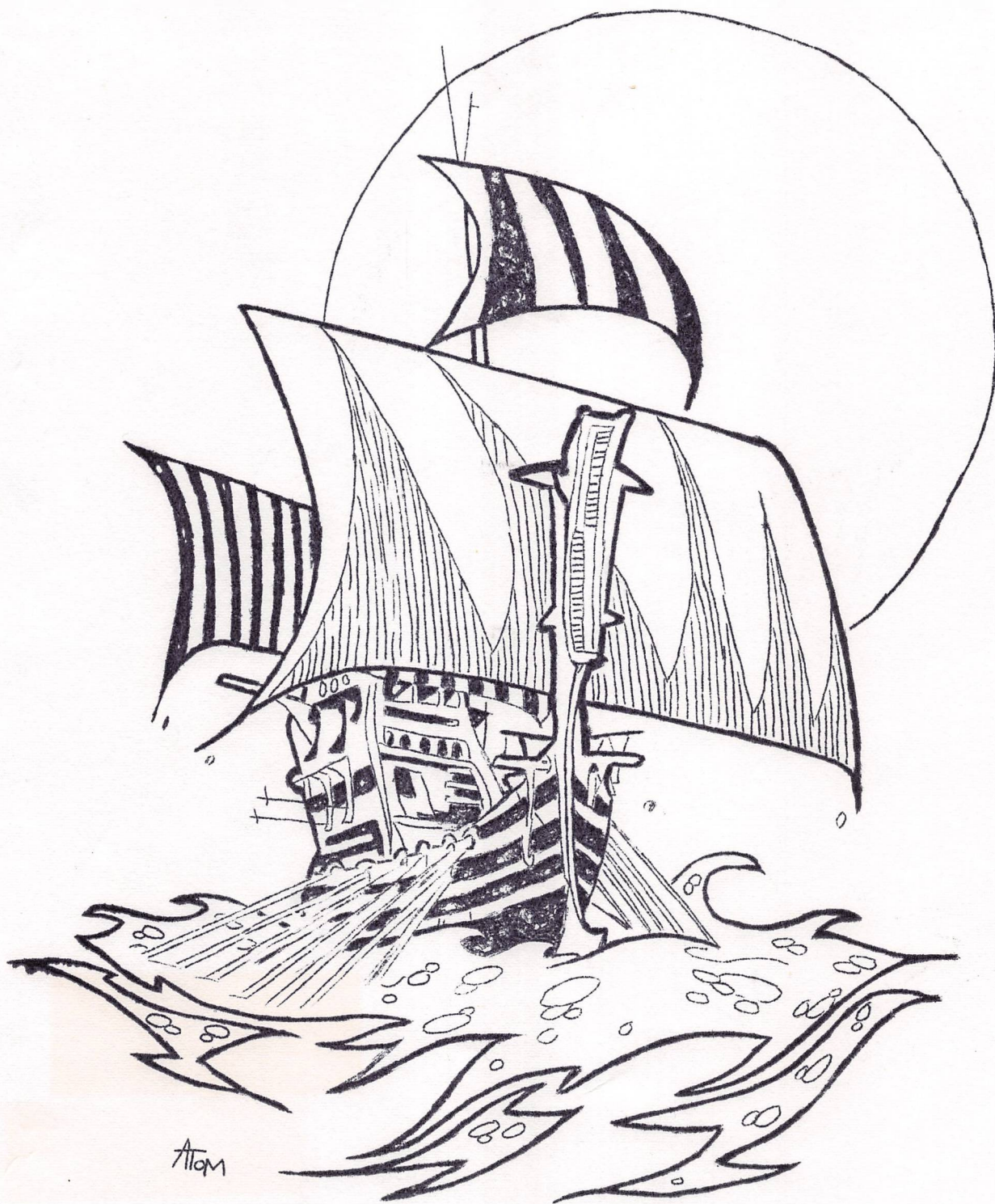


CRY

NOVEMBER 1962

NUMBER 164



NOVEMBER 1965
NUMBER 164

CRY



Figure this for CRY #164, November 1962; the odds are with you, there. Be you reassured that CRY is still of Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, selling for 25¢ or 1/9 the each, and 5 per dollar or 14/- for as many dollars as you wish to send. Letterhacks & other contributors, if they succeed, get the free copy, and I've heard some ugly rumors about "trades" but I'm sure you don't want to listen to rumors.

John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N Ireland, handles all that duodecimal currency. Checks sent to Box 92 must read "Elinor Busby", not "CRY".

CRY is the production of Wally Weber and F M & Elinor Busby. Or vice versa; we sometimes have this old feeling that CRY is the master: that would explain a lot.

We will probably wrap up #165, for December, around November 28th, a Wednesday.

C O N T E N T S :

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Art Credits: ATom 1, Stony Barnes 16 27 28, Hupp 2 3 4

Stencil-cutting: WallyW 19, Elinor 9, Buz 3

Perhaps I should apologize for riding the Bicycle through such mundane sercon terrain this time, but I won't. I've never been able to understand why [to a large segment of fandom] it is only Brinkmanship when we push a little bit for a change. But having a pretty good idea how that segment is going to react to the Cuban Bit, and how loudly, I thought I'd air a different view, and air it immediately, & first.

Last issue as you may have noticed we had a little difficulty in switching from the soft waxy Gestencils to the harder 4-holers; like, some underinking. So this time we have added the film to the stencil&backingplate sandwich; well, we will see. Last month's stencils were all American Maid #14. That brand has been used this month for pages 16 through 25. Pages 15 and 31 are on (Sears) Tower stencils, and the rest of the issue is on Old Town stencils costing about twice as much as either of the other two brands. This info for comparative purposes hoping the cheaper brands work out just as well as the higher priced spread; you get all the news.

Publication this month will once again be by the Cone Company; wish them luck.

Our out-of-town contributors this month had the bad luck to submit material of "awkward" lengths; I am forced to admit that CUTTING occurred, some by me and some by Elinor [not to mention the chainsaw WWW uses in CotR]. We hope it came out OK. Paul Stanbery's article on "Stranger in a Strange Land" missed this issue because this issue had room for 2 or 4 pages but not 1 or 3 or 5 pages, and Elinor came to the bottom of the 2nd stencil and did not reach the end of the article at the same time, through some miscalculation or other such as that Paul kept writing too long. Well, ~~we are once again, toying~~ ^{maybe next month, Paul:} it's the breaks and you sure did get 'em, hey?

[[DAMN!!!]] with the sweet insidious temptations of going bi-monthly. We toyed with this thought a couple of times before, you will recall, but wore it out and tossed it aside like a castoff whatsis-- this was when we were still on that string of 60 consecutive monthly issues without a miss, and we hated to break the string. Now, however, having skipped 5 preannounced monthly appearances starting with Sept '60 and adding July (or subtracting it, rather) the next two years, bimonthlyism (or whatever the correct term is) seems less shocking and more attractive. You see, we've enjoyed those nice lazy gaps from June to August and from August to October, and wouldn't it be nice and relaxing if...?

In any case, #165 will be on time as above. Let us know what you think (not just what you think sounds suitably goshwow), and maybe next month we will have the traditional Vital Announcement to make, one way or the other. After all, #166 would be the 13th Annish if it came out for January '63, and 13th Annishes-- well, damn few fanzines have survived publishing one, I guess you know. Bad luck, I guess?.BUZ

THE NIGHT WEBER BLUSHED

as told to Wally Weber

Writing material for a fanzine is an exacting task. Many pitfalls await the unwary novice, not the least of which is that his material may some day be printed in a fanzine and read by other fans. We've lost a number of potential Hemingways that way. The time is long past due for an article aimed at aiding these unwary, pitfall-ridden, potentially Hemingwaylike novices. Yes, the time is long past due, what with this being Tuesday and CRY deadline being last Saturday. It is time that the novice fan writer is told how to avoid the embarrassment of being a beginner making beginners' mistakes and, instead, find out how to be embarrassed like the old-timers in the field.

The first step the informed novice should take in his fumbling efforts to prepare his first manuscripts is to learn how to type. This does not mean he must learn the standard systems by which you can type without looking at the keyboard and make typos with either hand and any finger with equal ease. It is well known among those who know it well that fingers are very much like people, and, unless you have an unusually congenial and cooperative group, you are better off depending on one or two you know will do the job right. But enough of this digression into the fascinating subject of finger psychology, and back to the importance of the novice fan writer learning to type.

The only real essential to typing is access to a typewriter. Trial and error will take care of the rest. Trial and error might even be employed in the acquisition of a suitable typewriter, but too often the trial leads to a conviction and several months in the clink for theft. For this reason it is suggested that access to a typewriter be gained by more conventional means. (By this we do not imply that you should wait for a convention where you can steal a typewriter from the convention committee. Steal it from the Art Show instead; they're accustomed to being robbed.)

The first thing the novice writer should write with his accessible typewriter is a fan whose material in fanzines has received favorable comments by someone other than the publisher of the fanzine. He should write a lot of such fans, but unfortunately there just aren't a lot of such fans to begin with. The novice should write to those few who are available, however. Exactly what is written is unimportant, just so it will provoke a reply.

The importance of the replies is utter, for it permits the novice to compare typefaces. Once he discovers a favored fan writer whose typeface matches that of his own accessible machine, he can use that fan's name on his first several manuscripts, thereby insuring the publication of his first works and completely avoiding the embarrassment of being associated with the articles.

Finding a matching typeface is not always easy and sometimes requires incredible patience and ingenuity. A classic example of patience in this respect is Gretchen Aardvark. Her typewriter had accidentally been partially melted in a blast furnace where she worked, and the resulting weird typeface was virtually impossible to match. Still, she had faith, and eventually a teen-ager from South Bend gained fame as a letterhack with a typewriter of exactly matching typeface. The teen-ager gave up fandom when she graduated from high school, but Gretchen triumphantly carries on despite the fact that she had to wait over sixty years before finding an accepted name to sign to her letters. Though she is so decrepit that her hands

continually shake, often vibrating the period key resulting in long series of dots at frequent intervals throughout her letters, she lives with the burning hope that some day she will learn to write well enough that she can sign her own name to her letters without embarrassment.

Many good fan writers are on to this trick of novices learning at their expense, and they sometimes go to outrageous lengths to prevent their names from being used in this manner. An ingenious and determined beginner can usually find a way to win out over these stubborn types. An example of this is a certain Belfast fan writer, one of the very best, who attempted to protect his good name by using a typewriter that defied counterfeiting. He succeeded, by Ghu knows what means, in acquiring a typewriter that ran on beans -- without doubt the only typewriter of its kind in the world. His work was so well liked, however, that a group of novices banded together and purchased another typewriter, one that could easily be matched, and presented it to him at a worldcon, employing such ceremony before so many other fans that the poor Irish lad had no choice but to accept the gift. He never did write another word for any fanzines, but so many novices were using his name that the rest of fandom never realized what had happened. The clever beginners even thought to write a complete trip report using his name. (Copies are still available. Send \$1.25 for our free booklet.)

Once the beginning fan writer has acquired the use of a typewriter and a matching BNF, he can learn all about fan writing without the worry of having any of his mistakes attributed to him. Below is a list of suggested exercises the novice can try in order to develop his writing skill and to observe the consequences of certain types of writing.

1. Write an article about another fan, explaining in convincing detail how he is loyal to and on the payroll of a communist government. (Choose a fan engaged in some kind of vital defense work requiring security clearance. Send copies of your article to the FBI.)

2. Write an article about a leading science fiction prozine describing in convincing detail all about how it is on the verge of going broke and hasn't been able to pay its authors for stories it has published. (Submit this to a fanzine circulated among a large number of professional authors.)

3. Accuse a well-known fan of sexual abnormalities. Describe in convincing detail the abnormal practices you ascribe to him. (Send one printed copy to the Post Office Department, and one copy to the accused man's wife or employer.)

4. Write an article about Ella Parker and submit it to Orion. Describe in convincing detail the characteristics that have made her a Stupid Clod of a Woman.

5. Write an article telling how fandom has changed your life. Describe in convincing detail the courtroom scenes and your first conscious moments in the hospital. (Submit one copy to your doctor and one copy to your warden.)

Now that you have read this long overdue article aiding the unwary, pitfall-ridden, potentially Hemingwaylike novice fan writer, you may be interested in our companion long overdue article on how to publish the first issue of a fanzine to best effect. For this, we refer you to the article, "The Day Weber Blushed," in the December 1952 issue of Grulzakzine. Unfortunately, the December 1952 issue of Grulzakzine, its very first issue by the way, has not appeared yet, but the novice publisher will find it well worth his while to delay publishing his first issue until the article appears.

THE TRENCHANT BLDGEON

by Ted White

The book was nearly over. Most of the loose ends have been tied together, and Phillip Marlowe has just given the pretty young Carmen Sternwood her gun back.

I went back towards her around the sump. When I was about ten feet from her, at the edge of the sump, she showed me all her sharp little teeth and brought the gun up and started to hiss.

I stopped dead, the sump water stagnant and stinking at my back.

"Stand there, you son of a bitch," she said.

The gun pointed at my chest. Her hand seemed to be quite steady. The hissing sound grew louder and her face had the scraped bone look. Aged, deteriorated, become animal, and not a nice animal.

I laughed at her. I started to walk towards her. I saw her small finger tighten on the trigger and grow white at the tip. I was about six feet away from her when she began to shoot.

The sound of the gun made a sharp slap, without body, a brittle crack in the sunlight. I didn't see any smoke. I stopped again and grinned at her.

She fired twice more, very quickly. I don't think any of the shots would have missed. There were five in the little gun. She had fired four. I rushed her.

I didn't want the last one in my face, so I swerved to one side. She gave it to me quite carefully, not worried at all. I think I felt the hot breath of the powder blast a little.

I straightened up. "My, but you're cute," I said.

Her hand holding the empty gun began to shake violently. The gun fell out of it. Her mouth began to shake. Her whole face went to pieces. Then her head screwed up towards her left ear and froth showed on her lips. Her breath made a whining sound. She swayed.

I caught her as she fell. She was already unconscious. I pried her teeth open with both hands and stuffed a wadded handkerchief in between them. It took all my strength to do it. I lifted her up and got her into the car, then went back for the gun and dropped it into my pocket. I climbed in under the wheel, backed the car and drove back the way we had come along the rutted road, out of the gateway, back up the hill, and so home.

Carmen lay crumped in the corner of the car, without motion. I was halfway up the drive to the house before she stirred. Then her eyes suddenly opened wide and wild. She sat up.

"What happened?" she gasped.

"Nothing. Why?"

"Oh, yes it did," she giggled. "I wet myself."

"They always do," I said.

She looked at me with a sudden sick speculation and began to moan.

Thus we discover Rusty Regan's killer, in Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep."

The book was the first complete novel Chandler wrote about Phillip Marlowe, and coincidentally it was the first of his novels I read. Recently I had a chance to see the 1946 movie made of it with Humphrey Bogart, and afterwards I reread the book for comparison.

The scene I just quoted wasn't in the movie. In fact, almost none of the vivid characterization of the book will be found in the movie. Some of Chandler's better lines remain, but the plot has been truncated and the descriptions expurgated. It's easy to see why.

In rereading "The Big Sleep" I was once again impressed by the skill and power of Chandler's prose. He was an Englishman, educated at Oxford if memory serves, and independently wealthy. He became one of the BLACK MASK crew, along with Dashiell Hammett, to whom he owes so much. He learned from Hammett, as did Hemingway, the eloquence of terse twentieth-century English. The emotional sock of a string of

short, simple sentences composed of carefully chosen basic English words.

But he went Hammett one further. Hammett wrote about real detectives and real criminals, because he himself had been a real detective and he could portray them with a verisimilitude unknown in mystery fiction until then. Chandler took all this, and added to it cynicism ("The Long Goodbye," his longest and best book, is one long cynical tract about modern American culture) and characters whose color derived from the sickness of their minds.

Carmen Sternwood is insane. She throws herself on Marlowe at first meeting, to his acute puzzlement.....

"You're cute," she giggled. "I'm cute too."

I didn't say anything. So the butler chose that convenient moment to come back through the French doors and see me holding her.

It didn't seem to bother him. He was a tall, thin, silver man, sixty or close to it or a little past it. He had blue eyes as remote as eyes could be. ... He walked slowly across the floor towards us and the girl jerked away from me. She flashed across the room to the foot of the stairs and went up them like a deer. She was gone before I could draw a long breath and let it out.

The butler said tonelessly. "The General will see you now, Mr. Marlowe."

I pushed my lower jaw up off my chest and nodded at him. "Who was that?"

"Miss Carmen Sternwood, sir."

"You ought to wean her. She looks old enough."

Later on Marlowe comes home one night to find Carmen in his bed awaiting him. Disgusted, he throws her out, provoking a reaction of hatred from her in doing so. The culmination of this comes in the scene I quoted. I am impressed by the scene. It says so much, so well, with such economy. Marlowe never says he loaded the gun with blanks before giving it to her, but yet there is that line, "I don't think any of the shots would have missed." (Emphasis mine.)

"My, but you're cute," Marlowe says to her. The irony lies in this being one of her own favorite lines, often accompanied by the insertion of her thumb into her mouth. The reader realizes from this the full implications of her shooting Marlowe; that she is the killer.

Then comes the line which gives us the full sum of Carmen Sternwood: "She giggled. 'I wet myself.'"

The implications of that line are enormous; they tell us the full scope of her insanity; her irresponsibility to herself and what she had done.

I have yet to see writing of this calibre in science fiction, and perhaps that's one reason why my library of mystery books equals my science fiction collection

TURN BACKWARDS, OH TIME: Recently I was down in Falls Church on a short visit with my parents and my mother handed me a book. "Do you remember this?" she asked.

I looked at it. It was obviously a book intended for the very young. On the cover were the words, "Action, Imitation & Fun Series" below a wide box running across the top inside of which were frogs sitting on a bank and reading books. Balancing this out was another box at the bottom inside of which was drawn a picture of three very young girls in turn-of-the-century clothes. In big letters just below the first legend, and running across the middle of the cover was "Jack the Giant Killer."

My mother had given me this book to read when I was still in early first grade, and I was to read a page of it each day to supplement my work at school. I soon found myself absorbed in the story of "Jack the Giant Killer," which was an archetypical fairy story book, one which amalgamated a dozen or more fairy-story plots into one nicely violent story. Indeed, I was soon reading better than a chapter a day, and all too soon I had finished the book. This was the first book I ever read for pleasure. And it was to have a profound effect upon me. First, it gave me the taste of reading for pleasure. And, second, it established with me a strong liking for fantasy and adventure, leading finally to science fiction and mystery stories.

H W Y L

by Elinor Busby

A sad story.. I may as well tell you that I hadn't planned to have a column in CRY this month. I was going to write a story--a genuine story--fiction--for the first time since 1954.

I had the title all picked out--"Birth in the Afternoon"--and the characters named and everything. I started on it, one night last week, and did the whole first page. Then I revealed to Buz that I was going to put it in CRY and he said I couldn't. "Oh, no," he said, "if you put a story in CRY people will send us stories and we will have to send them back." I forgot to point out that Redd Boggs and John Berry had had stories in CRY, quite recently, and no untoward deluge had been experienced. I forgot to point this out because I was overwhelmed with frustration and chagrin.

"Send it to Avram," Buz said. But I won't. This story, the first page of which I have written, is going to be an excellent story in some respects, but it has got one basic flaw: it is completely devoid of plot. I don't think it's polite to send Avram stories without plots; do you?

So I guess I'll put it in FAPA. If I ever finish writing it. Mailing after next. Be warned.

Not unlike home movies-- The other day I went to a rummage sale and bought ten
(OMPA-type joke) books for \$1.36. Since I have to write a column--can't tell you a lovely if somewhat amorphous story instead--I'll describe my new acquisitions.

"The Door Into Summer," by Robert A. Heinlein. Pbk. We hadn't bought this previously because we have the F&SFs it appeared in originally. But it's more convenient to have it all in one piece. This was pretty good, as I remember it. Not one of Heinlein's absolute best, but nonetheless well worth rereading.

"The Lute Player" and "The House at Old Vine," by Norah Lofts. Both hardcover. Norah Lofts is one of the authors all of whose books I read, God knows why. She writes historical novels, and is very good at drawing people and backgrounds and contriving interesting plots. But she's too Gothic, has unhappy endings quite as often as happy, and although her books are interesting she is not interesting as an author, i.e., she is not developing or saying anything new. "The Lute Player" is one of her better books. It deals with Richard/Blondel/Berengaria--you know, the Crusade bit, and is in general a well-constructed and satisfying story. "The House at Old Vine" is an inferior effort. It's a continuation of her earlier "The Town House" and is a rambling tale of great Gothicity. A family lives in this house century after century, and all the boys have dark eyes, are musically talented, and die of lung disease. Two young children of this family, two generations apart, commit murder. It reminds me of Jane Austen's implicit comment on families where a likeness, once taken, is taken for generations.

"The Otterbury Incident," by C. Day Lewis. Hardcover, and copiously and amusingly illustrated. This is a juvenile set in post-war England, and written in the good old E. Nesbit/Arthur Ransome tradition. A satisfactory little book.

"The Heller," by William E. Henning. I read this about ten years ago, liked it, and am glad to have a copy. It's a simple little story about, for the most part, likeable people. Anne's favorite beau is forced to marry Anne's best friend, whom he has impregnated. Anne is angry, deeply hurt and humiliated, and longs to do something big, become someone big and important to Show Them. She meets and marries an eligible young man; then meets her former best friend again and finds her very lonely and unhappy, and tries to comfort her and give a baby shower for her. The story is set in prewar Illinois, towards the end of the depression. The title is quite ill-fitting.

"Thin Ice," by Compton Mackenzie. Paperback. This novel is about a close friendship, lasting for 44 years, between two men one of whom is homosexual and the other heterosexual. Written in the first person, the latter tells all he knows

about the former. Henry Fortescue was a member of Parliament, and repressed his homosexual desires severely until he gave up hope of the Cabinet. Then repression was no longer worth while for him, and he started 'walking on thin ice.' The fact that we see the protagonist only through the eyes of a man who does not share or sympathize with his tastes, and who is, furthermore, a bystander by circumstance and temperament, gives the story a veiled quality which does not lessen its interest but does reduce its impact. This is advantageous, since every character in this book dies except the narrator, and he is left ancient and very lonely. This is a well-written book.

"Lightning Strikes Twice," by Jean Potts. Paperback. This is a very good murder mystery of the American school--more suspense than detection. The person one suspects did it, but for an unexpected reason. Good background, very good characterization, and good timing make this book pleasurable reading.

"Sad Cypress," by Agatha Christie (pbk) and "Night at the Vulcan," by Ngaio Marsh (hardcover). Agatha Christie and Ngaio Marsh are two authors whose books vary greatly in interest. These two were both pretty good.

"Confessors of the Name," by Gladys Schmitt. Hardcover. I haven't read this one yet, and probably shan't until CRY, FAPazines and OMPazine are all in the mail. Marion Zimmer Bradley recommended Gladys Schmitt to me quite a long time ago. But I paid no attention, because of course I realized that no one named Gladys Schmitt could possibly write well. A Gladys Jones one might have hopes for, and one would be willing to think the best of an Elsa Schmitt. But one would expect that only an insensitive clod could go through life as Gladys Schmitt, and insensitive clods generally don't write very good books. Now you may say that people can't help their names--I can only reply that they can and do. Gladys Stern appeared to much better advantage as G. B. Stern, and Elinor Wylie did not relinquish her surname with the spouse from whom she acquired it.

But one day last month I went to the public library and did not find one single book by Georgette Heyer that I hadn't already read. Saddened and made desperate, I took out "The Persistent Image" by Gladys Schmitt. I couldn't decide until the very end whether I liked it or not, but the ending was so thoroughly and completely satisfactory that I immediately read the whole book through all over again, and enjoyed it very much indeed. So I have great hopes for "Confessors of the Name"--I'll let you know.

DNQ CLEARANCE It seems that there are three ways of thinking about the DNQ. The first is that it's all right to repeat anything DNQ as long as one says that it's DNQ. Here, DNQ is taken to mean 'do not publish' and no more than that.

The second way of treating DNQs is to reveal them to one's close friends only.

The third is that a DNQ is something you keep to yourself, period.

All three of these ways of treating DNQs are perfectly valid for different people, for different items of information. The important thing is that it be clearly understood on what basis information is given or received.

If A tells B something he has never told anyone before and plans not to tell anyone again, he has a right to tell B 'this is to go no farther' and if B is unable to keep secrets from his buddies C, D, and E, he should say 'then please don't tell me.' If A tells B something he has, or soon will, tell F, G and H, it would be quite unkind of him to refuse B the pleasure of telling C, D, and E. But when A gives B information, it's A's right to say what use, if any, may be made of that information. If B cannot accept A's restrictions, he is in honor bound to refuse to hear the information.

Let's not just say 'DNQ'--let's specify. Let's specify when we give information, and when we receive it.

It is not DNQ that "The Goon Goes West" is available from CRY for \$1.25--checks payable to Elinor Busby

HEAVEN'S ABOVE!

by John Berry

I chanced the other day on a thick book, green with mildew, the embossed cover trying its hardest to grin through the cobwebs which dimmed its potent gold-impressed legend.

I was going to kick it out of the way, I even turned my toes inwards so that the outside edge of my hobnail would skim it at an angle of 45 degrees into the corner where the rest of the rubbish was....and then I pondered. I picked it up. I blew on it, wiped the scum off with the sleeve of my jacket.

"The Story of the Heavens," I saw, by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, LLD, D.Sc.

I sat down on the upturned tea chest, and read it. Took me all afternoon. When I'd finished it, I thankfully withdrew the handkerchief out of my mouth, and gasped in the lungfuls of fusty but nevertheless welcome air. It really was the funniest thing I ever read in my life. But for the gag, I would have blown my diaphragm inside out.

The book was published before the turn of the century. All the illustrations are by a process little better than pen and ink drawings....they aren't photographs, sort of half way between the two. But the phraseology. Talk about the Victorian era. "We must here adventure for a while into the field of science known as geometry..." "...We need not repine at this limitation to our possible knowledge..." "...For the present it suffices to remark..." "...Let us, then, scan the heavens to discover those orbs which lie in our neighbourhood."

This was a gag, but what really made me stuff the handkerchief in my mouth was the bit about the Moon: some professor evolved the theory that the streaks across the surface were caused by marbles. Honest to Gord. Sir Robert broaches the question casually:

"If the full moon be viewed through an opera-glass, one crater is immediately seen to be conspicuous beyond all others, by reason of the brilliant rays or streaks which radiate from it....they vary in length from a few hundred miles or two or, in one instance, nearly three thousand miles...as these rays are only seen about the time of the full moon, their visibility obviously depends on the light falling more or less closely to the line of sight...each small portion of the surface of the streak must therefore be of a form which is symmetrical to the spectator...((here we go)) the sphere alone appears to fulfil this condition, and Professor Copeland therefore suggests that the material constituting the surface of the streak must be made up of a large number of more or less completely spherical globules. The streaks must represent parts of the lunar surface either pitted with minute cavities of spherical figure, or strewn over with minute transparent spheres."

You'll not believe this, I know, but an asterisk directs you to the bottom of the page, and you read the absorbing drama wherein Prof. Copeland staggered on to the stage at the British Associations Meeting in Cardiff in 1892 holding a model of the moon on which he'd glued some marbles 'on which the appearance of the streaks near full moon was perfectly shown.'

The bit about the canals on Mars bordered on the farcical. It seems that a certain Professor Schiaparelli of Milan 'revolutionised our knowledge of the planet' by discovering canals. I vow this next extract, two short sentences, is a classic. I shall have to get my wife to type it; I definitely couldn't stand the strain....

"Schiaparelli had a refractor of only eight inches aperture at his disposal, but he was doubtless much favoured by the purity of the Italian sky, which enabled him to detect in the bright portions of the surface of Mars a considerable number of long narrow lines. To these he gave the name of canals, inasmuch as they issued from the so-called oceans, and could be traced across the reputed continents for considerable distances, which sometimes reached thousands of miles."

On the facing page is proudly exhibited a copy of the Schiaparelli map of Mars, with masses of canals scattered about, all drawn as a result of scruting through an eight inch refractor. Now I don't object to this so much. Astronomy was a fairly primitive job, and if Schiaparelli thought he saw canals, and was actually able to draw them, he was good value for whatever egoboo he could collect. As I say, I

don't mind that too much. But this chap Sir Robert Stawell Ball was actually the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, and he should have been able to differentiate between probability and utter nonsense. I can do no better than quote from the yellowed pages:

"Great as had been the surprise of astronomers when Schiaparelli first claimed the discovery of these numerous canals, it was, perhaps, surpassed by the astonishment with which his announcement was received in 1882 that most of the canals had become double. Between December 1881 and February 1882, thirty of these duplications appear to have taken place. Nineteen of these were cases of a well-traced parallel line being formed near a previously existing canal... The breadth of each of these remarkable canals may range from the limits of visibility (thirty miles) up to more than 60 miles. The duplication of the canals is perhaps the most difficult problem which Mars offers to us for solution. This is especially true in those cases where the original channel seems to vanish and be replaced by two quite new canals, each about the breadth of the English Channel, and lying one on each side of the course of the old one. We must, perhaps, be content to let the solution of this matter rest for the moment, in the hope that the extraordinary attention which this planet is now receiving will in due time explain the present enigma."

I've read about the late Professor Lowell's canal theory, of course, that the canals were artificially made to carry the water from the poles to the arid regions. Fanciful, and most certainly smooth science fiction....but for an Astronomer Royal to accept in one year that there are canals on Mars thousands of miles long, and then, equally firmly, to consider it a distinct probability that in the next year they've all been doubled....well, as reasonable men, I ask you. I've come to expect that from Astronomer Royals, anyway, recall the Astronomer Royal a few years ago saying that space flight was impossible?

Sir Robert was a great advocate of Bode's Law. For the uninitiated, you take the numbers 0,3,6,12,etc., and add four to each total, which brings you 4,7,10, 16,28,52,100,388 and 772. Now if 10 represents the distance of the Earth to the Sun, I will give the comparison:

	Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars	Asteroids	Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus	Neptune	Pluto
Bode's Law	4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196	388	772
Actual Distance	3.9	7.2	10	15.2	app 28	52	95.4	192	300.7	390.

What appealed to Sir Robert was that Bode's Law had said that there should be something at 28, and sure enough, when the Asteroids were discovered, they fitted well enough.

Bode's Law is well thought of nowadays. A recent book states 'it cannot be considered a mere coincidence.' But my gosh, look at the flippin' table... Earth doesn't count as an equal comparison, because we made it 10Jupiter is the only correct comparison.....heck, look at the actual distance for Pluto....390. That fits Bode's Law for Neptune. What I do think is more than coincidence is that in a total eclipse of the Sun, the Moon fits exactly over the sun.....a 100 per cent fit!

Talking about Neptune, Sir Robert really came to grips with the atmosphere of the occasion upon which the Frenchman Le Verrier correctly predicted where Neptune should be. Sir Robert makes the reader relive those vital moments:

"We picture the great astronomer buried in profound meditation for many months; his eyes are bent, not on the stars, but on his calculations. No telescope is in his hand; the human intellect is the instrument he alone uses. With patient labour, guided by consummate mathematical artifice, he manipulates his columns of figures. He attempts one solution after another. In each he learns something to avoid; by each he obtains some light to guide him in his future labours. At length he begins to see harmony in those results where before there was but discord. Gradually the clouds disperse, and he discerns with certainty little short of actual vision the planet glittering in the far depths of space. He rises from his desk and invokes the aid of a practical astronomer and lo! there is the planet in the indicated spot. The annals of science present no such spectacle as this. It was

the most triumphant proof of the law of univereal gravitation. The Newtonian Theory had indeed long ere this attained an impregnable position; but, as if to place its truth in the most conspicuous light, this covery of Neptune was accomplished." Great stuff, eh?

Sir Robert's version of the origin (undoubtedly volcanic, he says) of shooting stars (meteorites) filled me with awe. I want you to get this clear, because the last paragraph on the origin of the shooting stars is absolutely bewildering. He says that he believes the earth to be the celestial body which ejected the meteorites. This is the amazing last paragraph:

"The earth draws in cosmic dust continuously, but the earth now never parts with a particle of its mass. The consequence is inevitable; the mass of the earth must be growing, and though the change may be a small one... it will be manifest that stupendous results can be achieved by slight causes which tend in one direction. It is quite probably that an appreciable part of the solid substance in our globe may have been derived from meteoric matter which descends in perennial showers upon its surface."

You've gathered the significance. He says the earth spawned the meteorites, and yet he says that 'an appreciable part' of the earth is composed of 'meteoric matter.' This must mean that, in the first instance, an 'appreciable part' of the earth must have been ejected from earth as meteoric matter. I visualize a gigantic foxglove pod bursting, with seeds shooting about in every direction, and then orbiting around in circles and finally re-joining the pod. His theory is just that. He even quotes the Giant's Causeway, in Northern Ireland, as vindicating his claim. The problem put up to him is that 'the most characteristic constituent of meteorites is the alloy of iron and nickel.' This is how he gets around that little problem:

"When the vast volcanoes were in activity they ejected masses of this iron-alloy, which, having circulated round the sun for ages, have at last come back again. As if to confirm this view, Professor Andrews discovered particles of native iron in the basalt of the Giant's Causeway..."

I'm not trying to be sarcastic about his theories that the earth spawned the meteorites. What I am saying is that he can't have it both ways....if an appreciable part of the earth is composed of meteoric matter which has come from space, an appreciable part of the earth must have gone up into orbit in the first instance, and by some miracle relanded on what remained when an 'appreciable part' had been orbited. I mean, it just isn't logic, is it?

But when he comes to explain what the Milky Way is, it really becomes hilarious. Now we know (don't we?) that the Milky Way is our galaxy. We are near the rim, and the Milky Way is the rest of the disc-like shape. Sir Robert rejects entirely the 1750 description of the Milky Way by Thomas Wright, who supposed that 'if we had a big grindstone made of glass, in which has been uniformly embedded a vast quantity of sand or similar minute particules, and if we were able to place our eye somewhere near the centre of the grindstone, it is easy to see that we should see very few particles near the direction of the axle of the grindstone, but a great many if we looked towards any point of the circumference.'

Thomas Wright was under the impression that our sun was near the centre of the Milky Way, whereas it is now generally accepted as being nearer the rim, but nevertheless I consider it to be a hell of a good description for way back in 1750.

Sir Robert debunked this: "...telescopic study of the Milky Way has given the death blow to the old theory, and have made it reasonable to conclude that the Milky Way is really, and not only apparently, a mighty stream of stars circling the heavens."

But one aspect of Sir Robert's work deeply impressed me. In an era when life on other worlds was a blasphemous thought, he brought up the subject as often as possible. He was really keen; he held the chance to be possible in our own solar system; so help me, he even pondered on the thought of life on the smallest Asteroids, which is really enthusiasm:

"Of the physical composition of the asteroids and of the character of their

surfaces we are entirely ignorant. It may be, for anything that we can tell, that these planets are globes like our earth in miniature, diversified by continents and by oceans. If there be life on such bodies, which are often only a few miles in diameter, that life must be totally different from anything with which we are familiar."

Of shooting stars: "...But in these fragments...is carbon...such a substance, if it had not been seen falling to earth, would probably have been deemed a product resulting from animal or vegetable life."

He isn't too far off here, because most of you have probably seen the wonderful photographs of 'what may be micro-fossils of once-living organisms unknown to science' taken from sections of meteorites. (Note, however, that while he asserts the meteorities were exploded from earth by volcanoes 'early in her history', yet at the same time he asserts that the carbon suggests animal or vegetable life...)

Yes, Sir Robert certainly had the right ideas.....

There were several short sentences in this vast tome which I thought worthy of note....

"How can we weigh a mighty planet vastly larger than the earth, and distant from us by some hundreds of millions of miles? Truly this is a bold problem. Yet the intellectual resources of man have proved sufficient to achieve this feat of celestial engineering. They are not, it is true, actually able to make the ponderous weighing scales in which the great planet is to be cast..."

Re the early days of Sir William Herschel:

"...young William Herschel had some unpleasant experiences of actual warfare. His health was not very strong, and he decided that he would make a change in his profession. His method of doing so is one which his biographers can scarcely be expected to defend; for, to speak plainly, he deserted, and succeeded in making his escape to England."

In describing a shower of shooting stars, his choice of a symbolic comparison was, to say the least, unfortunate, although the poor chap did it quite innocently:

"...think of those enormous flocks of Passenger Pigeons in the United States."

To conclude my observations on Sir Robert's masterpiece, I wouldn't like you to think that I'm taking the mickey out of it. Many books published even after WW II are already out of date...and Sir Robert depended considerably on cranks with eight inch refractors. I picture him as a Victorian gentleman with grey side locks, gaiters, tweeds, rotund, creased eyes from good humour, and a willingness to take people and things on their face value. He had certain visions which were unusual for the period, namely almost an obsession for life on other worlds, which shows at the least that he would have palpitated at the sight of a gestetner. The least I can do to show my admiration for him is to conclude with his last few sentences:

"...there is yet a beyond of infinite extent. Imagine a mighty globe described in space, a globe of such stupendous dimensions that it shall include the sun and his system, all the stars and nebulae, and even all the objects which our finite capacities can imagine. Yet what ratio must the volume of this great globe bear to the whole extent of infinite space? The ratio is infinitely less than that which the water in a single drop of dew bears to the water in the whole Atlantic Ocean."

Sir Robert Ball 1886 and
John Berry 1962.

DISCONews: the \$2 (or \$3 if you want to pay up all at once) goes to Bill Evans, Box 36, Mount Rainier, Maryland. The hotel has agreed to extend its flat Convention-rates a day each way for those who come early and stay late (which is fun). Hugo nominations ballots will be restricted to those who are members either of ChiconIII or of Discon, a plan that seemed fair when first discussed a couple years ago and still does. A good big lockable room is available for Project Art Show & hucksters. OK, gang: let's get our memberships and ads and reservations and like that; OK?

WESTERCONews: W'Con XVI has bagged Hyatt House - San Francisco (at Burlingame), and Bounce Fandom should have a real ball at the pool as at Boycon & Seacon. The Inside Story of this coup would curl your tendrils, but be assured that the '64-Frisco crew (yes, they're definitely still with it) struck while the manager was hot; all's well.

WITH KEEN BLUE EYES AND A BICYCLE

Monday afternoon on October 22, 1962, I got home from work and was dipping my beak into a comforting Martini when the paper boy handed me the news that John F Kennedy [you know, of the Kennedys] was going to address the nation on a matter of crucial importance. Well, you know how it is with these Peerless Leaders; they are always upsetting people's digestions with matters of crucial importance. So I said to my favorite concubine Elinor: "The hell with it, favorite concubine; it would just shake us up; we can read it in tomorrow's paper." So we had a quiet evening and a good night's sleep, and the next day down at work I saw the headlines and got the bejeezus scared out of me for a couple of hours before I could put my good old Thermonuclear Age Philosophy back together again.

Now I suspect that fans were more susceptible than most to having the bejeezus scared out of them that morning; the average fella has not read all those neat tales in which neither power wants a suicidal war but both are pushed into it to save face, since these tales are not too common on the teevy. So much for broad mental horizons and the like, but on Tuesday morning, with the Ultimatum on the one hand and the Soviet arms-bearing ships steaming in on the other hand and the total word-picture nothing but implacable, it - did - not - look - very - good. [By Wednesday morning, when the first of those implacable ships were several hours overdue and it turned out that they had for some strange reason slowed down to a stroll, the heat was pretty well off, obviously. Tuesday morning, though--] It looked, in fact, as if The Kid just might have set up that classic situation where nobody wants the war but everyone gets it because no one has any place left to back down to: a real mess. And I have my full share of utter horror and loathing and nausea concerning what the Full-Bore Blowup would do to this fair planet of ours and to the human race; the whole idea is insane in a very sickening fashion; it negates every human value ever held by man.

And yet for some years now we have all had to live with the possibility of just such an insane destruction and desecration. Since ipso facto no sane man will ever push that ultimate panic-button, we are for the first time in human history in the position of relying on the intelligence of the opposition rather than its stupidity; the opposition is of course in the same boat with respect to ourselves. The past week seems to prove that both sides realize this and are running in good luck, but on Tuesday morning, Oct 23, we none of us had any guarantees at all. Now I do not know how you, Gentle Reader, handled your individual share of this threat of Final Blackout. But if you're interested, here is my own personal cure for hiccups...

For some years the whole Blowup idea terrorized me in an agonizing and intolerable fashion any time it popped up and caught me unaware. Why, if some idiot could push a button and make a dead sterile wasteland out of all the places whose beauties I have cherished-- if all human endeavor could be charred into a smoking heap of slag-- what could there possibly be that was worth living for? Some question, huh? If someone, completely beyond any possibility of our control or influence, can put a period to human history and even erase it from the face of the planet, what can you find to stand on? Well, the answer is not easy in itself and particularly is not easy to word, but it goes something like this:

If it comes about that there may be nothing to show for my life and the lives of all of us, past and present, except the satisfaction of living and having lived the best I know how, ...then I will take this, which cannot be taken away from me, as sufficient, if it is all that there is going to be.

You know, since I worked that out a couple of years ago, the bastards haven't really been able to panic me any more. If it suits you, try it for free.

Tuesday morning I also hit a side-thought: they can't even take your life away from you; all they can get is the part you haven't used yet.

OK, that's the last-ditch thinking, for the ebbs of the soul, and all; I jest at scars who myself carry a plenty of the annoying itchy things.

But as we all know, the sky did not fall; the button was not pushed; the world did not turn back into a pumpkin. Eschewing the privileged hindsight of prominent news-analysts who are busily revising their own mouthing retroactively so as to make it clear that They Knew All Along, I freely admit that I didn't know a damn thing

except what the papers and the radio said, plus the usual number of years of background experience. But since the cries of Brinkmanship are already arising here in the microcosm, let me detail the clues that reassured this particular observer during Cuba Week. ## The ships slowed down, then some of them turned back; one came on, obviously innocuous, and we were given the chance to show we were not throwing our weight around just for the hell of it. ## The original JFK demands were not all-inclusive; the quarantine not only did not bar all shipping, it f'CRYsakes didn't even bar all armaments. ## These reasonable terms, plus the photo-evidence of IRBMs menacing South America as well as ourselves, brought the Organization of American States firmly alongside our position; European allies also chimed in on the correct pitch; the effect of all this unprecedented unified support was tremendously effective, worldwide on both sides. ## The Soviet countershouts, when analyzed, were all noise and no substance. These ultimate pragmatists were for the first time in a long while caught completely offbase, their first and second [at least] levels of reaction allowed for in advance. Now this was the touchy part, but give both sides credit: they didn't panic, and our strategists had estimated them correctly.

I had given Kennedy credit for superior intelligence since I first heard him [AFTER election] plug up the holes in his own points as he went along in a speech. For a while he didn't show much for judgment or experience, but I think that the planning and the precise layout of this recent crisis-situation [which, like it or not, was something that had to be done] indicates that here is a man who learns. As this mess unfolded it became more and more obvious that it was not an off-the-cuff Desperation Play, but instead was one of the best-laid ploys I have ever been privileged to see. All the obvious countermoves were spiked in that first speech [I didn't hear it, but I sure read it]: the business of claiming that Castro was a free agent was stomped ahead of time, and you will note that this issue never did arise, but rather quite the opposite-- the Soviets assured us that Fidel did not have access to the panic button, just as JFK had laid it on the line at first.

I think The Kid has pulled it off-- turned the tables-- set a new pattern by which we no longer have to consider that aggression and world opinion are one-way deals that forever work against us and never for us in this strenuous and dangerous competition that we did not request but which we cannot in any fashion escape.

I think the Only Sensible Course has demonstrated itself, that the alternative of logical resistance has been driven between the horns of that phony Red-or-Dead dilemma and killed it in reality if not (unfortunately) in the minds of its adherents.

I think maybe this past week saved the lot of us from slavery in our old age, if you want to get down to cases like a good CRYreader should.

No, we won't have a never-ending series of crises on this pattern. After all, the first couple or three authors who described the hyperdrive in science-fiction made it possible for later stories to use it as an accepted gimmick. The same thing holds in international precedents. Oh, sure, we will have to work for everything we get, but the hyperdrive precedent is that now the Soviet Union no longer tells the United States what to do and enforces it by threatening to push the button; it is now established that both our buttons are too big to push and we both know it. You and I, Gentle Reader, have known all this for a long time-- but for politicians it takes longer. I am very glad indeed that you and I are no longer alone in this knowledge; it is nice to see the whole schtick tacitly agreed publicly, by demonstration.

If my implicit point is not clear, let me make it completely explicit:-- you and I and everyone in this cotton-pickin' world are safer right now [assuming that no silly thing goofs up out of sheer copelessness] than we were before this "crisis" came up. A lot of foggy possibilities have been pinned down; the US and USSR can each depend on the other to show better sense than either had realized before, so there'll be less nervous jitters in high places from now on. And you'll never know what a comfort that is. If there is anything I don't like it is a shaky trigger-finger.

The Red-or-Dead thing was always a fallacy of equating a certainty of slavery with a risk of death, and loaded the dice in favor of Guess Who, neglecting the fact that you have no choice but to play the odds or throw in your chips. With the threat shown up for no better than our own is in like case [mutual suicide], we are all now not only even-up, but forced to play it a little more honest; Good Enough.--F M Busby

CRY OF THE READERS



HARRY WARNER, JR., FROM HOLIDAYLESS HAGERSTOWN

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown

Dear Cry:

Maryland October 12, 1962

From the only place in the United States where it is not Columbus Day, I write to comment on Cry. The county commissioners got tired on Tuesday of the nuisance of introducing, seconding, and passing a motion to close the courthouse on every legal holiday. One of them proposed the abolishment of all holidays, and two others nodded their heads emphatically before they realized what they were doing. With a five-man board, it is now law. Some day I must write up a few of these county commissioner meetings as if they were Nameless Ones minutes. The two organizations have much in common. (Time to pay the bills, gentlemen. Board of Education, \$704,000. Four thousand dollars for bleachers at Williamsport High School, \$700,000 for miscellaneous. --Should we spend money for more bleachers? --Election's next month, you know. --They vote at Williamsport, too. --All right. I move. --Second. Say, wonder what that \$700,000 is for? --It doesn't say. Maybe it's time to pay the teachers. --Not this week. Oh, well, all opposed signify, motion's passed.)

Your front cover gets better reproduction from photographs than we manage in Hagerstown's newspapers. Elinor is the only photographer known to me in fandom who gets good exposure for faces with flash bulbs, even if she did fail on the shot of the Shaws.

I think that Buz is attacking the problem from the wrong direction, when he berates the rule that coats and ties should be worn at the banquet. I wouldn't mind putting on a coat and tie if I didn't have to attend a banquet. Nearly two decades of newspaper work has probably prejudiced me, but I cannot conceive any reason why a sensible group of individuals should pay an outlandish price for food, endure slow service, remain unprotesting in the original place for hours at a time when there is such an urge to move about and talk to various persons within sight, and do substantial damage to the digestive processes by failure to obtain any exercise while they are in the early stages. Wouldn't it be better for the convention to choose by lot three persons who would attend the banquet, then let everyone come in late after the meal and enjoy the program?

John Berry's article is further proof that he has regained the high level of excellence in his fanzine items that had sagged slightly for six months or so a year ago. These vignettes are crystal clear, and they've etched themselves so firmly into my mind after a single reading that I suspect I'll remember the events as clearly as if I'd participated in them, years from now. John does it without painting word pictures, which makes it an even greater achievement. He describes action, mostly, instead of physical characteristics and the surrounding scene, and the result is like a vivid dream in which the characters and environment are rather hazy but you can't forget what went on.

I got the same disturbing impression as Ted White did about Mrs. Camper's inability to comprehend easily the facts about fandom. When she called me on the telephone, she was still ignorant of the fact that the humor fanzines have no real relationship with general fandom's publications. One little thing that nobody has mentioned about the whole matter is: Maybe Cosmopolitan won't print that article after all. These big slick magazines generally prepare much more material than they can possibly use, and make the final choice on the basis of

how everything has turned out. [Oh well, if Cosmopolitan won't print it, maybe she can start a fanzine with it. --www]

Cry was exceptionally interesting in this issue, leading me to suspect that a permanent bimonthly schedule for Cry might have some advantages, like the creation of less hurried letters of comment.

I think that a case can be made for conscription, but not the one that Jerry Pournelle offers. Citizen soldiers formed the basis of the wehrmacht and Mussolini's army while the United States was getting along for two decades with the standing army which is supposed to destroy a republic. What basis is there for the claim that it is difficult to get American draftees to fire on their fellow citizens? The only time the matter has come up, to the best of my knowledge, was in 1863-65, when the drafted Union soldiers showed no compunction whatsoever about the matter. The whole matter is just another example of how people can convince themselves that a factor in a situation is the key to the situation: you can hear similar arguments that it's impossible to maintain a democratic society without Wall Street or airline subsidies or commercial radio stations.

I think that the rapid speech of persons with a strange accent or those using a foreign tongue is mostly in the mind: you try to understand a word, two more have gone past before you've caught it, you find yourself running behind in the comprehension race, and you assume that it's the speaker's fault for rattling away too rapidly, whether he's speaking British accent English or French or pig latin.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

A2C RICHARD W. BROWN REVEALS THE SECRET OF PUBLISHING A GOOD FANZINE

Box 1761, Hq 36th CSGp

APC 132, New York, N.Y.

Dear Crypiddle

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Thanks to the kind heart of Bruce Pelz (and we all know what kind of heart that is, don't we? [You have no idea how well we know! --www]), I am enabled to come to you in fabulous black & white commenting not only on the recently-arrived CRY 162, but the copy of CRY 159 that he sent me as well. I'm still missing CRYs 123, 126, 130, 144, and 156 -- I'm willing to pay \$1 each for them, so you know I must be nuts.

I do not, personally, believe a bull is intelligent enough to "prefer" one form of death to another. If a bull had that kind of intelligence (enough to grasp the concept of death), I think it would prefer to live. It's not the unfairness that bugs me on bullfighting, but the idea behind it. Basically, I think that people who go to bull fights just want to see something die. It would be nice, they think, if a bull fighter got gored up a bit, and it Certainly Would Be a Noble Thing if he died; but, if not, they'd just as soon see the bull get it. They call it a "sport" and decide that a certain "art" must be displayed in delivering this death, and inside they can feel Clean Again (this rationalization amounts to a sort of Zest of the soul). It still boils down to the same thing; that Death is a Fun Thing and Very Beautiful and Enjoyable To Watch If Done Right. Sickening concepts.

I dispute Mike Deckinger's contention that God did not pass a miracle at the Seacon. I refer anyone who chooses to dispute with me to Chuck Hansen's Seacon report. God pressed a button on a cigarette machine and made cigarettes come out of it -- along with the money he had put in. He did this several times, to show that it was not merely slight-of-hand. No one can doubt the miracles of God in a fine, upstanding fanzine like CRY and get away with it -- not while Righteous Rich Brown is on the job, anyway. Seriously, you'd think Mike was tryin' to make a bunch of little damn Aythysses out of us, or something.

Elinor Busby: You want to hear something fantastic? I have never heard the famous Watermelon Story. I lived in Southern California for years, and on several occasions was at parties where people told me, "Burbie's telling the Watermelon Story." But, for some reason, I never went to listen to it. Isn't that fantastic? I mean, it's really hard to believe -- even (as Dick Eney says) with your eyes shut and both hands over them real tight.

Dick Kuczek: As an experienced editor/publisher with over sixty fanzines, I would suggest that to produce a good fanzine you...hmm..that you...well....erwell. I mean, you sort of, well, reach into that complex matrix of complexity known as the creative imagination (now I'm getting into it), and you sort of, like, well, you sort of twist -- backwards and then to the right about 74.9° -- and you get...well, you get Something, is what you get. And you take it -- and, boy, do you take it! -- because it's all you're going to get, anyhow. You pour your time and money and effort into it, under and against the trend of mundane activities; eventually, you've got a fanzine. If it's readable, both reproductionwise and Somethingwise, and if it comes out at the psychologically Right Time, and if it keeps coming out, and if the postal authorities don't come down on you or a disaster doesn't strike or you don't ask that horrible question, "What am I doing in fandom, when I could be making a fortune in the magnetic golf-ball manufacturing business?", and if you can stand up under the critical abuse and fawning praise (Neither of which will probably be valid) and still keep trying to get better, and if you can attract enough Good Writers to yourselves, and if your zine is different enough from other fanzines to be distinct from any others yet close enough to other fanzines that you don't end up putting out a different type of mag altogether, then you're a better man than I am Gunga Din. That's all the advice I have for you. If you read these words and abide by them and make all the 'if's' come true, then I guarantee that you will have a fine fanzine -- unless, through your own stupidity, you manage to mess it up in a way that is uniquely your own.

Richard Schultz: Yes, a whole generation of CRY lasts about 14 issues. Naturally, there's as great a turn-over in CRY as anywhere else. Of course, some people get permanently addicted to CRY. I name no names. [Well I'm certainly not addicted. I've quit taking CRY seven times this year already and haven't been bothered a bit with withdrawal symptoms. --www]

I seem, at this point, to have come to CRY 162. Of course, I haven't really come to CRY 162. Like Mohammed and the mountain (or perhaps unlike Mohammed and the mountain, I forget which), CRY 162 has come to me. Or is all illusion?

You forgot some art credits: Want 2, Guh 3, There 4, Re 5, Es 6, She 7, Compassion 8, Bee 9, Rah 10.

I have three images of John Champion in my mind, and it's hard to realize that they are only that, now. A dim figure who took the background when he and Dave Rike and Terry Carr and Ron Ellik visited me; the slightly-bearded (?) fellow I gave a ride to the SolaCon and almost communicated with; and the John Champion who was recently active in The Cult, and whose ideas I was coming to respect. I could not claim to be one of his friends -- we exchanged a few letters in '57 when he was in Oregon and editing FAN-attic, but when he moved to Cal Tech in my home town of Pasadena, we saw each other only the two times mentioned above. We had the opportunity to become friends; neither of us took it. I regret, now, that we did not.

Don Franson: I don't actually have anything to say to you about your letter -- but it was so much fun to read it that I felt it would be a shame to pass over it merely because I couldn't think of anything to say.

Harry Warner Jr: Way back when I was stationed at Tyndall I sent a letter to Cele Goldsmith mentioning that while several fanzines and fans were giving credit to contradictory rumors about whether she might or might not accept fanzine reviews, nowhere had I seen or read of anyone actually applying for that position. So I applied. I waited for word from Miss Goldsmith; and waited; and wated,

which was worse. But then came a letter from Cele Goldsmith saying that they would like to see the sample I had promised them. So, quick-like, I slapped off a sample. Another few weeks of waiting, wondering and knuckle-cracking. Then they came back, with a Very Nice letter that explained that, though they had liked the reviews, a change in plans had come about and they would not be able to expand the magazine as they had hoped. I still have those reviews and they're cruddy.

Betty Kujawa: Democrat though I thought I might have been, I am also greatly grotched at many of the things that Kennedy has done. I, too, have noticed the similarity between the fascist statement, "The State owes nothing to the individual; the individual owes everything to the State" and Kennedy's "Think not what your country can do for you; think what you can do for your country." I am damn well not loyal to my country as such (if this be treason...) -- it is made of the same type of dirt as Russia; but I am loyal to the ideas it is supposed to stand for. Should I ever find that it no longer stands for those ideas/ideals (and already there's a great deal of renigging on some of them), I'll slip off to Antartica somewhere without the slightest tinging of my conscience, say goodbye to the whole world and go peddle your papers Mr. Kennedy.

On that, I think I'll rob a penny for the scales and steal a weigh into the night.

No Beans,

rich brown

AVRAM DAVIDSON, HORRIBLE EXAMPLE #1 410 W. 110, NYC 25, N.Y.

Dear FM&E Busby, assorted Wallys and other CRYtype peoples: Oct 18/62

It seem like everybody else got a new or post-con CRY and only Grania and I didn't get one. She is in the chimbley-corner right now, CRYing her eyes out, also mumbling some jazz about a glass slipper; anyway -- mayhap you are motivated by Crass Greed. So enclosed is 25¢, you should send us a copy CRY like everybody else. Listen, you think it's fun to be Excluded? Sobbingly,

Avram

[Now that you see we ~~are/greedy~~ mean business, we'll send your ~~pumpkin~~ CRY as soon as we're done with it. (Halloween, you know.) --www]

BETTY KUJAWA JEALOUS OF WEBER INTELLECT 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,
Dear Mental Jiant and Wizard of the Intellect.... Sunday, October 14, 1962

An I.Q. of 131, huh???? [It would have even been higher if I had just answered more of the questions right. --www] How much did you slip to Vic Ryan??? [Not a thing!! What's more, I took that test under very trying conditions. I was so rattled, I missed one of the very first questions; I put down my age as being "3"! --www] Ballard told me how utterly unbearable you were on the drive back to Blanchard.... [It's difficult to be civil to clods. --www] Now I get his OUTSIDERS and see you're being snide and implying ol Wrai has a sore arm from having to pour my champagne at our Saturday eve supper..well, yes, he did have to keep refilling my glass..but the sore arm was from having to pat you on the back over and over after you learned your score. He wanted to put his hand over Your Big Mouth but Wrai is A Gentleman, and very polite....

Good Things are happening these days (a nice change) first news that The Shaws are Moving mid-West....and, glory glory, Since Harry Warner "has moved up" there is a good chance he will be sent to South Bend for two weeks soon to absorb, learn, and get inspired by The Mother ~~March~~ Paper (South Bend Tribune). Fancy The Hermit of Hagerstown that no fen can even reach in Harry's own home town.... he is coming here!! Not many fen can make that statement.

Say Wally.....there might be a good prospect for your Nameless Ones out there....new issue of GALAXY came ... guest-editorial-report by one F.M. Bussy or Bussey or something who lives in your town. You might look him up and see if he'd fit in with the group. [Oh we know all about him. Used to write for a Lowndes 'zine; he's just another worn-out old hack. But he's got a cute wife so

we let him in on a meeting now and then. --www]

Is your scratched face healed now, Mr. Weber??? You picked the Wrong Girl, eh??? Should have asked Andy Main for pointers...uh? Speaking of Andy, and Buz's comments on same.....if Andy decides to pub his own Chicon Report, where can I buy one and how much will it cost? I hear friend husband Gene wasn't too enamoured with Andy's love-in-a-taxicab technique when they drove over to pick up Grania Davidson.....you see it's this way, both Buz and Gene belong to The Older Generation...like for instance back in Our Day bhoys didn't go on pantie raids in groups. No self respecting boy back then needed a crowd along...they were talented and ingenious enough to succeed on their own (right Buz?). But customs change I suppose...maybe this is an off-shoot of 'togetherness' and 'sing along with Mitch'???? Maybe we were all supposed to join in? [Be Randy along with Andy? --www??]

Cry-cover of #163 is a real gasser...specially the Sylvia and Larry photo. I wouldn't want to bet on Dean not having film in that camera..yuk.

Look here now F.M. Busby....at our dry-dry 'no ice party' that was not Phyllis Economou!!! That was Wrai Ballard and Bill Donaho...and how you mistook them for Phyllis I'll never know! You recall, dontcha, how I cagily announced I was retiring early and left and then Wrai said he too though he'd turn in and left.....(we older fen know how to handle those situations...) I understand Wrai is no longer capable of Blushing Furiously.

The Shaw-Lupoff Party was one of the High Spots of the Con for us, too. Though it will be a long long time before I get over the embarrassment of happily chummily nattering with Don Wollheim under the mistaken impression that he was Larry Shaw. Well, geeee, I expected Don to be much older (what he do start fanning at age 6?) and hardly willing to sit there and let me talk his poor arm off off. (Not that Larry would ...oh well..skip it..) I mistook fen all over the place....thought Jock Root was Ted White....Bruce Pelz that Friday afternoon I pointed out to Gene as Walter Breen...waved merrily at Art Hayes thinking him Walt Willis...Art stared back with a startled frightened expression wondering who the hell I was! Hayes is okay in my book, by the way; was expecting a rather 102% Neffer type and got a swinger instead...Arthur, you is alright!

Buz....you wanna bet? I mean I see what you have in mind but I got reservations about it. Dressing comfortably for Fan-Banquets. You say any garb that is suitable and not offensive. Annnnnnnnd, honey, whos' gonna say what is suitable and what is not offensive? There will be some (there always are) whose ideas of what is what just ain't gonna be suitable and etc. We may have utter chaos... mit short-short-shorts und tight-tight-tights und t-shirts that haven't seen a box of Rinso since their inception. After paying Those Prices, most of us would like to dine amid pleasant scenes.

Elinor: Don't even talk to me about those elevators!!! First place all my anxiety-nightmares deal with faulty elevators. That Monday we were checking out when we got caught in one. Hung-over Betty stood there amid the Catholic-Con kids and said Lord Knows how many Hail Marys and Our Fathers before we finally made it to the main lobby.

Fortunately our plumbing and bath-tup and all were real fine and worked okayroom-service breakfast-in-bed went without a hitch (far better than most new motels). Actually it was a revelation for us...first time in a real hotel since, well, Chicon '52..and our room was high airy and with roomy bathroom..no complaints.

Indeed, 'elegant' was the word I was trying to find to describe Madeline Willis...now I didn't expect a North Irish lass mit bare feet and black shawl over her head singing plaintive folksongs, you understand...but such a swinging slick-chick more Palm Beach and Newport than Belfast I didn't expect either.... Walt's got taste. Next time they may just bring Madeline over and leave him at home?

So what's all this cryptic komment on the Woman from The People and the mulatto baby "who was with them at Southgate"...? Them??? I keep wondering who

they are, how she/they got the mulatto baby in the first place and how it happened that the infant was killed in a Chicago tenement fire. It sounds perfectly heart-breaking from out here.

My Con began on a note of non-euphoria...a ghastly traffic-jammed drive to the hotel...entering the lobby it seemed I saw nothing but intense sercon 13yr old bhoys plus a few messier bearniks..Gene cocked an eye at them and at me with a look that plainly said, "There are YOUR people? You SURE you wanna go thru with it?" Happily later on I spied a Nice Young Couple whose suit-case plainly said, "Don and Maggie Thompson". I got up my nerve and went over and introduced myself ...having NO idea what their reaction would be. They both greeted me with obvious warmth, May God Bless Them Both. [Obviously they didn't know you. --www]

Highspots of Con consisted for me of Ethel, CRYgang, old man Raeburn, Avram-gosh-wow, being soundly kissed and hugged by The Patriarch-Donaho (nyaa nyaa, Ella Parker!!), gettin to know the Economous...and doing all this mit one Wrai Ballard. Golly and gee.

Elinor---your meeting the anthropologist brings to mind this new book out... been reading the reviews with interest, though from the plot it sounds too sad and depressing for my tastes. By William Golding ("Lord of the Flies", remember that one by him?) called "The Inheritors" ..novel on the last pathetic family of Neanderthals and their deaths at the hands of the 'true men'. Goldings premise that they might have had a form of telepathy sounds intriguing, too. I hope some fan will be reviewing this book....Tom Purdom, mebbe.

As to Sinanthropus and human flesh for food....Elinor, there ain't a one of us whose ancestors didn't indulge in that custom.....and not too long ago either.

To Tom Purdom I cry.....Ben Cellini! Ben Fairless! and, Ben Bernie!!! And, baby, if you know that last one, the ooolllllllddd Maestro, you is older than I thought.

As to our passing judgement on Cuba.....I leave out Cuba and the Cubans; I refer now to Kruscshevs Castro. (If he's his Own Man, I'll eat him.) Should I now on October 14th, 1962 abstain from this American political vice and shrug and ignore??? If the rocket bases there start lobbing stuff at good old vital-target-So.Bend, you gonna come scrape me up from the rubble? An armed island a wee bit off the Florida Keys with more and more Russian and Chinese 'technicians' and artillery and launching sites pointing my way just don't move me to ignore and feel it's none of our business.....and you? Even now????

I see now from Dave Keil's letter....."The convention of Love", Anthony Boucher, that Andy Main had the Right Idea after all. We were the ones that were out of step. So pardon me, Andy Main, and where can I buy your Con Report??

Goodbye Genius.....

Betty Kujawa

WRAI BALLARD FOILED BY TYPO

Dear Cry,

Blanchard, North

October 18, 1962 Dakota

You would have gotten my annual post-con letter last issue, but I didn't get the letter written because the deadline was typo'd as September 6 rather than September 26. A suspicious mind would think that typo a fine sneaky way to cut down the number of letters you'd have to stencil. I don't have a suspicious mind so I believe the typo was genuine. Betty Kujawa thinks the typo was on purpose.

Buz, I know you tried to excuse the typo by trying to throw some of the blame on the readers. You said "the 6th is not a Wednesday." This proves nothing for you just now told us the 6th is not a Wednesday. Until you gave the word we had to choose between you saying in Cry 162 that the 6th was a Wednesday and the calendar saying the 6th was a Thursday. What fan would take the word of a calendar over that of a zine that has reached its 162nd issue?

Besides many of us fans were still getting home from the convention on the 6th. and time with days and numbers had not yet been re-established.

Cover was excellent. Fine choice of subjects and good gag lines.

Wally is looking for sympathy he doesn't fully deserve. Until I joined, there were three people in the car united against him. But I'm a fair equitable type, and for the underdog, so instead of the odds being three to one against him, I honorably made the odds 2-3/4 to 1-1/4 against him. It seemed the fair thing; to give one decision for Wally for every three against him, and Wally quickly caught on and started to ask my opinion on minor matters when it was not his time to get a favorable decision. If you think this was tricky, you should have seen him the time Gonser and I pretended to be sleeping when we crossed a bridge, and our driver, the unhonorable Mr. Weber forgot to remind us. [But how can you expect me to have seen the bridge? I was too busy driving to watch where we were going. --www]

Buz, one correction on your excellent little con report. Phyllis was not at the No Ice Party Saturday night. Bill Donaho and I were there. Now I can see why a man would imagine Phyllis there when she actually wasn't -- wishful thinking would account for that. But how in the name of Fapa could you overlook Bill Donaho? He was right there in front of you and extending to both sides.

Liked Elinor's little bit on the convention..it brought back good memories.

Nostalgically,

Wrai

BOB LICHTMAN REVEALS TRUE PURPOSE OF POSTAL INCREASE 6137 S Croft Avenue,
Dear CRY: Monday, 22 October 1962 Los Angeles 56, Calif.

As one of the Olde-Tyme CRY Letterhacks, I suppose it is my bounden duty to caption these cover photos in My own Way. At least this will not be cut in the same heinous way that my letter last month, revealing what The Rosicrucians Don't Tell You Ahahahaha, was cut. So, starting with the first picture on the upper left, we [Ooops! --www]

Ted's account of his encounter with Shirley Camper makes me dread more and more the garbled account of fandom I expect to read in the December issue of COSMOPOLITAN. However, I am making the best of this. The other day, I spent 12 hours sitting near a large downtown newsstand in the downtown area of one of Los Angeles' multiple suburbs. Whenever a lady came up to the newsstand, I watched. Those who picked up copies of COSMOPOLITAN I watched especially closely. If they actually purchased the magazine, I would leave my post temporarily and follow them around the store. Why am I doing this, you ask? I'm thinking ahead. I'm familiarizing myself now with the next generation of fans.

I haven't noticed much in fanzines yet about this latest raise in postal rates. However, I have been making a careful survey of this series of postal increases during the past five or six years and I notice that almost all of these increases have centered around hikes in first-class postage, the rates used to mail letters -- personal correspondence. What conclusion is to be drawn about this -- what can we make of the fact that the government favours mass media like LOOK and READERS DIGEST in their postal rates to the detriment of personal letters? Why, simple?! It is simply a subtle move on their part, which has gone unnoticed until now ahahaha, to eliminate, slowly and systematically, all private thoughts between individuals in this land of the Free, and substitute the sugar-coated "opinions" of the selected writers (who present "safe" notions) who compile the output of these mass media magazines. [You should have more respect for the government. You should admire its ingenuity in finding a way to tax private thought. --www]

TACKETT: I suspect that your grotch about fans using commercial mimeography, et al, is based on a subtle form of Jealousy. Quite personally, my enjoyment of the process of producing a fanzine is suspended the moment I place a master on the drum of my ditto machine or a stencil on the silkscreen of my mimeograph. I'd just as soon hire out my work, too, if I could afford it.

However, we seem to agree that Kirin beer is good stuff, so I will forgive you anent the above.

POURNELLE: I think you're rather offbeam in your argument re conscription of military personnel. In a democratic society, it seems to me that the natural tendency is away from a desire on the part of most men to Play War. I don't think that lack of a draft law will result in there being a Regular Army of professionals who are so oriented that they would just as soon fire on American citizens as on the "Enemy." There are left in this society enough men to whom War Is Funzies (look at Dick Schultz's preoccupation with war as a Big Game) to man a more than sufficient military force. Look, during the last century, there was no universal conscription and the country got along all right with volunteer soldiers. In short, I've no great desire to go into the army. (See how my arguments always resolve to personal things?) I don't consider the other soldier on the other side of the line to be my enemy. As Ray Nelson put it in his well-known article, "War Baby," in Habakkuk, I'd like to draw a bead on some of those military and political leaders. They're the real threat to my, and your, peace. How 'bout it, buddy?

DECKINGER: I don't know about Panic Button being a "bland" version of The Realist, but it's doing all right in its distribution here in Los Angeles. I've placed copies in a book and magazine store in Westwood Village and it's selling quite regularly and well.

Best & all,

Bob

POUL ANDERSON COMMENTS ON CONSCRIPTION 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California

Dear Cryfolk,

6 October 1962

Jerry Pournelle's letter in your latest raises an interesting point which had not occurred to me before in exactly that form --- that some kind of conscription is necessary to maintain a democratic society, because a citizen army is not going to support any attempted power grab by militarists or would-be dictators belonging to the professional officer corps. (Of course, this presupposes that the country needs a powerful armed force, which Jerry and I agree was not usually the case in past American history but is certainly the case today.) I think it deserves a little closer examination.

Conscription as we know it is a fairly new phenomenon. In most past societies, only those we would call the upper classes had a positive duty to serve. To be sure, in times of emergency serfs were called up, but they were not ordinarily required to train themselves in the use of arms, and in fact, for obvious reasons, were strongly discouraged from doing so. Now the "upper classes" in the Middle Ages included freehold yeomen and burghers of the city --- so, for example, the medieval English countryman was required to spend a certain number of hours per week practicing with the longbow --- but the terms of service were generally quite limited. In an earlier period, no one could be ordered out on duty for more than six weeks: in season, at that, when he wouldn't be so badly needed on the farm. The only men who got really intensive training and were subject to unlimited call were aristocrats; that was part of the price for their special privileges. In short, you could scarcely call this a "citizen army" system, and it fell into desuetude as technological changes made it increasingly expensive to field an army. Even before the Reformation, military forces had come to consist of paid professionals, "mercenaries" if you wish to use a slightly pejorative term.

The development of weapons and tactics which led to heavy battle casualties made large armies desirable. Louis XIV often daydreamed about instituting conscription. But he never did, because he couldn't. Law, tradition, and local interests blocked him. The mass draft was established by the Revolutionary government, in the name of democracy. That is to say, in this as in other respects, a democratic government claimed more power over individual lives than any aristocracy or monarchy had ever dared do.

For a full analysis, I recommend you to Bertrand de Jouvenel's ON POWER. (The author, one of the foremost contemporary political thinkers, is also, by the way, a science fiction buff, though you won't find the evidence in this particular

work.) As he points out, the power which a government exerts is limited ultimately by the basis on which it claims legitimacy. A king, for instance, traditionally claims to be the servant of God, putting into political effect a set of divinely ordained principles. But this means there are things the king may not do. If he attempts them, those who oppose him have a perfectly clear argument by which to marshal the existing social institutions against him. However...when a government claims to be putting into effect the will of the people, what argument have you got? At best, only the empirical one that the will of the people is in fact for something else, which is notoriously hard to prove. Thus democracy tends inevitably toward unlimited control of the individual. Practically every tyranny today invokes it, for just that reason --- People's Democracy behind the Iron Curtain, Organic Democracy in Spain, Guided Democracy in Indonesia, et dreary cetera.

Thanks be to the Founding Fathers, we have some bulwark against that process here. The Constitution specifically limits what government may do, no matter what the alleged will of the people. Unfortunately, the Constitution is as subject to varying interpretation as ever Holy Writ was; and we do not have institutions like the Church and the medieval squirearchy which can offer resistance to radically new interpretations. So that's where we get conscription.

(I'm not saying it isn't a practical necessity at the present time. It may well be. I'm just trying to show that its historical basis, while possibly democratic, is certainly antilibertarian.)

A citizen army by itself is no guarantee of citizen freedom. The recent history of Germany and Japan, and the current history of the Communist nations, is enough to prove that point. Indeed, contrary to popular opinion, in most of the latter countries the average man is not disarmed; he has access to small arms, at least, and is well trained in their use.

Great Britain traditionally feared a large standing army, preferring to keep a minimal one and to rely on the Royal Navy for its principal defense. The closest they came to conscription before WWI was the press gang --- which operated for the benefit of the Navy, not the Army. Their reasoning was, I think, sound: A navy is by its nature less directly concerned with internal politics, and is more dependent on civilian goodwill, than a land service.

Of course, conscription does not necessarily lead to national regimentation, as countries like Switzerland and the Scandinavians show. But neither is it much of a safeguard. For a world power in particular, subject to the stresses, dangers, and frustrations of its position, the citizen army may in the long run prove positively dangerous to liberty.

Perhaps technology will give us a way out. A relatively small force of highly trained, highly paid professionals --- missilemen, airmen, armored corps of tremendous firepower, and so on down to guerrilla corps --- may prove analogous to a navy rather than to the Junkers. It could replace the draftees, and yet remain so minor a part of the whole society that there would be no danger of its exercising undue influence.

I don't actually expect any such outcome, but the possibility might be worth looking into.

Best & all,

Poul

BOYD RAE BURN DOES NOT PRETEND TO BE YOUNG 189 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont.
Dear Elinor: October 13, 1962 CANADA

CRY 163 arrived today, and I am writing a small LoC. So are you happy now?

The cover is good. Flipped over the captions for the photos of Dees-McCombs and the Grennells. The one on the Shaws also is not bad.

Liked your con report very much, Buz. I wish you had made it longer. I recall only one occasion in the bar when service was a little slow, though. Other times I had no trouble getting a drink. Nor do I recall any great trouble with bar checks. The service in that hotel was a bit startling though. To be told at

11pm that room service has gone beddy-byes and that one must send out a runner to try to corner the bell captain in his secret retreat is a bit shocking. Shortly after the con I was staying at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. At 11:15 one night a call was made to room service for ice and mix and glasses, and almost before one could say "fantisted" a willing servitor materialized in the room burdened with mountains of ice, and mix which apparently did NOT have to be send out for....I am croggled at the Pick Congress having to send somebody out to search Chicago at 11 pm to buy a few bottles of ginger ale or whatever. The Queen Elizabeth boasts of its 24 hour room service. Liked your con report too, Elinor. Your descriptions of people are very interesting, as I don't normally notice the things about people that you do.

Ted White was also interesting (wish I could think of another word) especially on the subject of Mrs. Camper. I cannot understand though why some people are being so shook because she's a friend of Wertham. What could Wertham possibly do, even if he should decide that fanzines are frightfully corrupting to the morals of the young or whatever. Regulating the comic book industry is one thing, but how could he, or anybody, do anything about fanzines, unless ALL amateur publishing were to be banned? Good Lord, over and over fans surprise me. There was the "WSFS trying to take over fandom" bit, and now the slight trembling over Wertham, to name only two instances of idiocy. "Fandom" however you define it, is composed of independant people. It is an anarchy, with nobody able to impose his will upon or regulate the actions of anybody else (except perhaps in once certain notorious locality [Yeah, I heard it's pretty awful in Willowdale. --www]) and nobody can Take Over fandom, nobody can regulate fanzines en masse; for that matter, convention business sessions can pass resolutions and form committees until they are blue in the face, and the group which has won the next con can run the con however they see fit and hold it at any date they decide, and utterly ignore these resolutions and committees. So stop trembling, all you who are nervous about Wertham, or even Camper. What can she do, for that matter, unless she Names Names....unless of course she yells, say, that "Fandom" is composed of degenerate sex fiends, and the parents of some younger fans should happen to see her article, in which case the younger fans in question might have a little trouble.

I can't understand why Betty would think that I would be annoyed by the Old Man Raeburn bit. If I were old and pretending to be young I guess I could be annoyed.....but I'm not so I'm not....but the inference wasn't there anyway. Hasn't Betty ever come across the term "old" used purely in the goodfellowship type sense? [Well, when you get to be Betty's age, you'll get forgetful too. --www]

Rosemary Hickey is in error. While some British speak quite slowly, a great number of them speak extremely fast by U.S. standards. You are right, Elinor, a lot of Americans are quite slow listeners, and are left well behind by some of the British speech speeds.

I too, am bugged at times by audiences...not the coughing etc. bit, but audience attitudes. I remember being especially bugged by the audiences at concert appearance by Anna Russell and Tom Lehrer, and also at a Symphony Pop Concert I was once inveigled into attending, but then, considering the sort of slop that is played at Symphony Pop concerts, and the sort of people who would like such musical garbage, it is only what one could expect.

I'm wondering whether Norm Clarke's "He's awfully nice in person, though" should be taken at face value. If it had been written after the first Western Quebec ~~Bearyust~~ Science Fiction Convention I know it would have been an inside joke. The accounts by Norm and myself of this ~~only~~ meeting, will probably appear in FAPA.

Regards,

Boyd

NORM CLARKE NOTES MISSING PHRASE

223 Bancroft St., Box 911, Aylmer, P.Q.

Dear Elinor&Buz:

See the letter of comment. Comment, comment, comment. See the pretty money order enclosed. Money, money, money. It is in payment for a copy of The Goon Goes West. Goon, goon, goon.

I'm getting sick of this bit. Sick, sick, sick.

I read the convention notes avidly; but why did you not mention the ringing phrase, "Boyd Raeburn says you Can't Come In Here"? Boyd assured me that the line was destined to gown in fannish history (--"gown"? Ghod, my brain works at lightning speed. More lightninglike than my fingers, anyway. I meant "go down", of course; but it is a lovely bleshing.) along with "Kyle says you can't sit here" and "You gentlemen will be quite comfortable in your coats and ties." However, I chortled over the bit about sprinting down the hall; and over a lot of other bits, besides. Hell, I wish I'd been there (running after you?)

JEEZ, I hate to be so brief and abrupt, but that's the breaks.

For now,

Norm

ROSEMARY HICKEY TELLS OF NON-EXISTENT BUS
To C*R*Y 1*6*3:

2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Illinois
October 12, 1962

If enough recollections of Chicon III are published (and if I can get hold of them) I may yet find out what really happened those 3 or 4 days.

I suspect any hotel big enough to hold a convention like ours will provide for long and tall stories of inconveniences, confusions and rhubarbs which are funny only on recollection. My best stories are from conventions held in Chicago hotels before they remodeled.....when the buildings had shifted on the foundations and the doors stuck....especially the bathroom doors. One incident required the intelligence of the floor "engineer", his assistant, his supervisor, the building engineer and 10 conventioners who came to watch the show. It was almost as dramatic as major surgery....and damned embarrassing at the time.

I can't possibly add to or comment on the subject matter of this issue. I could list your CONTENTS and write "I like it" after each....but this way is enough. OUR trip from home to the hotel was quite uneventful. Our only danger point was whether or not Richard would be able to follow my map of how to get from in front of the hotel to the city parking lot two blocks away without getting lost. He usually doesn't pay much attention to direction or signs.

Of course, AFTER the con, there were a couple of quiet hours most enjoyably spent with the Webberts. And then the Willises rode on a non-existent bus from Fond du Lac to Chicago. They arrived safely and on their own schedule. Greyhound denied the existence of that bus. We had an unusually clear day and the view from the Prudential was clear, clean and far. Michigan City, Indiana and the shoreline north from there was visible to the naked eye!

We were able to get up to that shoreline the next day...well, actually, we went up further along the shore to my favorite Michigan state park. The water wasn't as warm as I prefer it to be....but the Willises claimed immunity from coldand they went in. Wonderfully brave people.

Somewhere Walt wrote of his desire to play golf. I had a member of one of the more exclusive golf/country clubs alerted and ready.....and then Walt said"Ah, no. Never mind." He had his chance.

Rosemary Hickey

PHILLIP A. HARRELL TEACHES WWW TO SPELL OHILLIP
October 14, '62

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9,
Virginia

Dear Qally Webber and wonderful Magnificent CRY: (teach you to spell my name "OHILLIP" you wally webber you)

It was good to see this issue was a CONish, but it didn't have the most interesting part of the con. About the morning our own www showed up with a scratched

face and Jean Bogert showed up with a black eye!! Can you explain this wally? [Don't be silly. Who could explain wally? Anyway, Alderson Fry hit Jean with a coat hanger, and Betty Kujawa accidentally stepped on me when we met in the bar. --www]

Come this November 2 I'm moving to Philadelphia, Pa. for the Weekend. And the PhilCon. I may even write you a con report. I might even send ya pitcurs. [You mean you'd actually steal artwork from a convention named after you? --www]

Best,

Phil

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN REPORTS HIS FIRST CONVENTION Box 283, 73ADIV, Tyndall AFB,
Dear Crying Ones, 18 Oct 62 76 Days! Florida

I find myself in a rather enjoyable position of having met some of the people with whom I have visited by mail. So much for what you may refer to as my con report.

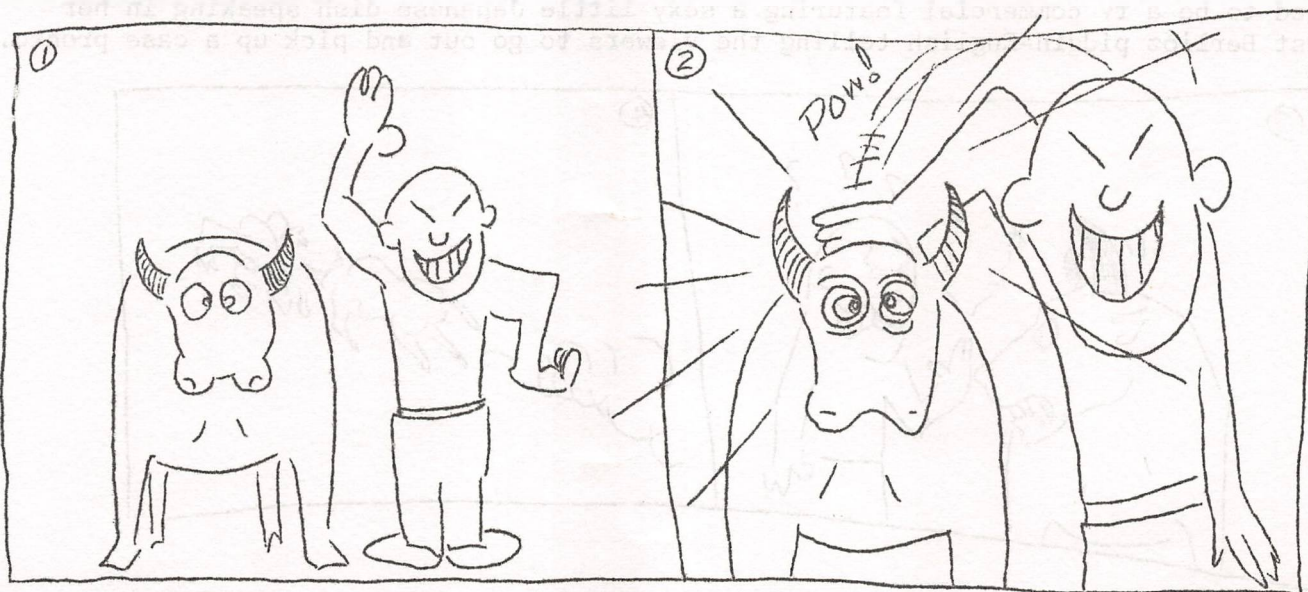
Comments on CRY 163: great cover, very well-done con reports by all concerned.

Grotch: Elinor, you have probably marked me for the rest of my fannish life. I have a horror of being described as: 'the fan with curling eyelashes who doesn't really look like Jerry DeMuth.'

I have been approached on six different occasions by total strangers who have informed me that I have doubles in six different states where I have never been in my life. If there's any truth to the doppelganger legend, my chances are cut drastically.

Cry has done me a great service; it got me a letter from Joe Green. Joe was a former member of the Panama City Writers' Club which ShelVy and I run, and I was hoping I could get a line on what he has been doing to help spur the local interest in writing. We have seen some really wonderful potential come through there, and I want to be able to show others that there is always a possibility of being successful if you keep at it. [Wouldn't it be more of a challenge to try and show them they might succeed by giving up? --www]

Harry Warner, Jr.: The story of the Karate bull-fight is to be found in the March, '59 issue of True. I remember the issue so damned well because I was on my way to Lackland to begin my four-year sentence with the boys in blue. Never has any occasion in my life been so bitter! I can honestly say that the AF has given me nothing to make me want to spend one more moment in it than absolutely necessary. I recommend the Army to anyone who has any ideas of 'jinin' up', because the term is shorter.



That the entire American defense structure needs overhauling is a point becoming more and more a fact. More and more homogeneity is required, and incentive for the voluntary devotion to military life.

Tom Purdom: You left out one of the most important Bens of all -- Ben Dover! Hope I can visit your Club, someday, and crack a stein with you. My latest delight -- 1/2 Guinness Stout, 1/2 light Lowenbrau. Smack! Sigh! (Burp!)

Oh, yes -- your cover was really good. Wish more photos would find themselves there.

Weepingly,

Misha

MIKE DECKINGER UNNERVED AT CON

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRY,

10/10/62

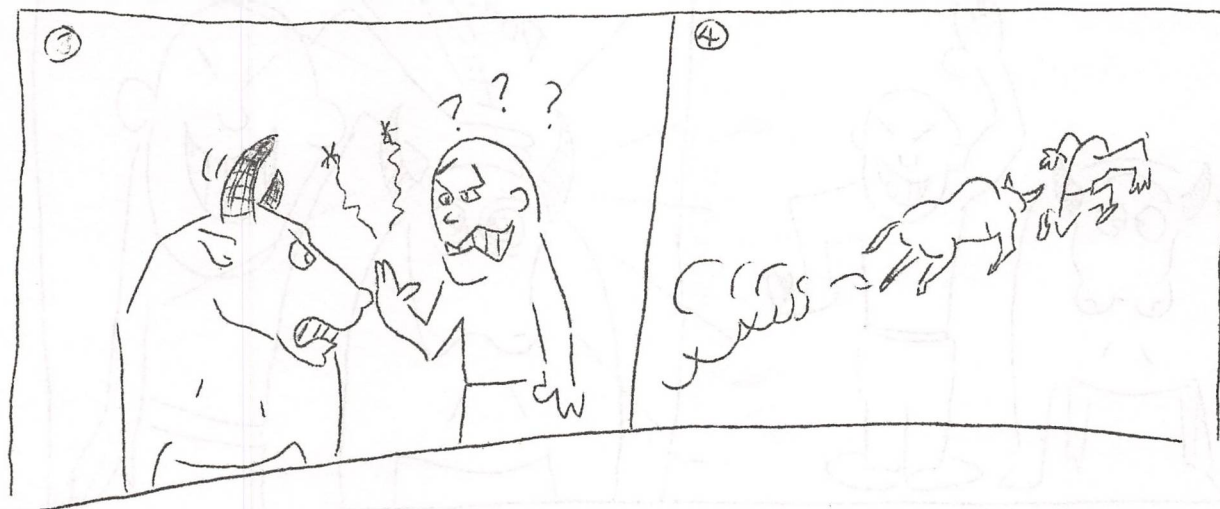
I got a keck out of the cover for #163. Alternate captions might be: Phylis Econonou saying: "I knew I shouldn't have eaten that crottled greep last night," Al HaLevy explaining: "Well they did offer the part to me, but Jeffrey Hunter got it," and Larry Shaw urging, "It's Mrs. Camper; act tough."

One omission I spotted right off the bat was your failure to say anything about the happy coincidence that dumped a MASLA convention in the hotel at the same time the CHICON was going on. It was damned unnerving to come staggering through a darkened hallway some evening, filled to the hilt with liquid refreshments, and nearly stumble into a nun or two going about their peaceful ways, and clucking saddeningly about the habits of some of the hotel guests. I did my part towards making the MASLA members feel more at home by placing a stack of del Rey's ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT on their propaganda desk along with a sign saying, "Take one."

Berry was his usual self, this time made even more enjoyable by his "factual" accounts, rather than his fictional ones. He's one of the few fan-writers who shares an equal capability with writing both fiction or facts, doctored though the latter category may be at times.

Ted's column was enjoyed too. Terry Carr is a good writer, and he was instrumental in reuniting me with a relative, believe it or not. I say this not because he used my name in a story of his in the current F&SF, but because a cousin of mine read the story, got to my name, and leaped on the phone to call me and congratulate me for writing such a fine tale. When he finally became wise to the fact that Carr had sold the story, not I, he seemed awfully disappointed at the false alarm. So, if nothing else, Terry Carr causes happy homes.

Kirin Beer is available at a number of specialized Liquor Houses around here, and it's not confined to Japanese consumption alone. As a matter of fact, there used to be a tv commercial featuring a sexy little Japanese dish speaking in her best Berlioz pidgin-English telling the viewers to go out and pick up a case pronto.



I've finally finished STRANGER... too, and I can add nothing to the more outspoken critics who have voiced their condemnations on it. The incidents leading up to and including the "Church" service are depicted with a subtle skill and craftsmanship that further attest to Heinlein's talent. I read the account of the service over three times, and chortled with unrestrained delight. But as soon as the later elements are introduced, and overplayed to unbelievably ridiculous lengths, things begin to take a nosedive. Patty's "indoctrination," and subsequent presence is rankling, since her original motives are never explained fully enough to give her behaviour any plausibility. Mike is a mass of paradoxes; his innocence and naivete clearly point out that the powers he has been gifted with are out of place in his feeble and uncertain intellect. His ambition is muddled and veiled, to both the reader and him, and Heinlein's annoying penchant of straying from serious extrapolation to downright foolish comedy is jarring to say the least.

I was engaged about a month ago. No precise marriage date has been set yet, but maybe I'll one-up Les and tie the knot about a week before he does. Anything to perpetuate fandom.

SIN cerely,

Mike

LENNY KAYE COUNSELS LICE

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, New Jersey

Dear Wally:

This issue of Cry contains the notice of the sending of a quarter I sent you right after I got back from my summer job. Now that was a summer job. I was a junior counselor at camp in Pennsylvania, and they had to transfer me from a younger bunk to an older boy's bunk in the middle of the season because I cursed at the kids too much. That was one of the main reasons I didn't get to the Chicon. I was working on a bonus and I was a lousy counselor. No dinero, no vaya.

Gee, pro mimeographing, selectric typewriter...what's next, ghost writers??? [Ghost readers??? --www]

I have no great hopes for Mrs. Camper's article. If, as I expect, she has erroneous ideas, I hope we'll deluge Cosmopolitan with letters. It's only fair.

Best:

Lenny

RUTH BERMAN ON CODE

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17,

Dear Walliest,

October 17, 1962

Minn.

Umm -- I doubt that our code of manners is less elaborate than most. More ambiguous, yes, so it's easier to make faux-pas that may or may not seem horrible to the by-standers -- but less elaborate? Surely most codes seem informal to those who grew up with them?

Ruth Berman

GARY DEINDORFER HAS NOTHING ELSE TO SAY

121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N. J.

Dear Wally,

Oct. 17, 1962

It was nice to read all those con and trip reports squidged all together into one issue. Actually I am being very sarcastic and mean that I think it would have been better if there'd either been one or two less reports or less duplication of reportage in the things. Still, though, all those reports might be said to be justified because they throw light from different angles on the same situations and all that. Like one sees different facets of the Pick-Congress elevator situation.

I didn't get to the Chicon, but I did meet the Willises. I visited New York the end of September, and the Willises were in town on the last leg of their trip. A party was thrown for them the night of September 29th and nearly all New York fandom was in attendance. Andy Reiss drew dirty cartoons (they weren't really), Les Gerber gabbled on in his usual endearing loud voice, Willis talked of such things as James Joyce and unstated puns, Steve Stiles smoked, Ted White prowled

around looking enigmatic, and so on. The Willises are every bit as wonderful as I thought they'd be. Too bad they eventually had to leave for home.

Gee, I have nothing else to say. If you print this at all, I suppose you'll head it, "Gary Deindorfer Has Nothing Else to Say." [Wouldn't think of it.--ww] Skoal,

Gary

DAVE KEIL HAD ODD PLUMBING AT CHICON 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75,
Dear Cry, October 15, 1962 N.Y.

Well, your last issue (#163) of CRY was certainly a fresh change, especially the cover. I took pictures at CHICON III and have 22 perfectly beautiful prints featuring the high points of the convention (and inside views of some fan parties) but I haven't the money to print them. [If you get the right prices for the negatives of those party pictures, I'll bet you could easily afford to print the rest. --www]

THE VIEW FROM MINAS ITHIL wasn't particularly good, but the other articles were all excellent...especially Elinor's HWYL...possibly I found it so excellent simply because I, too, attended the CHICON and had similar experiences. Oddly enough, my plumbing was satisfactory, I found my TV out of order, and of course the floor plan was designed very carefully to make it difficult for you. I wrote the PICK-CONGRESS staff and told them exactly what I did not like about the hotel.

I think STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND deserved the hugo award. I'm afraid one of the chief things that makes STRANGER unpopular in the eyes of many is the fact that it is d i f f e r e n t ... and the fact that it was not entirely science fiction. Heinlein is a great philosopher as well as sf writer, and he is not afraid to pioneer new ideas.

Dave Keil

ROBERT JENNINGS STRIKES BACK 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.
Dear Editor,

All I wanted to say about CRY #183 (hmm, I was about to set you back about thirty issues or so).... I meant to say that I enjoyed the photo-offset cover.

The main reason I'm disgusted with the space flight (disinterested, if disgusted is too strong for you), is that I had anticipated Great Things. First would be a man into space, then, by gum, manned orbital flights, then, by gum again, a shot at the moon, then a man at the moon, then a space station, then a manned station on the moon, etc. All this is coming about, of course, but I envisioned it rather more quickly than it's happening. It looks to my untrained eye as if the whole program is moping along Doing Nothing.

Yours,

Robert Jennings

STONY BARNES RETURNS FROM THE LIVING USS McGinty (DE 365), USN & MCRTC,
Dear Namelesses - 24 October 1962 Swan Island, Portland, Oregon

I read #163 the second day I had it, but haven't had a moment to spare between racing down to Albany and back, spending an evening in a hick-town police station, stealing gas, contributing to delinquency, working, etc. Each of these little tidbits could be expanded into a comprehensive and boring letter of incredible length. However, I did finish the ish and it was certainly different from the last one I read.

The cover -- Incomparable, of course. Only you sort of spoiled half my fun by putting in the comments. UPPERLEFT -- "Aww, come on! That's what you call cheesecake!?!?" UPPERRIGHT -- "No, Wally, I can't let you out until the full moon passes, you know that." MIDDLEFT -- "Sweet sixteen and never been kissed? I don't believe it!" MIDRIGHT -- "Oh Andy! You still use that greasy kid stuff! ??" LOWERLEFT -- "I put the mudpies in the gastank, ok?" LOWERRIGHT -- "What say we ditch these gooks and split for the Hungry Eye?"

The Busby's(s) con report(s) were most readable. Not the stuffy, name-dropping type one tires of quickly, but casual, sensitive name dropping, which seems too short if anything. Almost makes you feel like You Was There. If I ever get around to attending a con, I'll bring my own booze! Also, my own fans, I think. Then I can throw my own little convention and say to heck with the whole thing. Not very tru-fannish sounding, am I? That's nothing.

I beg to differ with Roy Tackett on the qualities of Japanese beer. I don't think it's worth a hoot. San Miguel beats it by far, and not even that can compare with Ole (good old Ole). However, I consider his views on the bool fights running parallel to my own. Bool-stabbing is much more civilized than -- say -- prize fighting. One guy gets knocked out of the ring and gets mobbed by fanatic spectators. A little old lady emerges from the edge of the mob with a mona-lisa smile so the man with the mike questions her. "What's making you so happy, madam? Get a piece of Dirty Zorgo's shorts for a souvenir?" She flashes her gummy smile and whips out a piece of meat with hair on it. The screen quickly blanks out (due to transmitter difficulties) and everybody reaches for another beer and reconciles themselves to the upcoming 5 minutes of commercials. Ya call that civilized, hah? Personally, I'll take bool-sticking. [You just convinced me. I'd forgotten how sickening those commercials are. --www]

HARRY WARNER also hits my head on the nail by commenting on the absurdity of a "twist contest" at the Chicon. Just for that, I won't go either! I'll take a good old lynching anytime. (Somebody else's, of course. Say LB's??) L*A*R*S B*O*U*R*N*E is the dirty rotten schnook i has in mind. So ha.

Guess that's it from Destroyer Escort #365 for now.

bonnie voyage and all that poop.

Stone Man

MFC MARK IRWIN LACKS MATERIAL AND PICTURE

RA16713872, Btry C 2nd Msl Bn

Dear CRY Editors:

2 Oct 62

57th Arty, Chicago 37, Illinois

At this time, I have CRY 163 in front of me, but I won't comment on it, now. My main purpose in writing is to solicit material for my new fanzine.

I am also trying to locate someone who managed to get pictures of me last year, while I was wearing my "High Priest of MOTA" costume. Every year, I take lots of pictures, but I never get any of myself. This year, I took 4-37 exposure rolls, plus some others, and the only one that came out bad, almost, was the one I got someone to take of me.

PFC Mark Irwin

ALMA HILL WOULD VOTE FOR SNEARY FOR ANYTHING

463 Park Drive, Boston 15, Mass.

Dear CRY;

October 15, 1962

Sneary for TAFF -- what a wonderful and terrible idea; everybody would vote for him. I'd vote for Sneary for anything. [If he refuses to run for TAFF, let's just officially vote for him for Anything. --www]

Fandom is getting soft, decadent, wellnigh clean. Nobody dast slander anybody any more. I hear that Al(Cal) Lewis has the Neffer Secret Police after me, but this is a puny falsehood as there is no expense account on the treasury report for it. Or have they a secret treasurer?

Bruce Berry is obviously a fake fan; a whole squad of experts couldn't find him off the beam anywhere at all? A charge of insanity has to stick somewhere to any REAL fan.

Alma Hill

DENNIS LIEN READS CRY TO BITS

Lake Park, Minnesota

October 6, 1962

I got my first CRY (#163) today. Had a busy day today, so I read CRY in bits and pices. Started at 9:30 AM, finished at 8:15 P.M.

Cover I suppose is Chicon photos. I didn't know any of them. I don't know anybody who attended the convention, except K. Martin Carlson (#150), and I don't

know if he attended it or not. Anyway I don't know what he looks like. So.

Page three -- Why does Cry cry? Cry is a good magazine. Cry didn't win the Hugo. That is why Cry cries. Warhoon won it. So Warhoon must be a better magazine. To hell with Cry. Please send me the address of Warhoon. [Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Make checks payable to Wally Weber. \$5 per issue. --www]

Dennis Lien

WE ALSO HEARD FROM=====

DENNIS LIEN, who sends us money for one-tenth of a WARHOON. Thank you for your donation to our next Hugo, Dennis. GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN re-ups for another hitch with CRY and says we can start dropping into his street level slot now. ARNOLD KRUGER changes his address to General Delivery, Islington, Ontario, Canada, and wants to know, "Where the !\$%'"\$&%)*(+@? Is CRY #163?" ARNOLD KRUGER says #163 arrived and to pardon his impatience. He thought Norm Clarke's letter was great and the rest of the issue was OK. DR. ANTONIO DUPLA finds subbing to CRY is pretty complicated. MARK OWINGS roots for, "D.C. in '73!" PAUL WILLIAMS wants to know what HWYL stands for. It stands for HWYL, as anyone who can read should know. ROBERT WILLEMS and RONALD R. MATTHIES subs to CRY. WARREN de BRA subs to GOON. WWW subs ter fuge.

Ooops! Almost forgot. We also also heard from Jerry Pournelle who, after reading Poul Anderson's letter in this issue, wrote a commentary on Poul's commentary, but at the last minute we joined the Fair Play For Poul Committee and decided to hold Jerry's letter over until the December issue. DECEMBER?!! Okay, you sneaks. Which ones of you ran off with 1962, huh? ---WWW

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

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

Look at the number following the name of the addressee. Look hard; you can find it. That number tells just exactly (more or less) how many issues he has coming to him. You can't see any such number? Even when you look hard? Hmmm. Well that addressee got this issue free then. But you really ought to do something about that hard look of yours...

Deliver this tricky treat to:

Ed Meskys (6) 13 Nov
c/o Metcalf
P. O. Box 336
Berkeley 1, Calif.

