

CRY

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Bob Lichtman Cal Demmon
Susan Caughran Jim Benford



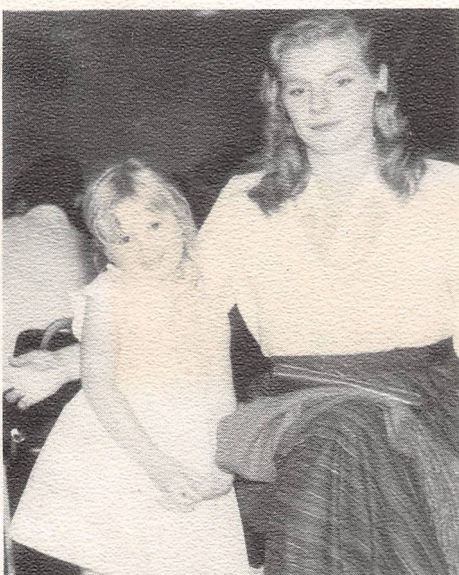
Miriam Knight
as Lilith



Betty Kujawa Joe Gibson
Chief Red Feather



Astrid Anderson
as Meriadoc



Marie and Pat Ellington



Greg Benford Jim Benford again

The mills of the gods actually grind a little rough at times, but still here is CRY #169, August 1963, one leg up on the 2nd half of its 14th year of publication if you want to get morbid about it. CRY persists in appearing bimonthly from:

Box 92, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington
as the combined product of the efforts of Wally Weber, F M Busby, and Elinor Busby.

Just a minute while I look up the sub-rates: 25¢ or 1/9 per copy, with the wholesale rate of 5 issues for every \$1 or 7/- that you wish to send us. Elinor Busby has to cash the checks that come in at this end, and John Berry of 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland, handles it at that end; all clear?

While you join us in puzzling as to how our trade policy works, if at all, we note that the deadline for CRY #170, Oct '63, is Sept 15, 1963.

We have been advised that the Cone Company of Seattle, a stalwart crew, acts as our printer rather than as our publisher. I expect they will bear up OK.

Our cover this time consists of pictures taken by Elinor at Westercon XVI. I did the trimming and paste-up, and the photolith is by our old friend & subscriber, Bert Benson of the Pilgrim Press. Elinor is even paying for it this time, I am supposed to tell you so I did. [CRY and Wally and I are a liddul bit broke now.]

You'll hate me for this, but we do have some C o n t e n t s :

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The stencil-cutters were: Wally W 22, Elinor 7, Buz 3.

Allow me to remind you of the sterling merits of Wally Weber in the next or rather the current TAFF race, and of Arthur Thomson [ATom] subsequently. We were going to have some illustrative material on these subjects in this issue, but we are running a little late due to protracted recuperation from the Westercon, so we just threw this one together in a big hurry and are hoping for the best. That is, Elinor and I threw our part together in a big hurry. Wally may be superhuman as we have long felt, but I defy anyone, superhuman or not, to throw 22 stencils together in a big hurry [filling them with text at the same time, of course].

We must disconsolately announce that Elinor and I will not be making it to the DisCon. Wally Weber will be there, and Wally Gonser also, but that will be just about the extent of representation of Seattle fandom at the WorldCon. We and Ed Wyman and Jim & Doreen Webbert send our best regards; I don't know how Toskey feels about it but I assume that he will not mind being included among the well-wishers. [Tosk has been pretty busy lately, even to holding two jobs for a while there. I wonder if this summer he was the only cabdriver in Seattle with a Ph.D?]

Once again we are in the postCon doldrums of not getting any doggone mail. This seems to get worse every year, and perhaps someone should take a survey or something, to find out why it is that after a Con, when fans should theoretically be bursting with fannish spirit or the like, they all seem to put their typers under their pillows and hibernate for about a month. Mr. Wrai Ballard of Blanchard, North Dakota, has raised this question once or twice before, and I think it is time for a little dedicated research to discover the cause and cure of this evil malign condition which rocks the foundations of the true fan's faith every year or more. You may address your speculations either to me or to Mr. Ballard, or both.

Back in the early days of Fenden Publications about 1955-56, no CRY was really considered wrapped for mailing until Toskey had said His Line. Later he got self-conscious and balked at adding the capper to publishing-&-assembly parties, but for your spiritual good I give you the line that officially sealed many issues of CRY:

"Today, we have perpetrated a THING upon the face of the earth!" He was right.

FIVE NIGHTS AT BURLINGAME

reconstructed from Wally Weber's memory,
notes, souvenirs and imagination

Westercon XVI was scheduled for July 4, 5, 6 and 7 at the Burlingame Hyatt House. I arrived the evening of July 3, and it looked as though the convention had been going for weeks. There wasn't a building over two stories high remaining, and one building, located right in the center of the complex, had been completely torn down leaving only the concrete foundation and flooded basement to show where it had been. Even the trees weren't spared. What few remained were limbless and leafless, except at the top where a few long, tattered leaves struggled to survive. I could tell this was going to be a real swinging convention.

I wasn't disappointed, either.

Ed Wyman, my roommate during the convention, had preceded me by several hours. He found me within minutes of my arrival and suggested I visit Room 328 for a start. Some start! Anyone who knows anything about hotels knows that Room 328 would be on the third floor, and what kind of party can you expect in a third floor room of a two floor hotel?

I wasn't long in finding out. Room 328 was the Convention Suite, and it existed. Apparently it was the first floor of that particular building that was missing. (Don't ask -- there are some things fans are better off for not knowing.) I met fans even before I got to the room. One of the first was Bob Lichtman, and we vowed that at this convention we would take time to sit down together and have a good long talk. That turned out to be the most we said to each other all convention long. The room itself was packed; I can't begin to remember all the names. Bill Donaho and Al HaLevy, of course. Danny Curran. Jerry and Miri Knight. Ed and Jessie Clinton. Poul and Karen Anderson. Tony Boucher. James Blish. Fredrik and Carol Pohl. Blish? Pohl?? East-Coasterners at a Westercon??? I guess fans are fans even when they're pros. Jack Vance was there, unbelievably healthy considering that any real fan knows he's just a penname for a deceased science fiction author named Kuttner. And Jack's wife was there. Pippin, whoever he is, was present. Alva and Sid Rogers were there. Henry Stine, who I wouldn't know even if I talked to him, was there. Roland Porter, who had been a Nameless One clear back in the days before the club decided to give up searching for a name, was there. Oh gosh, just name any fan and that fan was probably there. Like Buz was to say at a later party when some fan remarked that he had no idea who some of the people were, "Yeah?" Buz demanded, "Name one!"

Well, one fanne who wasn't in the Con Suite at the time was Betty Kujawa, girl areonut, who had risked turning blue and unconscious at 15,000 feet to get to the convention. Karen Anderson was certain she was somewhere in the hotel, and Karen wished aloud that somebody would find Betty and fetch her to the party. I turned blue and a little unconscious myself at the thought. Betty Kujawa really made it to the Westercon? Quaking there on the third floor of a two-floor hotel with no fire escape, I decided it was a far better thing that I see Betty before she sees me, so I volunteered to look for her.

Guided by my unerring sense of misdirection, I found Don Franson and Ed Meskys talking with a fanne. A fanne I had seen before. Just once before, in a dimly-lit bar at Chicon III. The lighting was much better here, and I had three available exits plus a twenty-foot climbable chandelier. So Betty and I shook hands, although my hands shook the most.

I told Betty about the party in the Convention Suite, but Don Franson explained that the party was really there in the lobby and that if the fans in Room 328 wanted to have a party they would have to come down to join it.

It made sense at the time, so I sat down and Betty showed me the cigarette lighter she was so proud of. She claimed the design on the lighter case was an exact picture of what she and Gene had flown out to the coast with. I felt a

twinge of pity for poor, nearsighted Betty when I examined the lighter. The picture was of a sleek, red-trimmed Beechcraft monoplane; it didn't look anything at all like a broom.

I finished out the night and a good part of Thursday morning in Room 328, where the party wasn't but nobody seemed to miss it, before retiring. For those of you who haven't attended conventions, I will explain that term, "retiring". The dictionary definition of the word is suspended during the course of any fan gathering. When a fan retires at a convention, it means that he goes to the room he has rented or borrowed for the purpose, takes a refreshing look at the bed therein, and then turns around and goes back to the convention activities. The only other possible definition that could apply to the word during a convention, and I am only theorizing here since I have never known it to happen, would be the fixing of a blow-out or flat that occurred enroute to or returning from a liquor store.

Anyway, back at Westercon XVI, Thursday morning I registered. I checked the program booklet to find out where the Art Show would be and then set out to search for conference room #2. Perhaps I should have looked at my bed a trifle longer because the booklet had listed the Art Show as being in the Starlight Room; it was the Displays and Sales that had been listed for the Conference Room. Be that as it may, the program booklet had it backwards anyway so I was searching for the right room anyway.

The Conference Room was located two rooms to my left as I came out of the lobby, and on my way I saw Bjo Trimble approach a huddle of fans from the opposite direction with the question, "Anyone want to help set up an Art Show?" "Sounds like fun!" I volunteered, galloping up. Bjo assumed an ask-a-stupid-question-and-you-get-a-stupid-answer look, but she stuck to her part of the bargain and led me to her Art Show. ("Her Art Show." She argued about that. She said she was just an iddy-bitty part of Project Art Show and that, really, great numbers of other people did most of the work. But she shut up when it was pointed out that it's her Art Show so that she can be blamed for anything that goes wrong.)

Bjo was fortunate to have found a helper like me, with my vast background of engineering experience, because the display stands had to be assembled from parts like an Erector Set. It was quite complicated and there were no printed directions to go by. I figured it out in no time and was all set to tape the tripods together and string them to the ceiling when Ed Wyman, John Trimble, Ron Ellik, Roland Porter, Blake Maxam, and similar less scientific-minded fans started putting them together completely wrong. They ended up with a bunch of four-legged contraptions with screws in the holes where string was supposed to go and left them sitting upside down on the floor. Finally they tried to hide their mistakes under pieces of burlap. I was glad it was Bjo's fault, not mine.

The Westercon was officially opened that afternoon in the Pasha Room, above the lobby. Al Halevy, Alva Rogers, Bill Donaho and Ben Stark welcomed everyone, introduced everyone in the room they knew, and had those they didn't know introduce themselves. A short recess followed, during which Forry Ackerman was converged upon by his devoted Monster fans. Be envious of Forry if you want to, but being converged upon by devoted Monsters is not an easy price to pay.

Reconvening, Ed Clinton moderated a panel composed of Bob Buechley, Eph Konigsberg and Leonard Krasner discussing, "Who Cares What Happens Tomorrow?" The panel members attempted to decide whether science-fiction prepared its readers for the real future or merely offered an escape from the present. Bob Buechley seemed to think science fiction's mind-stretching qualities aid fans to anticipate the future and adjust to the changes, although he allowed that some of the wilder stories might snap an overstretched mind or two in the process. Eph thought that loosening the mind is a good idea, but that there is a happy medium between constipation and diarrhea. Eph contended that fans use science fiction to escape reality; that, contrary to caring about tomorrow, they don't even care about today. What's more, Eph didn't think anyone else cared about tomorrow, either.

Right away Bob took exception to that. He mentioned engineering projects designed to benefit future generations and how people vote for officials who will tax them in order to build for the future.

Eph pointed out that science fiction had precious little science or engineering of this or any other nature in it. Bob had previously mentioned that science fiction was shy on psychology, sociology and related sciences. So Leonard Krasner, who had been listening most of the time, spoke up and wanted to know, if so much stuff was lacking in science fiction, what did they think was in science fiction.

Up to this point, Ed Wood, who was to be introduced later on in the convention as, "the unlisted member of all panels," had sat silently in the audience. Now he got to his feet and described science fiction as the expression of the hopes and expectations of mankind, and it was his opinion that readers learned a lot about a society merely by learning what its hopes and expectations were.

Pretty soon everyone had their opinions in the discussion. Some thought science fiction had no business being anything but entertainment while others thought science fiction should teach a lesson. Kris Neville didn't believe the readers desired education from their science fiction, but thought education could be smuggled into a story by an enterprising author. Kris gleefully reported some recent smuggling of his own that cost Fred Pohl 20 subscription cancellations. Ray Nelson thought educational science fiction could be commercially successful, and cited "Fail Safe" as an example, but that stories dealing with practical but unpopular solutions to current problems would be hard to sell. Tony Boucher did not like this even a little bit. Tony declared that the science fiction field, more than any other, was open to all sorts of ideas and that no editor would turn down a story because of the nature of its solution.

It was getting late, and there was a scheduled swimming party due (in that flooded basement ruin I was telling you about earlier), so the panel was disbanded, allowing the arguments to continue in smaller groups.

That evening a projector was set up and an old, silent, German science fiction movie, made in 1929, was shown. It described a space flight to the moon in a surprisingly modern craft (roomy, well-provisioned, complete with stowaway neofan). The moon turned out to be made of gold, among other less important things, and there was breathable air (the best kind) up there. We all enjoyed scoffing at the impossible ideas; let's just hope we aren't embarrassed by having the moon and future spaceships turning out to be as described in the movie.

After the usual parties and the traditional retiring ceremony, I began that period of the Westercon belatedly designated as "Friday". Ed Wyman and I ate breakfast in the Coffee Shop with (at various times) Al haLevy, Jim Benford and Jane and Bill Ellern. I was beginning to notice by this time that, wherever I went at the convention, fans kept asking whether Burnett Toskey had come. Why Burnett should be so popular when the glorious Wally Weber was there is beyond my understanding. I've mentioned it to Burnett, but he, in his warped way of thinking, feels it was only natural. Anyway, for the benefit of those few of you who didn't get a chance to ask, I announce here and now that Burnett Toskey did not go to the Westercon. So much for digressing from breakfast with Wyman, haLevy, Benford and the Ellerns, and onward into Friday.

Poul Anderson was first up on the program. He tried valiantly to break the tradition of telling us what was wrong with science fiction, and he did pretty good at first. He told us how fine science fiction is and how science was still far behind science fiction in a great number of things.

But then... well... there was an item or two where science fiction wasn't quite keeping up with the times. For instance, he had been questioning a man who was studying the human nervous system as a chemist and biologist rather than as a psychologist, and Poul had asked this man if there was any possibility of a person controlling a machine directly through his nervous system rather than with his fingers and hands and feet. The answer he got was something like, "Oh, there's a fellow down the hall working on that." And science fiction is also lagging behind

astronomy. Even Poul himself, who knows better, gets the feeling that just one more little planet about a giant sun wouldn't hurt even though astronomers claim the odds are against it. Then there are the predictions science fiction didn't make; nobody seemed to guess that the government would be the agent to get man into space, for instance. And then there are the writing techniques, common enough, in mainstream literature, that science fiction authors never use unless they happen to be Theodore Sturgeon. Also, current events reported in the daily newspapers are beginning to compete with science fiction for "Sense of Wonder" value.

Oh well, no literature is perfect, I suppose.

Next on the program was Bill Donaho moderating a discussion of, "Do Today's Science Fiction Magazines Interest the Fan?" Members of the panel were John Trimble, Fred Pohl, Ed Wood (look, they listed him this time!), Bruce Pelz, and (look na!) Wally Weber. I saw right off that Ed Wood had the rest of the panel outnumbered, so I sided with him (yes, by Ghod Perdue, they do interest the fan) and let him take it from there. The panel and, later on, the audience had a good time discussing the field in general, but the basic question went unresolved. Apparently the answer depends upon which particular fan you're talking about.

Betty Kujawa, Steve Schultheis, and I had some idea we were supposed to judge the Art Show that afternoon, so after the panel was over I skipped the Winetasting session and went over to Conference Room 2 to make up my head about what to throw a tantrum in favor of. You might wonder how come I, an admirer of L. Garcone artwork and whose only personal experiences with painting consist of one paint-by-numbers kit and an ex-friend's back fence, was chosen as an Art Show judge. I know for a fact that Bjo wonders. Well, partially it was probably publicity for my vigorous TAFF campaign. But, mainly, I think it was because I've had experience; I was Art Show judge at the previous Westercon. And you know why I was chosen Art Show judge at the previous Westercon? It was because I was the first fan my current competitor TAFF-candidate, Bruce Pelz, located when he was sent out to round up some art show judges.

So much for irony. We didn't get to judge on Friday because they needed to use the room for a dressing room for the Masquerade scheduled for that evening. I guess they were worried about displaying some of the things we'd have given prizes to if we had stayed.

While the Masquerade was being set up, Gene and Betty Kujawa treated me to a fabulous meal. They had planned to bring Wrai Ballard to the convention, but an unseasonal haying season, or some equally feeble excuse, prevented Wrai from turning blue and unconscious and attending. Gene therefor had to entrust to me the job of pouring Betty's champagne, a duty ordinarily performed at conventions by Wrai. Unfortunately I was too easily distracted by conversation and had to be reminded of my duties from time to time. Gene decided I was a poor substitute for Wrai.

The Masquerade was favored with some excellent costumes. Although I was not at the Masquerade myself (they keep trying to give me prizes and I keep telling them I'm not in costume), I saw many very good costumes on their way to and from the Pasha Room. The judges must have had their heads full trying to make their choices this year!

After the Masquerade, the Convention Committee threw a party in the Flight Lounge. This marked the midpoint of a Westercon that was still gathering momentum. In the wee hours of the morning, for the first time in my life, I witnessed a Kris Neville Sermon. Brothers and sisters, anyone who can't see the light after witnessing a Kris Neville sermon is blind to the core. It's a genuine Spiritual Upheaval.

You don't really think I could tell you any more about the Westercon beyond that point, now do you? I mean, after all, this is a family publication, and there was the weekend I would have to describe... Well now!

If you're healthy, just attend a convention (any convention) and see for yourself what goes on. In the meantime,

VOTE ATOM FOR TAFF

I met Kathleen outside Knock Methodist Church Hall. She'd just finished Sunday School. She came out the the other youngsters, her cheeks pink, eyes flashing with the piousness she'd just imbibed. She clutched her bible in her hand, and an umbrella in the other. It wasn't raining, but it had been when she'd left the house an hour earlier.

"Come home?" I asked, hoping that the other Sunday Schoolgoers (especially the teachers, young girls in their teens) didn't notice that I hadn't shaved.

"I'd like to go for a walk and collect some twigs," she said.

"Sure, you've homework to do," I asked.

"I've done it all, except for collecting the twigs," she explained..."We've got to take some examples from different trees with buds on them, especially Pussy Willows and Hazel Catkins."

"Pussy Willows and Hazel Catkins," I mused.

"Yes, the school teacher is allowing the person who takes the nicest Pussy Willows or Hazel Catkins three homeworks off."

Instead of turning left, we turned right. Knock is on the outskirts of Belfast, and there are green fields within a few hundred yards. I didn't want to go that far....quite nearby was a disused railway track. The sleepers had been torn up, and high grass was growing where the 3.35 express to Ballybunnion used to shunt past. But I recalled that high hedges bordered the old track, together with a smattering of trees.

We turned off the Hillfoot Road, where the level crossing used to be, and started our safari.

We'd walked a couple of hundred yards, and had garnered several choice examples of twigs bearing nice semi-opening buds. Suitable, but no Pussy Willows or Hazel Catkins.

This didn't please Kathleen, who was keen to miss three homeworks. Also, it was a point of honour for me to get some. What good was a father who couldn't even get a twig bearing Hazel Catkins, let alone Pussy Willows.

"There are some Pussy Willows," she said excitedly, "over there."

It has always been a mystery to me why people choose the most unexpected places to dump their rubbish. Belfast Corporation have an efficient system for rubbish disposal...and yet here, on a disused railway track, was a semi-circle of old mattresses, bottomless buckets, and piles of potato peeling, green and mouldy...and flourishing from this unconventional manure was a Pussy Willow.

"There'll be some more down the track," I hinted, edging away, holding my nose.

"I don't think so," she insisted, holding her nose. "Please get some of this, daddy!"

I wonder have any of you ever stood in a rubbish dump trying to break a twig of Pussy Willow? While it started to rain? With a little girl dependent upon you? You see, Pussy Willow twigs have a built-in defence against idiots who get a kick from picking them. Admittedly the buds look nice when dumped in a vase... long slender twigs, with these thumbnail size silver balls of fluff, silky soft, and with a sheen which sometimes turns from silver to black. But the flippin' things won't break. I stood in the pouring rain, and it was like wrestling with an eel in a bucket of oil. I eventually let go, and it snapped back like a live thing and hit me across the face.

"Lovely Horse Chestnut tree over yonder," I said, "we haven't got one of those."

She pouted, and looked down.....so I returned once more to the unequal contest. Eventually I solved the problem by tying the twig in a knot and then twisting it round and round....something had to give. I clambered over the pile of rubbish and handed Kathleen a twig of Pussy Willow which resembled a rather dirty spring, the sort you get in the seat of an old armchair.

"I've got a pocketful of the buds," I said, "and when we get back home I'll glue 'em back on the twig after I've straightened it, and honest, no one will ever know."

The Pussy Willow business sort of settled, there remained the hunt for the elusive Hazel Catkin.

I spotted the tree first. In case none of you are on intimate terms with the flora of Northern Ireland, the Hazel Catkin is a sort of 'horses tail' yellow-green soft-textured 'thing' just over an inch long. The trouble was, the tree was (a) down a fifty foot slope, which used to be an embankment, (b) it was necessary to negotiate a stream to get near the tree, (c) in any case, the lowest branch of the tree was out of reach, and, most potent of all (d) the tree was in the garden of a Presbyterian Rectory, near a barbed wire fence.

Coincidental with my spotting the Hazel Catkin tree, the rain stopped except for a slight drizzle, and the new Short Skyvan flew over, on its maiden flight.

"Gooness gracious me, Kathleen," I panted, swivelling her around, away from the tree, "there goes the Short Skyvan. It's a brand new aeroplane, with a very high aspect ratio, and the high wing supports two piston engines which will later be changed to turbo-props for the production aircraft. Orders have so far come in from Australia and...."

"I'm not interested in aeroplanes, I want a twig of Hazel Catkin from that tree down there," she hissed, kicking my shin to divert my attention from the Skyvan.

"Stay here," I gritted, and took a step onto the top of the slope, which went almost vertically downwards for, as I said, about fifty feet. Told you it had been raining, didn't I? My feet flew upwards, and I landed in a heap at the brink of the stream. "Stop clapping," I shouted to Kathleen, "else I shan't get you any flippin' Catkins."

The stream was only about five feet wide, and I leapt across it, skillfully grasping the fence opposite. I clung to it like a leech. I clambered upwards, and grasping the top strand of barbed wire, I reached upwards and grabbed the bottom of a Catkin twig. I just couldn't get a grip. I defied gravity and leaned further upwards and outwards. Let's face it, the twig was a delicate thing, and I weigh about twelve and a half stone. I would have crashed into the stream below 'cept one of my trouser legs was caught on the blasted wire.

I was in an enigma.

If I let go the twig, I'd crash against the fence after whizzing through 180 degrees. And if I didn't let go, I had no chance of loosening the trouser leg. After ten minutes of indecision things just worked out the situation themselves. My trouser leg split, the twig gave up the struggle, and I landed on my back in the stream.

"I knew your sins would catch you out," said the worthy Rev. Clutterbuck, on a pre-lunch perambulation around his estate.

I stood up, the Hazel Catkin still in my hand. I was tempted to shout a nasty word, but Kathleen was once again applauding vigorously, and I have always been one to accept egoboo when and where it is offered. I clambered up the bank, handed over a rather bedraggled catkin to the clutching pink hand, and staggered back toward home.

Suddenly Kathleen stopped. She pointed to another tree. "Teacher says if anyone brings one of those twigs, they get five homeworks off."

Actually, she was pointing to two trees....one was a Monkey Puzzle (which means even a blasted monkey couldn't climb one) and the other a Slippery Elm.

"...other countries in the Far East." I gripped her by the free arm and dragged her along, shoes scruffing the grass. "The Skyvan was entirely built and designed in Belfast, and has a bigger cubic capacity than any other aeroplane ever built....."

John Berry

1963

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle...

A Convention can consist of all sorts of things, and not surprisingly it usually does. Lots to drink and no time to sleep. Lots of talk to compete for your time and attention with the scheduled Program. Arguments and necking and throwing people in the swimming pool. Odd meals at odd hours ~~with odd people~~. Old feuds healed and perhaps some new ones started. Speeches and parties and costumes and artwork and books and did you hear the latest. Old friends and new ones, and some you keep thinking must be around here somewhere, but they aren't. A Con is really Condensed Living: it is about a month's worth of Life with the excess 27 days boiled out of it. Talk about your "New Accelerators"... And if it includes regrets, let them be for omissions, for all the things anticipated and planned, that somehow get boiled out with all that excess time, and lost.

Westercon XVI [or BayCon II] ran from Thursday, July 4th, through Sunday, July 7th, at the Hyatt House at Burlingame, Calif. Monday the survivors adjourned to the east side of the Bay, from which we finally left for home Thursday afternoon, July 11th. Our Convention started, as they say in Con Reports, when Bill Donaho picked us up Thursday morning at the 3rd Street Station in San Francisco. I suppose it ended sometime ~~late Friday~~ ^{the following} evening when Elinor and I wound up a gab session in the club car, with a lady who just nearly but not quite attended the Westercon: Margaret Burger of the Chicago area, a veteran of Chicons II & III and of at least one regional in the New York area; she knows a number of pros and a few fans, and is a lively conversationalist. ["following Thursday evening", yes!]

[This message is being composed in spite of numerous frequent interruptions.]

In between was pretty lively, too. A number of the expected "Eastern contingent" had been forced to pass up the festivities for one reason or another, but to make up for this there were a few unexpecteds. Far-travelling types were Gene & Betty Kujawa, Fred & Carole Pohl, Jim Blish, and Ruth Berman: a goodly lineup.

Upon arrival at the Hyatt House Thursday morning, we found that the Con had got off the ground the night before; quite a few people were dragging around with all the earmarks of a surplus of party, mumbling obscene noises at people who had the gall to be walking around feeling good, as we were after the restful train ride. Boy, did I ever shoot that advantage in a hurry, like Thursday evening...

The opening session got off more or less on time and the Committee [Al haLevy, Bill Donaho, Ben Stark, and Alva Rogers] obviously had things well planned and under control [throughout, in fact]. After that I got to drifting around and talking and drinking beer, which is sort of the story of my life, at Conventions, so I will not try for a play-by-play on gab&boozefests during this one.

Among people I met for the first time at this Con are Greg and Jim Benford, Susan (Mrs. Jim) Caughran, Jim Blish [five minutes after the PittCon banquet does not really count], Gretchen Schwenn, Sam and Florence Russell, and Art Widner. Thirteen FAPA members and thirteen SAPS members attended, including 7 biapans, for a total of 19 apans if you do not (as I am not) add up the extra people who are included in dual memberships in either group-- 22 or 23 people, maybe??

Friday afternoon there was a First: a Wine Tasting Session by courtesy of Christian Bros. Three white wines and two red, in that order. #1, a Chablis, and #2, a Riesling, were very good indeed, to my taste. The third was some kind of sweet wine, which is not my schtick so I am not competent to judge. I think the reds were a claret and a burgundy, which were OK but not up to #1 and #2, so I went back to retest those ...mmmmmm! This brings us to the costume party or as it says on the Program "Cabaret Masquerade". As I have said somewhere before and will most likely say again now and then, no matter who wins the prizes, the judges always lose. In this case the judges didn't have a chance; they were faced with more prizewinners than there were prizes, and did their best. [Come to think of it, I don't even know who the judges were, but I assume they did their best.] The prizewinners were: Bruce Pelz as a Heavy Trooper from Vance's "Dragon Masters" (and acting the role to perfection), Bjo Trimble as a stunning Ozma of Oz, Bill Roberts as a mummy (the only award I'd quarrel with, were I in a quarrelsome mood, which I'm not), and Karen Anderson as a Captain in the Phoenix Guard of the

Third Matriarchy from Poul's stories of the Time Patrol. Then there were four who must have given the judges much anguish and soulsearching, to leave prizeless: Blake Maxam as the Wizard of Oz, Miriam Knight as Lilith, Astrid Anderson as Meriadoc Brandybuck, Rider of Rohan, from the Tolkien Trilogy, and John Trimble as the Scarecrow of Oz. There were a number of other fine costumes, but it was a particular pity that these four could not receive some official recognition. I certainly don't have any Pat Answers or cure-alls for the overall problem of how to handle such a contest to the satisfaction of all concerned. The easy answer of an indefinite number of Honorable Mention ribbons could become a farce if used by judges of too kind a turn of heart. Probably the best way is to consider the whole thing as being for fun rather than as a serious competition. Comments?

I got to bed about 5 or 6 a.m. both Friday and Saturday mornings, but by the 2nd time I was more used to it and felt reasonably well when I got up again. On Saturday afternoon came "my" panel on "The Relationship between Science Fiction and Fandom". I had been dodging this sort of activity since 1959 but this time Bill Donaho nailed me-- and it turned out to be a lot easier than I had expected. At the table were Ron Ellik, Karen Anderson, Jim Blish [kindly recruited at the last minute by Alva Rogers], myself, Lee Sapiro, and Dick Ellington. Elaborate plans had not after all been carried out, for mutual preparation; I had three questions in mind to run the length of the table, and we took off from there, in a state of mild shock because the Committee nobly did provide the panel with free beer [this had been a running gag for some time]. Well, let's just say that the panelists came through gloriously and that the audience didn't let the thing die until we had to knock it off for schedule reasons; thank you, one and all.

Elinor & I were quite clobbered last year to be tagged as Fan Guests of Honor for this bash. I didn't worry about having to make a speech, except that since Elinor would be speaking first, I wanted her to get hers done so I could see what I would be following. Ha, and ha! About 2 days before we left I wrote 5pp double-spaced and hoped to fix it later because it kind of stunk. Ha, again; as I stood up to speak at the banquet, I still did not know what I was going to do. I had found by experiment that I can no longer read off the paper without sounding all too mechanical. So I paraphrased and stretched the opening jokes, ad-libbed a little bit, and skipped to the punchline and sat down. I wish to hell I knew just what I did say: Ruth Berman and someone else(??) have tapes; mercy, anyone?

Elinor's speech went just fine, as you might have expected...

The rest of the Con also went fine except that Saturday night I somehow did manage to stay up until 5pm Sunday and was too pooped to sleep by that time. So I was kind of a zombie at the Sunday night party in 328 and copped out about 1 am.

Gretchen kindly & bravely & above the call of duty gave us her car for the 3 days we stayed in the Bay Area after the Con. You would either laugh or cringe to see a stickshift-compact man herding a big "power-everything" car through strange terrain, but with large amounts of luck I made it OK, except for missing the turns at the Caldecott Tunnel junction twice out of four, and only making it once because Karen insisted I turn no matter what the sign said. We got to Berkeley from the Con in the first place aided by the navigational abilities of Tony Boucher, also a brave individual. And about here would be a good place for thanks for the fine hospitality of the Bouchers, Ellingtons, Knights, Andersons, and Friar Bill Donaho, some of whom even put up with us twice. They come bighearted in the Bay Area, too.

I could thank a lot more people but I have got to wind it up on this stencil: let's hear it for the Committee and many who were of aid to them. And for a Mr. J F Kennedy who postponed the rail strike which would have left us stuck and sort of broke about 900 miles from home on July 11th-- that morning on the way out of the motel toward breakfast I saw this headline "Nationwide Rail Strike Called for Midnight". Now this is not what a fella needs before breakfast when he has a pair of RR tickets in his jeans and not a helluva lot more than that in the way of legal tender. Luckily it turned out to be yesterday's paper and all was well except me.

This has been a rather fragmentary report on Westercon XVI or Baycon II. It was a great Con and I am looking forward to the 22nd Worldcon, or Baycon III, just a little less than 14 months from now. Hope to see you there. WEBER FOR TAFF.-Buz.

HOW TO BEHAVE IN A USED-BOOK STORE

by Rob Williams

Every used-book dealer has two facets to his personality: the smiling dealer and the frowning dealer. Dealers' prices go up when they smile, down when they frown. That holds true whether you are selling or trading to them or they are selling to you.

A dealer neither smiles nor frowns until he knows what you want. If he discovers that you want to buy some books or magazines, he smiles and tells you how good business is and how many buyers he has clamoring for any items you might evince an interest in. On the other hand, if you have brought in a few items to trade or, perish the thought, sell--then his face assumes the look of a Christian before the lions, nay, of an expressive Pieta or Mater Dolorosa that would send Leonardo flying after his brushes. Business, the dealer will tell you, is lousy.

Of course, it is impossible to conduct any transaction without letting him in on just which it is you're doing, buying or selling. And until he knows what you're up to, his face remains as impassive as Noncommittance personified. I once went through my own dealer's bookstore without letting him know what I was there for. Though I've dealt with the man for six years, he showed no sign of recognizing me.

* * *

Now imagine that you want to trade or sell some books. Since a smiling dealer is much easier to bargain with (but not if you're buying), the first thing to do is to get him to smile. Knowing he'll smile if he thinks you're going to buy something, you don't want to show your hand right off the bat. Especially since your hand is carrying that parcel of books you're brought in to trade or sell.

One dodge you can try is to leave your parcel on the doorstep and come in empty handed. However, you are in danger of having some bargain-hunting fellow bibliophile make off with them. Or you might bring your package in wrapped in the trappings of some expensive department store--this will make the dealer think that you have just bought something expensive and are heeled at the moment and therefore able to afford any number of gems. Another trick is to bring in your books gift-wrapped in shiny paper and bow, pretending you're on the way to a birthday party. (This last, I need hardly point out, will work only once with any given dealer.)

If none of these tactics work, try hanging around the store awhile in hopes of catching the dealer smiling at another customer. (Once you're caught him smiling, he'll stay that way. It's their only consistency.) I'm afraid you'll find that the dealer has his own little dodge for this ploy though. He will lure other prospective buyers into the darkest corner of his shop and handle his business in muffled whispers, his back to you, hiding not only his visage, but blocking that of his customer as well, giving you no clue at all as to the possible state of their facial expressions.

* * *

Now let's suppose you've come with the intention of buying something. Should you carry a want-list? While a want-list might seem indispensable to the collector with a large library, to keep him from buying duplicate copies, I strongly advise against carrying one.

Letting a dealer see a want-list is analogous to showing a red flag to a bull. Though the bull might not be color perceptive, nor the dealer able to read, yet the dealer knows as surely as any bull what you are up to. He will circle you, size you up, and then charge at you, all asmile. (Need I remind you again that a smiling dealer's charges are paid for dearly?)

Never let a dealer know you want a book or 'zine. You must learn to pretend that the treasure you've just stumbled across in your browsing is of hardly any consequence to you. Pretend it's something you might read and then carelessly discard. Do not tremble in anticipation. Be casual. Control yourself. Don't let the dealer see that you want it, want it badly, must have it, need it.

What you must do is make the dealer think that his wares are almost repugnant to you. When you handle his 'zines, make a great display of how dusty and dirty they are. Handle them as you would carrion mice. It is well worthwhile to practice twitching your nostrils in front of a mirror so that you can show the dealer how offensive his 'zines are, not only to the eye and the touch, but to the nose as well. (Never, but never, let the dealer find out that the odor of bygone cellars and attics is to you as ambrosia is to the gods.)

A large white handkerchief can be used most effectively in your next book hunting sojourn. Launder it carefully, using extra-strong bleach, then rinse it in a touch of blueing and set it out to dry. Repeat this procedure until the hanky sparkles like snowflakes in the sunlight. Then run your fingers over the tops of your doorways and under your sofa, and very carefully apply the soot and dust you'll discover to one side of the handkerchief. Later, in the store, ostentatiously pull out your handkerchief, unfurling its dazzling side to his view. Then pretend to wipe your hands on it while you switch sides. (I generally cough at this point, as if from a dust seizure, to distract his attention.) Now, scornfully show the dealer just how filthy black his stock is by waving your sooty hanky in his direction. (Now, too, would be a good time to twitch your nostrils disdainfully.)

* * *

The terminology of bookdealerdom is, like the English language itself, elastic in its usage. Any item you show an interest in, be it the April 1926 AMAZING STORIES or the June 1963 POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY, is, in consequence of your interest, A Collector's Item. Here's an illustration of what I mean:

I once foolishly showed an interest in a February 1946 FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES--a dog-eared crumpley copy whose pages had long since passed the yellowing stages and were entering into an era of vivid mahogany. I found its cracked and peeling spine peeking out betwixt a stack of Modern Loves and Handyman's Guides. The dealer had no idea whatsoever, I'm sure, that such a thing was in his shop.

Grasping the magazine between my thumb and index finger, and letting it dangle like a piece of mouldering cheese, I sought out the book dealer.

"How much for this?" I asked, twitching my nostrils convulsively and trying to look faint.

The dealer, mistaking my gestures and grimaces for avidity, gently took the 'zine from me, and with both hands soulfully pressed it to his chest. "There you are! I was beginning to worry about you," he said to the FFM.

An image from school days popped into my mind. I was reminded of the illustration in my Bible History that showed The Prodigal Son's Return. "How much?" I asked again.

"You say the lady who was in here--the one who just left--she's dying for a copy of this. I knew it was here somewhere, but for the price she was offering--I'll tell you the truth, it just wasn't worth my while to go looking for it."

"How much?"

"I told her myself--you want something like that, a rare book, you got to be prepared to pay for it."

"How much?"

"I said to her--you know how much they'd ask for a collector's item like that in New York or Chicago? Plenty. I don't have to tell you. You know."

"How much?"

He mentioned a price to me.

"I just want to buy the magazine, not the publication rights!" I yelled in a voice two octaves above the norm.

...After I'd left the bookstore and gotten home, I found, as I start^{ed} to put the FFM in its chronological place on my shelves, that its place was already taken by a mint copy of the same 'zine. Because I had gone in without my want-list, I had bought a dupe. (Speaking of dupes, my next week's lunch money was now in the dealer's cash register.)

A few weeks later, I steeled myself for another visit to my friendly neighborhood bookdealer. Since I had only that one item to dispose of, I cleverly tucked it under my belt and set my shirttail outside my pants to cover up any bulge.

I found my dealer sitting in a revolving chair. His countenance, on seeing me, would have made the Sphinx look like a backyard gossip.

"Hi," I said.

He fingered his earlobe and looked up at the ceiling.

"How's business these days?" I asked.

He scratched the back of his neck vigorously and looked down at the floor.

"Have you gotten anything new in for me?" I asked, to throw him off guard.

"Business," he said, frowning, "is lousy. I been almost going to sleep here in my chair. Yours is the first face I've seen in three days."

"But, how did you know?" I asked, outwitted.

He pointed to the floor in front of me. Little tell-tale pieces of brittle pulp littered the floor. I stepped back in chagrin, and as I did, another shower of fragments sifted down my pants legs and joined its precursors.

"All right," I said, withdrawing the 'zine, "I want to sell it back to you. You can have it for half of what I paid you."

The dealer swung around in his chair and ignored me again.

"You said yourself it was a collector's item!"

He ignored me some more.

"Look, I'll let you have it back for a third."

His chair squealed as he turned around to face me again. "I'd like to. I really would--but look at the condition of the article. It's suffered from wear since it last left here. Besides, a couple of the very same piece came in on a shipment from Baltimore the other day. I haven't even bothered to unpack them. Why should I? The market for back-issue science fiction is very bad at the moment."

"Yes, I see it is," I said.

"You got any early issues of PLAYBOY or hardcover Henry Miller's or something like that, I could use them. But right now I'm overstocked in science fiction--And even if I wanted to buy this back from you, I couldn't afford it. Business--"

"--Is lousy?"

"There! You understand. Sorry, kiddo."

I turned and walked despondently to the doorway.

"Tell you what, though," the dealer called. "I like you. I hate to see you unhappy-- Take any of the paperbacks you see in that rack there, in trade for your item. Okay?"

"In this rack?" I asked, pointing to the one with the sign reading Remaindered and Weatherdamaged--3 for 25¢.

I'd like to end this illustration on an upbeat note by telling you I found a Bart House H. P. Lovecraft or even an Avon Ray Cummings in that mess; but the fact is I went home with a Signet Irving Wallace.

* * *

You now have some idea of the proper perspective in which to regard dealer terminology. I could tell you of other terms such as Special Price ("For you, I'll make a special price. Two dollars. What could be fairer?" means: "You look like a patsy. For you, two dollars; anybody else, a buck.")--but now that you've gotten the idea, I needn't bother.

I'll close with this story about how I once almost got the better of my book dealer. One day I brought in some 'zines to sell and, being at the end of my tether, I boldly set them down on the dealer's counter while waiting for him. He came over after a bit and, spying what lay on his counter, he started off on a spiel extolling the merits of the 'zines, thinking they were his.

"You're in such luck!" he said. "These items just came in. This one is very rare and this one is on the Unger Estate's list at thirty dollars..." He went on, ticking off piece after piece in the most glowing language, as eloquent as the Bard. When I pointed out to him that these were my own 'zines which I wanted to

sell, he continued: "...but since you're such a good customer for all these years, I'm giving them to you free as a sort of bonus-- Take them, they're yours."

How can you cope with logic like that? How can you compete with such shrewdness? You can't. I tucked the books under my arm and left, thanking him profusely.

--Rob Williams

H W Y L

by Elinor Busby

I had every intention of writing a conreport. With Wally's conreport, and Buz' conreport, if I wrote a conreport too we'd really have an issue of CRY especially designed to bug Buck Coulson, and everybody knows that bugging Buck Coulson is the Decent and Kindly thing to do, because Buck Coulson LOVES to be bugged.

But somehow it can't be done. The convention has receded into a golden blur surrounded by a rosy haze. As it were. It was a great convention. The people we've always liked, we now like better; we like some people we didn't use to like; we met some lovely new people; and some old wounds have been healed. We feel that the sum total of our fannish affections has been increased immensely, and that this is what makes a convention gloriously memorable.

I'm waxing pretty sentimental, gang, but brace yourselves--I'm going to get more so. I'm going to print my Westercon speech, which is not only a genuine certified space filler for a woman too lazy to write a conreport, but is also something I've been brooding about in one form or another for some time.

Elinor's Westercon Speech

I want to express my appreciation to the committee, here, for making me half of a fan guest of honor. The only drawback to being fan guest of honor is that one is expected to make a speech, but since I am only a half-guest, I'm sure it will be in order if I make just half a speech.

I'd like to confine myself to saying that I'm very happy to be here, very happy to see you-all here, and that I hope we meet happily many, many times again. But I'm afraid that wouldn't be half a speech, or even half of half a speech. So I had better say something to you about fandom.

What's fandom for? Most people will tell you friendship, and they will tell you communication, and sometimes they will equate the two--and perhaps call it love. I'll say the same, and go one step further. What's friendship for? What's communication for? Why love? Fannish friendship (communication, love) performs a function which no mundane friendship or communication that I know of does.

I think that fandom may prove to be a vehicle to carry individual fans safely into the future, with minds and spirits intact.

You know what happens to old people? They get homesick, a homesickness for which there is absolutely no cure. People who live long enough, live in a world completely different from the world they were born into, and grew up in. Everything changes--food and drink, houses, transportation, clothes, entertainments, manners and customs and even mores, change and change utterly.

And people cannot go back again, ever. They may try. Last year my neighbor next door went back to the island on which he was born, which he hadn't seen for fifty years or more. He remembered it as a place where people laughed in the sun, where he knew everyone and everyone knew him, where any excuse was good enough for a party, with singing and dancing and wine. He tried to go back there, but he didn't succeed. There weren't any parties. He'd walk down the street, and he wouldn't know anybody, and nobody'd know him. He was just like a dummy, he said. You can't go back again.

But we fans may hope to go forward. The mind is like a muscle, in that the

more it's used, the better it works. Science fiction at its best is stimulating to the mind and destructive to all the prejudices, preconceptions, and general hideboundness which curb and vitiate the mind. Science fiction fandom, at its best, is equally stimulating, and has the added advantage of mingling fans of all ages in such a manner that there is no danger of any fan outliving all his friends.

If fandom can prevent homesickness for the past, can fandom keep us young forever? I guess we'll have to wait and see.

This has been half a speech. With any luck at all, there will be punchlines in the other half.

So that was my speech--approximately. I had it all written out ahead of time, but I changed it a bit in delivery to fit in better with Tony Boucher's remarks (which I dug very much)--and I'm not quite sure of my changes. Not that it matters.

Are you interested in hearing about the pictures on the cover? I think they must all have been taken on Friday night, as I only had one roll of black & white film and used it up quickly. I'm horribly torn between color and black&white. Color is prettier than black and white, and likenesses are much truer. Color shots are much the more satisfactory in one's photo album. But black and white is necessary for photo covers. I tried, once, having black and white pics made from color negatives--but they weren't usable. So as it works out, whenever I have color film in my camera I wish it were black and white, and whenever black and white, I wish it were color. Fortunately my camera uses 8 exposure film, so that I can change my source of discontent quite frequently.

The first picture was taken in a room shared by (if I remember correctly) Don Fitch, Andy Main, Benfords, and many, many others. It shows good likenesses of Bob Lichtman, Susan Caughran (though of course she's prettier in color), and Calvin Demmon. It's a terrible picture of Jim Benford. I begged Buz to cut it off, but he refused, believing that it would be unfair to leave Calvin with three arms and three legs.

The next picture shows Miriam Knight as Lilith, Queen of air and darkness, I believe the full title was. It's a beautiful picture of Miriam, but in person she was even lovelier. I wished for color!

The third picture was taken in the same room as the first picture. It's not too good a picture of Betty, but we thought you'd be glad to see her cheery countenance. Chief Red Feather is a Chinese who was adopted into an Indian tribe and became chief. Naturally, he reads science fiction. I know that's Joe Gibson on the end, but I don't believe it. In a suit, with white shirt and tie? Nonsense! Obviously, he somehow cleverly inserted his face over somebody else's body.

The fourth picture was taken in the same room as the second. Astrid Anderson is masquerading as Meriadoc Brandybuck, a rider for Rohan. She had a good costume and looked just right.

The next picture is Marie Louise (otherwise known as Poopsie) Ellington with her pretty mother. Poopsie is a beautiful child with her mother's fair hair and her father's dark eyes, and a forceful personality of her very, very own. I like small girls with forceful personalities; I used to be one myself, so I have a sort of fellow-feeling.

The last is of the Benford twins at the wine tasting session, and again I should point out that Jim Benford doesn't look like that. I don't know why he gets strange expressions on his face whenever anyone points a camera at him. Maybe he doesn't like flash. --I liked the Benford twins a lot, and so did everybody else who spent much time in their company.

Things I would have written down, had I a notebook handy: "Swashbuckling is naive and countrified." --Greg Benford. "Cats are Zen." --Andy Main. "How can you bounce in front of a drowning man?" --Cal Demmon. "I know what let's do! Let's all diagram sentences." --Miri Knight.

Elinor

CRY OF THE READERS

conducted by Wally Weber

RICH BROWN IS INCREDIBLY OLD A2C Richard W. Brown, Box 1761, Hq 36th CSGp,
Grotchnik: APO 132, New York, N.Y.

Well, here I am, all ready to make comment upon Cry #167. Nexttime, though, I'll be more prompt. I tell myself. And warn you.

So Cry is now officially bimonthly. But it goes on. I made a promise, you know, back in Cry #128 and also said what I had to say about a bimonthly Cry; I still intend to keep the promise, yet, though my feelings anents bimonthly Cryism are not the same. You have held on stubbornly for damn near four years after that suggestion to go bimonthly was first given consideration by you in the Cry. Now just hang on, is all; I'll get there, eventually; just hang on. Or I'll get angry, I will, I will.

As reading the above may have led you to guess, I've been reading through old issues of Cry. I sent Harry Warner Jr my bound copies of 1957 and 1958 about a month ago for use in his fan history research (and for the very selfish reason that I'm Running Out Of Space to put fanzines in). Gads, you know, for all the fun we had in those days, those issues (it must now be said) Lacked Something, qualitywise. Bruce Pelz (for TAFF)... [Hey, cut that out!! --www] ...recently sent me two 1959 issues that completed my Cry collection, so I read through them before sending them to the bindry -- and with a greater degree of pleasure. For instance, what I consider to be the best of Cry's cartoon covers appeared that year; two ATom bems, one of them with a rifle smoking, standing over a body and saying to the other, "He said, 'Greetings! I'm Leslie Gerber, what can I do for you?' so I shot him out of hand." That's priceless, if a bit esoteric these days.

If you pipples are still convinced that doing an Anthology of the Best of Cry is Too Much Work, I just might try it. T. Carr's "Fandom Harvest" alone should come up with at least 50pp of material to work with for a beginning. A lot of good Berry Fiction. And poem parodies, some of the better Meyersthings and Adamstuff... wait a minute...and certain selections from the lettercolumn and pages and pages of mminutes, and a few of the better simpler covers...uh, I'm no so sure that I'd... and certainly the Busby (plural) columns would have much interest, and it wouldn't really be complete without a couple of tales about the Ol' Spacehound, and...and... I think I'd better get back to commenting on Cry #167.

Believe it or not, Buz, I agree with you about Analog; and what's more, I agreed with you even before I agreed with you. I mean, I thought pretty much as you speak here, and I did the thinking before I read this.

Elinor, why do you keep coming up with innocent little lines like, "Since writing the above, I have signed up with the Kelly Girl Service, and am no longer so available for daytime phone calls," that either make me want to do a double-take or want to put a disclaimer on it?

You make me realize what a snob I am by mentioning that you Like People. I don't, usually. Intelligence is a help; a sense of whimsy is a must, with me. I guess it's because I'm not in a position where I can rebuff the others easily; I have no choice in the matter when it comes to daily contact with them. I have no idea why this bothers me more than it used to -- perhaps I've only begun to notice that some of their habits rub off. 90% of everything is crud -- and that goes for people, too, because they rub off on you. They're nice to visit, but I don't care to live with them.

J. E. Pournelle's articles are quite logical. But people aren't. Hiroshima may have been logically justifiable by some extent of the imagination; but Nagasaki (or have I got them reversed?) was logic compareable to the Germans bombing Coventry. Senseless bloodletting. It's nice to hear that the government is doing everything possible to prevent a war, and almost as nice to hear that they plan to

make it a limited war in the event that their preventative measures go awry; but you won't convince me that that's what will happen until it actually happens that way. Some 29,000,000 men died in two wars that were supposed to be "the war to end wars." What a sad, illogical, pitiful waste; of time, and money, and living beings.

Mike Deckinger: Your statement, "Getting oneself so cornered that suicide seems the only escape is as much a fault of society as it is of the suicide" is a bit too general a statement, unless you consider "society" to be every distinct happening of environment. There are people who commit suicide over the loss of a job or a woman, and the fault lies with the suicide for letting either mean so much to him. Society as a whole certainly cannot be blamed unless, as a society, it caused these losses to occur.

Ethel Lindsay: Before I answered your question as to whether I preferred the U.S. system to yours I'd have to know more about your system. You're a constitutional monarchy and we're a federated republic, but that doesn't say much; I'd like to know about the rights of the individual over there. That is, the rights the government says you have, as opposed to the rights you really do have. In the U.S. we have the first ten amendments to the constitution, what we call the Bill Of Rights, which looks nice on paper but doesn't really seem to mean too much. For instance, the first one goes, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." If followed out, these meet my most exacting needs, but I've found of late that one is considered to be hopelessly naive and idealistic if one thinks they mean what they say; to assume that when they said "no law" they actually meant no law is to prove yourself some sort of a simpleton. It's still Socially Acceptable to have these rights, mind you; it's only if you insist on exercising them that some sort of stigmata is attached to your person. I see the day, not too distant, when the Bill Of Rights, not to mention the Declaration Of Independence, will be considered unAmerican. If I weren't so set on Taking Over The Cry, I'd move to Canada. But things are probably just as bad there, eh, Boyd? And you, Ethel, how goes it in England in 1963?

Betty Kujawa: Lady bug, lady bug, will you go back and read what I said? I've lived with negroes, good and bad, most of my life; I've gone to school with them, slept in the same room with them, used the same toilettes they have, shared cigarets with them, eaten in their homes with them, had good friends among them -- don't you sound off at me about your admittedly vicarious sympathy with them and wave it in my face as if I were some sort of a super-racist. My little anecdote was not trying to say that the situation was not bad for the Negro in the South; what it said was that it's often as bad in the North -- in some cases worse, if not as violent. If you still can't laugh at it, go tell it to Dick Gregory; he's a negro and he told it first. No, Betty, not all humor is intended to provoke gay laughter; sometimes it's a prong that's supposed to get under your skin. Neither you nor I, Mrs. Betty Kujawa, will ever know what it's really like to be a negro. But I think, I honestly think, that if I were a negro I would prefer the honest, if irrational and bigoted, hatred of Ross Barnett to the hypocrisy of the average northern do-gooder.

J. E. Pournelle: I think I've finally figured out the purpose of Income Tax, or at least for the way that it is graduated. You see, there are people who have a certain capability for making money. These are people who spend most of their time working because they enjoy it. The purpose of Income Tax, in regards to these people, so far as I can figure it, is to punish them for being so good in whatever field of endeavor they've devoted their life to. Those who stay below, sluffing off when they can, or because they don't really enjoy what they are doing, are in turn rewarded for their deficiencies. The people who have Ability are (I've read somewhere) rightfully punished for their sins against their unable brothers, i.e., taking the money he has never earned and that he is incapable of making out of his pocket. There's an answer to this, but one I cannot, personally, accept. But just in case it might Help Somebody, here it is: don't be good at all; be bad. Be as bad

as you can, because it's the only thing that pays.

Joe Pilati: ATom has sold professionally, but to British sf magazines.

You know, by the time this gets printed, I will be 21. Can you imagine it?

21. That seems incredibly old, just at the moment. The thought gets me from my head right down to my toes; I'd wiggle them and shrug, normally, but now I'm afraid they'd get tangled up in my long white beard. I only hope I manage to carry my years well... As a matter of fact, I just hope I can carry them!

Cleah Uvani,

rich brown

HARRY WARNER, JR., IS A FAILURE

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

June 20, 1963

Among the many reasons for my failure to become an artist is one that doesn't bother Wally Weber. Nothing in the world would induce me to take the time required to draw in all those little toppled-over parentheses that symbolize members of the crowd. The only accomplishment parallel to that one that I really achieved gave me nightmares for months. It came in the third grade when a gaulleiter-type teacher forced us to write every number between 1 and 500 in a single night's homework. I think that she wanted the list for her own purposes after failing to find it in any of the reference books, and I wish I'd had enough nerve to tell her about that suspicion. This was a parochial school and she was the sort of teacher whom you suspected of keeping a list hidden in the palm of one hand, so she'd not forget all three Persons during opening prayer.

Incidentally, I feel somewhat strange, reading a current issue of Cry. A pathetically trusting fan lent me (he thinks) the 1957 and 1958 issues of Cry for study during my fan history activities. [You mean rich really did con you into storing his old crudzines for him? --www] I have been lost deep in those old issues and the new one came as an irrelevant out-of-sequence interruption. I think Cry is better now than it was back in those years which some fans contend were its best time. There was much too great emphasis on worthless prozine contents and the letter column was on the tepid side.

Wally's article on auto crashes was interesting to me. I am the only fan who forgets to have an auto around him when he has accidents, and I had hoped that Wally would provide details on how one remembers this little matter, which seems to reduce the amount of damage suffered by this same one, no matter how much the blood pressure of the insurance companies may rise. [I'm sorry, Harry, but the ability to remember the car, not to mention forgetting you're driving it, is something you have to be born with. And the insurance companies don't really mind; if it weren't for accidents the companies wouldn't even exist, let alone have an excuse for charging the outrageous premiums they do. --www] I thought sure when I got this 1959 Oldsmobile that I would have at least minor accidents regularly, because of the fins. When I pull out of the parking space, I am personally crossing the next intersecting street before the end of the fins has finished unparking. But so far I haven't dented a fin, because the only things they ever whip around against are crawling babies, tottery old women, and dogs looking for the fire hydrant that fate preserves me from nudging.

Jerry Pournelle suddenly has unstiffened his style in this concluding section of his introduction to nuclear war. Aside from the obvious comment that I'm sure that the introduction is much more pleasant than closer acquaintance with the subject would be, I can't find anything to criticize in this article, which seems to be written by a human, who has gotten control of the language.

Our British friends are somewhat more than slightly overcharged. It isn't fair to compare the minimum contributions by means of the current rate of exchange between the two moneys. Most commonly purchased necessities of life and popular luxuries in Great Britain are cheaper than they are in the United States, if this comparison is used. But wages for comparable types of work are considerably higher in the United States, still using the same system. The 7/6 is a bigger expenditure

to the average British fan than \$1 represents to the American counterpart. I think that the TAFF minimum should be 7/6 in British currency areas and \$2 in the United States and Canada.

I can add a slight morsel of fact about the OPA. I looked into a warehouse where a local church had gathered many donations for a public auction to raise money for some spiritual purpose or other. The advertisement had told of antiques and phonographs, neither of which interested me but gave faint promise of phonograph records. I found no records but among the antiques was a strange-looking little folder made of heavy paper. It was a booklet prepared for the purpose of keeping World War Two ration stamps in neat order. It was among the antiques, not with the phonographs. I didn't feel better until I wrote a letter to Bill Danner, practically the only fan around who is older than I am and willing to admit it.

Gina Clarke's letter was the best in this Cry, and I never thought that could happen to anyone while Avram was on the letterhack staff. I was impressed at the fact that someone else has trouble finding the washroom at a new place of employment. I had this trouble the first job I ever held, and I was so anxious to appear intelligent and quick-learning that I refused to ask anyone to lead me to the proper spot, and demonstrated for a week or two powers of endurance I never would have guessed I possessed, until I ran across the place in question quite by accident, while I was hunting some other facility.

I can't imagine a Utopia any more than Elinor can. However, I consider this impossibility to be my own fault, not that of other imperfect people. There are enough inconsistencies and weak spots in my makeup to prevent me from the kind of complete happiness with perfect environment that the word implies. The closest substitute that I can imagine is a varied world offering lots of differing conditions in this place and that, and freedom for me to utilize those differing circumstances as I please. These considerations are keeping me in the United States. I can imagine extreme temporary happiness for me in certain other parts of the world but I don't think I'd stay permanently happy in them, and it wouldn't be quite as easy to change once plunked down in certain nations.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

GINA CLARKE LEARNS FANNISH PRONOUNCEMENT
Wally, Elinor & Buz:

Box 911, Aylmer PQ, Canada

Norm and I were just discussing CRY and I said something (I won't say just what) about "Wally Weeber", and Norm said, "I think that's 'Webber'", to which I agreed after a pause that if "Ellik" is pronounced "Eellik", then it must be the fannish thing to do to pronounce "Weber" as "Webber". Is this so? [You bet it's so. You wouldn't have any doubts at all if you weren't a St.. St... SSsss... .. uh ... never mind; anyone can make a mistake. www]

But we're wondering why he wants to "paw (my) letter some more". [Well, gosh, what did you want me to paw? --www]

Re Paul Williams: Elinor certainly sounds like the sort of person who likes and gets along with people, but some people require no encouragement whatsoever to Open Up. Some people are just natural-born guts-spillers. I was audience to a very intimate, detailed account of one girl's courting, marriage, divorce and subsequent affairs, with no sexual highlights omitted, after one week of eating lunches with her on one of my temporary jobs. This wasn't a matter of Confiding In A Stranger either, because this was a luncheon party of three, the third girl being a regular co-worker of guts-spiller. It was a fascinating story, and details may be had in a plain, brown envelope for those who are interested.

Re Betty Kujawa: So private fortunes are "mighty nice" for those who have them, and private poverty is mighty un-nice for those who have that, and so what else is new in the world?

Elinor: Do you watch Brinkley's Journal? Did you see that funny program about Modern Artists in Paris? I was disappointed that we didn't see any footage

(or anything else) of the artist who slaps the paint on his nude model and then drags her over a canvas which is laid out on the floor. But we did see some film of the chap who scours the city for old bass fiddles, carries them home, fondles them and plays them lovingly, thung thung, and then suddenly, wildly, attacks them with an axe, and then transfixes the shattered pieces on a gluey canvas, and then sells these creations (destructions?) for "mighty nice" prices. Someone should explain this sublimation technique to the Boston Strangler. Then there was the nice sane female Artist who fastens sacs full of paint to her canvas, spends a couple of weeks painting designs over the whole works and then, when she feels within her artistic soul that the time is right, invites her friends over, changes into her special costume, cleans and oils her rifle, gets down on her knee, aims, and shoots, over and over, reloading, the empty shells falling to the ground like hail; the sacs on the canvas burst open and the paint within dribbles down over the painted canvas, dribbles and then gushes; the Artist's eyes are wide and glazed, her hair hangs into her eyes, perspiration drips off her nose; background narration by the Artist against the sound of her rifle-firing explains, pantingly, how GREAT she feels when she performs this ritual, and how, when it's over, she's tired, but purified. She sells these Works of Art for mighty nice sums, more than enough to keep her in ammunition. (I wonder how she got along with her mother.)

Re Mike Deckinger: Speaking of religious fanatics, we have a good nut reaping the local hayseed. Herewith some quotes from newspaper write-up: "He says he finds cancer one of the most easily-cured diseases, and that he has raised many people from the dead. 'The worse the disease, the easier it is for me to cure', he says. He denies a story which claims he will clear \$40,000 for his services this year....He simply asks what the trouble is, lets his hands hover over the affected area, and smiles as the departing patient drops a bank note on the kitchen table."

I wish we were more mobile. I'd like to visit this guy ("What's wrong with me is I have this morbid interest in crackpots"), and then we'd go to the house elsewhere in rural Ontario that has recently been invaded by poltergeists, and then we'd go to Eastern Quebec for the forthcoming total eclipse.

I am so croggled at the idea of Bob Lichtman being an ex-KellyGirl that I can't think of one single Humorous Remark to make about it.

-- Gina

NORM CLARKE CAN THINK OF HUMOROUS REMARKS

Box 911, Aylmer PQ, Canada

I can think of not only one, but several; but I wouldn't want to have my Humorous Remarks published in Cry (because Jerry Pournelle might take offense), so I think I'll publish my Humorous Remarks about Bob Lichtman ("not around, but between") in a Limited Circulation Fanzine. Just for limited laughs.

For the record, I'd like to tell WWWeber that if he continues to make sly remarks about the "letters" he gets from my Wife (the Good Georgina), I'll refuse to shout the *floriosis words "Wastebasket For TAFF -- orvice versa".

-- Norm

* "floriosis", indeed!

DENNIS LIEN McLETTERHACK CASTS A SPELL

Lake Park, Minnesota

Dear He of the keen blue eyes,

June 4, 1963

Dear She of the Asahi-lovers,

Dear ? of the 131 I.Q.,

Greetings:

In the past two months, I have become: (a) an international traveller, (b) a high school graduate, (c) a Commencement speaker. I have gotten: (a) about 100 used paperbacks and magazines, (b) lots of lovely money, (c) my first issue of Yandro, and (d) drunk. I have more-or-less woke up to find myself with: (a) three batches of kittens (future damncats), (b) tons of unanswered correspondence, and (c) the nicotine habit. Lest you be worried, I may add that I have not yet become: (a) drafted, (b) gainfully employed (shudder), or (c) married, engaged, or seriously

compromised. I've got to have something to do the next two months, you know.

The international traveller bit and most of the pbs and mags come from a jaunt to ~~Winnipeg~~ ~~Winnipeg~~ Toronto, Canada on April 25-28 (aren't you glad that I can at least spell April?), the kittens come from our Feline Friends' extra-circulliar activities, and most of the rest come from (Tum-ta-ta-tum! "Pomp and Circumstance," softly in the background if you please) May 29. The drunk bit comes from a Memorial Day party, wherein all we newly-graduated and released-upon-the-world types got maudlin, sentimental, and crocked, not in that order. There was the usual percentage of every type there -- four crying drunks, three passed-out drunks, one loud drunk (me), one sick-but-conscious drunk, five or six apparently-unaffected drunks, several running-off-into-the-woods pairs of drunks, three too-drunk-to-drive-but-driving-anyway drunks, two and one-half tee-tatallers (black-mail, here we come!), three Lesbians, two gigglers, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Avram is picking on me. In the July Magazine of F&SF there is a story written by one Kenneth Smith, whom His Beardship says is a National Merit Scholarship winner. Since the winners comprise about one-ninth of the finalists -- and since I was a finalist this year -- and since Mr. Smith's story is about five and one-third pages, obviously I should have a story sixteen-twentysevenths of a page long printed any moment now.

I didn't get that National Merit Scholarship, folks. Like Wally's I.Q. test, I would have done better if I had only answered a few more of the questions right. I got instead an itsy-bitsy scholarship from Ye Olde College, which, if I pinch pennies, should keep me in shoe-strings for the first quarter.

Three and a half pages of letter and I haven't mentioned CRY #168 once yet. How's that for self-control?

June 25, 1963

This is National Finish-the-Letter-You-Started-Three-Weeks-Ago Day.

WKBEAAB: Bruce Pelz is a Nice Guy, & I will continue to think so as long as he prints stuff like "Fathod and Me" in Speleobem. Pelz, beware! In five years I, too, will be a librarian, at which time I will offer the challenge "My Library can lick your Library!"

Paul Williams: Well, the Red Kind was definitely sleeping; as to whether he was dreaming, and what he was dreaming about, we have only the word of Tweedledee and Tweedledum. I think Tweedle-dee sums up the whole situation best -- "Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic." I've always sort of suspected Humpty Dumpty of starting the whole thing. Certainly he knew more about what was going on than he let out. A very mysterious figure. In Alice in Wonderland I rather suspect the caterpillar. Certainly Alice couldn't have dreamed those places up. That would have been far too obvious -- like saying Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Incidentally, maybe I'm crazy or something, but I like Avram's story introductions -- and his taste in stories -- pseudo-literary, indeed, Buck Coulson!

Soberly,

Dennis Lien

CHARLES WELLS DOESN'T KNOW
Dear CRY:

200 Atlas St #], Durham, North Carolina
June 28, 1963

Here I am again, not knowing who the hell to write to. It's very upsetting, addressing one's letter to a Magazine. [It would be even worse if you knew what you were actually writing to. --www]

(Page 9) Oh, I don't think TV merely "fills a void" -- it does replace reading in many people's lives. I know that in the case of many of my relatives they have entirely given up reading since television came in. This is not entirely a loss -- the cheap adventures they read were of even poorer quality, usually, than TV is today. There was always the chance, of course, that they would pick up a good, stimulating book to read every once in a while by accident, but that's true of TV programs, too.

(Page 17) What are your (FM) views on Kennedy's new civil rights proposals? In particular, do you think it is inconsistent to forbid restauranteurs to sell tainted food but to call it a violation of property rights to forbid them to discriminate? To me, as a liberal, anti-bad-food laws and anti-discrimination laws are in the same category -- the right to manage one's property freely ends here because the other man's nose has most definitely begun. I suppose, though, that a distinction could be drawn on the basis of the immediacy of the evil...

(Deckinger) The other day an athletic looking fellow came walking down Main Street in Durham saying very loudly and clearly, "The Devil and his crowd will do anything given the power and the authority to do it." The thing that fascinated me was how fluently he said it. That sentence is a hard one for any actor to say naturally -- but he said it quite well, emphasizing "anything" so that it carried through the last overlong phrase, not mumbling that last phrase and not losing the flow of the sentence as he said that phrase. I never found out who he was or what group he was connect with...

(Madeleine Willis) Norm Clarke can't move to Fort Mudge because Fort Mudge no longer exists. Lee Hoffman once drove me and a visiting fan (Tucker? Willis? Ken & Pamela Bulmer? it had to be one of those) down the highway towards the Okefenokee and showed us the place where the map said Fort Mudge was. Nothing but trees.

Come to think of it, maybe it was Walter. Why am I telling you this?

Dennis Lien asks, "Are machines morally justified in exploiting and enslaving we people?" Well, no, but by Ghu I know some machines that can write better English than that.

Enus till nest time...(Grief!)...Enuf till next time...

Chuck

BETTY KUJAWA REPORTS ON NAVEI SITUATION 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend,
Dear Wally; Indiana 46617 Monday June 17, 1963

Note change in my address....no more "South Bend 14," now it's "46617" after the name of my state. May I be so bold as to inquire about yours? Wanna bet this will just be more expensive and less prompt? [I understand it works on a lottery basis; each day some lucky winner gets everybody's mail. --www]

Right now (monday morning, June 17) there is a Russian girl going around with a Russian boy somewhere up above us. I'm tickled to see someone get a dame up there. I knew it wouldn't be us. Oh they talk of woman-dominated America. So where's our girl in the sky? I have a friend in Texas who took the space-tests and passed them with flying colors, though she knew darn well nothing would come of it.

Buz; I have my memberships to Discon and Westercon and I filled out the Hugo ballot and I sent plenty money in with my vote for WWW for TAFF. I also bought A SENSE OF FAPA from Eney (excellent, excellent), but let somebody else pay Bull Connor's way to Katanga. I'ddruther spend such cash to help some Negro in Danville Va. or Jackson, Mississippi. Or to help find who killed Medgar Evers. Any fen notice the excellent Bill Mauldin editorial cartoons on this and on the death of Pope John and on the Profumo scandal? Bill deserves all the prizes for this year's work.

Speaking of Profumo have you all noticed that while the society-osteopath-pimp Dr. Ward was in gaol his lawyer brought him his favorite reading material? Science-fiction? Now I had a tape from Ella Parker just last week on which she spoke on the difficulty she has in finding femme fans for the London Club. Plenty of boys but few girls. Now I thought it might be wise for Ella to contact Dr. Ward upon his release. He reads stf and he does have talent for finding pretty young girls. What do you think, Wally?

HWYL and Elinor Busby; Elinor Please!! "Radio began ages before you and I did" you say to Roy Tackett... Ages, my girl, ages? KDKA of Pittsburgh began in 1920. That is not 'radio' though for the American listening audience as a whole. I doubt many listeners in Seattle could pick it up too easily. I was born in 1923 and as I recall Roy was born a year or two or three after that.....that

ain't "ages," girl. That's maybe 3 to 7 years at the most. I call 'radio' commercial broadcasting available to a good percentage of the American public, of course.

Part four of the Fournelle works got, perhaps I should term it, down to my level. This I could understand and this I'm not arguing with to any great degree. Others will, I'm sure. I'll buy his thoughts, ideas and all...is okay.

The Blue-Eyed Busby; Color me stupid. I hadn't realised the "Lonely Bull" was supposed to be a take-off humorous composition. Unfortunately I seldom listen to radio programs that carry the others mentioned. But long ago on radio and then on the tv of the '50's there was a composer-band leader who did things of this type... Bernie Green. Remember he did the music for Henry Morgan's shows? Remember his unforgettable high-school tootling off-key band music that was the theme song for Wally Cox's Mr. Peepers show? I have his album "Bernie Green Plays More Than You Can Stand in Hi-Fi" (San Francisco Jazz Records--M33015) on it "Saxophobia" and "A Frangesa" might tickle you, Buz. As well as his rendition of a French street song, "La Sorella", "Raggin the Scale", and especially "The Virtuoso Orchestra" this one kind of tromps through Liszt's 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody, the Pizzicato Polka, the Minute Waltz, Flight of the Bumble-bee (by 4 trombones!) with "Carnival of Venice" as a flash ending, to end all flash endings... 4 trumpets playing almost at the speed of light.

Cry of the Readers and Wily Wally; I like Harry Warner's telephone-tape ploy. Fancy a fan on a party-line? That would shake up the listeners-in somewhat. And it is good-good-good to hear from Our Avram again, and from Grania, child-mother.

Y'know in the last CRY I mentioned that I'd written to Mae down in Argentina, Wally? Well I've still had no reply, sniff. What you think? The post-office there doesn't know where her town is either?

I have a friend who has a ruptured navel..her doctor said after surgery he'd have to 'make' a new one as otherwise she'd have a nice smooth undented tummy. I begged her not to have him create a new one! I told her what fun she can have strolling down the beach in a bikini as onlookers double-take and wonder just how she did get born. I suggested she take up show-biz and be a strepper; "Velma the Venusian...Egg-girl from Venus..Look Ma, no navel!" She didn't see things my way, I'm sorry to say.

I balk at Madeleine's report equating a father's bank-balance with his kid's I.Q.....no, no, no a child of a wealthy family may have more education but what has that to do with the intelligence? And Mommy's slack tummy muscles is no indication to me, kids... Jewish women are not especially noted for their slimness? I'll argue that straight off....as to mommies tummies in my experience I see far more Polish-American and Hungarian-American Mommies with plump slack tummies and damned if I or anyone has noted any superiority in intelligence in their off-spring above the norm for all of us. German women might fit that category as well ...all this proves is the ethnic eating habits of certain groups.

Ahhhh zat Emile and his fancy street names! First as a bachelor he lives on Mystery Street.....now in happy wedlock he's living on/in the Elysian Fields. What happens when the first baby arrives?

Gina's call-girl recollections were intriguing and interesting. Hope Harry Warner will get it into the Fan History...about all these call-girls we have in fandom, I mean.

We have a New Canadian, Wally....his name is Phil Harrell. He is cut up and hurting due to the lack of CRY deliveries of late...he is in Ottawa and iffen Les and pals decide to burn down Washington D.C. we'll have someone right on the spot to retaliate...right? [With Phil up there now, aren't we retaliating a little early? --www]

Bye....

Betty

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV SURVIVES CANDONGA TRIP
Dear Nucleus of the Wise!

Other End of Nowhere,
June 30, 1963

It is you, not I -- Wally Weber -- who lives in some Alternate Dimension. Having studied your 168 CRY which came last night, I have no further doubt of it. I can make head and tail of none of you. You speak Greek ... but advanced Greek.

It was most generous of you to send me the 168 issue, since I'd done nothing to earn it. I was sitting tight trying to think up a letter of apology. Why? It is requested of me, from partizans of Shaggy. Well, consider my apology made. I'm sorry. In my unthinking, happy way I was a little rude, making jokes nobody recognized as jokes. I shall never do it again. In fact I shall never get into correspondence with another fanzine -- only CRY.

Is the Happy Father not angry at me? I trust not! I am all on his side, criticizing femal characters who should use diapers, since Betty K. explained it to me in detail in a lovely letter I was so thrilled to get. Can we drop that subject too?

Elinor, if you don't know history, who does? Your list, the other time, of books you'd been reading, still makes me feel very humble alongside you. In an effort to keep up with your prowess, erudition, and what-not (and also because I can't afford imported s-f pocket-books anymore with our inflation here), I joined a local library, and am now wading through realms and reams of Spanish-language history books, my pet interest at the moment being what happened to the Indians since the Conquistadores first started lording it in Peru. My discoveries have left me breathless and I calculate it will take me several more years before I finish this task of reading so much flowery Spanish, and get to the bottom of it all.

Yesterday, we had such an adventure. Since I've started my, ahem, Historical Re-search! I've been digging around old ruins in my week-ends (Jesuit ones mostly, though I've had the luck to run down ... and we shall visit soon ... a grotto some 4 hours drive from our hilltop, which supposedly contains the most remarkable rock paintings of our Continent, including historical scenes of pre-columbian times.)

Anyway, as we had Saturday afternoon free, Vadim said, "Let's go to 'Candonga' finally!"

"But I'm not interested in Candonga any more," I assured him. "I've done Santa Catalina and its slave patio, and that's enough. It gives me the picture of all the other ruins, I'm sure."

"No, let's go anyway!" insisted the family, dragging me away from my typewriter, where I was translating for my own benefit a learned treatise by some egghead who weeps blood for the poor Conquistadores, and likens them to mythological heroes, if you please. I liken them to Goths, Huns, and vandals, and consider even Mongols and Tartars their superiors.

So we all piled into the estancia's station wagon ... the girls in the back-est seat, the boys in the next back seat, and Vadim and I sitting proudly in the front seat. This always embarrasses me -- I feel like we're a circus on exhibition -- such a big gamily the dear Lord sent me by accident. And that, that our two eldest sons are in Buenos Aires. It may be "Cheaper by the Dozen", but it's certainly not cheaper by the half-dozen, and we have seven, God only knows how or why. ((I gather from the recent CRY's it's a mistake the cave women made way back some tens of thousands of years ago. You'd better warn Happy Father that the birds and bees aren't the only ones to blame, or he'll suddenly find himself a patriarchial pa, like us! On second thought, tell thim lots of children are fun, and to get started! When all seven kids are being good at once, it's lovely -- though unusual.))

Anyway, I expected Candonga to be just another forlorn-looking ruin standing against wild hills alongside a dusty byroad. To be sure, the "road" sketched on our map looked awfully wiggly but we didn't give it a thought.

Well, suddenly, we were climbing up into a wilderness of limestone quarries and thorn-trees.

"Oh, God," I moaned, "this is the worst road yet!"

"We can't turn back," grinned Vadim ghoulishly. And, to make me more nervous still, he started pointing across my face towards the yawning chasm and driving with one hand, turning these ghastly U-curves, looking at the scenery. I tell you, I felt Candonga was one ruin I could do without studying. But there was no turning back.

Towards us along the edge of a precipice, hurtled an enormous truck loaded with limestone, for the factory a little to our rear. They gestured to us to back up and back up and back up, so they finally might find a corner to pass.

It was at a particularly obnoxious precipice. Vadim is a far better driver than he pretends to be, so we didn't go overboard, backwards, towards the rocks some 400 meters below. We reached Candonga after 5 kilometers of curves I never want to take again. (I do not drive, Wally Weber; take that wisecrack back!) (I'll never drive again unless it's a Citroen.)

And so we descended into the quietest, most remote hollow I've ever seen yet, and that, that we rode horseback, years ago, all over southern Chile, sailed the Straits of Magellanes in mid-winter, explored all the laberynthian streams of the Delta of the Rio Parana (not to mention having knocked around in northern Argentina, near the Andes).

Well, this Candonga place is not 50 kms. from Cordoba, 2nd biggest city of the Argentine Republic. But if I were plotting to be subversive in a big way, that's the very site I'd choose. It's almost unreachable, and protected by hurly-burly miners and truck drivers, dynamiting huge mountain-tops for chalk and marble, etc. There is just one little "hotel" in front of the former ruin, and when we came up a very secretive political meeting seemed to be in progress (elections are right ahead, at last, supposedly!), and they all sneaked off when we arrived, by horseback, and some of them by car.

Then, sheepishly the "hotel" owner came up to us and offered to unlock the "ruin" for us. It wasn't a ruin anymore. The Protectors of National Shrines had rebuilt, repainted, and trimmed it so it looked like a cheap shanty put up a year ago. I'd seen photos of it when it was crumbling away ... mud-bricks dissolving and stones tumbling down. I'm sure that's the last National Shrine I shall visit. Everywhere we go, it's been the same. Ruins with new face-masks to make them look as good as new. I just hope when we finally find the Grotto of the Temple of the Sun, they won't have covered the glorious paintings that were there originally, with whitewash, for their "heathen" qualities. There seems to be a wish that the Negritos not discover how cultured their Indian ancestors used to be!

Nonetheless, I was glad we got to Candonga because of the feel about the place. Its history must be millenial. Long before the Conquistadores first set eyes on Cordoba, around 1545, the Comechingones (Indians) here were very cultured and good-natured. They'd settled here in these bright hills, for innumerable centuries, and had a charming culture (harvest dances and songs, and a humorous outlook their descendants today still enjoy). They had their tribal lands divided by stone fences or pircas, running over hill-top and valley and across streams, in every direction for hundreds of miles. They had irrigation systems, and artificial lakes for fish. They had a tourist business, and all the tribes from all around would come here, as the Comechingones specialized then (as now) in herbs for treating ailments. They traded with all sorts of charming tribes around. I've been studying them all lately, and regret to say that many are now extinct through being, alas, "Christianized" and turned into pitiful miners and agricultural slaves.

The old, ruined pircas at Candonga told a mute story of Indian villages that must have been there away back to a time 10,000 years ago (for there are caves near us where bones that old were found, of a Neolithic culture, which ate giant guanacos that no longer exist.)

The first white person to own these huge estates was a follower of a pain-in-the-neck Spanish noble, who colonized Cordoba in 1573 in a big way. But, by 1620,

the place belonged to a pitiful widow named Sra. de Quevedo, and the poor dear finally had to sell out, after years of lawsuits, and the Jesuits won them and that was that. By 1767 when the Jesuits were Expelled, they practically owned the whole country, I've discovered in my recent researches. I'd not have believed it possible ... for, naively, I'm inclined to believe only good of every last human on Earth.

Anyway, you get the idea of why the trip to Candonga was exciting. The past is fun to explore. And once you get on the track of some discovery, the excitement becomes breathless.

Yep, maybe I do live in the Alternate Universe, Wally Weber, not you! It's sure a queer world down here, and always has been! But your world up in the U.S. seems equally queer and outlandish to me.

Our plans, soon, will be (when holiday season comes around, D.V.), to ride up the old "Road of the Conquistadores" that passed near us, to the start of the old Inca Highway at Tucuman, and do all those storied trails, where from time immemorial historical battles have taken place. (Right up to our own Wars of Independence and later.)

As for our revolutions and revolts? We're on the map all right, Wally Weber, and I'll trace you a map right now so you'll know. [Thanks for the map. I made lots of money by selling it to a funny-looking foreigner who seemed very pleased to get it. He had his pockets full of hand grenades, and a briefcase full of plans for nuclear weapons. At first I didn't trust him, but then he mentioned something about being the last human on Earth very soon, and I remembered that you believed only good of every last human on Earth, so I knew it would be all right to sell him the map. --www] As for those assassination squads, we saw them one twilight (or the lights of their cars) crossing the Ascochinga-La Cumbre trail, which is visible from where we live up here. Oh, and another angle I'm digging ... ghosts and legends, and all that. The material is proving rich! I never realized when we first moved here, how lucky I was, to be settling in the very center of South American history. Cordoba has always been the very center, I'm learning now.

Excuse, darlings, the history lesson, but it's all I can think about of late.

Love and kisses (though the kisses will be given only when we all meet in the Next World, p'raps!)

Mae

[Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba, Argentina]

JOHN FOYSTER IN ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE PO Box 57 Drouin Victoria Australia

Dear CRY,

July 10.

You may recall that in the last episode our hero, overcome with nostalgia, resubscribed to CRY in a fit of extraordinary weakness. But worse was yet to come....

I actually read them. The CRYs you sent, I mean. Just like I find myself reading the new big ANALOG which I bought, after all, only because it was historic, like.

For Elinor's benefit I suppose someone will point out that the Soviet Union is much larger than the USA. I wonder just how big a country must be before inflexibility is necessary? And just a couple of months ago, while viewing 1984 (the unhappy ending, where Winston fails to see the light), it was remarked to me that the year 1984 was a bit close, but that the job would certainly be sewn up by 2000. Surely the present racial strife in your country is indicative of the degree to which hatred may be stirred up amongst peoples, and this is surely one of the most horrifying features in 1984. I must make clear for the benefit of Americans who may read this (if Weber doesn't wise up) that I do not throw stones, as I live within 2 or 3 miles of one of the bigger glasshouses. There should be no doubt in the minds of any American fan that the racial problem out here is just as serious as it is in the USA. The disinterest out here is as damaging as

the hatred in the USA. And returning to the original line of thought, you must be aware of the personal dislike which is now entering the relations between east and west. We got real troubles with the Red Hordes down here.

I think the trouble with someone like Pournelle is connected with the above. I see no real choice between taking totalitarian lines from Moscow and Washington (which it must be admitted is presently the case in certain Australian political and defence moves). Pournelle admits that the only way in which the weaponing of the USA will serve its purpose is if it is never used. Why run the risk? Suppose I had run up to Neville Chamberlain and said I wanted peace. He too had Pournelle's answer. Now however we must realise that the boot is on the other foot and that war must be avoided at ALL costs. I could never stand mushrooms for breakfast, even with braised chops.

Wally Weber for Taff ok, but what about MERVYN BARRETT for TOFF in '64, hmmm? Surely Taff could support two trips if sufficient interest in this scheme were evident?

By careful collection I have managed to collect a complete set of CRY from 117 on. There is just one snag. Here and there a back page is missing. This often happens with fanzines. I suppose there may even be someone who collects only the back pages of fanzines. There may even be a subfandom devoted to such things. How about one of you guys writing me so I can fill the gaps.

Best,

John.

((Elinor here. We got a letter the other day from a correspondent who is anonymous because we didn't get permission to quote, who said: "People are terribly shocked when I say the present racial upheaval is a symptom, a good symptom of healing. It is no longer buried. It is, instead, boiling up and out into the light where it should be. It's a revolution and while revolutions may be bloody, they are necessary. This is a psychoanalytic process, this current upheaval, on a grand scale--a racial scale... Result: bloody upheaval. Final result: cleansing and healing..." I agree with our correspondent whole-heartedly. Compare the present situation in the U.S. with the situation as described in Harper Lee's "To Kill a Mockingbird" set in the south of 30 years ago, and see if you don't agree with us.))

ROY TACKETT, FELLOW SLAVE OF CRY 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,
Ho there, ol' Cry-gang, New Mexico 6 June 1963

Somebody or other suggested that the worldcon should feature a special get together of CRYhacks each year. Gad, the horror of it all. I suppose we could have WWW conduct the meeting. But who will conduct www?

Here I am with a six inch stack of correspondence, some of it dating back a couple of months, on my left and an unfinished Dynatron on my right and what am I doing? I'm hacking out a letter to CRY. I tell you we're all slaves to the damned thing.

Wally, old hack, you know what CotR is, don't you? It is the present day version of the Vizigraph. All we need is some space opera up front to take the place of those scholarly treatises on thermonuclear boom-boom and we'll be back in the old days of Fifth Fandom. Quick, what is the formula for chlorophyll? [Buz says it's $\text{CH}_{10}\text{R}_0(\text{pH})\text{Y}_{11}$, but I don't think it has a formula; I think it eats sunlight. --www]

Our usual comment regarding page 3: it seems that you now have a problem. Apparently all the Nameless have now been stuck with the President's position. The solution is obvious--start electing non-members of the Nameless to office. Why, you could go down the whole list of CRYhacks. There are enough names on the list to keep the nameless supplied with presidents for years to come.

Ol' mainstay Jno Berry duly noted and read. T. Bruce Yerke would have duly noted the item on page 7, to wit: "'It's okay, Jeannie," he hissed."

Elinor, teevee doesn't fill a void--it is a void. Let's except such things as "Open End" and Brinkley's Journal and the other educational type shows which nobody watches anyway. The majority run of the mill tv is pap. The only attempt at stimulation comes in the commercial where the sponsor tries to stimulate the viewer to go buy his product. The programs themselves are designed to be soothing so as not to detract from the commercial.

TV and I have split the blanket. My days with Channel 7 have ended and I now am looking for something else. Have a job tentatively lined up with a local electronics manufacturer.

I'm happy to see Pournelle pointing out to the "better red than dead" contingent that they probably wouldn't be...that even after giving in to the opposition they would probably end up dead. Starvation or a firing squad may not be as fast as the big boom but it is just as final.

Where was I? Ohey? This is the next day and I have a new job and have been discussing the matter with my friend Mr. J. Beam and decided I'd better get back to CRY. I think we were at CotR. Yes.

Lessee, here is Paul Williams inferring that Eisenhower must have been a hero because he won twice. Gee, these kids can't get anything straight. Eisenhower didn't win twice.... Stevenson lost twice. (Please, BettyK, we need no comment from you.)

Mike Deck recommends "Johnny Got His Gun", a post WWI novel as I recall. About a fellow who was taught to kill by the Army and then didn't know how to do anything else. Oh, I tell you it is a pity how all these clean-cut American boys are turned into viscious killers by the Army. Jeez, can you imagine what those guys who make a career of the armed forces must be like....mad dogs, all of them. ((No, I think "Johnny..." is the horror-piece about the blind-deaf-mute basket case from WWI. --FMB))

Grania, the NFFF may have an extra F but it is depression-linked nevertheless. Or perhaps that is depressive. Or depressed. Is the N3F fandom's depressed area? Will I be re-elected after a remark like that? Will I be impeached?

Mighod! Three pages from Gina Clarke. Who's Gina Clarke?

I leave the rest of this space for Ed Cox to doodle in.

Roy

DONALD FRANSON, NEOSUBSCRIBER

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Cry,

June 3, 1963

I don't have time to send letters of apology for not sending letters of comment, so I am sending \$1 to extend my trial sub instead. I am no yet sure that I like Cry, as I only have been receiving it since June, 1958. But I guess I will continue my sub indefinitely, as it has been my ambition in fandom to outlast fanzines. I have outlasted Oopsla, Twig, ABas and all the others I started out with (except Cry and a certain other fanzine that begins with a Y.)

Buz's mention of the Nameless meeting reminded me that even though no-one else has missed the Minutes, I have. Why no more minutes? And while I am passing out egoboo, some should go to faithful John Berry, who still puts a story an issue in Cry. I'm not commenting on anything else in 168 as I haven't read anything yet. I never read fanzines, I just sub to them.

Yours, Don

ROB WILLIAMS DOES SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOMB

1515-1/2 South Main, Elkhart,

Dear CRY People,

Indiana

June, 1963

Wally's cover on CRY #168 is artistic, but how did it ever get past the Post Office censors? I'm talking about that fertility symbol he so trickily worked in. Never have I seen a more voluptuous bosom on a fire hydrant. When that snarling mob advances toward our blue-uniformed minion of the law, it will not have to be fought back with the crushing force of water pressure hoses-- but can be calmly and humanely pacified with mother's milk.

J. E. Pournelle's concluding article in his informative series got to me-- stirred me-- and, as sober contemplation of such things always does, scared me. I found myself asking: What can I do to help in the coming Nuclear Holocaust?

There was a time when I believed the individual could do nothing. Now I've been converted to the belief, among others, that it's that one vote that turns the election tides. Back when the government used to treat us with its supposedly security-engendering gang/herd psychology, I couldn't even understand TV commercials. Now that we are each and every treated as individuals and have, consequently, grown more independent and self-reliant, I can.

But, to get back to the bomb, I was asking: "What can I do...?" It got to be a real worry. Then an idea came. Tell somebody! Share your nervous tension!

I run out of the house and this little old lady is out in her yard watering the lawn. I study her. Does she seem aware that the bombs might start falling at any moment? She does not. Does she glance skyward at intervals, on the lookout for A-nosed missiles? No, her complete attention is riveted on her grass and dahlia patch. Is she wearing a radiation counter buttonaire? How does she know it's safe to be out today? There's not even a transistor radio tuned to the CONELRAD frequency in sight.

So I fly across the street, waving my arms. "Have you ever stopped to consider the danger of imminent nuclear attack?!" I shout in her ear. She jiggles her finger in her ear, trying to get her eardrum to snap back into place. "Don't you realize that enemy missiles could be streaking right to your doorstep this very moment?"

A light comes into her eyes-- "Oh God, it's an air-raid!" she screams.

"No, but it could be for all--" But she isn't listening. She kicks the hose out of her way and runs up the block toward the church.

Later I read in the papers that she stood in the bell tower threatening to jump if the bombers weren't called off. It took two fire-wagons, an ambulance, three squad-cars and the dog-catcher to bring her down. ...And we would have needed those public facilities if THEY had decided to drop the bomb just then.

Best,

Rob Williams

PAUL WILLIAMS REPORTS AVRAM CLOSING ISSUE-GAP 163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass.
Dear Box 92, June 19, 1963

Did you know that in four short years F&SF will have reached its 193d issue (June 1967) and will pass CRY, which will then be celebrating its 192nd fun-filled issue? Gad, when that happens, Avram will lose his inferiority complex and will probably stop writing to CRY altogether. See what you have done by going bi-monthly?

Although I'm all for the sentiments expressed, I think I enjoy ATom covers more than I enjoy ATom-for-TAFF covers.

Guess what? I ran to my neighborhood drugstore and bought a copy of Thermo-nuclear Warfare. I did it as more of a compliment to Poul Anderson than Jerry :purnelle, but let that pass.

I read in Pogo recently (two years ago) that the population of Fort Mudge is now 3 (Fremount, Fremount's aunt, and Fremount's mother). If fans escaping The Bomb all move there, they will soon form a majority, and will be able to Take Over.

I must add, however, that I also seem to recall a Mad parody, yay so many years ago, of Pogo, which ended in Fort Mudge blowing up in a nuclear explosion. No bloody comment.

In regards to burning cities, peoples' homes, et al. in order to have the opportunity to build it again Better: around here we call it urban renewal.

And now, I unveil my great plan. I suggest that we start a fan fund to send Jim Caughran (et uxor) to Hong Kong. How does that grab you, hey?

Comfort and Joy,

Paul

DAVE KEIL PREFERS UNSTREWED FORMAT

31

38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75,
New York June 29, 1963

Dear CRY,

The cover by Atom in Cry #167 was good as usual. Why oh why did you use that thing for Cry #168? It looks like that was an earlier issue of Cry, not a later one! [It sort of hark's back to CRY's Golden Era, don't it? --www]

I'd just like to inject a probably very out of place comment here that no matter what else may be wrong with a particular issue, I have always liked the format of CRY. In particular, I cannot stand interior artwork like that in YANDRO strewed indiscriminately about. If you must have artwork, publish an art folio. Cry does fine without interior artwork. Hip hip hooray.

SCIENCE-FANTASY for Hugo. If not that, then GALAXY.

Amtor in '84.

Sincerely

Dave Keil

MIKE DECKINGER RUNS DOWN AUTOS

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRYstians,

6/9/63

Wally has written a perceptive and penetrating appraisal of autos. My first car was a '54 Chrysler and it was built with a tangible "revenge syndrom" buried deeply somewhere within its clanking, belching, wheezing engine. Once it stranded me on the Garden State Parkway. Another time the brakes gave out in the midst of heavy Newark traffic. After that I had a '53 Buick which distinguished itself only by freezing its radiator and gasoline tank New Years Eve, at an empty gas station, in below zero weather. Right now I'm driving a '57 Chevy, the best of the lot which does have some faults but still runs moderately well.

Jean Bogert has a '47 car she's dubbed "The Raven" and at the last PHILCON I managed to wangle a ride from her for Don Wollheim and I to a party at Harriette Kolchek's house. The interior of the car, at the time, was in a splendid state of disorganized disarray -- every single inch of free space was crammed with something more absurd than its companion space. To sit you had to crouch over in a foetal position; I can't for the life of me figure out how Jean ever managed to drive the thing. Don interpreted the car's name as a warning that once you rode in it you would say "nevermore". I felt it had something to do with concealed aviation fixtures which would spring into action in the midst of a traffic jam. Outside of stopping and asking directions from a man on a streetcorner (who was in the process of being arrested) we arrived safely. And then the year before that I traveled in Mike McInerney's car with Charlie Brown and Leslie Fish, same place and same destination. Mike wasn't too sure of the road, which may have explained his blissfully pulling out into the wrong direction of traffic and proceeding along at not a slow rate of speed. We finally got the idea that some wrong had been committed when I perceived in the distance a long line of cars, all heading straight towards us. Mike gulped, performed the quickest U-turn in a city street that I've yet seen, and we retraced our route.

But Elinor, imperfection in utopia would be one of the most vital features. A postulated future free from mars, imperfections, or inconsistencies would be bland and indifferent.

I don't know why it is that everyone is so adverse to amusement parks. Nearly every TAFF trip-report I read has some fondly detailed episodes describing the writers' infatuation with Disneyland, and if that's no amusement park I don't know what is.

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

STEVE STILES FEELS STU...uh...STRANGE

1809 Sec. Ave., NYC 28

Dear Cry

June 3

I trust that #168 was not a rich brown hoax. If it was I will feel very Stupid. Wally Weber will now caption this "Steve Stiles Feels Stupid". Ha. Watch it, baby; you've got to toe the line in these crucial TAFF times.

I'm afraid I must disagree with Elinor on her comments regarding television. Let 'em read good books, I say! This has been a paragraph from culture-snob Steve Stiles.

Buz: I've been following the news regarding our various astronauts. I cannot say that I've been overwhelmed. Most of the astronauts strike me as being man-on-the-street types. As for news coverage, I've been turned off by the avalanche of sentimental hogwash that seems to go with each news story of a successful launch---our news commentators (once known as "reporters") never fail to drag out the life history of a Glenn, or what sacrificing gal his wife is, and how his kids are all Real Nice, and, gee, boy, it sure is amazing how religious these guys all are.

All this talk of the Kelly Girl Service reminds of a sign I've seen in Grand Central Station: "Fanning--Girls Available".

yhos.

Steve Stiles

NATHAN A. BUCKLIN FINDS NO PERFECT BRIDGE

P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Wash.

Dear Mr. and/or Mrs. Busby:

May 28, 1963/16

There honestly isn't any perfect bridge to Paul's and Mr. Pournelle's Utopias. As I suggested to Paul last month, if you're going to make a Utopia that is completely heartless, redesign people so that they will also lack hearts.

If you, or any other intelligent American, honestly believe that TV fills a void, you are either uninterested in the country's schoolchildren or very misinformed. Several of Vashon Island's best baseball and football players miss practice regularly to watch a program. It is very rare that a school day goes by upon which everybody has finished their homework. Well, I'm against TV.

If I didn't have to pay to vote I'd say Marion Zimmer Bradley for TAFF; she's the onliest person on the ballot I've so far heard about without a several-page plug somewhere around. Show me as conceited a campaign poster for her and I will gladly vote WWW. Maybe.

Your husband asked whether the new Analog had lost or gained wordage over the old. The November - February issues, and probably the ones before that clear to Dec. 1961 (which I haven't counted) showed a ten percent decrease in letters per page over the Jan. 1961 and thereabouts issues. I think it comes out around four vignettes ahead, or about two thousand words. The number of words per cent is still in the 1800s someplace; among the best.

I beg to give Paul Williams and Betty Kujawa a little information, which they shouldn't need. There is a community of people who do not even recognize the connection yet; try and prove that virgin birth is impossible? Christ would be a normal occurrence among them.

Hate,

Nate

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN FEELS HE ISN'T REACHING US

Box 2954, Florida State Uni-

Dear CRYers,

18 Jun 63

versity, Tallahassee, Florida

For some reason, I have the distinct feeling that my letters have not been reaching you. I have not even been mentioned in the WAHF column. CRY is still being sent to my old address. Aho says I won't go Pelz for TAFF, Wally?

In my last letter I mentioned being in another play, 'Dark of the Moon,' which went off very well. I was a little thrown, having never played to a college audience before, and being amazed at the number of things they found funny that weren't supposed to be, but the change in attitudes about religion and sex in the last twenty years were responsible for most of it. At that, some of the lines were loaded, so it shouldn't have been too surprising. What was surprising, and I think it's the result of having it done all the time on TV, was the willing breaking of a moodby the audience.

I'm trying to get a job with Arthur Murray at the moment, and if I make it, I'll be a fully certified instructor in about twelve weeks or so. I can think of

worse ways to make money. It's not my lifetime ideal, but it'll probably get me through school, or at least help.

Misha

BILL WOLFENBARGER SEEKS GOOD WRITING
Dear CRY-gods of the U.S.A.

602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri
May 19, 1963

Good people, Harlan Ellison has the first installment of a two-part article about his adventures in Hollywood (which he aptly terms Clown Town). Ellison is a hellofa fine writer, and you all should take heed to what he has to say. You get the June, 1963 ish of Writer's Digest, if you want to hear in what language Harlan Ellison speaks his truth, or just get a copy if you want good writing.

I have been on a kind of treasure hunt for good writing. That is to say I am trying to discover what makes good writing good writing. Of course only good writing can come from the heart and the head and the lips and especially from the eight finger-tips.

Yours,

Bill W.

PHIL HARRELL GETS SERVICE
BIGAD!!!!!!

P.O. Box 3372, Postal Station C, Ottawa 3,
Ontario, CANADA June 24, '63

This is what I call service! This was my Evening (days strated out rotten but the evening picked up!). First I found 11 dollars under coke caps. Coke puts tokens worth from \$1 to \$1000 and I found a \$10 and a \$1. Which was fun except due to Finagles Law I only get \$5.50 of it. The Law? "Nothing ever happens until you have some one look for it with you after having promised them half of it, if found."

At anyrate as I said this was my Evening! (I started off the day by forgetting and leaving all my IBM textbooks at the house.) After I got out of the real wild Computer school where I'm learning to be Phil Harrell, Boy Computer Programmer Technician, I got in my car (actually not mine) and found goodie upon goodie of mail. Joyful news from Ray Bradbury who's in the midst of making a Cinerama Production of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES which will be around to the Local Cinerama Houses sometime in '64. Anyway the Scripts will be ready in 6 months and they'll start shooting after that; it'll be made by the same people who made "TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD" and will be using the Martian Ruins in Phylendria, or where ever it was that Ray said they were... Anyway He says they'll have the scripts ready in six months and he'll be busy until Spring of '64.

Actually, Wally may kid a good deal about his unassuming modesty, but it's true. Wally is about as modest a person as you could know (and you should hear him brag about it).

Attention one and all! I have decided that the CRY letterhack cards have lain dormat much too long. Being the proud possession holder-type of one of the originals (which I used for identification to cash a check) I have decided that Glorious Custom shall not Die! I'm going to start my own brand of CRY Letterhack. The cards will run:

- 1) CRY LETTERHACK: For just having a letter in CRY.
- 2) COPPER CRYLETTERHACK CARD: This is awarded for five letters in CotR.
- 3) Golden CRYHACK card: This is for those that have made a lasting mark in the halls and annuls of CRY by appearing 12 times in Cry (White Gold if this is in a Row). The showing of this will cause Neo's to grovel at your feet, BNF to call you by your first name, and to be held in awe by all that know you.
- 4) THE ORDER OF THE PLATIUMN CRYHACKERS: This makes even the PROS and BNF hold you in AWE and reverence. It is your pass to all parties both Pro & Con (of those that will let you in). A person can only qualify for it after they have passed their 30th issue of CRY and still be at least active in it. It is the Ultimate Statius Symbol (you know USS).

Well, that seems to be it, I'm up way past my beddy bye. So I'll see you next letter.

Ottawa's Other Fan,

Phil

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN sends us the letter he mentioned we didn't get, only we got it and I lost it and now I found it again, and he really did give us his new address, honest. MARTY HELGESEN wants to know, "Where exactly did the story which was rewritten into 'The Censors' in the August F&SF appear?" Well I'll never tell. BROWN, RICHARD W. A2C notes a change of address to Box 2004, Hq 36th CSG, APO 132, N.Y., N.Y. PHIL HARRELL goes stark raving mad with joy over receiving his CRY #167 at long long last. In the same envelope is a note from S. W. PAUL WYSZKOWSKI who would like to know, "Why does Phil Harrell love CRY more than anything else in the world?" He then goes on to worry, "What if I get hooked like Phil?" and finally pleads for us to cancel his subscription, which is being pretty cautious considering he doesn't have a subscription. ROB WILLIAMS sends us a Christmas card. ROSEMARY HICKEY sends stamps and almost tells us about her beautifully painted garbage cans. P.F. SKEBERDIS sends us half a letter -- the left half, from what I can make out. ED MESKYS doubts that Harry Warner's high-speed tape transmission would work over a telephone due to the limited fidelity, and adds, "CRY is slipping. Two years ago you had stuff about Mark Walsted and I met him at work. One year ago it was Jerry Kolden and I met him at work. It's now well into the summer and I still haven't met anyone new that I first heard of in CRY. Come on now!" WARREN de BRA sends two letters, one requesting a TAFF ballot (I haven't sent him one yet because I'm not certain who he plans to vote for), and another requesting Gina Clarke's address (I didn't send him that, either; the measly \$1 he sent wouldn't even cover my cut). ROB WILLIAMS wants back issues of CRY. We're down to our last fifty copies of some issues, so I'm not sure we can spare him any. DON FITCH predicts he'll get the Davidson Anthology done within five years, assuming Avram gives his consent. He wants to wait until there are more issues of F&SF than there are of CRY, probably. PHIL HARRELL sends a postcard saying, among other things, "...not rite CRY should have been on Top in stad of MIRAGE. Finks not to give CRY noms." PHIL HARRELL also sends a letter in which he mentions, "I WANT MY C*R*Y!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" etc. RUTH BERMAN, DON THOMPSON, BRUCE ROBBINS, GREGG CALKINS, and GORDON EKLUND send us various amounts of all kinds of money. So now I shut up typewriter and go spend it. See you and you (and even you) nextish.--www

from C R Y
Box 92
507 Third Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

Providing all goes according to plan, which it sometimes does, the number after your name, if there is a number, equals the number of issues left on your sub. If there is no number after your name, then the number that is not there is the number of issues left on your sub, and you get this one free.

Zip this issue to:

Ed Meskys (8) 71 Jul 67
c/o Metcalf
P. O. Box 336
Berkeley 1, Calif.

