consider CRY mimeographing to be ordinary. The WAHF column is big enough already. --www/

Berry was a refreshing change from last month's dull, prosaic Berry. He wasn't GOOD Berry this month, but he was enjoyable. When are you going to print another "Interlopers??".



Don Franson: Muchas gracias for taking the weight of the Cry-hack cards off my shoulders.

Whatinhell is "DNQac"?

I'll chop it here, Wally, before you can do it...get your scissor ready.... steady....chop it now. Cho---

Best:

Lenny

BILL WOLFENBARGER POSSESSED BY WHB

602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri

May 7, 1962

Dear Crydom,

ATom should get the plaque for the best ? cover of 1962.

The page of Scotty Tapscott makes up for my not attending the World's Fair. It was funny. That's all I can say. (The postal inspector, you know.)

Gork. I apologize for my rash remarks about Avram Davidson a few Cry's ago. I was so thrilled about him putting my name in one of his letters, it wasn't 'till later I discovered Avram had nothing to do with it. [You mean you found out he doesn't write his own letter? --www/]

If you have any back-issues of CRY, could I buy them? [There are some back issues available at regular subscription prices. Which ones are you interested in and how ~~much/much/much/much/much~~ many do you want? --www/]

May 19, 1962

Dear W;Etc.,

A delightful cover for May Cry, which reminds me.... can't you get a cover by someone other than ATom? I'm an ATom-fan, don't get me wrong, but, nuffsisnuff; give someone else a chance in the now and then.

John Berry's "Art Form" is a let-down. He either tried a little too hard, or else Berry just couldn't think of anything else to write at the time. Heaven-knows I'm a Berry-man all the way, what with getting caught reading his book for the second time, but...maybe it was just that his Creative Elbo Greese was a little too thin.

Roy Tackett's account of radio stations reminds me of a similar situation. I tune-in to Kansas City, Mo., station WHB (World's Happiest Broadcaster), and when some disc-jockey isn't wise-cracking and telling jokes, and tapes singing "Won-der-ful... W H B...", we hear rock n rollin ~~xxxx~~. But somehow I'm somewhat attached to the whole setup. I'll be whistling their call letters, or remembering a joke, or... help! Last night while trying to get honest rest, my fingers, touching a blood vein in the left arm, pulsed....yes!yes!...W H B !!!

TAFF-noms? How's about Redd Boggs or JWC Jr. or Bob Jennings? Take your pick. (And I'll let you figure that last remark out for yourself.)

Yours (or whoever keeps this letter)

Bill Wolfbane

[Bill, how come your last letter was written the day after it was postmarked, huh?www/]

MIKE DECKINGER WONDERS WHERE CRY IS GOING

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRYstians,

5/10/62

The first thing I noticed about the CRY-cover was that it was not a CRY cover. But I suppose there's a moral to it somewhere; first rich brown takes over an issue of CRY, then Les Nirenberg takes over the cover, then Bob Smith and Nirenberg take over the lettercol, then Howald and Jaskar usurp the minutes. Where is CRY going to?

All this talk over the Regency books and the impression they're making on fandom, is making quite an impression on me. Mainly because no more than the first five ever appeared in my area. Distribution has ruined many a publisher, and I hope it won't be equally destructive to Regency. On the other hand, Ace sf books seem to be cropping up everywhere, which I'm sure will please Don Wollheim.

ART FORM is an old gag, tacked on to a different story, and treated by Berry in such a refreshingly unique manner that by the time you encounter the punchline, there is no animosity towards the author for using it. Even the names of his characters were amusing.



30

THE THING IN THE PLACE was indeed a thing, in any place. This curious little piece gets absolutely nowhere, and leaves me with the feeling that I've just encountered a brilliant short story in the NEW YORKER, which I should like, but basic literary tastes prohibit me from doing so.

Hal Lynch's little memorial to Glenn has got me wondering. Just suppose, that instead of Glenn being sent up as the first American to orbit the Earth, a short, bucktoothed, long-eared, droopy-eyed man of about 35, named Horace Ipplesnoot, accomplished this feat. There are so many things against him, publicity-wise, ranging from his unlikeable appearance to the absurd name, that it seems likely the top brass would completely suppress the incident, rather than let it get around that the first American to conquer space bore the improbable name of Horace Ipplesnoot. /There is the possibility, however, that progressive parents would name their children after Horace, stretch their ears, and go to the dentist to have their teeth bucked. In ten years, kids named John Glenn would be driven neurotic by the suspicion they had been named after an outhouse in the hills. --www/

Those shows Berry commented on last issue is no indication he is running dry, Roy Tackett, just because he directs his remarks on what you term tired tv shows. For us, they may be tired, but to a foreigner, unaccustomed to the animated idiocies that American television has to offer, they can be those most invigorating things since Krafft-Ebbing.

I think any effect the prozine Hugo ballots have on the actual convention voting will be negligible, or of as little value as to make continuation of this innovation useless. Any prominent fans concerned in the convention will have gotten their ballots from any one of the numerous fanzines carrying them, or from the con committee itself. The prozine readers, on the other hand, would seem to hold little acquaintances with fandom, and lacking in the necessary qualifications to voting. Of course, this favor granted fandom by the prozines is an encouraging thing to note, and naturally the next step is to get some zine to print up TAFF ballots in their pages. /This is the first sensible comment I've seen on this subject. The prozine readers aren't qualified to nominate stories, being prejudiced by having read them. But I do think prozine readers would add a fresh approach to TAFF voting. --www/

About a year ago, several taped bullfights from Mexico were telecast in the evening on a major network. Even though the actual kills were deleted from the program, this one-shot received a number of angry letters from indignant viewers, protesting this program which clearly depicted wanton killing. The major argument of the opponents seems to be that the bull is defenceless, while the matador has a mount and weapons. Granted, this is all true, but is it better for a bull to die this way or to be slaughtered mechanically at some meatpacking house, and eventually wind up in a supermarket? Either way, the animal is going to die.

Dick Geis has had about a half dozen stories in ADAM, a somewhat less refined version of ROGUE which runs plenty of nudes and sexy articles and fiction. He's managed to drag persons like Tucker and Carr and even Lars Bourne into his stories.

Best,

Mike Deckinger

JAMES R. SIEGER WANTS FAIR PLAY FOR WILLOCK S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego,  
Dear Cry: Wis. May 8, 1962

HWYL: Sutherland was probably called Sutherland because it's south of the lands that are north of it. Seriously. In ancient times the Norwegian Jarls of the Orkneys were bigger wigs than the Scottish kings; Sutherland was the southernmost of their dominions, the northernmost county Caithness being under their rule almost since it was invented. This is only theory, though. The fact that in Medieval times maps were drawn upside down, i.e. with the South in the North-- I mean, at the top-- may have had something to do with it. Now you've got me confused.

Dirce Archer: Beggin' pardon, young lady, there's no need to be so damned huffy. Fans are notoriously conceited bastards, and Willock is being pretty decent-- for a fan-- to back down even that much. Give him a chance to salvage what pride he has



left. I know naught about him, but probably he heard a rumor, Saw Red, and fatheadedly but righteously started shrieking for Justice, without trying to first check on the accuracy of the story he fell for. I should think he's et enough dirt. I oughta know, I've gone through such a fatheaded mistake myself not so long ago..... Hurry up and forgive the dear lad, so he'll be happy when he gets tossed into the Wollheims' cooking-pot.

With tears of pity:

J.r. Sieger

DAVID B. WILLIAMS GLOATS IN SECRET

714 Dale Street, Normal, Illinois

Dear Crygang -

May 16, 1962

I don't think Campbell gave an editorial damn whether the Dean Drive worked or not. I don't see why everyone thinks he did. All that I could ever make of his articles and editorials was that no one had taken the trouble to look into it, and that this state of affairs bothered him to a great extent. In fact, someplace I remember that he said right out loud that it wasn't important whether the Drive worked or not, but that it should have been investigated just to make sure. Oh, sure, he would have liked to have the Drive work (wouldn't we all!) but all he was really doing was riding his social criticism horse all along. Yes? No?

Bull Fighting: Betty Kujawa notes that "...kids these days are getting unconcerned enough for the pain and sufferings of others..." Could the rash of sick-sick jokes be an indication too? Things like "Yes, Mrs. Lincoln, but was the play any good?" are all the rage at school these days. I don't know if I approve or not of bull fighting as such, but if the odds were a little more even it would be much better. Like if the matador would leave his cape behind and face the bull front on with his sword, alone, period. Secretly, I gloat whenever I read that such-and-such famous matador has gotten an unfinished powder horn in the gut.

Forever,

David B. Williams

World's only Normal fan!

ELINOR BUSBY, GIRL ANTHROPE

2852 14th West, Seattle 99, Washington

Dear Wally,

Tom Purdom: So you want to argue politics with me because I'm a conservative who knows some history--argh! I hate political arguments, and frankly, I don't know all that much history. Tell your history major coworker that there's one subject worse to take than history if you want to make a good living (or any kind of living): anthropology. I was an anthropology major. I don't know all that much anthropology, either. --Why don't you come to the World's Fair, Tom? If you can fly out free, it would be extravagant not to come. But don't come during the last of June and first of July, or during the last of August and first of September. Because then we will be respectively at Westercon and Chicon.

Dick Schultz: I think the reason why there are so few Negro fans (and no Negro fanzine fans, so far as I know) is that for the more intellectual and literate Negroes, being a Negro is in itself a Way of Life.

Scotty Tapscott: Well, I'm not surprised at all to hear that bullfighting has decayed a great deal since 1951 (which was the year I was interested in it) since in 1951 I was told that it was in a process of decay. Too bad. In 1951 the toreros were beginning to go in more for showy bullfight--lots of flamboyant work with the cape--and less and less to go in over the horns with the sword. And Carlos Arruza, the finest bullfighter since Manolete, didn't improve the scene much with his 'el telefono'. Oh well. Whatever bullfighting may be now, it was great in its day.

Dick Kuczek: Porcon in '64? Why don't you try for '67 instead--you could probably get it in '67 without much trouble.

Rich Brown: No, I didn't miss the point of "Star Dwellers". The point you miss is this, Rich. It is no more commendable to assume, for the purposes of a story, that they are For Us than to assume, for the purposes of a story, that they are Against Us. Even in real life it's not necessarily commendable to assume that the aliens are for us. It's only in a Walt Disney movie that Wishing Will Make It So.



Betty Kujawa (& Buck Coulson): One thing that impressed me about bullfights was the look of the crowd afterwards: everyone relaxed, relieved, happy, smiling. And I remember how I felt afterwards--more abundantly alive, more charitable, warmer. Bullfighting is, for the audience, a sort of mass catharsis. It's important to remember that many of us are basically animals, as well as humans. We have aggressive feelings that we have no real use for in daily life, and too often we have no way of getting rid of them. So we get arthritis and migraine, and we live miserably and die young. Some sort of catharsis for aggression would improve a lot of people's health and dispositions.

Sincerely,

Elinor

DICK LUPOFF SENDS XERO BY FSCS

210 E 73 St., NY 21, NY

Dear CRYgang,

5/10/62

I'm sorry you got socked for the extra postage on that copy of CRY 159 you sent Pat and me at our old address. When we moved in December it was only across the street. We got our favorite elevator man at 215 to promise to accept all mail that came for us, and just hand it to his pal the elevator man here at 210 and save all the rigamarole of postal officialdom. CoA notices in Axe and Fanac (and Xero), we figured, plus the line "NOTE NEW NUMBER" next to the return address on all outgoing letters, should inform everybody of the move sooner or later.

But once in a while a relief elevator operator takes the mail at 215, and if there happens to be anything for us, it gets turned back to General Day (or his authorized representative). It's this ~~no~~ change in the postal regs that went in early this year. No more forwarding fanzines. So far we've got back two copies of Xero 8, each with the recipient's new address marked on the envelope. You know what these wind up costing us? A 15¢ stamp and a nickel envelope to mail it in the first place, 15¢ return postage, a new envelope and another 15¢ stamp to remail to the new address...a total cost of 55¢ to get a copy to a reader who --maybe-- paid 35¢ for the magazine.

(I trust, by the way, that you have your copy of Xero 8? Locs have been slow starting this. I get the coldrobbles when I think that the POD just might have misplaced the whole main mailing of 125 copies.)

Anyway, Xero has only two issues to go, so I guess we'll keep our present policies on circulation, but if we intended to continue the zine indefinitely, Pat and I just might institute a two-price policy. So much for hand-delivered copies, so much for postal copies.

Or else we could contract with Ron Ellik to be our full-time Special Courier. When he was in New York a year or so ago we gave him drugged rootbeer to drink and while he was sleeping it off we stuffed his luggage full of all the copies of Xero for LA area. Transcontinental jet delivery by Flying Squirrel Courier Service! Then, last month, he stopped in en route to England on his TAFF trip, and we stuck him with all the copies of Xero 8 for Britifen to distribute at the Easter Convention. Transoceanic jet delivery by Flying Squirrel Courier Service!

As Ron left our apartment for the airport and Yurp, I gave him a warm and hearty handshake, wished him a pleasant trip, and, possibly with an unconscious but meaningful glance at the stack of Xeros in the corner, some 20 of which go to California, invited him to stop off again on his way back.

"Gee, I'd love to, Dick," Ron said, "but I'm flying home on a polar flight. Right over the top. No stops between England and the West Coast."

Say, CRYgang, do you know if he really came home that way?

Dick

MISHA JOINS THE PLAYERS

Box 283, 73ADIV, Tyndall AFB, Florida

Dear Anonymous Wailers,

13 May 62

Oh, the joys of having a Full Life! Along about last September, rich brown and I got involved with the Panama City Players, and next thing we knew, they were making an actor out of rich -- he had the part of Sgt Eddie Remick in 'Roman Candle' and stole the show! Well, we started in on 'See How They Run,' and at the same time, John Sweet, who was the stage manager for 'Roman Candle,' and who is also a former Broadway star



dancer, got several of us interested in dancing. At the moment, I'm tied up in a dance production for the Cancer Society, produced by the Sweets, and a musical melodrama called, 'Love Rides the Rails, or Will the Mail-train Run Tonight?', which will be presented the 4th and 6th of July. This means double rehearsals on Tuesdays and Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays are taken up, Saturdays and Sundays are for the most part given over to building scenery and learning lines. If I find a spare moment, I write letters, boozing it up and chasing skirts late on weekends, and, in those moments when I think about it, I give a few hours to the Air Farce.

Rather enjoyed the Berry story, but the plot was the same old joke that's been told many times before - but if Fred Brown can do it, I guess Berry can, too. I did appreciate the satire on Modern Art he presented.

Iffim Blupsby's story left me cold - he should have capitalised 'Count,' in the phrase, 'my uncle, the Count.'

Poor Dirce Archer! She's really having a time of this ballot thing. Ignore it Dirce; the wine of sour grapes evaporates when exposed to the light.

Tapscott: the only sporting bullfight I've even heard of in years was the one where Maas Oyama, the Okinowan Karate master, faced a bull and killed it with his bare hands. I think, though, I'd rather have some character satisfy his lust for sadism watching a man kill a bull than I would he experiment on a six-year-old girl.

I was never disappointed in history - except in the teaching of American history; I had good teachers on the subject, but AH teachers are so bloody pious, they won't ever tell the real reasons for the Civil War, and I was threatened with expulsion from a ~~Yankee~~ Northern school several years ago for trying to bring up the point. Equally, I'm tired of the northerners screaming about racial prejudice in the South when I've seen so much of it in the north - it's not public, but it's a deep undercurrent of hatred, and if aware, you can find it - more in the small towns, I think, than the big cities.

Ah, Betty Kujawa, alas, 'twas not I. I tried to get hold of Shelvy to find out who it was, but I couldn't reach him as of this writing. If he was a tall slim blond type who was with rich brown at the time, his name is Dave Estes.

I have a friend going to ND; he is a non-fan, but a very brilliant fellow, a wonderful wit, and an excellent folk-singer and flamenco guitar-player. His name is Robert (Bob) Schneider and he resides at 720 N. St. Louis Blvd. If you get the chance, look him up sometime.

By the way, my fannish and writer friends usually call me Misha.

Michael L. McQuown

PS TO BUZ: You remarked about being in the Aleutians. My stepfather, Ed Maham, was with the Seabees on Attu. You didn't by any chance make his acquaintance, did you? He was an electrician's mate second class with B Co. ((Nope. I put in my Aleutian time on Amchitka, east & south of Attu about 300 miles, with Kiska in between. But I suspect we could match stories about that crazy mixed-up Aleutian weather. --FMB))

PHILLIP A. HARRELL PRESENTS HIS (hic) CASE 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia  
WALLY WEBBER YOU UNMITIGATED CAD YOU! May 10, '62

Ladies, and Gentlemen of the CotR jury I present my case to you to indite and persecute one mean nasty ol' wally webber. Teach you to cut my letter like that. You gave me only one dinky sentence, and that one you even cut. Not only that. You tried to put me in bad with a first love of mine, one I devoted T\*W\*O whole pages to and who gives me goosly pimples every time I vote for her for TAFF and who I simply adore as she's so WUNDERFULS \*sigh\* who else is as magnificent as to defend me from the frumious Wally Webber. You should have seen the letter I sent Wally that he didn't publish (the lazy lout) I lead a mrytered life....

As for Nominations for TAFF may I make a suggestion. \*M\*E\*! How about that?

Roy Tackett: Well you know how these things are when you get started making one of these masterpieces you just get carried away....come to think of it so does the person who drinks it....



Chee, reading the minutes this time almost makes me feel I was there with so many Phil's mentioned. Not only that, the Stumphouse almost sounds like the GEX ptomaine tavern. I remember saying one day, "I'm glad I only ordered a coke," after the others found bits of rotten vegetable in their salad, "it's the one thing they can't mess up." Then I looked down and found the gum in it one of the help had been chewing. Everybody had a nice laugh but me. Then the Girl across the table started talking about the time she boiled a cat for her science exhibit at school. Such a lovely way to spend your lunch  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. About that time one of the guys broke a tooth on his donut and we all retired to the diverse directions we were heading, and he went to the nurse's office. That'll teach him to order GEX donuts.

I can hardly wait till I catch Ted Sturgeon's reaction to my sequel to his book which I'll call; "Some Of Your Bud", and twill be all about Fandom.

Ghood Ghrief, that one was almost too much for me so on that one I'll close, and go galumphing off as I go whiffing thru the tulgy wood. Well, we all gotta go sometime.  
Best,

GARY DEINDORFER FINALLY MAKES COTR  
Dear Wallopin' Winsome Wally W.,

121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey  
9 May 1962

That is a CRYhack sort of opening, not at all typical of my kind of letter salutation, but I have decided to write a CRY sort of letter of comment--i.e., one most likely to see print in CRY, all frivolous-as-hell and such--and this opening would seem to be in form. I am determined to make the CRY letter column this time. I have typed this letter, because I was told by a certain Fan In the Know that you don't print handwritten letters; and I am mailing this letter out only three hours after receiving CRY in the mail, since this same Fan In the Know told me that you don't print the letters which arrive later on in the month. I am even sending this damned thing airmail. And, as you will note, I am not and will not be saying a single thing of any import, since everybody is aware of the fact that CRY letters never say anything of any import. Even I know this; the Fan in the Know didn't have to tell me that. No indeed.

Along about here I might register a complaint. Namely, why do you put people's names in your good old WAHF section even if they have written with no more to say than, "Enclosed is a quarter for your next CRY."? Huh, why for you do this? To the Casual Reader (most fans, like) it is not obvious that these fans have only sent you some insignificant little message like the one I quoted. To the Casual Reader, it seems that these fans must have written big fat letters which were so lousy they were even crowded out of the CRY letter column. I have had more than one fan say to me of late (two, in fact), "Haw, can't make the CRY letter column even, eh? I am always seeing your name in the WAHF." It does no good for me to explain in desperation that my name always appears in the WAHF only because I have written no more than crummy little messages of the "enclosed is a quarter" type. They don't believe me. As a result, I go through my fannish life marked as, "That fellow who can't even make the CRY letter section." Oh, the deadly shame of it all. [If you'd send more than a lousy quarter at a time, your name wouldn't show up in the WAHF column so often. --www]

. And now, to comment on CRY 160, I suppose. First off, bighod, there is the cover. You have had quite a comely string of covers fronting the past few CRYs. I don't know whether or not it's significant that they've all been by ATom. Hell, I guess it's not significant, since I suppose significance would damn near ruin CRY.

I was looking at a Sunday Afternoon Television Show last weekend. The jowly, concerned announcer came out and introduced a "Quentin Pumbly" (it was a name very like that, whatever it was), age fourteen, of Cedar Vale Junior High School of Science & Arts, who "will show you his wonderful hexa-hexa-flexagon." The camera settled on this small, wizened boy with huge glasses and a suit that was too small. Quentin told the thrilling story of how he had come to construct the thing and how one was supposed to be able to turn all the similarly marked sides out and all. He talked on and on, in his lisping tones, all the time twisting and turning and pulling at his hexa-hexa-flexagon. After roughly fifteen minutes of this, it was obvious that the moderator realized his show was dragging, so he said, "Well thank you, Quentin. We'll come back to you at the



end of the show to see how you've made out with your hexa-hexa-flexagon." Quentin didn't acknowledge this; he was lost in the intricacies of his hexa-hexa-flexagon. The tragic part of the whole show was that when it came time for it to end, the moderator completely forgot to ask Quentin how he was making out. I can visualize Quentin now, days after the show, still sitting in that studio flexing his hexa-hexa-flexagon.

I can't say that I was particularly titillated by Berry's "Art Form." The punch-line struck me as being sort of wan, and the fannish element of the story seemed quite superfluous. I have not been too impressed by the past two or three Berry shorts in CRY. They strike me as having been dashed off with little or no thought. Berry can do much better.

Buz's comments on the Davis Analog article are interesting, as well as being very reminiscent of the style of John W. Ghod Himself. I wonder if this stylistic similarity was intended. Anyway, Buz makes some very good points. And it would be interesting if Davis' "Fourth Law" could be applied. Buz's explanation of the principle sounds plausible, though I would have to see the math -- the complete math -- involved before I could be sure. Perhaps I'll actually go out and buy a copy of the May Analog.

I would be interested in Toskey's opinion of Davis' article.

Joy to the World,

Gary

DICK KUCZEK CELEBRATES

2808 S.E. 154, Portland 36, Oregon

Dear Wall-eyed and other CRYers,

May 4, 1962

'Tis a time to celebrate, Weber. I have been a reader of CRY for a whole year now. Rejoice, if not for the fact I've read CRY for a year, then for the fact that I plan to read it for another year.

Cover: Excellent Atom as usual. Only thing that bothered me was the three birds in the background, that had just crossed the Planet/Moon. What were the streaks that they were leaving behind them?

Art Form: Not as good as Berry is capable of. Why don't you guys give him a rest once in a while? He must be running out of ideas.

Cheering Section: An excellent article.

With K.B. and a Deancycle: A very good article. I read the article in Analog and found it very interesting.

Well, Wally, I must leave you now and get back to work on AMPO, fandom's newest fanzine. The publication date is June 10, 1962. If anybody would like to send in subs, contributions, letters of comment, there is still time. One thing, though, if you send checks, make them out to me, not AMPO. Buz, you seemed surprised that one could send locs to a fanzine that hasn't published its first issue yet. Well; we don't expect specific comments. General comments will do.

Yours,

Dick

STEVE TOLLIVER, THE OFFICIAL MEMBER REPORTS

FROM: Steve Tolliver

337 W. Riggin

Monterey Park

California

Official Member

TO: The Nameless Ones

Address Unknown

Seattle

C/O: Wally Weber

Address Even More Unknown

Honorable Secretary/Treasurer

C/O: Gordon Eklund

14612 - 18th S W

Seattle 66, Washington

Official Office Unknown But Believed In

SUBJECT: The Membership Report

I. The membership has grown (I have gained five pounds) and is thriving in the hostile (i.e. not cold nor foggy nor etc.) climate of Southern California; known to all as Los Angeles.

II. Special Report to Tosk... I have not married, so there is at least one girl left for you.

III. Special Report to Wally... I have not married, so there is at least one girl for you to worry about.

IV. Special Report to Buz... since



the rains drove me out of Seattle into dryer climates the said dryer climates have experienced over twenty inches of rainfall.

V. Due to insufferable bad luck I am still in the little game known as Fandom...thus I am hoping to see many of you at the coming Westercon...at least Wally.

In compliance with  
and according to  
the rules set forth  
by myself as the  
Official Member  
of the  
Nameless Ones  
I do submit  
this report for  
your perusal,  
refusal, and  
files.

Steve Tolliver  
MEMBR; OFICIAL

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM Department:

LLOYD DOUGLAS BROYLES, RT 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas is accepting advance orders at \$1 per copy for the next issue of WWISFF, and he wants everyone who hasn't answered his questionnaire to hurry up and do that. BERNDT RUTHSTROM, Brahegatan 8, Stockholm 0, Sweden needs all the information he can get about all the fanzines ever published (including apa-zines and club zines). He is compiling a catalogue. HAL LYNCH reports (May 1, 1962) his new address: 220 W. 24th St., New York 11, New York. CHRIS MILLER offers bargain printing rates for CRY Letterhack cards, and sends us lots of money for CRYs to be sent to his new address, 101 Maney Hill Rd., Sutton, Coldfield, Warwickshire, England. JOCK ROOT raves over the cover and promises to "gush appropriately" when he finds the time. BRUCE ROBBINS sends sticky money and wants to know why there isn't more stf in fanzines. LARRY McCOMBS sends a dittoed letter-substitute to prove he's alive but busy. TOM ARMISTEAD, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas, plugs the Bantering And Raving Fan's association (BARF), an apa for fans who haven't any kind of duplicator. (Fans with duplicators can get in, but they don't get to pay as much dues.) DICK LUPOFF, C. V. De VET, FRED CAMPER, MISS PHYLLIS BRODSKY, and cowardly GORDON EKLUND send scads of money, which I have to run off and spend now.

-----Wally W. Weber

from: CRY  
Box 92  
507 Third Avenue  
Seattle 4, Washington

Printed Matter

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