

CRY

162

AUGUST 1962



CRY



And here you have C*R*Y #162, August 1962, the once-monthly zine that now habitually skips July and September on purpose and by prearrangement. CRY still goes to subbers at 12 for \$2, 5 for \$1, or 25¢ each for people who make their checks payable to Elinor Busby; the comparable rates of 14/-, 7/- and 1/9 apply to folks who send the loot to John Berry at 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. There are also the people who successfully contribute to the zine (including lettercol) or who have managed to arrange trades, or who somehow appeal to Elinor's better nature, which is not so easy as you might think: these people get free issues now and then.

CRY is "edited" [ahahahah!], stencilled, and financed by Wally Weber and by F. M. and Elinor Busby. It is and has been a good respectable money-losing hobby, no less.

Thank you, one and all, who bucked the odds and put CRY on the Hugo Ballot this year against all our own expectations. But I'm afraid you still have to read the

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

...anyway...

Cover by ATom [with Multigraphed logo, I anticipate, by Toskey]	page 1
Page Three	Buz 3
Post-WesterconXV Report	Wally Weber 4
Return to Alexandria	Elinor Busby 10
TV Or Not TV	John Berry 14
With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle...	F. M. Busby 16
Fandom Harvest	Terry Carr 18
Ol' Man Raeburn	Jerome Korn (o well...) 20
Hwyl	Elinor Busby 21
CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber 22-40

Art credits: ATom 1, ATom 1, ATom 1, ATom 1, ATom 1, ATom 1, ATom 1, Exoner 8

These people cut this many stencils: Wally Weber 25(!), Elinor 11, Buz 3

Ghod only knows who will show up for publishing; Wally Gonser and Jim&Dee Webbert?

This issue will be produced at the Toskel-Hostel, now housing Tosk and Stanbery.

Deadline for receipt of letters & other material for CRY #163 is Wed, Sept 6, 1962.

You will notice that a deadline rather than a publication date is given for our next issue. This is not inadvertence on my part; it is an inevitable consequence of some changes now under consideration. Well, there is no point in keeping you in suspense:

We are considering going to commercial mimeography for the production end of CRY. After all, if Dick Bergeron can do it for 4 50-60-page WRHNS per year, Wally and I can do it for ten 30-40-page CRYs per year. In fact, it may be the easiest way out. For one thing, the Gestetner has been acting up more and more lately; our ink-supply man, name of Jack Bellingham, was going to line us up with a used electric model but no news to date. Further, Elinor has flung a lot more stuff out into the Fenden than I had expected; I am not even sure there is going to be room for my lumber-pile per previous plans; it would be optimistic indeed to figure the place to be in shape for CRYpubbing by October. Oh sure, there is room for one fella to grind out a small apazine, for not for group work.

And the current recess has shown Elinor and me that we just aren't up to the old traditional CRYdays any more, the size they've been lately. Thing is, we've been like rushing to get the stencils lined-up for proper pagecount and all [which means I hold off to do my own column at last-minute to make the thing come out even on the back page] so that on CRYday itself I am stuck with other stuff that has backlogged because of CRY and which I cannot do much about with 6 or 7 of us around and keeping the chatter going. I like to socialize but because of the activity of the previous few days, CRYday is the wrong day for it being as I am generally baklogged, so the whole day is sort of shot. You may wonder how a (say) 4-hour job can take all day, and all I have to say to that is that you just don't know the extent of our talents around here, and that it ain't all that easy, anyhow; things happen, y'know, or haven't you ever published an amateur magazine dedicated to the field of fantasy and science-fiction. So anyhow, because it turns out that Toskey will only hold still for just these two CRYdays [you don't really expect these Ph.D.s to be all that quick on the pickup], likely we go commercial. --Buz.

POST - WESTERCON XV REPORT

by Wally Weber

"You missed the convention," Don Franson, LASFS and NFFF member, told me when he discovered me registering at the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles at 11:30 p.m., June 29, 1962. He gloated about the wild and exciting Westercon XV that had taken place earlier in the week, although he did not quite break the unwritten law that requires you to actually be at the convention to know what really happens there.

I hid my disappointment by bawling. It was a terrible thing to have spent almost three hours getting to a convention only to find out you arrived too late for anything but the program. I left the madly cackling NFFF Information Bureau and slunk away after the ancient bellhop who led me to my room, realizing that once again I would only be able to comment on the post-convention activities in my report.

In fact, there is only one unusual thing about this post-convention report; it was written before most of the events reported in it had a chance to occur. You see, in order to vent my rage against the injustice of the situation, I wrote this report as soon as the bellhop left me in the room. I realize you may not believe this. I had doubts about it myself for a while. But Charles Burbee, without even seeing it, believes it, and what Charles Burbee believes is True.

Everybody but me seemed busy in the display room Saturday morning. Morris Scott Dollens set up his device for transforming meaningless sounds into meaningless light, Ann Chamberlain set recruiting traps around the NFFF table, and innumerable fans were involved with the art displays. Near the NFFF desk was a table supporting sinister machines resembling those used in Frankenstein movies to give the monsters a charge, and I marveled at the lengths the NFFF would go to recruit members.

The hall outside the display room was also the balcony overlooking the main convention hall, and there, in the dim light of that hallway, Bill Ellern and Al Lewis set up the registration desk. I watched the scene with enjoyment born of familiarity and a desire to see my fellow fan in agony. Fans lined to register, and most of them had their parts memorized perfectly, rattling off such familiar phrases as, "But I already sent my money -- mailed it yesterday," and, "No, I didn't read the Progress Reports, but I thought..." just as if they had been rehearsing them for years. Eventually Bill, with the aid of Len Moffatt and others, managed to cope with the attendees, and I added the final injury of registering, myself. It wasn't noon yet, but my day was already a glorious success.

Al Lewis presided over the opening ceremonies in the convention hall, remarking that, despite the fact he had made up the program schedule himself and had allowed thirty minutes for the opening, he had started the convention twenty-five minutes late and still couldn't imagine what he was going to do with the remaining five minutes before Anthony Boucher was scheduled to speak.

Al did very well, nattering entertainingly, and even managed to use up the extra ten minutes that Mr. Boucher was late showing up for his speech.

Anthony talked on, "The Past Year in Books," and while I remember very little of the text of the speech, a major portion of his thoughts on the subject could be learned from his review, "S-F Books: 1961," printed in the July '62 Rhodomagnetic Digest, available for a price from Al haLevy. Mr. Boucher gave this fanzine a plug during his talk.

Despite the fact that Karen Anderson's fanzine, Vorpall Glass, published by The Golden Gate Futurian Society, has no logical reason for being mentioned at this point, it had better be mentioned. Al Lewis mentioned The Little Men's publication, Rhodomagnetic Digest, when introducing Al haLevy during the opening ceremonies, and Karen would not allow the convention to proceed until equal time was given to plugging Vorpall Glass. I am not about to risk the future of CRY by arousing the wrath of Karen Anderson.

Next on the program was a panel composed of Poul Anderson, Mark Clifton, A. E. van Vogt, and the moderator, Ed M. Clinton, Jr. The panel was supposed to speak on

the subject titled, "What Science Fiction Market?" Strangely enough, the panel members seemed reluctant to agree that the market for science fiction was hopelessly small. None of them believed it to be sufficient to maintain life by itself, but they did feel it was a reasonably good supplement for writers who were active in other fields. This conclusion was reached early in the discussion, and the subject was turned to something of greater interest to the panel, the manner in which science fiction authors should improve their stories.

The moderator stuck to his excellent job of moderating, which probably accounts for the fact that there were only three different opinions among the four panel members on how (other) authors could improve their stories. Poul Anderson advocated research, either with slide rule and text books or by thinking carefully and logically about the events described in stories. Mark Clifton felt that a thorough knowledge of psychology was necessary for any author, and that writers should learn all there is to know about the subject. Al HaLevy, who took advantage of the request for questions from the audience at the end of the panel discussion, asked Mark how a writer could hope to keep up with the field of psychology and still have time to write. Mark didn't argue about whether it was possible, but declared a writer just plain had to keep up with the field, along with several other fields of knowledge, if he hoped to be a good author. Van Vogt, on the other hand, seemed to think his colleagues were too impressed by mankind's current knowledge, and that a writer of science fiction would be better off putting his time in on improving the poetic aspects of his writing. He felt that science fiction was the poetry of our scientific age, and that it should be developed as such.

It was an interesting and entertaining panel, even if it didn't change my personal conviction that the greatest need of today's science fiction author, the thing of most vital importance to him as a writer, is for him to find somebody who will pay him lots of money for his stories.

The convention recessed for the Author's Tea, which was one of the convention's really fine innovations in programing. All the available authors were put into a large room with a table full of coffee and cake and things like that. Bill Ellern then charged each fan 50¢ to get in (I assume he collected this for the convention rather than as a private enterprise). The fans who paid to get in had a fine time eating, sipping, and talking with one another. The authors, after standing around for a while or being glared at in disapproval if they tried to break into a circle of conversing fans, finally got to talking among themselves and had a good time, too.

I got to meet Ed Cox's wife for the first time and, just incidentally, renew my acquaintance with her husband. Since Ed Cox is one of my favorite fan authors, I felt I was at least sticking to the spirit of the Author's Tea. Meeting the couple offset the terrible experience of overhearing a snide remark about Planet Stories later on, an experience that would have turned into a scene had I not exercised unbelievable restraint.

Back at the convention hall, Ray Bradbury read a portion of his new novel to us backward types. Before the reading, he had been concerned about the public address system. The only modifications that had been made to the Alexandria's sound system since Hugo Gernsback set it up in his childhood as an electrical experiment were those made by a company employing Nazi experts on mass torture. Fortunately some kind fans had worked over the microphone hookup during the recess and Ray had no trouble.

In addition to his reading, which I enjoyed very much, he contributed his solution to the problem of becoming a good writer. All you have to do is sell to three leading magazines without the aid of an agent or a well-known name, and do this all in a single week, like he did. Among his other opinions of writers and writing, he exhibited tolerance of "sick" writing on the grounds that an author, particularly when he is young, usually has a lot of hurt and misery to work out of his system before he can go on to better things. Ray did object, however, to a type of writing that made the reader sick without ultimately giving him the privilege of actually throwing up.

The first auction followed, introduced by the most outlandish Mexican I'd ever seen. After a while, the "Mexican" donned the disguise of Walter J. Daugherty and

proceeded to make money for the convention. Bruce Pelz shared the position of auctioneer with Walter, and the two, with the help of the audience, put on a good show in addition to their services.

I sat across from Lee Jacobs, another of my favorite fan authors, at the banquet, and nearby some folks from my home town of Seattle. You may have heard of F. M. and Elinor Busby. I think I was also in the vicinity of Bill Donaho, but that's a pretty safe guess considering the area of Bill Donaho's vicinity.

The Solar Whirl, a showing of interstellar fashions, eliminated that dead spot that often shows up during banquets before the speeches begin. Thelma Evans narrated the event, and my favorite of the show was Jack Harness's performance as a nutty interstellar tourist, although his normal choice of shirts made it difficult to tell whether he was in costume or not. The only objections I heard about the Solar Whirl came from the girl-watchers contingent who would have preferred less material, if any, in the costumes.

Anthony Boucher did his usual brilliant job as master of ceremonies. Alva Rogers was the Fan Guest-of-Honor and gave a very good speech about his old days in LASFS and how he thought fandom was just a hobby even though he was actually living it. Harlan Ellison performed his schticks and, while I would enjoy a new routine, it will take quite a number of additional reruns before I'll be tired of his current repertoire. Al Halevy presented the Little Men's Invisible Little Man Award to Hal Clement, and it was a particularly appropriate award since Hal wasn't there. Forrest J. Ackerman accepted in Hal's behalf and promised to see that he got it.

Jack Vance was Guest-of-Honor. Anthony Boucher pointed out that there is documentary proof that Jack Vance is really Henry Kuttner, and that Henry Kuttner is dead, but he introduced Jack to us just as though there was such a person. Unfortunately Jack's quiet tones mingled with the speaker reverberations, making it almost impossible to understand what he was saying. Elinor Busby, with her talent for coming up with perfect descriptions, remarked that he seemed to be speaking in a language that closely resembled English.

I think we lost out on a really fine speech, because the portions I could decipher were a lot of fun. For instance, there was a part where Jack seemed to seriously ponder the theory that mankind's increase in mental disorders could be blamed on the unnatural, synthetic materials with which civilization surrounds the individual; then he uses this theory to conclude that man should live in caves instead of houses. At another point, he described how a car takes over the personality of its driver. The driver of a Volkswagen, for example, begins to think like a bug and goes scuttling around through the traffic. He proposed a new method of psychotherapy where a disturbed, insecure individual could be cured by being placed behind the wheel of a Lincoln Continental and turned loose on the freeway.

That evening, after the banquet, I went to Harlan Ellison's party at his house. I don't know yet how I rated an invitation, but I was not about to question this fantastic good luck. The instant I showed Harlan's address to the taxi driver, however, I knew it was going to be an adventure finding the place. The driver spent several minutes going through his maps and, from what I could gather, the chances of such an address existing was pretty low, and the chances of locating it if it did exist were even worse. He consulted with another driver, and then he called his dispatcher. Neither were any help, but the dispatcher called another cab company in Hollywood. They didn't know either, and I began to suspect Harlan was wreaking vengeance for that unbelievably awful introduction I gave him at the Seacon banquet. Working on the theory that looking for the place might be as exciting as being there, I told the driver to go ahead anyway, relying on his native instincts and my good luck.

That driver was like a bloodhound following the Ellison scent. From time to time he would stop and ask people, but none of them had heard of the street let alone the address. Finally, after doubling back about ten blocks on a narrow, twisting street devoid of intersecting streets which my driver needed to get to where he thought we should be going, he stopped at a small tavern to ask directions. Through the tavern

window I could see scarred and ugly faces in the dimly lit building, and I wondered if I would ever see the driver again. He emerged in a few moments with a sense of wonder expression on his face. "It's only a block from here," he announced mistily as though in shock.

Sure enough, we drove a short distance up what appeared to be somebody's driveway, pondered a moment at the dead end, finally turned left up what seemed to be a steep, asphalt sidewalk, and found ourselves in a small parking area surrounded by slopes so steep that I felt we were looking up from the bottom of a well. Houses somehow had been fastened to these walls. I climbed the steps, which were more like ladders, to the very last house and recognized Harlan Ellison and Anthony Boucher in the kitchen. The taxi driver even came all the way up to the house to look at Harlan because he wanted to see a person who would live in a location like that.

Aside from wondering how Harlan found such a place to begin with, I could see why he wanted to live there. It was not a very large place, but it was a perfect retreat for writing. Or, for that matter, entertaining small parties. It was well kept, nicely furnished, and had -- oh joy -- a genuine fireplace. A large desk was set out from the wall so that Harlan could work facing into the room, and a desk-high structure ran out from the wall to one end of the desk providing extra working space and enclosing the area behind the desk, making it into a sort of office right in the room. A bulletin board on the wall was tacked full of a hodge-podge of clippings and items whose true significance was probably only known to Harlan, himself.

I was surprised at there being so few books around, but what really amazed me was the extent of Harlan's record collection. He had shelves upon shelves crammed to capacity with longplay albums. His player was in the corner next to the fireplace, and no matter what sort of music was requested, Harlan would dig out an album of it and play it. Once Andy Main asked him for a specific album, and after Harlan had searched a while for it (his cataloging system is not perfected, being, in fact, non-existent), he told Andy it was probably among the records he still had in storage. Oi!

Except for Anthony and Harlan, I didn't recognize the guests. We introduced ourselves, and I immediately for got their names just as they probably forgot mine. They went back to whatever they were talking about while I prowled around looking at everything, and wondering how nosey I could get without getting thrown out. Ordinarily it would have been worth the risk, but it was quite a drop from this place to solid ground. About the time I was about to risk paging through a manuscript for a TV program Harlan had written, fans began to arrive, so I found a place next to the fireplace to be inscrutable and observant.

It was great observing that night. Anthony Boucher, Karen Anderson, and a fellow I had never met before, Robert Arthur carried on fascinating, erudite conversations, the Twist was demonstrated, practiced, and taught to appropriate music from Harlan's collection, Bruce Henstell got off some wonderful wisecracks, and everybody contributed their bit to a very enjoyable affair. (Well, of course I added my bit; I was the audience. Every good party needs an appreciative audience. Elinor was there and she can tell you how I sat in front of the roaring fire with my coat on, not even noticing the heat because my eyes and ears were too busy all over the room.)

As the party started to break up, I began to think about how I was going to get back to civilization; certainly no taxi could find me way out wherever it was that I was. Elinor solved the problem by wrangling a place for me in Bruce Henstell's station wagon. As we left Harlan's, Andy Main voiced my own admiration for the place by commenting whenever he got a place of his own he hoped it would be like Harlan's.

For no good reason, I was up about eight o'clock Sunday morning. The elevator stopped at the seventh floor and none other than Charles Burbee himself got on. We had breakfast together while he informed me about his recent experience recuperating from Friday night's party. After breakfast, we moved out to the lobby where we could view the passing fans. I told him about having written this convention report Friday night, and he believed me. He even made the special effort of saying a fabulous, Burbee-type punchline at ten minute intervals just to make the report factual.

Burbee told me stories about Laney and God, the sort of stories fans like to hear, and, as an added attraction, gave me lessons in girl-watching. I wasn't too good a student, since my reflexes were all trained along the lines of girl-watching-out-for, but it was fun trying.

From time to time, bleary-eyed fans would stop by to chat, and most of them started the chat with, "Did you hear about Al Lewis last night?" And then they would go on to tell the wildest tales possible. They must have been jealous over his being chairman of the convention, because I've never heard such outrageous stories told about any fan as I heard being told about Al Lewis that morning.

At ten o'clock, Burb and I went to see the NFFF meeting. Yes, this is the same Burbee you know and admire, but his curiosity gets a little morbid in the mornings, and he wanted to see what Al Lewis looked like, just in case there was any truth to the fantastic things we'd been hearing. The only people in sight, however, were Stan Woolston and Ann Chamberlain, and the hotel employees hadn't even set up the convention hall for the meeting yet, so Burbee and I returned to the lobby to carry on our projects there. [Author's note: This is the only place where this report went seriously astray from actual fact. You are referred to Donald Franson's letter in Cry of the Readers, this issue, for what actually took place at the NFFF meeting.]

Al haLevy was supposed to give a talk titled, "The Mythological and Romantic Elements of Modern Fantasy," but informed sources predicted he would never make it. It must have been a rough night for the Als, if we could believe our informants, though who could be expected to swallow such stories was beyond me. About the time he was scheduled to start talking, haLevy shambled by toward the coffee shop, and it looked like, in his case, the informants were right. He was in no shape to give a speech. After breakfast in the early afternoon, his condition improved to the point where Burbee almost got him to deliver his speech to us in the lobby, thinking the trip up to the convention hall on the next floor would be too much for him. We reckoned without the fantastic haLevy powers of recuperation, though, and he headed for the next floor under his own amazing power. Burbee was telling about a particularly fascinating incident in LASFS history, however, so I decided to skip Al's performance. When Elinor came by thirty minutes later with the news that Al was just about to start, I gave in to the urge to see this remarkable recovery in person.

Nothing about the talk stayed with me beyond the memory that it sounded well researched and that Al did a good job of delivering it despite the fact that he seemed a bit nervous. The public address system fought him by howling whenever he put his hand on the microphone, and Al did not associate the cause with the effect until his audience volunteered the information. Even so, he would forget himself from time to time and grab the microphone. Those Nazi torture experts sure knew their job when they fixed up that public address system.

Due to haLevy's late start, Al Lewis, who certainly didn't look as though he had crawled through a transom, skipped Forrest J. Ackerman's scheduled murmurings, "Forrest Murmurings," and went directly to presenting a panel discussion with the fascinating title, "Spacesuit with a Celluloid Collar." The panel was composed of Forrest J. Ackerman, Robert Bloch, somebody connected with the motion picture industry named Bert Gordon, and moderator Walter W. Lee, Jr.

Before the panel had a chance to start, however, Bruce Pelz asked me if I would help judge the Art Show. Feeling Bruce must have mistaken me for somebody else, but feeling "what the hell, why not?" about it, I took him up on it. What I didn't know until an instant later was that Bruce wasn't asking me to help judge the Art Show at some future time in the afternoon or evening; Bruce was asking for action immediately.

Leaving the panel to go on without me in the audience, I went up to the display room where Adrienne Martine and Bernie Zuber awaited judges. "I told Bruce we needed judges so...", Adrienne looked at me, resigned to a hopeless situation, "...he went out and got some judges." I think she wanted to put a question mark at the end of that explanation.

Anthony Boucher was the other judge, and he and Adrienne and I toured the displays separately to avoid influencing each other. The first time around I liked everything,

but my critical senses sharpened as the judging went on, and I finished the session with the feeling that I could outjudge any art critic in the business with both my eyes closed. Well, maybe with my eyes closed, I really would have my best chance. I've read Bruce Pelz's comments in Speleobem #16, and received a couple polite but revealing questions from Bjo in the mail, and I've regained a certain degree of humility with regard to my newfound abilities as an art critic.

I got back to the convention hall before the panel was over, but it was so near to ending that I was unable to pick up the thread of what had been discussed.

The second and final auction came next, and it produced some entertaining horseplay. At one point, Bruce Pelz was auctioning a gaudy red-white-and-blue thing made of some silky material that read, "This establishment is 100% American," or something like that. It hung from a gilded stick and was adorned with bright yaller tassels -- just the sort of thing I would have voted first place in the Art Show. The two big bidders were Bruce Henstell, who wanted to give it away, and Jack Harness, whose reason were suspect but obscure. Bruce Pelz was the auctioneer, and Bruce thought perhaps Jack planned to hang the banner from his walls. Since Jack and Bruce Pelz live at the same address, the auctioneer had a terrible time hearing Jack's bids and used his vilest tricks, which were many, to provoke another bid from Henstell. Eventually Jack gave up, but Steve Schultheis offered financial support for Jack's additional bids if he would promise to have the thing made into a shirt to wear at the Chicon. Jack modeled the unusual garment, judged from the shrieks from the audience that it would match his wardrobe, and accepted Steve's offer. Bruce Henstell put in a few more feeble bids, but his spirit had been broken and Jack was assured of something to wear at Chi.

Ron Ellik gave a very good TAFF report, "The Squirrel Uncaged," after the auction, and then came the business session. The single item of business was the selection of a site for the 1963 Westercon. Alva Rogers, who was to have put in the bid for the Bay area, was not present, so Ben Stark was called into action. F.M. Busby put in a hearty seconding speech, possibly inspired by the thought that Seattle might somehow put in a bid if he didn't plug for Berkeley, and the meeting was left open for more bids from other cities. Ted Johnstone put in a bid for San Diego, but the voting gave it to Berkeley. Al haLevy, who had planned to make the acceptance speech, was not present, so once again Ben Stark took care of the formalities. It has been conjectured that both haLevy and Rogers were down at the bar at the time, in which case it is plain to see that San Diego lost because its members were not as well organized.

Ed Wyman and I found a place to eat after the business meeting, and, although we both wanted to see, "The Genie," again, we were not worried about getting back at the scheduled time of showing since it is a well known fact that no convention runs on time. By the time we got back, "The Genie" had been run and we had to content ourselves with the professional productions that followed.

Monday morning I planned to see Disneyland for the first time, so I got up at seven, figuring I could catch the eight o'clock airporter to stow my baggage at the airport, and take a bus to Disneyland from there. While waiting for the airporter, Karen Anderson appeared, looking just as though she had slept the previous night even though she insisted she hadn't, and I decided to catch the nine o'clock airporter instead. By nine o'clock, Rory Faulkner and some other fans were in the Coffee Shop, and I decided to take the ten o'clock airporter. Before ten o'clock I got a phone call from Burbee, who said he was coming in to pick up the Busby's and that I could come along if I wanted, so I decided I could just make my plane if I skipped Disneyland and took the four o'clock airporter.

F. M., Elinor, Burbee, and I had some trouble getting together, primarily because of an android at the train depot that had its tapes mixed up (Buz might tell you about that), and on the way to Burbee's I made a terrible faux pas concerning the Los Angeles River (Burbee can tell you about that), and, although Burb got me back to the Alexandria in plenty of time to catch the airporter, I waited at the wrong entrance and missed it anyway (I'll have to tell you about that). But it was all more than worth it to be able to hear that piano roll and to visit one of the world's most pleasant hostesses, Isabelle Burbee.

Well, gang, we had a ball at the Westercon. We were a bit anxious ahead of time, for fear everybody would hate us. But it was okay, and we didn't have to run the gauntlet at all.

Forry Ackerman, although he smiled most amiably at us, didn't give us the big hello the way he usually does. But I attributed that to his being with Wendy Ackerman, and of course it's always a pleasure to see Forry engrossed in pleasant female companionship. Wendy is a tall woman, large but not fat, wears glasses, has regular features and a friendly helpful manner. She has gray, almost white hair, and so looks as if she might be a few years older than Forry; nonetheless, they make a very handsome couple.

Some of the other people we met at the con, whom we hadn't met previously, included Don Fitch, Bob Lichtman, Dian Girard, Cal Demmon, Kevin Langdon and Grania Davidson. I didn't get well acquainted with any of these people--but that's not surprising. More often than not, it takes two or three cons.

Dian Girard has fine dark hair, dark eyes with glasses, light skin, a full figure and long legs. She is about 19 years old, and I think that in both appearance and personality is probably a little like Mary Young at that age.

Grania Davidson is a rather cute little gal who, in feature, looks a little like Emsh's cover for the Poul Anderson story in which the heroine lives with the Enemy and destroys him. But that cover was of a Valkyrie type, and Grania is not the least bit Valkyrie in nature.

We arrived at the con Friday night, and spent some time in the Davidsons' room and some time in the bar, talking to various people and having fun.

I also went to the fan art show while it was being hung, and bought a picture from Luan Meatheringham. I liked the pictures she had at the Seacon, and one in particular I liked so much that it quite grieved me that it had been sold before I ever saw it. So before we left Seattle I told Buz that if she had anything for sale at the Westercon I liked, I was going to buy one. As it happened, there were four that I liked very much. I glowered at them for a long time, unable to make up my mind. Norma Vance came and looked at them too. She said they reminded her of Aubrey Beardsley. I said they were like Beardsley's drawings in being elegant and stylized, but unlike them in having warmth and tenderness, and not having his strong flowing line and sick sardonic quality. We both agreed that they reminded us of Kay Nielsen's illustrations for "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and that Luan would make a superb illustrator for "The Dying Earth." --I finally picked a painting called "The Beardwatchers" which was of a bearded gent watched by various strange animals on a planet with four suns. Afterwards, I rather wished I had picked "Shambleau at Home" instead, but when I got my picture home I saw that I had made the right decision after all. It is quite perfect above the tall black bookcase with the Hugo and the spinnerbeanie from London, and directly across from the unicorn.

Saturday we went to the program. Anthony Boucher spoke on the past year in books. He said that Heinlein intended "Stranger in a Strange Land" to be the climax and culmination of his career, but that actually it was a complete flop, and the biggest disappointment of the year. I think Boucher was wrong, for this reason: a book has to be considered in terms of what the author intended. Heinlein claims to write for money, and so far as I know there's no reason to believe he made any less from "Stranger..." than he expected to. I think Heinlein also writes because he has a need to communicate to others his ideas, beliefs, attitudes and intuitions. As communication, there can be no doubt that "Stranger" had more success than could reasonably have been expected. I will certainly agree that the book is artistically imperfect, but until it can be proved that Perfect Artistry is more desirable (and more desired by Heinlein) than money and communication, I must regard "Stranger..." as a great success, and not as a flop.

The science fiction panel, with Ed Clinton moderating Poul Anderson, Mark Clifton, and A. E. van Vogt, was extremely good, in my opinion. In discussing Campbell's editorial policies, Mark Clifton found him too domineering and restrictive, Poul didn't find him either in the slightest degree, and A. E. van Vogt chortled that when Campbell had given him an idea for a story, it had taken three years to trickle down into his subconscious and percolate back up again in story form. With respect to the difference in experience

between Clifton and Anderson, it occurs to me that Campbell might be willing to buy any type of really good story, but that when he has to buy crud he'll buy his own kind of crud. (Here I am revealing prejudice against Mark Clifton--I have rather disliked him ever since reading "When They Come From Space," p. 156 alone of which proves him a regrettable form of life. He didn't endear himself to me, either, by declaring that "Eight Keys to Eden" was intended to be a satire on science fiction. He may be quite a wonderful person for all I know, but he's not the kind of person that appeals to me.)

A. E. van Vogt declared that Space is the poetry of our age. I like the idea, and think he's right. He also said that what science fiction needs more of is Science Fiction Energy. I don't know whether he defined this concept or not--if he did, I wasn't listening. In any case, it doesn't require definition--it obviously overlaps Sam Moskowitz' Sense of Wonder, but does not duplicate it. Relevant to science fiction energy, Poul said that too many authors do not do their homework. By 'homework' Poul meant the thorough working-out of backgrounds, of details which do not necessarily appear in the story, yet ensure that the story, and its background, will hang together.

Ray Bradbury was in the audience. Later that afternoon he made his own contribution: that science fiction writers should put their most powerful emotions into their stories--when they hate, when they fear, as when they love, they should use their emotions in writing their stories. Now, here we have another kind of energy--emotional energy.

It does seem clear to me that good stories must be written with energy. Whether the energy be emotional, intellectual, imaginative, or a blend of all three is less important than that the energy exist, which alone can create energetic approval in the reader.

Buz and I needed reading matter for the trip home. I'd heard that within a couple blocks of the hotel was a store with many paperbacks, so that afternoon I sallied forth in search of it. At first I thought I'd found it, and entered confidently to retreat abashed a moment later--many of the racks had packets of pictures of unclad men and women, and the racks that had books had only very strange-looking books indeed, with pictures of women brandishing whips, and things like that on the covers. The next 'book store' had the same assortment, and four more I identified as similar scenes without going in. Six stores, on two streets, within a couple blocks of the Alexandria, purveyed these curious and unseemly wares! I'm not sure that the Alexandria is in too good a part of town. But eventually I found an ordinary, wholesome drugstore, and bought a Margery Allingham mystery and Thurber's "The Years With Ross," both of which we enjoyed very much.

The banquet was that evening. Jack Vance, Alva Rogers, Tony Boucher, Al HaLevy and Harlan Ellison were on. Everybody was fine except Jack Vance, whose speech may have been fine to those sitting close to him. Where we sat it sounded to me as if he were speaking in some strange language which had borrowed a few words from the English. Buz, whose ears are keener, caught an occasional sentence. The sound level was adequate--Vance just wasn't enunciating clearly enough. I think he has the sort of super-soft voice that requires tremendously precise enunciation to be readily understood.

Buz started to come down with a migraine headache at the banquet; after a beer or two he seemed to be working free from it. However, he wasn't willing to go to Harlan's party that night. When one has migraine hovering, one isn't willing to get far from the comfort and privacy of one's room. So, I went to Harlan's party without Buz, but with Bruce Henstell, Avram and Grania, Poul and Karen, and Andy Main. Bruce Henstell drove, and seemed extremely competent. It was a long drive. After we parked, we walked up a wooded road, and then up a wooded path. Going up the path we caught three distinct scents. First, eucalyptus (identified for me by Karen), then a piney fragrance, and last, at the head of the path, magnolia. Harlan's house was nice, and well-suited to him: it's small and very, very hip. It had sloping ceilings, a skylight, and a huge stone fireplace with a roaring fire which I assumed to be for esthetic rather than caloric purposes. Here we discovered that Wally Weber is not really a human being after all--he was seated on the hearth by the fire, wearing a coat and tie, and claimed that he wasn't at all too hot. Harlan has an enormous collection of records, but Wally and I agreed sternly that Boucher's is much larger. However, Wally and I reminded one another charitably that Harlan is younger than Boucher, and may catch up yet.

I looked at Harlan's collection of paintings, ranging from abstract expressionism though fantasy (I was particularly interested to see how he had had Luan Meatheringham's

"Bird King" framed--double-matted, with white on the inside and charcoal grey on the outside, and a narrow black frame--quite effective, I think); and I talked to various people.

Ron Goulart told me about a young fan who had been brought to the convention by his resolutely non-fannish father. He mimicked the father introducing his sons to the pros, and bidding for him at the auction. We laughed heartily, but then compassion set in, and we agreed that kids' hobbies should not be encouraged by their parents, that young adolescents have got a right to be persecuted, and forced to keep their science fiction under the mattress and read it by a flashlight late at night.

Karen and Robert Arthur and I boasted of our favorite puns. Karen's was a Feghoot, the punchline of which was "It was a prone and lowly sing to be a ban." Mine was the one praised by Walt Willis (than whom who would one rather be praised by?)--The Boyd Stood on the Burning Deeck. Robert Arthur's was, in my opinion, more historic than good. He asked John Dickson Carr whether he had ever met Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. John Dickson Carr said no, that the closest he had ever come to meeting him was one night he had been waiting for a cab, and a cab stopped, and Sir Arthur got out, and he got in and sat in the warm depression left by Sir Arthur's body. "Oh," said Robert Arthur, "you made contact with his astral spirit."

Bruce Henstell told Karen and Boucher and I that only a couple years previously a friend of his had got him completely convinced that Sherlock Holmes was a real person, and that if he weren't still alive he had died only very recently. I said quickly, before anyone else could beat me to it, that if Sherlock Holmes hadn't lived it would have been necessary for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to invent him. Tony Boucher laughed, and said that was good--but I was almost ashamed of myself for having made a mechanical joke.

Harlan and his 'chick' (whom he once introduced as Samantha Birdseed) tried to teach me the twist. I almost got it, but not quite. Miri had told me earlier that day that the way to learn the twist was to go to a twist movie. She said she'd gone to one (on a double bill, before the show she'd wanted to see) and when she came out she knew how to twist. I'm sure she's right--but since we came back from the Westercon there hasn't been a twist movie in town.

All in all, I had a good time. I told Harlan so at parting, and thanked him for asking me, and put out my hand to shake hands. He grabbed it, kissed it, dropped to his knees, looked up at me with his big blue eyes and said, "I'll bring back that goddam grail!" Harlan always turns me on.

When we got back to the hotel we went up to 1284, the convention suite. Here I was cornered by Al haLevy, who requested my support for Frisco in '64. I was a bit hesitant, because I hate to commit myself without Buz' consent. But I LOATHE the Mordor pitch, at that time not yet dropped, and have always been very partial to the Bay Area; I'm also extremely partial to Al haLevy, and he has got a really becoming little pointed beard this year.

So it's '64 Frisco or Fight, gang. L.A. has put on a worldcon more recently than San Francisco--it's very clearly San Francisco's turn. Al haLevy, Alva Rogers, Bill Donaho and Ben Stark are all fine fans and wonderful people. I have the utmost confidence in their ability and stability--they will put on a superb convention.

Sunday is less clear in my mind. Al haLevy gave a talk which I would rather have read than listened to. It was rather informative, and I find it hard to absorb information through my ears. I also attended the panel Bloch was on; however, he was badly outnumbered. We didn't have much chance to chat with him, but mutually took note of the fact that neither he nor I were wearing contact lenses. In this respect, Forry is the one success I can think of in fandom.

We spent most of Sunday in the bar, and met some more of the people who were mentioned in ASI. I met Walt Liebscher, who looks a great deal younger than he could possibly be, and is very goodlooking and lively. I didn't have a chance to chat with him though--he was with Mary Beth Wheeler (?) from the old Slan Shack days, and she invited Walt Daugherty to sit between us. I rapidly split that scene--Walt Daugherty was too large a person to fit into the available space.

Niesson Himmel and Gus Willmorth were there later. I didn't chat with Gus at all. Niesson Himmel has a fierce flavor. Shortly after ASI came out he saw Laney a few rows

in front of him at a baseball game, and said if he'd been close enough he'd have taken a swipe at him. Niesson was furious because Laney said only nice things about him but insulted all his friends. Niesson is still a newspaperman, and was in Seattle covering the opening of the fair. He remembered seeing Buz at the press tour.

We saw quite a lot of Alva Rogers at this convention, and liked him immensely. He projects a sort of friendly warmth and quiet intelligence. We met and liked him at the Baycon, but it took another con to feel really acquainted.

James Kepner was at this con but I didn't meet him, which was a disappointment. Burb found him wandering around looking at the art show, with a book of Arabic in his pocket. Burb said, "What's the matter, Jimmy? Aren't there enough dirty words in English for you?" Burb said Kepner didn't like this remark very well. Alva had a long chat with Kepner in the bar. "We had a gay old time," he said. Then he thought it over, and said, "You know, that's not quite what I mean." I suggested, "You enjoyed talking to him again," and he agreed that was much better.

Buz and Burb and I went out to dinner together. Going from one closed restaurant to another, we met Bloch, Boucher and Karen. They recommended Lyman's, where they'd eaten. We went there and were soon joined by Al haLevy, whom Bloch, Boucher and Karen had told where they'd sent us. It was a nice place--more like my mental picture of a 19th century London restaurant than like 20th century America. Al was tempted by porpoise on the menu, but turned it down because he said he couldn't be sure it would be properly prepared. I tried to get him to promise not to eat porpoise unless it was fish, not mammal, but he refused. However, since he didn't order it and I was quite sure it was fish anyhow, the point was academic. I think porpoise-on-the-menu is ALWAYS fish, and not the friendly mammal we know and love so well and are trying to enlist in the U.S. Navy.

At some point in the evening we went up to 1284, but around midnight I suddenly realized I was too tired to have fun anymore, so I went to bed. I woke up around 4:30 feeling sociable, and called 1284. A familiar voice answered, "Flanagan's." "Hi, Buz," I said. It must have been too late at night or too early in the morning for him, because he didn't recognize my voice. He said he'd been having a four hour talk with Al Lewis. I asked if I should come up, and he didn't care either way. I decided not to, since I wanted to hear about his talk with Al Lewis, and thought I would probably hear about it quicker if I stayed in our room. It was another HOUR. I should have gone up.

Monday morning we said goodbye to people and Buz got tickets for the return trip. Then Burb took Wally and us out to his house. Wally was there for a few hours, and Buz and I for a few days.

Monday night Don Fitch came over, and we visited with him a little more. But we still didn't get well-acquainted. It's all right, though, because when we see him again at next year's Westercon, we shall probably meet as old friends.

We had a great time with the Burbees, but it's hard to know how much a stay with friends belongs in a con report. As you might imagine, we had lots of wonderful food and superb conversation. Wednesday night Jane and Bill Ellern came over. We sat up all night talking. Charles pooped out not long after midnight, but Jane and Bill and Isabel and Buz and I kept talking merrily all night long. About four o'clock poor Bill got awfully tired, but he was too kindhearted to drag Jane away while she was having fun, and she and we remained very chipper. This is the third convention we've met Jane at, but the first at which we've gotten acquainted. She's a nice girl and a lot of fun. She and Bill seem very happy together. They had just moved into another house, and Bill complained that before she did anything else she fixed up the room for the baby they're expecting next month, and even put all the little diapers and things away in the drawers. It was the sort of complaint which is actually a thinly veiled boast.

We boarded the train around six, and slept most of that day. We had a good trip home, from a wonderful convention.

I see I have a few lines left--and there is so much that didn't go into this report! I lost my wallet, and it was picked up by a deputy sheriff, and Burbee got it and mailed it to me. The Burbees loaned us a car, and we went to see Buz' aunts and cousins in Balboa. Johnny Burbee was home--he is a very handsome boy, with an extremely harmonious blend of his parents' features. Don Franson is so sweet, but he never says goodbye. Bob Lichtman has an unbecoming hairdo. Next CRY I'll tell you all about Chicago. --Elinor

Way back in 1958, one of my earliest CRY 'True Confessions' dealt with the time I carried out scientific observations on the passing of Sputnik II over Belfast, and in the rush to see the sight, I raced out of the house minus my trousers. This, I feel, properly displayed my unbounded enthusiasm for the more serious side of our cult....and I often ponder what bewildered thoughts will pass through my mind when I'm being fed my gruel with a big wooden spoon, and great-grand-children are tucking the blanket round my legs, and trips to Venus are mundane events (compared with the present-day row across the lake), and I can allow my withered tongue to play tag with my sole remaining front tooth as I blather to them that when I was fairly young, I saw it all happening. It seems trite to keep repeating that we are all 'in' at the conception of Space Travel and all the things that go with it. But on the other hand, consider the priceless value of, say, a pseudo fannish article impressed on mud by some poor neo a few thousand years ago, when someone discovered the wheel! The description of that shattering invention, enscribed by a contemporary, would be of inestimable value in getting a picture of events and opinions which would considerably assist archaeologists in trying to show what life was like pre B.C. and all that.

So, in this round-about way, I'm leading up to the suggestion that in a few thousand years hence, an archaeological expedition from some nearby star system, excavating in the rubble and mud where northwestern America used to be, will come across a complete CRY file. With Tucker's Neofan's Guide to assist them, rather like the Rosetta Stone in modern archaeology, they will freely translate, and revealed to them will be a contemporary picture of the world as we now know it. The first thing these future archaeologists will do will be to publish an unexpurgated volume of the Hubbard Green stories, and then will come a time for a more detailed examination of the other contents. It could be that many thousands of words will be spent in working out a theory as to why I hadn't got my trousers on when I rushed out to see Sputnik II?

Then, of course, they will probably be equally bewildered by my account of the strange goings-on at Goonhilly.....

The launching of the American satellite TELSTAR in July 1962 started a most amazing sequence of events on television in Great Britain.

On Tuesday evening, after every programme on BBC TV there was an announcement to say that just after 12 Midnight on 12th July 1962, the very first television picture from across the Atlantic would be shown to viewers.

It was going to be the biggest thing on television EVER.

Or so the BBC told us repeatedly.

So as midnight on 11th July drew nigh, I couldn't restrain my excitement. I jumped up and down on the settee, biting my nails, waiting for the mundane programmes to finish.

My wife, at about 11.20 pm, asked if I was going to bed. Normally, even after about 14 years of living with me, such a suggestion was unnecessary, and I really did consider it, but I consoled myself with the thought that such a thing as cross-Atlantic TV for the very first time could only be seen once, and I mean, I can chase my wife up to bed anytime ~~of the day or night~~.

And so it came near midnight.....and then a brass band marched past my house.

I rushed outside to see it, and the sky was crimson all around, and flames flickered across the gables of nearby houses. Everywhere people cheered and clapped and sang. Heck, I thought, the BBC have fairly made a Big Thing out of this TELSTAR racket.

I rushed in the house again, bounded up the stairs, and leapt across the room and on to the bed. "Wake up, wake up, dearheart," I panted. "Everybody's up, and soon you will see pictures across the Atlantic, LIVE, for the first time, and there's bands marching up and down outside, and everyone is lighting a bonfire to commemorate the event. Get up, quick."

She must have been having a nightmare, because she sat up, her eyes screwed up like withered lemons. Her eyes then became strangely cross, and in some modest way, she held the blankets across the delicately-embroidered petit-point daisies and bluebells which

liberally covered the, er, front of her nightie.

"Down, boy," she breathed. "It's just after midnight, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I panted, "Live TV from America and....."

"So now it's the early morning of the 12th of July, isn't it?"

"Yeah....yeah....and live TV from....."

"AND THE 12TH OF JULY IS THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY IN NORTHERN IRELAND WHEN THE ORANGEMENT MARCH," she screamed, somehow losing all self-control, "AND THEY ALWAYS LIGHT BONFIRES AND THEY ALWAYS HIRE BRASS BANDS TO MARCH UP AND DOWN THE STREET. IDIOT. DOLT.. CRETIN."

Abashed, I sat down on the settee again, and switched on BBC.

The rotund and intellectual visage of Richard Dimbleby, ace BBC commentator, came on the screen. He explained that this was IT. We were now being taken to Goonhilly Down, in Cornwall, and when TELSTAR passed over Britain from America, we would see the first live TV pictures across the Atlantic. Then we got a close up of him. He looked furtively from left to right, then sneered. He explained that the American transmitting station, in charge of TELSTAR, was in Andover, Maine. He said that an identical station had been built in Northern France. Then his voice became confidential. He said that the G.P.O. (the self-same organization which delivers our fanzines) had built a station in Cornwall, very close to where Marconi made his first Atlantic wireless message way back. All the equipment was British built and designed, it had been done in little over a year, and even more significant; it had cost a small fraction of the American equipment. Dimbleby suggested by inference that it was going to be a sort of competition to see who received the first pictures from America via TELSTAR, the Americans in Northern France, or us.

Over to Goonhilly. Raymond Baxter, another top class BBC commentator, took over and the camera switched to a complicated-looking outfit which was all cathode ray tubes, knobs, dials and TV sets. He spoke at length about the possibilities, frequently mentioning the phrase 'an air of tension and excitement.' Then he said that TELSTAR wasn't due yet, and back to Richard Dimbleby.

Dimbleby looked nervous, but he isn't an ace commentator for nothing. He mentioned an air of tension and excitement, and then we were treated to a ten minute TV film of men all huddled up in furs in Lapland. One Lapp shot a wolf, and we were shown the stiffened carcase with the befuddled expression on the wolf's face. Then back to Richard Dimbleby again. He grinned knowingly and said that when TELSTAR was properly organised, that was probably the sort of programme we would be getting from America. Then back to Baxter. He told us that as TELSTAR was getting nearer, the atmosphere at Goonhilly Down was charged with 'tension and excitement.' Back to Dimbleby. Richard, smug and possessed, said did we know that there was a college for cheer-leaders in America? Before I had time to say 'NO', a film explained in great detail how these teenage girls in American colleges spent a hell of a lot of time twirling sticks and shouting 'Rah rah rah' and prancing up and down in short skirts.....and then Dimbleby, reminding us that there was an air of tension and excitement at Goonhilly Down, said that we would probably get TV shows like that from America, too. Then to Baxter. I put my fingers in my ears whilst his lips formed the words 'tension and excitement.' Then he said that TELSTAR was now coming over the horizon. We got an operators-eye view of the dials and things, and sneak shots at the TV screens, but no picture from TELSTAR. Baxter explained that the giant bowl-receiver outside had picked up TELSTAR, but we weren't, for some unknown reason, getting a picture.....and then TELSTAR had passed over head and was rapidly sinking, and still no picture, and men twiddling knobs and kicking the monitor TV sets like mad, and thumping dials with their fists, and then, miracle of miracles, for a very few seconds, on the monitor screens, was the unmistakeable picture of a man sitting at a desk looking mighty important. No sound...and not a very good picture, but nevertheless the BBC had successfully transmitted to viewers all over Great Britain the very first live TV pictures from America. Dimbleby told us that the tension and excitement had partly died down, and though it wasn't as successful as he'd hoped, we had seen history made.

I nodded happily, yawned, scratched my head, cleaned my teeth and got into bed. I lay there and contemplated. Then I thought about TELSTAR. I had actively participated in history, and now I've recorded my impressions for posterity.

I do hope those future archaeologists will understand..... John Berry, 1962

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle

by F M Busby

We were sorry to hear of John Champion's death; we did not really know him very well, although we were among the first if not the first of his in-person fan-contacts. But he was a nice bright young guy and there was the feeling that one of these days we'd get better acquainted and that this would be a good thing. 21 is too soon to stop living, in any case; John had been through a spell of premature disillusion, but I'm sure he was in no wise ready to sign out [the head-on collision was in his own lane, it is reported; on Friday, July 13th]. Altogether a bad thing.

Apologies to Dr. Antonio Dupla, Po. Ma. Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain, who has been trying to subscribe to CRY for some time now without success. Last year about this time [and you do recall what was going on around here last year about this time, don't you?] an official-looking paper arrived here from, I believe, Madrid. It was a puzzling document and I set it aside for further study. About two weeks later a duplicate arrived, along with a letter explaining that it was a subscription order for CRY in the name of Dr. Dupla [so it is a good thing I did not try to cash it at the bank-- why, they would have thought I was some kind of nut!]. There was one hitch; in order that this agent be authorized to send us any lovely money, he required "invoices to be submitted in four copies". Well, now; there was a stopper, I tell you. Mind you, I'm not trying to get nosey about the way you run your fanzines, but is there anyone in the crowd who has or uses invoices in the process, let alone in four copies? Don't all speak at once; it's not polite. So I sent a letter to Madrid explaining that we wouldn't know an invoice if it came up and bit us in the leg, but that if they would send moneys we would faithfully requite it in copies of CRY. I had also intended to drop an explanatory note to Dr. Dupla personally, but I'm afraid this is another of the 75 or 100 things that did not get tidied up after the SeaCon passed. At any rate, Dr. Dupla, who must be a patient and persistent man indeed, himself put paper to typer the other day and wrote to me: he had not seen or heard of my letter to the agent, it would seem, and like a trufan of highest ilk chose to blame the whole shebang on the postal services [and he might be right; maybe my letter never reached Madrid, for all I know]. Well, you can't let a good man down, so this issue and maybe a couple of back issues depending on the Elinorial whim, go(es) to Dr. Dupla with our apologies and our best wishes in finally getting a subscription arranged successfully.

And the first letterhack to add the obvious line to "four invoices--" will very likely have his subscription torn up and the money used for beer or maybe for Dr. Dupla.

Readers of SHAGGY #61 will have seen Al Lewis' paragraph concerning my mention last issue [of CRY] of Bjo's charges [made in letter, not in her SHAGGY article] that Seacon had rigged the Costume Ball against LA entries.

Well, at the Westercon, Al and I discussed this and related matters at some length [about four hours, in fact]. The result was mutual agreement: Al will have corrections in the next SHAGGY, and he and I will have seen each other's copy before any of it reaches you, dear reader.

So since Al is going to clear us from that end, I can spare you the long boring mass of quotes and other data that would be necessary to do it from this end.

Thanks, Al; you're a Good Man.

I might also mention that thanks are due to the fella who steadfastly sat in the moderator's spot during that 4-hour discussion: that eminent moderate, Mr. Bill Donaho. One thing Bill said [note the smooth transition here, folks] was that when I do get well-bugged I tend to overdo it. One of the penalties of being correct, as Bill was in this case, and that people ask you further questions. Poor Bill is now stuck with my attempts to figure out howcome and Can This Temper Be Saved? and all. So maybe one of these days I will find out and then you will be faced with a new and milder Busby in place of the occasionally-volcanic fella you have come to know and put up with.

But don't bet any money on it, just yet.

I have looked through the other material scheduled for this issue, and for some reason do not feel like doing a Westercon report, no matter how hard you beg me. [Oh?] Not that it wasn't a fine Westercon. It was a very fine Westercon indeed. It was sort of like replaying South Gate under the player-limit for traveling teams. We were down there for about 6 days and I got to bed before 5am just once, and then not by much.

Don't let anyone tell you that there are limits to the hospitality of Charles and Isabel Burbee. Well, I didn't ask them to burn down the house so I could toast marshmallows, of course-- but I was speaking in practical terms, being essentially a practical man at heart which is probably why I have been long addicted to reading science-fiction. [See there, SaM? We do talk about the stuff, nearly every issue!] Why, those people even gave us the use of a car and turned us loose with it-- me, that hadn't driven in Los Angeles since 1939! [In a way I hesitated to mention this, because Burb might as a result be under siege with demands to use his car all the time. But then I realized that now that I have done whatever it was I did to make the car sound as if the muffler had fallen off, Burb and Isabel are going to be a lot more cautious in future, probably.] And I hate to shatter your illusions, but I found LA drivers and LA traffic to be every bit [if not more so] as sane and reasonable as the Seattle product. Of course, this might be because right now all the real nuts in California are up here for the World's Fair. Maybe I didn't give the town a fair chance.

You have got to watch out for Elmer Perdue; he likes to build a big pot. I am now speaking about poker, of course. My last previous poker game had been about 8 years ago in Whittier, Alaska; it was sort of fitting to be playing in Whittier, Calif. I seemed to have about 8 years' worth of good luck saved up, too, for a while there; I suppose part of it is the temporary advantage of a new player in a game before the rest begin to spot his weaknesses, but some of my draws were in clear violation of the Law of Averages and surprised the hell out of me. Anyhow, pretty soon Uncle Elmer caught on to my sad penchant for seeing one or two more cards than the part-hand warrants, and instituted a program of strategic raises to get more of my [actually, Isabel's; I was playing her stack while she prepared dinner, etc] money in the pot than good sense indicated.

Anyhow, I figure that those boys would take me good, on an every-week basis. It is a good game that is played at 7628 S Pioneer Blvd.

Any who received Dave Rike's Cultzine entitled DNQac will do well to read the colophon carefully and keep it firmly in mind throughout. As promised therein, Dave has mixed fact, hyperbole, and pure fiction in about equal parts. Fun to read, but don't use it as a reference work, there, Harry Warner.

I recommend to you a paperback titled "The Big Nickelodeon" by Maritta Wolff; never mind the crummy blurbs, just read it if you like characters that get under your skin. I had read a couple of the writer's earlier works back when both she and I were a lot younger than is the case these days ["Whistle Stop" & "Night Shift"]. Maybe I should look those up again and see if the whammy has held up. One thing I notice has not changed with her; she tends to use one John Campbell type hero in the script, and this is my reason for discussing the book(s) here. The thing is, she rings a change. Analog stories feature the Cortez or unstoppable fella and he is a man with a mission, at least by the end of the story he is. When miss Wolff uses the type, he is a selfish and most generally an irresponsible slob whose powers of command and personal presence are used mainly to get him his own way and the hell with you, Jack-- oh, sure, sometimes he does a good turn, but this is purely for his own reasons and at whim. I leave it to the experience of the reader as to which picture is more generally apt to the true one; I'd say that each is fairly likely, myself, having seen examples of both in a minor-league sort of way. But I'm afraid Stush is more apt to be typical than is the Dorsai.

This morning I got a haircut. Not unusual, you say. OK, how many of you get a bottle of Japanese beer in the bargain? There was a fella ahead of me so Gus got this stubby of Asahi Beer out of the innards of his coke machine and I sat out of sight of lurking Liquor Board inspectors and nursed that fine beer while I waited. And suddenly I realized something: my growing lack of ardor for US commercial beer stems not from any change in my tastebuds nor even from my yen for the homebrewed product. This Asahi, by golly, tasted exactly like US beer used to taste, back when I really dug it the most. I am gonna have to see if Gus will get me a case out at the NCO Club. Cheers. --Buz.

I was a teenage werewolf:

Back in the golden days of fandom when fans concerned themselves with science fiction (when Ed Wood was just a little chip), one of the standard articles which appeared in one fanzine after another was the one titled, "Authors I Have Known." These were usually filled with such fascinating data as the color of Clifford Simak's hair, the size of shoe worn by E. E. Smith, and Fletcher Pratt's favorite suki-yaki recipe. Occasionally one of the more colorful stories about sf authors would come out, such as the heartwarming tale of how Frank Robinson used to work as copy-boy at Ziff-Davis, or Noel Loomis' technique of writing all his stories on a linotype machine, but these were rare and usually repeated fifteen or twenty times by fanhacks besieged with requests for material from neofaneds anyway.

We don't get many articles like that anymore (the last one I can remember was the perhaps apocryphal one about Bob Silverberg being asked, at the age of ten, what he wanted to grow up to be, and replying, "Ivar Jorgenson"), and I must say that by and large I don't miss them. The only thing that bothers me about their disappearance is that I kept waiting for someone to write an article about Unsuccessful Authors I Have Known.

I'm not being as facetious as that may sound. Some of the most fascinating people I've ever known have been unsuccessful authors, and it seems a shame that articles should be written about comparatively dull individuals whose names just happen to be better known.

There's something terribly intense about people who are determined to Write, Write, Write and who keep at it for years and years despite repeated rejection slips. Feelings can run high. One such young man used to keep a copy of the latest issue of whatever magazine he currently had a story on submission to suspended on a string over his wastebasket--if he got a rejection slip, he'd cut the string. Eventually he tired of the game and became fatalistic: he showed me a thick scrapbook filled with rejection slips and told me that he was shooting for a complete collection.

This was the same young man who once wrote a novel in which he described the starting of an airplane's engines like this: "The man on the field ran out and twirled the propeller; it spun clockwise once, twice, thrice, then finally caught and spun more and more rapidly in a rising roar. When it had fully caught there was a fluttering of the prop that was too fast for the eye, and then it settled down to a steady, humming revolution in the other direction."

He'd been watching too many movies. I shudder to think what would have happened if he'd written a western and described the wheels of a stagecoach.

Of course, I don't want to give you the impression that I sneer at the young man and others like him. Hell no--for too many years I was a very unsuccessful writer. As a matter of fact, he and I spent many an evening over beers leaning back in our tweed smoking-jackets and muttering things like, "I'm contemplating my novel."

There was another fellow who had the Artistic approach. He spent most of an afternoon once explaining to me the inner meanings of NEW YORKER cover art. He wrote absolutely wild short stories and poems which he would read to us (over beers, leaning back in our smoking jackets) in resonant tones, with gestures. They sounded great; he had a style that flowed, was infinitely expressive, and was loaded with inner meanings. We all sat enraptured as the measured cadences of his phrases washed over us. Then, when he had finished, one of us would ask to see the manuscript so that we could check on a particularly telling phrase which we hadn't quite caught--and disillusionment would set in. This young author had absolutely no idea in the world of how to write with the English language; his sentences rambled on for paragraphs, he couldn't spell, and when you got right down to considering the matter you realized that half of the golden words he used just didn't exist. What's more, he couldn't--couldn't!-- type.

But my god could he read aloud.

After a few such disappointing sessions in the old armchair, I tried to tell him what was wrong with his writing. He shook his head sadly, patiently, and said, "Terry Carr, you are hung up on grammar."

"What did you bring that book that I don't like to be read to out of up for?" I muttered.

One day I told him that I had written a poem, as indeed I had. It was a page and a half long and its words formed a fascinating non-sequiter pattern upon the page. There were no initial caps and nothing rhymed. Nothing meant anything, either, but I didn't tell him that. I handed it to him and asked him to tell me what he got out of it.

He read it with beetle-brows and then told me that I had apparently been striving to capture the eternal struggle of the masses upward from the mud to the stars, and pointed out lines which referred to each agonized, enraptured, wondering expression that crossed the face of Man on that painful ascent.

"But Keith," I said, "the poem doesn't mean anything. I wrote it for a joke! It's deliberately meaningless."

He peered at me silently, calmly for several seconds. "True writing comes from inside," he said. "From underneath, in the subconscious, or the soul if you happen to believe in it which I don't because I quit the Catholic Church last week and haven't managed to embrace Brahminism just yet. But your innards know, Terry Carr."

"My innards?" I said, aghast.

"Your insides," he said. He was imperturbable. "You surrendered your usual rigid formality of language to the dictates of your subconscious, and have written the first really meaningful thing in your life."

I laughed like the clod that I am and went home and wrote another poem which meant absolutely nothing. I sent it to a Little Magazine of poetry which was just starting, and in a week or so back came a letter saying that I had an admirable grasp of the form but hadn't quite, somehow, come to grips with the content of the imagery. So I wrote another one in which all the imagery was built around roads, paths, footsteps and such. It appeared in the next issue of the magazine. (Then the magazine folded.)

Heartened, I wrote three pages of such poems, and published them in my FAPazine. I was voted Best Poet on the Egoboo Poll that year.

But I digress. This is supposed to be about other people's kookiness, not my own.

Our group of teenaged Welfes and Saroyans (and Jorgensons) were not so anti-Art as I may have made it sound by our treatment of Keith. Our attitude, for the most part, was simply that the English language was flexible enough to accommodate even Art within the confines of its proper usage. Aside from that, we spent many hours (in our tweed jackets, over beers) searching for our artistic souls, and talking of hack writers who had Sold Out for money.

Then we met Jerry Kolden. Jerry's real name was Goldstein, but he had changed it because he felt a non-Jewish name would be more advantageous professionally. He had, for a time, worked as an artist for the E.C. comics; he was a close friend of Wallace Wood and Al Williamson. Just now he was living in San Francisco and making his living drawing sparkles on giant diamond rings for jewelry ads. But he dreamed of better things. Mainly, he had been watching the growth of television and had decided that animated cartoons would be a Coming Thing in that medium (this was long before "The Flintstones" or "Bullwinkle," remember); he wanted to get in on the ground floor and was looking around for someone to script a science fiction series on which he would supervise the animation.

For some reason, he came to me. He'd heard that I knew something about s-f and that I knew other young writers in the field; the fact that the oldest of us (Frank McElroy) was only nineteen didn't bother him for a moment. We gathered at his apartment and he told us how to write commercially.

"What ya gotta do," he said, "is to grab onto one thing and then milk it dry. Don't just toss it off, like maybe somebody says the babe's in trouble so our boy goes in and pops the b.e.m. one and everything's fine. Milk it dry. She's not just in trouble...the b.e.m.'s gonna eat her, but he's gonna rape her first, and cut her up slowly, and she has a bellyache and her feet hurt from running. She feels awful. Milk it dry, milk it dry."

Then he gave us two books by Jack Woodford on how to write, and sent us home. We were to meet him a week later with some ideas for scripts.

Well, maybe our artistic souls rebelled at Jerry's callousness, or maybe we were lazy, or maybe we were simply taken aback at the diversity between our talents and the job before us, but in any case after two months of not much progress we parted ways with Jerry. We all felt guilty about failing to come up with a suitable plot-idea and so we didn't

call him; he got busy with commercial assignments and moved across the bay and we never heard of him again.

But at one of the sessions, when Bob (who had written the story about the airplane) brought in a possible story-idea and a few pages of script, we all broke up laughing. Bob had had a spaceship landing in a clearing and the motors slowly and cooling while the suspense presumably mounted. His script read like this:

SCENE: Blue sky. Clouds drift lazily by. A speck appears far up. It grows larger, larger, until we see that it is a spaceship landing tail-first. It comes straight at us. The fires of its rockets cover the screen with flame.

CUT to clearing. The rocket lands. The motors are shut off.

SOUND: Gut-rumbling.

Shortly after this interlude with Kolden, our happy little writer's group broke up as we went off to college or to join Catholic seminaries or to booze it up with the boys at the shipyards. I looked around desultorily for incipient writers at college and even took a course in writing there, but shortly after this my interest in serious writing waned. The more I learned about it the more I realized what hard work it was.

Later encounters with Young Writers included the girl who carried her lunch in a cigar-box with the dust-jacket of a Henry Miller book wrapped around it (she wrote short little stories titled "Futility"), the young man who worked afternoons at the San Francisco zoo driving a tourist-train and making sprightly jokes about the mating habits of armadillos over the loudspeaker while scribbling notes for his 2,000 page novel, and the fellow whose every story concerned an immortal man who, at every opportunity, halted the story long enough to sit down at the table, eat some doughnuts, and discuss whatever aspect of philosophy was occupying the writer's mind at the time. "I can see the philosophy, I guess," I said, "but why the doughnuts all the time?"

"I love doughnuts," he said.

Maybe someday I'll write about those people, too.

--Terry Carr

OL' MAN RAEBURN

by Jerome Korn

Ol' Man Raeburn, dat Ol' Man Raeburn,
He mus' know somethin', but don't pub nothin',
He jus' keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along.

He don't write letters, he don't go clubbin',
It's been three years since his genzine pubbin',
But Ol' Man Raeburn, he just keeps rollin' along.

You and me, we sweat and strain,
Pubbin' to keep on top in vain,
Fight dat feud! Plug dat TAFF!
Get a little late, and they think you're gaf--....

Ah gets weary, and feels like droppin',
I'm tired of fannin', and skeered of stoppin',
But Ol' Man Raeburn, he just keeps rollin' along.

SAINT JOAN

I saw "Saint Joan" last month, done by the Old Vic Company. Did I like it? I don't know. One problem I had is that I missed about half the speeches. The actors enunciated clearly and projected magnificently, and the acoustics in our beautiful new Opera House are just about perfect, but the actors spoke so fast something else would be said before the first remark had quite registered. I think the English must speak a lot faster than Americans, and Americans are not accustomed to listening fast. Shaw's plays were written for people who speak and listen fast. I have read "Mesalliance" with great pleasure, but when I saw it on the teevy with American actors, I thought it was intolerably long and talky, and not really suited for acting at all. They were speaking for the American listening speed.

The audience applauded wildly at the slightest provocation, which might seem to imply that everybody else caught every word. But I think they were applauding to prove how much they dug the classics, because there was coughing all evening, from various parts of the hall. You know the sort of cough I mean--the cough that didn't have to be coughed, and wouldn't have been if the person had been enjoying himself--or had had the slightest vestige of good manners! People even coughed through Joan's magnificent speech, one of the loveliest things Shaw ever wrote, where she leaps up, and pounces upon her recantation, and tears it up, and tells her judges that she could bear to drag around in skirts, and that bread and water were no hardship if the water be pure, but that their plan to keep her locked away from the light of God's sky proved that her voices were from God, and theirs were from the Devil. Yes, there were people in that audience who coughed all the way through that speech, although it was delivered by an extraordinarily fine actress, Barbara Jefford.

Barbara Jefford reminded me a little of Nan Gerding. Her hair was chestnut rather than dark, and she didn't have Nan's fine dark eyes, but she had a fairly similar type of build, a springy step, similar speaking voice, and dynamic presence. She was very well suited to the part, and conveyed beautifully the mingled impressions of peasant strength and endurance, innocence and shrewdness, and religious passion. Any scene where she appeared was interesting; any scene without her was dull.

John Clements, who I have seen many times in "Four Feathers," was the Earl of Warwick. He was very handsome and had a noble presence, but I think I scarcely caught a word he said. He did not enunciate as well as the others.

The play started at 8:30, and ended at midnight. There were two intermissions of 12 minutes each, and apart from them, there was almost no delay between scenes. (The settings were fine--there was scarcely any scenery or props, but what there was, was evocative in the extreme. There was great cleverness there.) The program stated that the epilogue would be given at this performance, which seemed to imply that it isn't always played. I was startled at the narrowness of my escape--it was the epilogue I particularly wanted to see. I wanted to see it more than all the rest, and as it turned out, I enjoyed it more than all the rest. It played as beautifully as I'd always thought and hoped it would. But at the end, when one by one they've all rejected Joan and gone away, and the lights dim, and she stretches out her arms, and just one light shines on her upturned face and cruciform body, and she cries out in a tone of despairing but ever-urgent love, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"--before the sound of her voice had begun to fade even the tiniest bit from one's mind, the cloddish audience, eager to prove how much they dug, were loudly applauding. For a play that ends on a note of such emotional intensity, couldn't they have shown their appreciation with just a moment of silence, BEFORE applauding? Oh, there's a great deal to be said for tv. It's easier to put up with commercials than with an audience's pretentious stupidity.

I noticed that when one actor was speaking, other actors froze. In the scene where Joan recognizes the Dauphin she later asked the Archbishop for his blessing. He gave it, and when he started to move away she grabbed the hem of his robe and kissed it. In this scene the stage was fuller than at any other time, and everyone froze, at least one in a graceful but distorted posture which must have been difficult to hold. The impression was one of great elegance. --Old Vic wonderful, but the stage will never replace teevy.

C R Y O F T H E R E A D E R S

conducted (if that's possible) by Wally Weber

DONALD FRANSON REPORTS ON N3F MEETING

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Wally

July 2, 1962

I know you're going to write a Westercon report, but I thought I'd write about the one event -- perhaps the only one -- that you missed, the NFFF meeting. This was scheduled for 10 AM Sunday, and I don't know why you missed it, since I did see you up before that time, conversing with Stan Woolston, Burbee and others in the lobby. (Yes, this is true, fans, Burbee was up early Sunday, and denied that he was still up.)

Anyway, despite some doubts about fans attending a meeting so early in the morning after the late Saturday evening banquet and all-night parties, a goodly crowd was there. Al Lewis, seeing that there were more coming in all the time, decided to wait till 10:15 before bringing down the gavel, and at that time I would estimate there were about fifty or sixty present, about two-thirds of them N3F members.

Al made a short opening speech, explaining that the N3F was largely a correspondence and fanzine-publishing club, and couldn't conduct any actual business at this meeting, but that he would be glad to hear suggestions for improving the club, from members and non-members, and the results of the discussion would likely be brought up for membership vote later.

Ed Meskys pointed out that two of the Directors were present (Al and myself), and that perhaps we could still conduct business by vote of the Directorate, which is sometimes done. Al thought this was an excellent idea, but we realized that there were only two of the five members of the Directorate present. One more was needed to make a majority, so we quickly declared Howard DeVore incompetent and appointed Ed Meskys to take his place. (We were lucky to have Ed Meskys here, since he had come all the way from Brooklyn, N.Y., and had intended to leave early Sunday to catch the subway train back. (As it turned out, he missed his subway train, and took the bus up to Berkeley instead.)

By now a bunch of hands were raised, and suggestions from the floor came thick and fast. Al recognized Buz Busby, who was looking surprisingly chipper after just being carried out of the Trimble's all-night party scarcely two hours before, at 8 AM. Buz had a motion to make, and led up to it by a long speech (Buz is fond of Parliamentary Procedure). Seems there was something that had been on his mind ever since he joined N3F, that there were certain undesirable characters who -- but perhaps this is a bit personal, Wally, and I will omit it. The brunt of it was that he moved that you be expelled, and there was a thundering of seconds. We quickly found an ostensible reason, non-attendance at this meeting, and a vote was taken. A voice vote and a show of hands was inconclusive, so a secret ballot was handed out and collected -- the vote was 97 to 82 to 41 to 66. I'm sorry, but that's what you get for not attending -- the vote could have been 97 to 82 to 41 to 67.

Bob Lichtman made a suggestion to change the name of N'APA, the NeF's apa. "Don't you like the apostrophe?" asked Bruce Pelz. "I like the apostrophe," said Bob, "but I don't like the letters N-A-P-A, because they conflict with another apa, a mundane one called NAPA, which I and Don Fitch belong to." So the motion was made and carried to change the name of the N3F apa to "". (By the way, Wally, why don't you join ""? Even though you are no longer an N3F member, you can get away with it for a couple years as long as you put out a 100-page Flabbergasting or whatever you call it, each mailing.) [If I put out a 100-page zine, it would be Flabbergasting, that's for sure! --www]

Charles Burbee, an enthusiastic new member, wanted recognition for Piano-Roll Fandom, which he says publishes fanzines and even has an apa, QRS. He was given the chairmanship

of the Piano-Roll Bureau, which will publish a bulletin in roll form, to be played on members' pianos.

It was decided to censure N3F President Art Rapp for not being present at the meeting, it being thought that he could easily have made it by rocket from White Sands, unlike Ed Meskys who had to take the slow, uncomfortable subway. (Ed had straphangers' fingers for the first two days of the con.) The censureship of Art Rapp got out of hand and developed into a motion to depose him from the Presidency. The motion, as finally presented, included Nancy and Steven Rapp, and was passed by an overwhelming voice vote. A section of the ceiling, which had not fallen at the Solacon business meeting, came down, crushing a couple of enthusiastic new members, Avram Davidson and Elmer Perdue.

Now the Directorate had to be replenished, as well as the Presidency, so we selected a few from the audience, and carried on. I don't remember who they all were, but it really doesn't matter, since we accomplished a lot of business at this meeting. We continued to expel members for non-attendance. Lee Jacobs suggested we vary this, and expel some attendees for non-membership. This was quickly approved, and Lee was the first one expelled, since he was himself a non-member.

By this time the hall was packed, and Ann Chamberlain, who was signing up new members right and left, was not able to keep up with the influx, even with her three assistants, Ted White, Greg Benford, and Gary Deindorfer. Al Lewis, always ready to cut the Gordian knot and red tape with the same scissors, declared that everyone in the hall was automatically an N3F member, and ordered the doors to be closed and locked. This was done just in time, for as soon as the doors were shut there came a banging on them from the outside, ever louder, shaking the doors, intermingled with the roars of the mob outside, then screams, and a strange, slithering noise, followed by gulplings. Loyal Burnett R. Toskey had come to the rescue, bringing the monster, L. Garcone. (This demonstration must have convinced many fans, for their last moments, that L. Garcone is not really an alter-ego of Toskey, as Bloch would have it.)

Now that it was quieter outside, and now that no one really wanted to leave, we were able to get some business accomplished. No one knew any business, and so there was a lull for about ten minutes, while White, Benford and Deindorfer hawked the Seth Johnson Appreciation Issue of Void. More people came in -- we had forgotten about the balcony overlooking the convention hall, and new members were continually dropping down. Some were killed, ostensibly by the fall, but most survived, and were promptly declared members. It was thought that at last there were more members here in the hall than there were outside and in the rest of the country and Canada, and it was suggested that now was the time for a vote of the membership at large. Charles Burbee, one of the new Directors, said that this might even mean that the LASFS would take over the N3F, which was one of his lifetime objectives. Francis T. Laney countered from the floor that the members present were not all LASFS members, some of them being from as far away as Brooklyn, N.Y. "If they weren't, they are now," roared Bruce Pelz, ordering Ed Baker to collect dues, and Laney was ejected. There was now no way to eject people except by throwing them up into the balcony, so this was done.

The rest of the meeting was rather confusing, and it was now the work of Al, myself, and the other Directors to disorganize the meeting, to disrupt it, to get it to disperse to make room for the next item on the program. This was finally done by allowing the monster L. Garcone to come in, and the hall was soon cleared. This left the next program item (which I believe was the Alva Rogers - Joe Gibson debate) to deal with L. Garcone. I understand that the Rogers - Gibson debate was called off, for some reason, even though the Monster, now full and satisfied, soon left for Pershing Square. I don't think it should have been called off. If there's one thing that is unforgivable it's calling off a program item, that is there on the program in black and white. Anything in print is a part of Fan History, and Harry Warner writes everything up directly from fanzines, which he trusts implicitly to state the facts. Now Harry will write that there was a Rogers - Gibson debate, on the subject "Some of My Best Friends Are Moochers", at 11 AM Sunday, July 1, 1962 at the Westercon; even though at the time Joe Gibson was drunk in El Sobrante and Alva Rogers was in the belly of the monster (serves him right for those illos.) Such is fan history, a tissue of lies, made imperishable by mimeo ink.

That's what you missed, Wally, and I'm glad to contribute it here. I didn't miss much myself, except that I pooped out at the end of the auction Sunday, and didn't hear Ron Ellik's speech, or find out what city won the convention bid. Was it Seattle?

Yours,

Donald Franson

[Am I ever glad Jean Bogert and I decided to miss that dull meeting and go over to Hollywood where they were shooting the TV series she wrote. # Yes, Seattle won the bid for the 1963 Westercon. We're putting it on in Berkeley with an all-Californian con committee. --www]

ELLA PARKER, SPACE GLOTTEN 151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, N.W.6.,
Dear CRYsalids: ENGLAND. This was begun on..... May 30th.'62

Things have been hopping here since last I wrote. We've had a convention, which was wonderful, the Pen has had its complement of visitors, including a group of Gerfen and Ron Ellik who, you might have heard, came over for the occasion of our convention. The six Gerfen came on to London in order to do some sight-seeing. They came to the Pen on Thursday night in order to become better acquainted. At the time they arrived, I was duplicating my address on to some envelopes in preparation for the mailing of 029, and they insisted on my sitting down while they finished the job. The resulting photo I got of them at work is one of the best I ever took. Unlike those I took of you, Weber, it did come out.

Friday night I had 22 bods in for the evening, among them was ATom. Need I tell you that having him there assured the success of the evening? There was much talk and laughter, but, I think, the highlight came when ATom told a joke involving a pun. He wasn't satisfied the Germans had got the joke so he set about explaining it to them in detail. I wonder, have you ever laughed so much that your throat and stomach ached? He laboured long and mightily over the explanations, and, like us, they found this funnier by far than the joke had been. This was the last time I saw the Gerfen; they went to see Ethel on Sunday and left for home on Monday.

Monday, that was the night RonEl arrived at the Pen. He was disappointed during his stay to have missed seeing the Gilbert & Sullivan players, but he consoled himself by going round all the spots in town that had any relation to them. He too was here for a Friday meeting; that night the attendance was 25. On that same evening, a real old timer of Anglofandom turned up: Wally Gillings. I don't know if he'll ever repeat the experience; he seemed to me to be a bit disappointed at finding us to be as faannish as we are. I don't think anyone mentioned SF that evening.

Besides Ron, we had three American teachers among the company; they work on one of the US bases in this country and soon found themselves in a heated discussion about that and later on an equally heated discussion blew up about the differences in educational methods used in the two countries. This particular evening didn't break up until 1.15.am.

Oh! I've just remembered, this is supposed to be a LoC on CRY. Here goes.

Yes, Tom Purdom (see, Tom, I've mentioned your name again!) is going to like that cover on 158.....so alright, he enjoyed it long ago as this letter is very late. You know, if those BEMs, like the one on the cover I mean, were slimmer, taller and less cuddly looking they would be almost exactly as I imagine a Triffid to look. Mind you, I don't know that Triffids have hairy belly-buttons, Wyndham didn't say.

That was a clever plug for our Ethel done by Harry Warner. I deny, forcibly, the blame to be mine, as implied by Harry, for anything that went wrong either with his car or tape-recorder. So help me! To listen to you folk anyone would imagine that the entire mechanical possessions of US fen came to a dead-stop after my visit. Haven't you ever heard of coincidence?

Nice to see Ol' Fuzzlehead with us again. I have a nice photo taken by me of Jeff. None of the crowd here really believe him to be only 14; they say he looks at least 16. I'll kill you, Wally, if you dare say it was seeing me put years on him. It just aint true. Ask him. No, on second thoughts, better not.

I loved that line in Buz's column: "...the endowments of double-breasted models..." Has he ever seen a single-breasted model? I know what he meant, but....!

I haven't read any of the books you mentioned, and from what you say about them, I don't think I want to. You can label me prissy and mealy-mouthed if you like, but if there's anything I can't abide it's these filthy, crude stories that are available to anyone who can pay for them, no matter what their age, mental or chronological, may be. If that is the only kind of muck these people can write, they'd be better off, mentally and morally, earning their living in a factory or the like; at least they'd be doing something constructive. Answering Harry in CRY 159 -- you'd better watch your typing; I'm hopping from issue to issue -- from what I've observed in just one of the youngsters who comes here, he laps up the pictorial as well as the written pornography. I feel sick when I see him sit and riffle through a book with someone about the same age as himself (about 17) picking out the juiciest bits in his latest purchase. A lust for life I can understand and appreciate, but this kind of lust is something very different and unpleasant. Yes, Harry, I can well visualise that when he takes his first woman he'll find it somewhat anti-climactic, lacking in the urgent excitement he found in those books and choosing to read about it rather than endure the to him, dullness, of the actuality. To a certain extent I feel a responsibility for the youngsters who come here, but how far am I justified in interfering? I can only stand by and advise without much hope of being listened to. I find it disquieting.

Still with 159, I don't see how Joseph L. Green can compare LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER with those reviewed by Buz. With the exception of a few much-quoted passages, this has been found a dull book by the majority. Its success has been founded solely again, on the fact that Lawrence called a spade a spade. (Back to 158)

If it's any consolation to Terry Carr: Carol wouldn't look as nice with a copy of LIGHTHOUSE round her neck! I don't know what happens when Terry writes for CRY, but of all the stuff of his I've read, I much prefer what he does for your zine.

Who else but Elinor would get a pain in the neck at thoughts of the imminent End of the World?! I don't know about this point you put re Pethood or death (which is the implied alternative). Given the straight choice I would go for Pethood, at least for the time being, until it had been discovered whether or not it was possible to recover our planet for ourselves again. Death is so final, isn't it, and if the situation changed at any time in the future, with us all dead, what would it matter?

(Back to 159): If, as Roy Tackett suggests, there are some people who don't believe there's such a thing as a "reasonably decent atmosphere" in which young lads should gain their sexual experience, they must be dim-witted. The basic difference lies in enduring it for the sake of sating your physical appetite and sharing an experience with someone for whom you feel an affection. It's as simple as that. I often wonder if these distinctions, subtle as they are, can be understood and felt only by women; I don't honestly think so. A lot of men are just as sensitive about these things. (158 again!)

I agree with you, Tom. There are some folk who take Wally's editorial comments to us in CRY entirely the wrong way. [You bet. Some idiots think I'm kidding.--www]

Ha! Harry Warner has troubles with the law in Hagerstown? He should live in Britain. Some of our groceries (the owner/self-employed ones) open on Sundays. They are permitted to sell only perishable goods, like bread etc. but can be taken to court for selling tea, sugar and the like. No matter where, it is illegal to sell matches here after 8.p.m. any day. Oddly enough, there are some cigarette machines from which one can get matches. These things apply over here to the whole country (England). At least over there things of that nature "differ from State to State." Shades of Pavlat and Evans!

Bob Smith: Just recently I had a fnz from Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y., called LUNA. The sub rates are 50¢ for four and it is approx. quarterly. In this he has made a start of publishing those convention speeches he has on tape. I know this is a project he's had in mind for some time; seems he's now getting down to it.

CRY 159 with all those snazzy type-faces. I'd be hard put to say which I preferred, they are all so nice and clear.

Elinor: I see we're still with this bullfighting thing. I have no argument with your opening paragraph; it is all you say it is. Come now, you aren't seriously comparing the slaughtering of beef cattle with the teasing and chasing that goes on before a bull in the ring is finished off, are you? How many would pay to watch beef being killed in a slaughter-house? None, I'll be bound, and for the reason, not that the bull will

certainly die, but that there's no risk that before he dies he might gore either a horse or his human tormentors.

Scotty Tapscott in his letter admits a lot more of the truth about this than I have ever seen in this discussion. He admits the cruelty and the lack of fair play for the bull, which idea he seems to find amusing, I don't know why. Granting the human has the greater intelligence I find it debasing that he should want to make his living killing animals for fun, fun for his audience, I hasten to add, not necessarily for him, he does it for the cash. (160.) I don't arf wander, don't I?

While not wanting to belittle what Seth Johnson is trying to do with the fmz he gets, is it really necessary? Most neofen, no matter how fringe, usually manage to get hold of back issues of fanzines from those who no longer want to keep them. To top that, there are some faneds, myself among them, who don't particularly want to enlarge their mailing lists. Frankly, I couldn't afford many more on my m/l. How about CRY? /I'm sorry, Ella, but if you want to get on CRY's mailing list, you'll have to write to Elinor. Perhaps there's room on the waiting list. --www/

Oh no! It isn't possible that SCoaW has passed into the mists of legend? Now see what you've done, Weber!

Tom Purdom: Talking about those who can't or don't remember WW2, imagine how oooold I felt (careful boy!) one night when we were talking about films we had enjoyed. I mentioned Basil Rathbone and met with one blank face. Pass the crutches! Mind you, that wasn't a fair test; I'd be doubtful if almost anyone alive in those days knew him as anything else than Hitler.

Bob Lichtman: What do you mean by a "bad science fiction convention"? It depends on who you are thinking about, the avid neo or the established faannish bod. I know I could go to any place where there's a collection/gaggle(?) of fen and have the whale of a time just socialising and talking. I might have enjoyed myself more had there been a programme but the lack of one wouldn't make it a bad science fiction convention for me.

You know, one thing you CRYers have to remember when we are discussing anything in CRY is, that when you are talking you are automatically thinking of Amerifandom, while, when I or any of us over here are talking, we are thinking in terms of Anglofandom. It is really surprising how much difference this makes; I discovered this from harsh experience when talking to Al (Ajax) Hoch over here. All this means that when I was talking about fans being squares I was thinking of those I know here, as you were thinking of the ones you know over there. Heck, there's a difference between doing a reprint of the AA, which was financed by me, and the SHAGGY item, which I assume was financed by the club. My resentment probably came from the fact that this was being considered, and had reached the fanzines, without either ATom or I being approached for permission. The AA is not an Annual publication; it was a one-shot of special interest and intent. Anyway, the whole thing has been cleared up now.

Thursday, May 30th

Well, plugging one we come to the latest of your offerings in the shape of CRY 160.

No, I like this ATomillo on the cover, but I don't like this drab grey colour in which it has been done. Apart from his coloured drawings, which as you know are superb, I think his work shows to better effect in good blacks, especially on a white paper. Nice of Les to do it for you just the same. NO, Weber, I will not stencil my own letters! [Well, okay. But how about stencilling George Locke's? --www]

Elinor: I loved that quote from DNQac. Wonderful!

Right now I've had a surfeit of Berry. One day I might rediscover him.

Hal Lynch doesn't write often, but when he does he writes well.

Roy Tackett: One day last week there was a short story read on the radio here (they read one every day), and it was, must have been, written by someone aware of fandom. It was slightly stfnl and mentioned fans at a convention, going to the bar to talk to a pro-author etc. The story itself wasn't much good, but it came as a shock to hear fandom being mentioned so casually like that.

Rich Brown expresses a lot better than I did just what there is in those sex books to which I objected so strongly. It's the wallowing in filth that's so horrible.

You don't have to worry about me, Rich; Wally should have your sympathy. My skin is so tough his fangs have been blunted and rendered useless, all because he tried to

bite me. If he'd changed altogether instead of just round the ears and teeth, I could have put him on a leash and led him back to England. It isn't everyone who can claim they almost had a tame Weber on a chain. Pethood, Wally? You will have noticed what I said to him earlier about those pics I took of him not coming out? Not only is it that he doesn't reflect, he doesn't develope on film, either. One of these days when he's left the CRY, you and I, Rich should get together for a cosy chat about his shortcomings.

Rich, surely you are misusing the term gafia; that last word is ALL, remember?

I am sorry to tell you this, but I'm forced to believe what Ethel says and that you, CRY, are responsible for our weather. It's been raining for weeks, seems like and still no let-up. Have a heart, mates. No-one has mentioned any places they'd like to visit if/when they come to London in '65. [Well, I think I would enjoy just visiting a hospital instead of being confined in one because of multiple fang-fractures as happened during SeaCon. --www]

Bye for now all you CRYfans. Enjoy your Fair while you may and your rest from publishing. My regards to WallyG. I hope he has now fully recovered?

Love to all.

Ella SCOAW (Certified).

HARRY WARNER JR. MAY BE FIGMENT OF RACY IMAGINATION

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Cry:

June 18, 1962

Just think of the fun someone will have ten years or so in the future, annotating Cogito Ergo Vroom in the same manner that Willis and White did for the reprint of Willis Discovers America. I imagine that I have missed some of the more subtle references, and I caught something significant in almost every other line. Just one of these subtleties give me concern: when Bonglflap quits his job at the casket factory, is this intended as a clue to his identity as Ray C. Higgs or is it a coincidental occupation? I'm not sure that I like the idea of being a figment of Racy's imagination, or at least I feel that he could have exercised his imagination a little more earnestly if he really is responsible for me.

Somehow this latest Cry reached me without a postmark. If I can get the stamp off my copy without tearing the back page, I'll enclose it with this letter as proof. If you don't find it in this letter, just be patient, because I'll have to spend some time hunting through old fanzines for references to a long-forgotten discovery by Ken Bulmer and Lee Hoffman which might be applicable to this purpose. It's known as steam, but after all these years I forget just what substance it is made from and the exact recipe for its creation. [I think it's been replaced by diesel-electrics anyhow. --www]

Ted White's article causes me to wonder for the umpteenth time what would have happened if I'd written a few letters a couple of decades ago that I was all set to write as soon as I found time. They were going to be addressed to prominent publishing firms, pointing to the scarcity of science fiction anthologies and the success of a couple of pioneer books of this type. Then I would have proposed nomination for the contents of several anthologies and would have dropped lurid hints to the effect that I might be a fine choice as the anthologist. While I was talking to myself about this project, Groff Conklin did something about it. He had contacts that I didn't possess but I doubt that he had the background of stf. reading that I could have flourished and it's conceivable that I might have gotten the assignment for one or two of the major anthologies that soon appeared. About the closest that I've come to Ted's near miss was when I deliberately turned down a chance to take a job with Esquire. The correspondence with them was vague about its exact nature but I decided that there was more travel involved than I would want to endure even if it led to some kind of responsible position.

I think that the outstanding thing in the letter column this issue is the casual way in which Tom Purdom drops the name of that psychoanalyst, Dick Peters. Something more about my letter: I do plan to go overseas next year, if health and financial drain permit, but I'm afraid that I'm not enough of a fan to spend the time solely with fans and so I won't choose the time of the British convention. Conventions I can go to in the United States. Mike Deckinger seems to mistake slightly the purpose of the bull in the United States: they are not raised for slaughter but for breeding purposes, and male

calves which are not needed for breeding purposes receive some specialized attention that makes it highly unlikely that they will ever be called bulls. However, I suppose that an occasional bull does get slaughtered at a meatpacking house, judging from the complaints that housewives occasionally utter about supermarket cuts of meat. I think it's more humane to give mass catharsis to a crowd through a baseball game.

I wonder if Berndt Ruthstrom has revised his letter about his catalog. The one that came to me asked for all the fanzines ever published, not just for all the information about them, and I wrote back to try to explain about the limited cargo-carrying capacity of the nation's fleet, since so many ships were sunk in World War Two. [The letter he sent you was the same as the one I received, from the sound of it, but I didn't have the inclination to write a letter back, so I edited it into one that didn't require an answer. --www]

The purple ink is very pleasant to the eyes, and seems easier to read and more contrasting with white paper than standard black ink. My visual mechanics must have undergone slight modification from so many years of struggling with hectographed and dittoes publications.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

JOHN D. HOWALD READS US A SEXY STORY
CRYstians: and lions:

8624 Haviland Ave. SW, Tacoma 99, Washington
June 9, 1962

O! Forgive me noble ones for I have sinned. There have been no letters for a month and I did not accompany Phil to the Nameless's Fifth Thursday. In repentance I submit this small quest for knowledge:

Where the hell is CRY 160?

The last issue of the University of Washington Daily was made up completely of humorous articles, including a thrilling short short story by an anonymous, entitled, "Sex on the Moon."

SEX ON THE MOON

Shrdlu stood by the window of the orthocon. He screwed in his eye pack.

"Sure is spidling hard out there," he said in Martian without an accent.

"It isn't fit for man or Venusian out there," said his friend, Etaoin, and they both laughed at the obviously funny joke.

Shrdlu looked outside. "The three o'clock rocket from Antares System is late," he said. "I think I'll go outside and look around."

He zipped on his phenethurd, buckled his vivasizer and stepped into the cronoid. In a moment he was senzaburned.

As he stepped out, he saw his friend Herthulan, a silicon man from Saturn, standing nearby. Herthulan lifted his vitapod with the light on the end of it blinking furiously.

"Hello Herthulan," Shrdlu said. "Yes, it sure is spidling outside."

Herthulan blinked some more.

"Ho, ho, that's good," Shrdlu laughed. "Why did the Marian cross the street...ha, ha, ha."

Herthulan waved a tentacle and flew away, leaving Shrdlu standing alone in the spid. Shrdlu started down the spid-covered path. It was spidling harder all the time. He ducked as satellite 106-AW came over in its three-foot orbit.

Shrdlu walked for some time before he realized he was lost. He looked around, but could see nothing through the thick spid. He turned on his teleradio, but got nothing but test pattern.

Then he heard it.

It was a faint scream, barely audible above the sound of the falling spid.

He heard the scream again.

He hurried through the knee-deep spid towards the sound. Then he stopped short.

The wreckage of the three o'clock rocket from Antares System lay before him. It was tangled and torn, and broken bodies were scattered all around.

He heard the scream again. He turned towards the sound. Then he saw HER!

She was lovely! Her tentacles spread gracefully in all directions and her propeller was beautiful. Her purple scales shimmered softly.

He leaned over her. All over her.
 She wrapped her esnu around his cribble. Flaming passion swept over him.
 As he swooned, he didn't realize she was swallowing him.

THE END

Now fen, tell me that's not funny. That's sexier than Farmer.

Elinor: I'm glad someone saw "St. Joan". I was planning to see it on a Friday night, but after a late start, I missed the early bus to Seattle, the next bus would have placed me at the Opera House half an hour after the beginning of "St. Joan." So, Mrs. Busby, tell me all about it, 'cause I spent the night at the Tacoma Public Library.

Here's a word for all you culture lovers and those that like intelligent entertainment: If you get a chance, see the two Swedish films (with English sub-titles), "The Seventh Seal" and "Wild Strawberries." Their plots are impossible to understand or describe. The underlying themes and messages make these two worth seeing twice. One thing for certain, after you see them, you remember and think.

I think I'll end this letter before it gets out of hand.

John D. Howald (without Phil)

BETTY KUJAWA AND HER MAGIC TV
 Dream boat----

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana
 July the 4th, 1962.

Instead of shooting off fire-crackers in honor of The Day am writing to you...which should give me a big bang.

I have something strange and odd and mysterious...listen to this...got a new table model Motorola tv set--with remote-dial-tuning. Last night had turned the set off so as to fully enjoy Panic Button #9, reaching for the lighter I picked up and dropped a steel crochet hook so that it smartly rapped against the glass-top table alongside the tuning-switch-box. "Click" -- the set came on. I dropped crochet hook again at various distances and found I could turn set off and on and change stations. This, we'll say is a simple oddity, seeing that hook and control box were alongside each other. But -- get this -- about 2:15 that morning as Gene retired he threw a handfull of change up on his high-boy at the far far end of the bedroom (completely out of line with control-box) and, whammy, the set clicked right back on again! My ex-Engineer husband is no help. I believe it is the Little People, and I'm setting out bowls of milk and cookies for them. [Sounds like the sort of remote control Jerry Frahm had on his TV set. The control box, when operated, gave out a sound so high-pitched that only dogs and some TV sets could hear it. Clinking things that produced these inaudible sound frequencies in addition to their audible ones operated his set just as well as the control unit, and he used to entertain his TV-watching guests by operating the set with belt buckles and silverware. In the case of your TV set, however, it's the Little People who are playing tricks. The milk and cookies ought to do the trick. --www]

Shall we raise our voices high and sing a song of congratulations to Ethel (for TAFF) and Avram for his Edgar? Gonna meet Our Ethel in Chicago; gonna tell my friends here how MY Friend Avram won an Edgar...he just can't lose this year. Gene got a big boot out of Avram saying he wouldn't try for the JJKujawa Trophy. Gene didn't win it either--ya can't shoot and run a tournament and do well at either. But this last week he returned to Chi., went 300 straight, and won the Big Trophy---anyone in CRY land interested in taking it off my hands??? It's a kind of silver-plated chamber-pot (with lid) on a pedestal with mahogany base; something every home should have.

If Ted, Bobby and Jack Kennedy were in a row-boat mid-ocean and the boat capsized, who would be saved??The Country. My controversial political remark of the week. But seriously am grotched and irked by some of the reactions to the banning of prayers in public schools. I heartily agree with the decision of the United States Supreme Court. And, like JFK, let them pray at home or at church. Not any prayer, no matter how innocuous, should be made "law" to be used by children in a public school in The United States. I want protection for religion and protection from religion. Let Our Land be a place where we all, religious, agnostics and atheists, have rights. End of Fourth Of July Speech.

Got such a charge from the Bogg's fanfiction. For awhile there I thought I had the

solution...I figured that passing by Wrai Ballard was the clue, Thatt all fandom was the creation of My Boy in Blanchard. Now I am not a hoax...I am real. Hugh didn't find me cause the phone is unlisted and only the brave and the bold with bloodhound instincts can find our home...ask any who've tried--and who've tried to get out of this confusing neighborhood. Quite right, though; Willowdale is a sanitarium, but for kooks. Boyd is the Keeper there.

Wally "Rat" Weber are we EVER gonna hear about that Science-Fiction Panel held at the Fair?? [Of course not. --www] Will I have to haul you off to some secluded hotel room at the Chicon to find out about it?? You'd better give a report now...or else. [Okay, okay!!! Gee Whiz! Well, the audience filled the first couple rows of the 3,000 seat Opera House to near capacity, and somebody introduced this idiot book publisher as moderator. The idiot book publisher said his qualifications for moderating a science fiction panel were that he had watched "Twilight Zone" twenty-seven times on TV. He then gave a nice introduction to this nice man who had written the screenplay for the movie, "Babes In Toyland." This nice man came out and said he didn't know anything about science fiction, but that he was so eager to see the Fair that he had jumped at the chance to accept the invitation to be on the panel. The nice man then sat down and did not speak except when asked a direct question, and then he spoke as little as was required to answer politely. He hardly interfered with the panel at all. Ray Bradbury was introduced next (at last, somebody who knew something about science fiction!), and Rod Serling last. Rod justified his presence on the panel by being an interesting speaker, and by allowing Ray to do most of the talking. Rod confirmed everybody's suspicions that TV sponsors were idiots. The moderator felt called upon to introduce an irrelevant joke wherever he could ("A psycho-ceramic is a kind of crack-pot," was probably the most pertinent, coming as it did after a comment on the movie, "Psycho."). Ray Bradbury spoke at length on science fiction's mission, to prepare the public mind for the staggering achievements of science to come, and how science fiction has already done much to prepare mankind for the acceptance of Space Ages and TV and awesome things like that. He also went some into his theory that a writer must learn to write honestly and not compromise himself -- you know, the usual Bradbury jazz. After the panel had finished listening to Ray, they let the audience ask questions, some of which amounted to speeches in their own right, and we all learned that the Opera House acoustics were pretty good as long as the public address system was kept out of the way. In answer to one question, Ray told about the new book he was writing somewhat in the vein of, "Dark Carnival." One man wanted to know if there wasn't a chance of starting a science fiction club in Seattle, and Jerry Miller got up in the audience and spilled the news that the Nameless Ones existed. Jerry got all of us who would admit to being Nameless Ones to sheepishly stand up and be gawked at. After everything was over, a lot of people in the audience gave me their names and addresses to be contacted about meetings, and I expect to do that Real Soon Now. Honest, that's all I know about the Science Fiction Panel. --www]

Berry's ELIXIR brings to mind the happy fact that thanks to a tape-letter from Terry Jeeves I have now met Ron Ellick -- nothing like meeting a west-coast fan via England, eh? Ron sounds mid-western as hell --- and very nice. Via a recent Parker-tape I met some of the Gerfen who went to the British convention last spring -- and I can actually dig their English easier than some of the Britifens English...been spending too much time in Milwaukee, mebbe.

We have a Good Man out in CRYland named Warren DeBra...he is a doll. After my plea for the explanation of that Louisiana town name in that Hoagy Charmichael song, he sent me a road-map with town marked. God Bless You, Warren.

Ted White's column --- gosh-wow. Just what I wanted to know! About EROS --- so Ted is the little old creator of that? I have a re-print of a speech given by one Jenkins Lloyd Jones of The Tulsa Tribune to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. During the speech Jones says, "And there's our literature. I presume we all have our invitations to become charter subscribers of EROS, the new quarterly magazine of erotica at \$10 a copy. I got three invitations, so either the Addressograph was stuck or I'm considered a hot prospect." I wondered myself as I must have received about 6 all told addressed to me by various renditions of my name. Gene didn't get any. Wonder if Ted

knows where they got their mailing list? There are some 5 housewives in my locale who do not order anything to any extent via mails and they were deluged, too. Each getting some 3 or 4 renditions of their names, incorporating even their maiden names (most, like me, have been married a good 10 to 18 years)..and, heh, in their cases too the husbands were not solicited. S'funny, though some of the gals didn't think so at all, I get this suspicion that the publisher went and bought the Junior League Directory of the United States to use for possible subscribers...and maaan that amuses me no end! Now the gals here want me to ask Ted about the mailing-list -- if he knows and like that.

Avram, honey, now that Mag. of F&SF is using lil drawings here and there would it be possible to have a small rendition of that Atom CRYcover of you sneaked into your Editorial section??? Is possible, darling..huh?? Never fear dear bout us'ns whose letters, etc remain unreplied..lordy we all understand..just once in awhile let us see your shining face in the letter-cols. You're the greatest thing to hit fanzines in the past century. S'pity you and Andy didn't stop by here on your Way West..it would have helped if I had given you a phone number. I will filp over and die die die if later I find you did tarry here to try to reach me. Oh well...there is always Chicago. I would buy you a drink there if you would allow. And Grania, mebbe, a hot fudge sundae with pickles and soy-sauce on the side?

Geo. Locke; You of the irrisistible voice on Ella's tape --- sigh. I sent far far away for Hagertys Silver Foam (I endorse this product gladly and madly)..then I look at the label. Yup...."W. J. Hagerty and Sons, South Bend, Indiana." Wouldn't you know???

Breadman Deckinger; yuk, yuk.....Horace Ipplesnoot...that's choice, Mike, choice! Now did you know that every Astronaut is a registered Republican voter?? Trying to get rid of us the hard way...right? Sending em off into space..sheesh.

Elinor; ouch...er, ah...ahem, girl did you reread that comment on bullfights? Everyone "relaxed, relieved, smiling and happy," huh, after experienceing the sight of blood and death? You've taken Psychology in school? Whoosh, sounded, if you'll excuse my saying so, like some sadists got their little charge out of a day at the bull-ring. Destruction of life as a spectator sport (I put in 'spectator' to forestall any remarks on hunters, fishermen, etc....I don't dig blood sports of that kind either but can see the practical need of it at times) to me is still not healthy or constructive.

Misha McQuown; Aw shucks, wasn't you then that night? Was a nice guy whoever he was. He seemed so frightfully amused by the idea of my first face-to-face meeting with rich brown that he stuck around for the Moment of Truth. Alas brown didn't show--so I'm still wondering why the idea broke him up so. Gotta buddy-buddy out at N.D., eh? Yipes, but a folk singer....that I got enough of round here now. Flamenco guitar-player ----aaahh that's better -- that would be nice. If I ever stay home long enough this upcoming fall term, will try to find him..lemme know if he likes to fly in small planes or likes to shoot shot-guns (har, lemme know if he likes to clean shot-guns and re-load shells .. I'd look him up pronto, then).

Any CRYfen see the "JFK Coloring Book"? Cute. Any CRYfen who dig enchanting beauty, luscious half-clad dames, gorgeous sets and scenery, haunting Irish Harp playing, and tales of vampires and horror get to see the Roger Vadim film, "Blood and Roses"? This I really got gosh-wow over, music, color, costumes (off and on), sets indoor and out... and that surrealistic dream-sequence....and the most tempting villainess possible. Fantasy fen in particular shouldn't miss the film.

Hope y'all had a nice vacation...hope to see all of thee in Chicago. I can't read those name badges too easily at a far distance so if you wanna meet me or say hello or see what the hell a betykujawa looks like, Tippy Toe up and give name ~~YANK AND SERIAL~~ ~~NUMBER~~. Don't want to be thought aloof or snubby but with my eyesight, it may appear so.

So till that Moment when the Iron Hand falls upon your shoulder and That Voice says ... "Weber, you ~~ø*ε%\$#@\$(*)!~~" Till that heart-stopping mind-blasting moment.. live in peace and in happiness....

Your

Betty

A2C RICHARD W. BROWN IS CURIOUS ABOUT DNQac
Dear CRYtibulating elCRYtzyicors;

Box 26, Hq 36th ComSupGp, APO 132,
New York, N.Y. 9 June 62

(How's that for a witty beginning?) [If you weren't such a little name and gafiated and all, I'd have put you in the WAHFs, it was so witty. -- www]

Well, when I got up at 10:00 on this fine Saturday morning, the 9th of June 1962, with the feeling that creative creativity (which is the best kind) was bubbling over like a sinkful of Joy inside of me, I knew it was time to start writing my letter to CRY. But the previous day, you see, had brought the FAPA mailing, a package of zines from Bruce Pelz, an issue of Obelisk, a copy of Playboy, Norm Metcalf's Cultzine, a rejection from Esquire (hand-scribbled, yet!), and two letters. I had been mumbling viscious prayer/threats to Vishnu all week, because I hadn't been getting any mail. I guess ol' Vishnu has a bit more power than I realized.

So, y'see, it's now 8:30 in the evening, and of course I haven't even begun to get it all read, but at least I'm finally getting around to commenting on CRY, even though the inspiration bubble has long since burst. Why? Well, as Guy Terwilliger once said, "Variety is the spice of life." I'm quite sure ol' Guy said that. Two or three dozen times, at least.

In re TAFF: I have done a lot of deep thinking on the subject of late, but I have come up with only one person who has not tried for TAFF already and who (whom?) I think should, being without a doubt one of the finest, most-likeable fans in fandom, an all-around great writer and brilliant conversationalist. Unfortunately, I wouldn't have enough leave-time to make it to a convention this year or next. A pity, too.

You know, I do wish I knew what DNQac is/was. Up until now I have noticed references to it, but I just kept hoping that some neofan would ask what it was, and get it all explained by Trusty Reliable Straight-Forward & Honestly Accurate Wally Weber. I am, after all, a member of the Old Guard of CRY, and 'tis most unseemly that I know not of which ye speak. Unseemly or not, I know not. [It's too bad you weren't neofan-nish enough to ask, because I've been practically dying to explain that DNQAC is a fan-zine full of filthy truths and innocuous fibs published by Dave Rike for a select group of Trusty Reliable Straight-Forward & Honestly Accurate fans. But nobody ever asks! -www]

Over the past couple of years I have had the fear that Berry has been becoming a better writer at the expense of becoming a poorer humorist (and, dammit, we have enough good writers, and too damn few good humorists), but I am happy to see, with this issue of CRY, that I was only half right. Berry not only wrote well this time, he also tickled my funny-bone with his punch-line. A Good Bit, any way you look at it.

Roy Tacket: "The Crygang takes over the world." Yeah, well, that's the idea, y'know... On second thought, what would we do with it if we got it? The world, I mean. It would hardly fit in one's stf collection.

George Locke: I bitch and complain -- like everybody else -- about military life, but I really don't dislike it. I agree that it is a Good Thing, for me. Yet I don't necessarily think that it would be a Good Thing for everybody. There are some people who already know how to stand on their own two feet, and don't need the military for a good 5¢ puberty rite. There are some people who will never need to know. There are some people who are Conscientious Objectors on reasoned, rather than religious, grounds. (I meant, with that, to include the abovementioned type of Conscientious Objector, rather than exclude the religious Conscientious Objector, as it may sound.) There are some people who have emotional and mental inabilities that will not let them cope with military life, but who do quite well on civilian grounds.

For myself, I can look back on Boot Camp with a smile. But it was not funny while it was happening. Why I took it all so seriously I don't know yet. Perhaps it was because, until the very end, no one cracks a smile. It may be a joke, but they're very serious about the way they're telling it, and you don't dare smile because they might be telling the truth; and you'll never catch it unless you get all the way through it. More's the pity, those that don't make it get out, without ever having heard the denouement, and spread the imagined seriousness on so thick as to seriously frighten others from even trying. Such, I cannot help but think, may have been the case of one Clayton Kent Moomaw; I only wish he (and, by the bye, Courval) had given it a try beyond the

Basic Training stage. As anyone who's been through military service knows, Basic is the Big Hump -- beyond that, life settles down with it's usual enjoyable qualities; leisure time and self-direction. At any rate, I think those two instances, which no doubt magnify in the mundane world, show that forced military service is definitely not for certain individuals.

Betty Kujawa: I would also advocate oral contraceptives for teenagers. Speaking of which reminds me of a time when a friend of mine had picked up a couple of girls in a show and made a date. He would galdly allow me to take one of them if I would buy the contraceptives. I displayed more bravado than I actually felt by telling him I would get them. So, after we had collected enough pop bottles and sold them, I walked to the drug-store, the money jingling in my pockets. I walked right in, did a right-face, went directly to the magazine rack and stood staring straight ahead for ten or fifteen minutes -- a man and a woman ran the place, but the woman was at the counter. I kept waiting for the man to come to the counter. Instead, the woman asked me if she could help me. I turned several colors before I managed to stammer that I was 'just looking.' After what seemed like centuries, the man came to the counter and I made my play. Shoving myself away from the magazine rack (almost knocking it over), I moved in hurried strides to the counter, stopped short, opened my mouth as if to speak, coughed, turned around, started to leave, caught myself, turned back around, stepped back to the counter, stammered/murmured (in the approved Marlon Brando manner), "...er, uhm...I'd like to buy... uh...uh...to boy...er...six contra-....uh....contra-...uh...rubbers." It was finally out, but was my mental torure over? Ah, no, alas; in two syllables he crushed what little relief I might have felt. "Whatsay?" But the second time it was easier, and he understood me. And laugh! I thought he'd die...as a matter of fact, at that particular instant, I almost wished he had. In a voice that boomed across the store he asked, "SIX DOZEN RUBBERS??" If my face had missed any colors the first time around, it picked them up on this trip. I managed to say, "Uh, no. Only six." "OH? ONLY SIX? HAR! HAR! HAR!" he har-har-harred. "BUT YOU'LL COME BACK FOR THE REST LATER, WON'T YOU?" Had I the power of a Lucifer or a Zeus, I knew, he would have been but a charred cinder where he stood. But he gave them to me. I never went back to that store. And, you know, those girls didn't pan out, and I never did get a chance to use them. I just threw them away and said I had.

Did you know that it's against postal regulations to advocate the use of contraceptives? [This is a fine time to mention that! -- www]

No, it wasn't Mike McQuown you met at the Vick's Mimeo Shoppe -- it was me. Of course, I realize you would not have made this mistake if you had known it was me, but I was pretending to be Rod Richardson, a hoax I never got around to building up into anything of gigantic proportions. I meant to tell you, but I never got around to it.

Harry Warner Jr: "I would like to see these brave and dramatic bullfighters confined to a ring with the bull without the help of a half-dozen assistants and weapons, to make it a real contest of man against bull," you say. A few years ago a young fellow was travelling around demonstrating the powers of the ancient Japanese art of Karate. When in Madrid, some joker suggested that he kill a bull with his bare hands. He accepted the challenge, and after a few months of practice/training in which he developed side-stepping methods and investigated the bull's weak points, he stood in a situation that more than met your stipulations. For sport, he knocked off both horns one at a time (he later admitted that the second one, after the bull was maddened with pain, was the only thing he had any doubt about -- when a bull is maddened, something happens to harden the horn) and 'played' with the bull -- side-stepping & hitting, kicking, butting it with his head from the side and various other things that resounded up to the top of the stands -- and finally, mercifully, killing it with a hammer-hand blow. When they cut open the bull, it was not fit to eat -- its insides were too mangled. It was, believe me, no contest.

And that seems to be all, for this time.

There Will Be No Beans In Coventry,

rich brown

ETHEL LINDSAY PROVES SHE'S A TRUEFANNE

Dear CryGang,

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton.
Surrey. Britain

Something I had read in the AXE ANNISH set me to thinking about the term BNF and how silly of anyone to still worry about its use. Last night I was think this: and concluded that I'd rather be thought a Truefan myself. So I peered round my room..all letters answered, all fanzines commented upon, on to stencil and even run off for the next HAVER. I could go away tomorrow..thought I..with a clear mind. I am heading home for a week's holiday with my parents. So this morning in comes not only CRY, but also WARHOON and five letters! Never mind about silly old BNFs; this is the time to find out whether you are a Truefan or not!! Do you Shriek and throw in your hand or do you say piously, "My God!" and start in to deal with them? So here I am, proving I am a Truefan to my own satisfaction, albeit with teeth a trifle clenched!

Before I start to comment upon the latest CRY I would first like to say a large "thank you" to the CRY members and readers who supported me for TAFF. I've never been further from my home in Scotland than to come to England; and I thought that was a big enough adventure. Through the years I have read heaps and heaps about America, and now I am to see it for myself! Bless you one and all: I'll remember it till my dying day.

CRY: Has a very handsome cover. Dear me why do we not see more of Sylvia's work since it is so good?

I am relieved to realise that Redd's story is fiction: I'd expire if it were really true! Terry's piece was short, but chilling.

It was interesting to read of Ron Ellik's visit to Ireland though I wish John had told us more about it. Perhaps HYPHEN will.

The letter column makes me feel rather ashamed for there are such a lot of nice long letters, and here I am only producing a short note. I hope you will forgive me, but I have got to fly off now and see my folks. Soo nice to think..no work for a whole seven days.

whee!

best, Ethel

LEN MOFFATT WONDERS IF HE WAS AT THE SOLACON
Dear CRYfolk,

10202 Belcher, Downey, California
June 19, 1962

That's quite an heroic cover illo on CRY 161, "inspirational", like. I take it Sylvia cut the stencil herself, and it is indeed a very good job.

I bet fun-loving Redd Boggs had fun writing Cogito Ergo Vroom, and I wonder if serious-minded Redd Boggs experienced the same lil' chill that I did when he wrote that near lil' ending. Actually, the ending is telegraphed, as critics would say, but I didn't get the message, as Mad Ave lads would say, because I was so interested in reading it non-stop I didn't even try to guess what the punchline might be. Would this story be called a non-exist-intentional-ist piece?

Tall Terry Carr was mighty short this time; that is, he reaped a rather brief harvest. The assortment of books he mentions (in the model fallout shelter) didn't enclude a Bible, which rather surprises me. Maybe one was there, and he didn't notice it, or didn't bother to mention it. Surely, if they included "Wall Street: Men & Money" they would also include a Bible. All things considered, one would assume that no (so-called) "fall out shelter" would be complete without one.

It's obvious that our Squirrel made quite a ghood impression on our fellow-fans Over There. Can't wait to read his trip report, which, I understand, is to be serialized in Shaggy. Anyway, very enjoyable Berry, and not just because he was writing about folks we all like.

Geez, I keep hearing (or reading) things about the Solacon that makes me wonder if I really was there. Of course, as I've said before, I did miss a lot of things because of being busy-busy along with other members of the committee, and regret most not having the time to visit with all the people I wanted especially to visit with -- but if there was a "feeling" that "panda" costumes won because the judges felt sorry for the wearers due to the WSFS hassle, etc. one would think that I'd have heard of it at the time. Because we (Anna and I, and maybe Rick and others on the committee) did hear the

complaints about Jerry Steir (the "Mummy") not getting a prize. However, we did set up a limited number of categories, and prizes to match, and didn't give our judges much leeway in the matter of adding on additional categories. As for the panda costumes winning, I doubt if either Leiber or van Vogt knew much (if anything) about the WSFS hassle. Whether or not the panda costumes were only "fair" is a matter of opinion. I thought they were clever and cute, but whether I would have voted for 'em insted of for the Mummy costume or wotever, is debatable, at this late date. We expected complaints about the judging -- before the con began; it's one of those things that con committees must expect, no matter who does the judging, who wins, or who "loses". You does your best and hopes for the same.

I'm often in agreement with Harry Warner on various subjects, but if he means what I (and apparently, Buz) think(s) he means re selecting U.S. condidates for TAFF, I must disagree. The TAFF representative should be a fan who will make a good representative for his country or fan-group. Which means that he or she must necessarily be well-liked, popular, gregarious, and of course a fan who has been around long enough to have acquired fannish experience, so to speak. Whether or not he or she is rich or poor or somewhere in between is incidental.

As Ted White sez, most every fan has or has had dreams of being a Pro. If not a Writer, then an Editor or Publisher. His article reminds me of The Magazine Anna and I would like to Publish & Edit. We'd have Squire Sneary helping us, of course. It's just a daydream right now, of course, but there's only a couple of things stopping us from giving it a go....(1) Money, and (2) given the money, the distribution problem that all mags face nowadays. What kind of mag would it be? Well, now, I can't reveal all our secret plans. I'll say this, tho. It would be all fiction. It would be Illustrated. Oh, sez you, another "Bluebook" or old time "Argosy"? Well, yes and no. Just wait until we have the Money, and you'll see....but don't hold your breath, because at last count neither of us had any rich uncles, nor ships somewhere on their way.... But it's fun to dream, once ina while...

Obviously, there are a number of fans who would make good TAFF condidates -- if only they'd run. My favorite is Rick Sneary. But Rick has argued against it -- though most of his arguments don't hold water. In fact, the only practical reason he's given for not running is that he might become ill and be unable to travel. His health is not the best, of course, but we're hoping it improves, whether he runs for TAFF or not. I think this is the first public mention made of "Squire for TAFF", but since other names have been mentioned, it would seem to be time to suggest the possibility of Rick standing, too. It might help if all of his friends, from all over fandom, let him know that they think he would make a good candidate.

Best Wishes & Keep Smiling!

Len

MIKE DECKINGER RECEIVES DOUBLE PORTION OF CRY
Dear CRYminals,

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey
6/17/62

This is the second month in a row that I've received two copies of CRY, with the mailing sticker marked in descending order. One sticker had "1" after my name, and the other had nothing. Please check your files and see if this error can be rectified. [Our files are in excellent condition. How did you want your two CRYs numbered? --www]

I liked Sylvia's cover, particularly in the smug, definitive expression she has managed to transfer to the character's face.

Boggs' story was delightful, simply delightful. The ending really isn't an ending at all, since it implies that another personality has created Hugh Bongflap in addition to fandom. So at least one of us must be real.

The only thing that interested me in Weber's minutes this time was how Malcolm Willits' Cadillac has been doing in its political race. [So far it won in the Primaries and has only the General election remaining. -- www]

If Ted lost his suits, I think the first thing he'd have to do would be to go to a good tailor.

SIN cerely,

Mike

DICK LUPOFF GIVES US NOOSE

210 E. 73 Street, New York 21, N.Y.

Dear CRYminals,

June 14, 1962

Does Tom Purdom think that "Revolutionary Road" is fiction, and that "any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is purely coincidental?" I got noose for him!

Dick Yates is a former RemRander. The company in Rev. Road is only thinly disguised...it's Remington Rand (notice the odd coincidence of initials); specifically the Univac division, where Yates did and I do now work. The closest we ever came to meeting was, oddly, when he turned down an assignment (the writing of a certain speech) as "Impossible". I got second crack at it and wrote the thing; it was later published with a big photo and byline. Not mine. The guy who gave it.

Anyway, not only is the company RemRand...the building is the old RemRand Building at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street in New York; if anyone is curious to inspect it, come now because we're moving to the new Sperry Rand Building in a few months. I don't know what will happen to the old wreck. It should be torn down but will probably not be.

The creaking elevators and peculiar elevator operators described in the book are still there. I ride with them every day.

Oddly, nobody at RemRand seemed to notice the book until recently, when it came out in pb. Then everybody went around covertly underlining sections and identifying characters. My favorite was Ted Bandy, who is in real life a fellow named Art Grundy. He was actually my boss for about six months recently in the Marketing (i.e., advertising and p.r.) Department. Now, thank goodness, I'm back in tech work, where I started four years ago when I first joined RR.

Grundy is a horrid, fat old toad of a man; the scene describing his shifting in his chair "like a man with hemorrhoids" completely cracked me up.

And if you publish this letter, and if by any remote chance anybody at RemRand should see it...don't tell Grundy!

If by any even remoter chance Grundy should get to see it...

... I RESIGN!!!!!!

Dick

DICK SCHULTZ, POSTAL PSYCHOANALIST

19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

Dear Wally;

You know what's wrong with you, Wally? You're sick. That's what.

You see, I've been psychoanalyzing you by mail, through the kind offices of CRY. Your insistence on having the last word; butting in on people when they're talking. All of which makes me think that your basic insecurity must have been aggravated by your early childhood when you were unfortunately very young. Now, mind you, this is not because you're ugly. Ugly is hardly the word for it. It's because of your youth that you are the way you are now. Corrupt. Degenerate. A libertine and lecher, a debaucher of innocent neofans, leading them into the CRY lettercol

Someone ought to lock you up.

But CRY 161 is lying here all innocent and quiet and purile (I hope that means what I think it means; I'd hate to cast aspersions on such a bloodthirsty creature as a CRY).

It was fascinating seeing Sylvia's bwah on that cover. He reminds me of someone I know of but since New York Fandom, barring the medical contingent and her mate, are a pack of slaving degenerates and fans to boot, it naturally can't be them. Maybe it's Hal Lynch without his glasses.

Redd Boggs is wrong, you know. The MiSFitS, unfortunately, do exist. At times I wish I had never created them. Anyways, the Detroit fuzz, as I have created them, are hardly the type to escort anyone under the Windsor tunnel. They might escort him to the river and give him a few quick lessons on how to dog-paddle, but they'd never escort him through. The Windsor blues'd never allow it.

Whoever it was who blotted out the Berry we used to know back in '59 and took his place seems to have finally discovered how to write like Berry. It has been a point of pain for me to realize that Berry had been destroyed along with his talents in that bygone era, to realize that never again would we be treated to the Old Berry of the Goon Defective Agency days. Why, I'll bet that most of you never even noticed the way

"his" style changed shortly after "he" made it over the top in the Berry Fund. At last "he", realizing too many people were wondering over "his" new style of writing, has turned to the true Berry type. Let's hope we can keep him that way, eh?

The picture of Ted White, boy connoisseur of Pepsi and Heinz' Chili, sitting in an editor's desk sort of made me stop and think. Especially how odd it would be if I were to drop in one day and see Ted White, or TEW as we chucklingly and saliciously term him behind his back, sitting in and Editor's Chair and then the Editor came in and kicked him right square in the VOIDeditorial and that just made me chuckle and smile and grin to myself and sorta wonder when I'll be in New Yawrk again.

Yhos,

Dick Schultz

MISHA McQUOWN DEMONSTRATES HIS TALENTS
Glorious Comrades of CRY,

Box 283, 73ADIV, Tyndall AFB, Florida
16 Jun 62

Greetinks:

Boggs' article was delightful -- wha happen to the Voice of Doom?; Fandom Harvest somehow left a chill running down my back -- is that booklist to be the literary heritage of a post-atomic era?; Berry's story was interesting -- will Al Lewis be at the ChiCon?; Ted White may or may not have aced out on a Good Thing -- it will take a year or two to determine whether EROS will stay or fold -- sorry, Ted. Better luck next time.

I don't wish to be misunderstood on the race issue -- I'm against prejudice for its own sake, but I'm also tired of hearing carping from people who do not live in the South and do not understand the situation or know it except from second- or third-hand sources screaming about racial inequality. There are many conscientious Southerners -- mostly among the better educated and the older families -- who don't like the situation either, but it's not so simple that it's going to be cleared up overnight by an act of legislation. It takes time and the education of both sides. There is still a lot of poverty in the South, and a lot of ignorance, and it will take years before we can truly begin to clean our own house, but no one else can do it for us!!!

There's a guy over in the missile shop who has done a bit of photo work for Harlan Ellison now and again -- a fellow named Hutcherson; some of his work has appeared in Rogue signed 'Hutch.' Real interesting type.

The dance production was a success -- we had an audience upwards of 2,000. Considering the co-operation we did not get from the Cancer society, John Sweet is thinking of doing next year's show for CP.

At the present, we're starting on acrobatics, so by con-time I should have something worked out to do for the amusement of some of the ~~drunks~~ fen whom I shall meet there. It's great to have talent: I dance (?), I act (?), and I get letters printed in CRY. Who could ask for anything more? I also speak Russian. Maybe we should work up a Russian edition of CRY and send it to Nicky. One small problem -- in no Russian dictionary can I find a word for 'croggled' or 'spellblingling.'

Do Svidania,

Misha

WARREN deBRA WANTS TO DO RIGHT
Dear Cry

Rt. 2, Box 595A, Pensacola, Florida
Fri. 13, July 1962

I am an old time reader, but a new fan, and I am trying to learn the proper attitude. Should I, for example, send out anonymous postcards to (gosh, I don't know who to send them to) asking questions such as

1. Is it true that ATom used the same live model (a la Richard Upton Pickman, Boston's greatest painter) for Cry covers 156 (Codeine) 157 (Avramidson) and 158 and 160? Seems to be the same body with different appendages.
2. Forget about Hugh Bongflap. Is it true that Redd Boggs does not live in an old weed-grown cemetery?

You can see my perplexity. I do want to be a good fan, and I get the impression this might be a proper attitude. You note I used a positive in one question, and a

negative in the other. If you approve of this as a proper fanac (did I use that word right?), please let me know the truth on these two items, so I can insinuate the opposite. Little fun in trying to stir up trouble unless you know you are wrong, right?

Please help me, as I do want to be a good fan.

Warren deBra

P.S. If you do approve this, and can let me know which is truth or falsity, also send a mailing list of other people I don't know so I can needle them.

BOB LICHTMAN CLEANS UP

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Dear CRY:

Sunday, 22 July 1962

That's a very beautiful job of stencilling that Sylvia did on the cover of CRY #161. But who is it that she's picturing? I have a feeling that I've seen this person's face before, somewhere, but I don't remember who or where.

Incidentally, CRY has my new kitten's thorough approval. He is as fond of chewing on the edges of CRY as he is on the edges of almost every other fanzines. He is sitting on my lap purring at this letter with approval.

Boggs' little fiction in this issue is very amusing. For the record, I might note that Croft Avenue, or the section of it on which I live, starts with 5840 and that 6137 is the last number of the lot. It only extends through this part of Los Angeles for one long block, running between 58th Place and 64th Street with no intersecting streets. However, before they filled it in, across the street from 6137 there really was, if not a canyon, then at least a big, sloppy gully. The other part of Croft is up towards Hollywood, and though I'm not quite sure how far south it comes, I doubt it goes much further than the 1500 block south, if that far.

Elinor, your tamale pie doesn't sound as though it's nearly spicy enough. I'd suggest you use more chili powder, for one thing, and probably more of the season salt (or try their new season pepper; it's Good Stuff), cumin and garlic would help a whole lot. But maybe you don't have the cast-iron stomach I seem to have. I like hot, spicy Mexican food, myself. But I sure changed my mind temporarily after your referring to the filling as "meat goop." Ugh.

My reactions to the first issue of EROS, when it hit the fancy and expensive newsstands in Westwood, was much the same as Ted's. I had been expecting something that, for once, was Really Good. The magazine that resulted was a distinct disappointment, despite having one or two high points. I wish Ted could have been editor; I'm certain he would have done much better, and a number of fans would have been somewhat more prosperous.

Joesky has just tipped over the water bowl and is now up on my lap asking for approval. Jeezy-peezy! I hate cleaning up after even my own messes.

I've got to stop and clean it up, though.

Rowr...rower...

Bob

PAUL WILLIAMS VOTES FOR PROZINE BALLOTS

163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass.

Dear CRYfen,

As far as I'm concerned, you could have just sent me (out of issue 161) the cover, the piece on the third page about the IBM Selectric, Avram Davidson's letter, and "Cogito Ergo Vroom", and I would have been happy. Everything else was superfluous...

EROS spelled backwards is SORE.

Hurray for Nancy Shriner! Fantasia Mathematica is just about my favorite book ever. For you bums who don't want to pay five bucks for it, rush out and buy the Simon and Schuster paperback for a dollar and a half!

I think it's a great idea to have the prozines print Hugo ballots, since the prozine readers have every right to vote for the best story of the year, etc. Of course with the nominations for the best fanmag, the prozine ballots give SF TIMES an unfair advantage, because if the average reader reads any fanzine, it's SF TIMES. Personally, I think there'll be very few. As for TAFF ballots, if anyone would respond to prozine ballots, it would mean more money for TAFF, which is good. However, I feel that TAFF is a particularly fannish sort of thing, which does not affect the non-fan sf reader.

If any did respond, there would be a tendency among readers to vote for their favorite pro-authors or editors. After all, we're assuming that prozine ballots are for non-fans.

What is WWISFF? [I'll bite. What is it? --www] Does it stand for Who's Who In Science Fiction Fandom? Honest, that's just a guess.

Obviously www stands for "We Want Wilkie".

Hoping this letter meets the CRYterion,

Paul

DICK KUCZEK FULFILLS A NEED

2808 S.E. 154, Portland 36, Oregon

Dear Wally,

It's time to celebrate again, I'm writing you, feel joyous. I also joined the NFFF. Now, stop laughing, all of you, they needed me. Besides, it's my first stepping stone to the takeover of fandom I'm planning. CRY's next.

You may have noticed that AMPO is late. Well, we just need a ditto machine. All we get are promises that we can borrow this and that one, and they never come through. We may buy one, but will have to scrape up the down payment. ((Mimeo! for CRYsake. -- EB))

I liked the story by Boggs. It was good, but might have been a little better. ((How? -- EB)) [Yeah. How? -- www]

HWYL: I still don't know what HWYL means, but I'll comment on it anyhow. No, Elinor I didn't notice. It is such a shock just getting a copy of CRY, that when I get it doesn't affect me that much. Shame on you for not feeding Toskey enough. Did you ever think of putting his food in a separate mixing bowl with his name embossed on it? ((No, but we've thought of putting him in one. -- FMB))

Berry's writing was good, as usual. At the end he mentioned that there were several things about TAFF that caused him to lack faith in it. While TAFF is not perfect, I don't see anything that would cause me to lack faith.

I have kept my mouth shut on the matter of fan awards for various reasons, such as being a very new fan, having no real opinion on the matter, and other reasons which don't matter now. What I want to say is that it is a pitiful state of affairs when a new, imaginative, vigorous fan such as George seemed to be is so ridiculed and downgraded because of an idea he happened to believe in, that he is forced to drop out of fandom. I think all of fandom owes him an apology. I'm not saying you should agree with him; just don't laugh and ridicule him and his ideas. It might have happened to you when you first joined fandom. ((I doubt that. Why don't you wait until the whole story drifts along to you, just any old year now, and then make up your mind?--FMB))

Yours fannishly.

Dick Kuczek

D. A. LATIMER IGNORED BY NFFF

RD 4, Canton, New York

Dear Cryst,

5/28/62

My choice for TAFF would be, enthusiastically, Les Nirenberg. Panic Button is one of the most consistently funny, politically introspective, and satirical zines I've ever read. Les himself has a wonderful personality and one of the finest editorial policys possible. My second choice would be F.M. Busby, but I'm kinda biased there. He's my sponsor for N3F, sorta.

Busby, you make one helluva sponsor! The Enthreeeff (don't wanna declare myself yet) had my address wrong for three months! Sniff... first the Seacon neglects me, now the N3F ignores me, and I haven't never heard from the ISFCC. Look out! Here comes tenth (or eleventh or twelfth) fandom, the League of Forgotten Neos, headed by D.A. Latimer, Mike Shupp, and Ron Wilson.

Mine -- so there!

D.A. Latimer

JOHN TRIMBLE HAS TAFF-REPORT SOLUTION...ALMOST

5734 Parapet, Long Beach 8, Calif.

Dear Wally:

CRY #161 here...well, it's Bruce Pelz's issue, since I don't seem to get CRY -- er, my sub (gulp!) lapsed. [So did your letters. -- www]

Hoo boy! Does it look like that IBM Selectric is fun! Forry just got one, too, but he hasn't got more'n two (I think) typefaces for it -- his usual sans serif, and some other, more prosaic typeface. But I've typed with it a time or two for test, and ... W*O*W*E*E! That li'l ping pong ball there shore do move along.

John Berry sure makes Ron's visit sound more like Ron's visit than Ron does. I've heard Ronel tell of his side-jauant to Belfast at least three times now, and he still hasn't come up with some of the embellishments which Berry's come up with here. Maybe we'll have to have Berry write Ronel's TAFF report...and Ron Bennett could write the Harrogate sections...the LiG could write the Liverpool parts...Ella and the SFCOL bunch could write the London section...and the Cheltenham crew could write up that part of it...that leaves Ronel with just the part of telling how he got back sooner and later than expected by taking the subway...fascinating, that.

Better not suggest it, tho; Ron would take us up on the proposition. That lad sure hates to write.

All the best to you,

14 June 1962

---jt---

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN (Box 283, 73 ADIV, Tyndall AFB, Florida). would like a ride to ChiCon from Mason, Ohio. In addition to his other talents, such as making the lettercol and WAHFCOL in the same issue of CRY, he shares expenses. RON WILSON (N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane 18, Washington) would like to get a ride to ChiCon from Spokane; he also can share expenses. DAVID VANDERWERF (Rural Route #2, Redwood Falls, Minnesota) sends a mimeographed sheet extolling the services of FEN PEN, "The zine for the fan fiction writer." PETER B. HOPE, M.D. changes address to 15 Claremont Ave., New York 27, N.Y. DAVID L. GREENE wants the August, 1960, CRY for Bogg's article, "Follow the Yellow Brick Road." PHILIP JASKAR announces his participation in Clover Park High School's Commencement Exercises June 7th. The following people send all kinds of money: STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS, JOHN R. ISAAC, DAVE LOCKE, DONALD W. ANDERSON, MIKE DOMINA, NORM METCALF, SAM MOSKOWITZ (this arrived in early February, but we're cautious folks), JOE PILATI, ARNOLD KRUGER, DAVE KEIL, ROBERT P. BROWN, FRED GOTTSCHALK (New address: 6716 Sulky Lane, Rockville, Md.), E. K. DI MICELI, RUTH BERMAN, and FRED GALVIN. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY wants copies of CRY, but its printed letter wasn't interesting enough to make the letter column, so I guess it's out of luck. See you at ChiCon! -www

from: CRY

Box 92

507 Third Avenue

Seattle 4, Wash.

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Ed Meskys (7)
c/o Norm Metcalf
P. O. Box 336
Berkeley 4, Calif.