

CRY

NUMBER 171

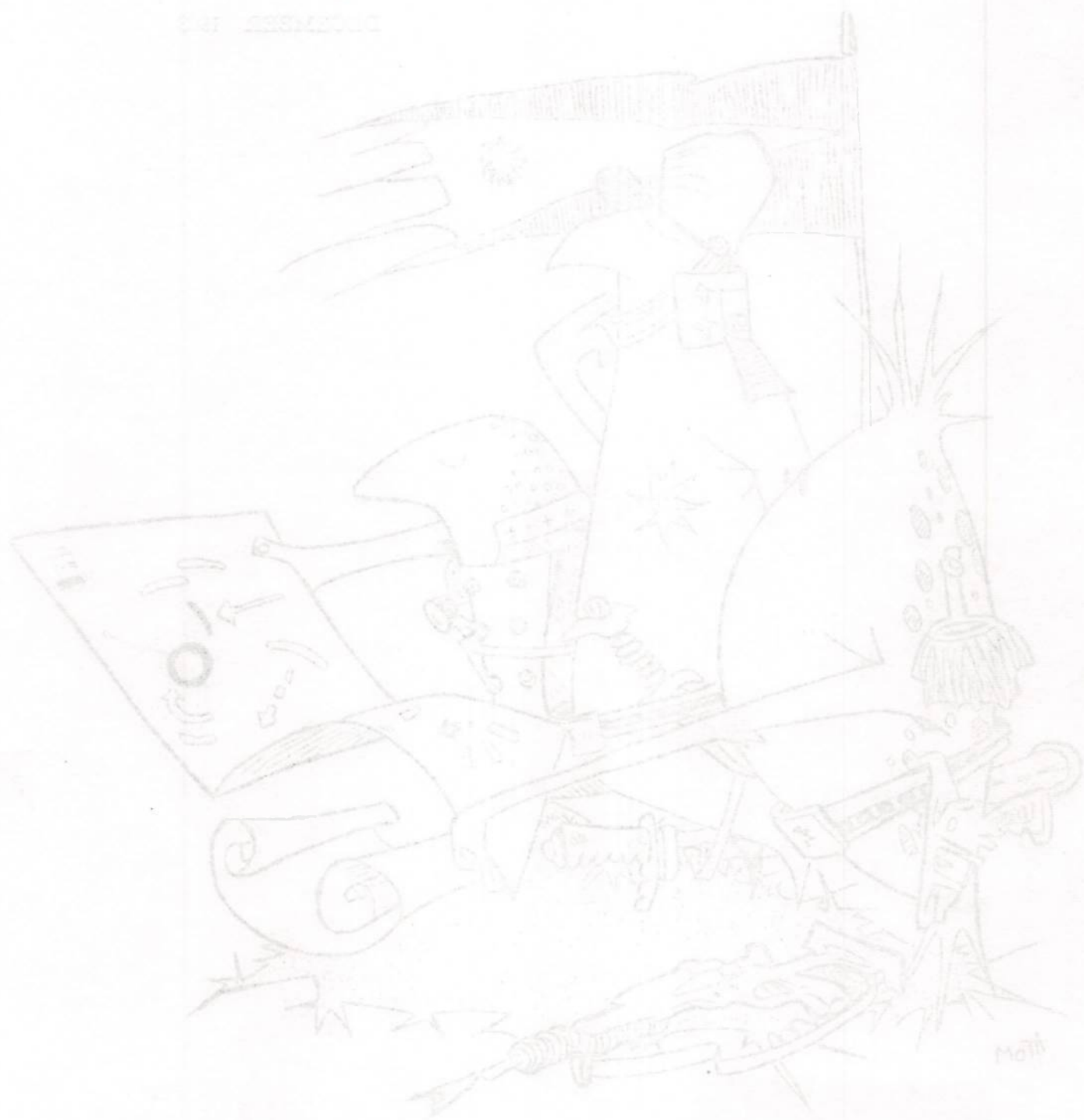
DECEMBER 1963



.... Just as long as we can reach
LONDON in '63"

CRY

NUMBER 10
DECEMBER 1943



Washed in the sea on April 25. Tied in

"CC" M. Mott

...this being CRY #171, December 1963, produced bi-monthly on the even-numbered datelines by Wally Weber and F.M. & Elinor Busby working out of Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle, Wn, 98104. And remember: ATom for TAFF, next!

Also you might keep in mind that the copy deadline for #172, to be dated Feb 1964, is Jan 15, 1964. Naturally it is engraved on your temporal lobes that CRY retails for 25¢ or 1/9 the issue and wholesales 5 for \$1 or 7/-, that John Berry of 31 Campbell Park, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland, is our Sterling Representative, that \$\$-checks to Seattle should be payable to Elinor Busby, that you get free the issue that your letter or other contribution graces... There is probably a big blur in your mind about our Trade Policy. So join the club.

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These people cut these many stencils: Wally 19, Elinor 9, Buz 3.

Last time we ran a little long; this time we ran a little short. We had a Rob Wms piece for this time which Elinor was going to send back for a little bit of reworking but she didn't so better luck next time, Rob and you-all.

I see by the lettercol that no one spoke in favor of CRY's mutating into a 6-page snapzine and several spoke up in opposition if not outright horror, so OK, you win! The matter is tabled, and thank you for your comments, one and all. It's nice to know that you C*A*R*E, and fellas, I ain't jes' funnin'.

Actually, I am the only one around here who is subject to Deadline Nerves. I tend to see an approaching deadline as a burden and a successfully-beaten deadline as a Blessed Release, & mainly I hate to have to do lots at last minute. So everybody write postcards saying "Elinor: Get stencils cut early!" (I jest.)

Last issue when I stopped by our fine printers The Cone Company (of Seattle) to pick up the finished copy, I was corrected on a statement I had made on Page Three of that issue. I had said that Sylvia runs the machine. Sylvia told me that she does not run the machine, that (and I hope to God I have it right this time) she runs the group or department or people or gestalt that in turn, one or more people, actually do run the machine, and very well, too. OK, Sylvia? [And why shouldn't you write us a letter of comment, as a qualified reader??]

Summineruvver thought I was being Awful to ask loyal CRYreaders to give up 1959-60 CRYs to the UW Library collection. Well, shucks, fellas, I din't mean your cherished file copies. But some of youse do buy up large boxes of misc fanzines and will have dupes. And (breathe it not aloud) some do not value old CRYs the way others do. So what with one thing and another, and not meaning to offend anyone's true blue collector instinct-- how's the 1959-60 CRY market, hey? Speak up; be not afeared, though it's dark and nowhere starlights at times.

TAFF for ATom, though, remember.

I seem to have a slight case of the glop this evening, so it seems to be a good idea to stay home from work tomorrow. The glop is a new ailment that I just ~~now/that/it~~ discovered this summer a couple-three months ago. It is the only sore throat I ever saw that is in front instead of in back, and the name comes from whatever it is that the larynx or voice-box seems to be full of. It is not a serious ailment; the last time it lasted two days, and it does not feel like much more than that at the moment. But it does drag a little. So Watch Out.

This has been an essay in opposition to socialized glop. Ban the barricades.

SCIENCE FICTION REFERENCE

Wally Weber

Authors who write science fiction have at least one obstacle that is not encountered when writing other types of stories. No, I do not mean John W. Campbell. For one thing, not all authors write for Analog. For another, the obstacle to which I refer is surmountable. It is simply that authors must write their own reference books when they write science fiction.

If you don't believe me, try looking up some of the stuff described in the next science fiction story you read. Your neighborhood library will provide you with bales of material about the planet Mars, for example, but you won't find out a single thing about the Gorks, or the sand snaddles, or even that capital city of the interstellar underworld, Marsport itself. And Mars is right in our own back yards, galactically speaking. Before you snap a judgement about how uninformative a library can be, try to wheedle the secrets of the vedioactive Twonkmen of Andromeda Zilch out of the card catalogs.

There is no easy way for the science fiction author. He has to do it himself. He has to answer all those questions current reference books ignore -- everything from why his starship can exceed the speed of light, to how come the hero and heroine can travel two months in it without once going to the toilet. (The explanation of that last item, by the way, is rather droll; they are bound for Andromeda Zilch.)

Not only are the reference books of the world no help to science fiction authors, they are a hinderance. Perhaps it is just as well. Our universe, vast though it may be, is not ready for the concepts that would vomit from authors' minds if they were not hindered in some manner. Probably when science fiction authors were given their power to create explanations, God, in His Wisdom, saw fit to temper the magnitude of His error by providing them with references they could not refute. Whatever the reason might be, the result is that authors may not contradict anything recorded as fact and still maintain good standing in the science fiction field. It does not matter that recorded facts are constantly proved false by persons working under less restricting regulations; a science fiction author must obey the existing reference sources as if he believed them, and woe be to his reputation if his reference source is revised the day before his work is put on the newsstands. Remember Vanguard? I thought not.

Even so, science fiction authors have managed, through the years, to construct a science all their own. By rights, some fan who has nothing better to do than spend money and time on futile endeavors should compile a reference book of science fiction science. Without attempting to be comprehensive about it, I will use the remaining space on this page to mention an example or two of what such a reference would reveal.

To start with, one of the original breakthroughs in science fiction science was the dial. It compares with the ordinary reference book's wheel. A science fiction dial is useful almost any place other than in real life. No time machine would be worth a second glance without one. Spaceships, which require greater reliability than most other science fiction devices, usually have many dials. A dial has it all over on push-buttons, levers, switches and pedals in that it performs a complex of functions compared to the single functions of the other listed devices. A switch may start the mighty stardrive, but you can be sure a dial setting was responsible for calculating the switch-throwing moment, the orbit, warp-point, hyperspace trajectory, and the optimal moment for the mighty stardrive to enhance suspense by malfunctioning.

Of course those items I have mentions -- the mighty stardrive, hyperspace, and the warp-point -- are also discoveries of science fiction science. The fan who notices them in their reading matter will gain a greater depth of understanding and appreciation of science fiction. He will also sneer at libraries.

"The Tempest" tossed

Buz and I saw "The Tempest" the second time, when it was reshowed on the TV recently. We enjoyed it a lot--more the second time than the first. We have better reception now than we did in those olden days, and also, of course, greater familiarity with the play breeds a more knowledgeable appreciation.

The production was not flawless. Lee Remick's Miranda was delightful to look at, but was dramatically on a senior class play level. The line "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of" is one that any actress should be able to raise a ghost with. When Lee Remick read it nothing happened at all. Imagine Julie Harris with that line! And I thought she goofed up the lines one associates most of all with Miranda: "O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, that has such people in't!" Here, her saying 'o brave NEW world' was probably a directorial flaw. She accented 'new' as if she'd been told to twenty million times at least. But it seems obvious that 'brave' must be accented, slightly, because it echoes 'beauteous'. And apart from anything else, her voice was unsuited to Shakespeare, being rather high-pitched and thin.

Roddy McDowall, as Ariel, was at least on a drama school level, and his makeup and costuming was thoroughly professional and imaginative. I liked his Ariel, and I liked the fact that they took advantage of the camera, to make Ariel sometimes human-size and sometimes small enough to perch on Prospero's hand. Since Ariel was a spirit and not a corporeal person, there was no reason why he should be the same size all the time. Buz thought the sizechange intrusive, and perhaps it was, but it's disappointing when fantasies are filmed as if they were stage plays (as Play of the Week's "Don Juan in Hell").

Tom Poston was a delightful Trinculo. In general, I loathe and despise Shakespearean clowns, but the clowns in this rendition of this play were quite tolerable, thanks to the charm and ability of Tom Poston and possibly (I'm not sure) to an abridgment of their clownery.

Maurice Evans as Prospero and Richard Burton as Caliban were both about perfect. They were thoroughly professional. Maurice Evans was truly beautiful as the old magician, and Richard Burton made a satisfactorily ugly Caliban. His voice as Caliban was wonderful: it was harsh, toneless and yet vital. His "Be not afeared: the isle is full of noises, sounds and strange airs, that give delight and hurt not..." unleashed the beauty, and was yet in character with his clumsy loutishness.

Caliban is an odd role. Ellen Terry, in the late 19th century, mentioned that Shakespeare lasts because every age can see something different in his works, make some fresh interpretation. It's probable that in Shakespeare's time both Shylock and Caliban were comic, hiss-the-villain roles. The nineteenth century found that Shylock was a tragic role, and our century has found this to be true of Caliban.

The play was abridged, to what extent I don't know, but I think it was skillfully done. The lines which Prospero normally says after the show he has put on for Ferdinand and Miranda, the lines beginning "Our revels now are ended" and ending "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep" are removed from that point and used to end the play. They are not quite appropriate as an epilogue, since they speak of "cloud-capp'd towers, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples" which certainly do not appear in the desert isle, however they may in Prospero's magic show. But they end the show on a much higher level of beauty than Shakespeare planned, his own epilogue being very thin and perfunctory stuff.

Two's company, and more and even more company....

Three weeks ago Boyd Raeburn stopped by, on his way home from Los Angeles.

We had a good visit with him, talked about everything under the sun, put out a one-shot for FAPA, looked at Seattle Center and ate lunch at the Space Needle Restaurant. None of us had been there before, and we all enjoyed it. The restaurant revolves very slowly, and to sit and eat and drink and chat in congenial company while practically the whole city of Seattle unfolds before one's eyes is an extraordinarily pleasurable experience.

Two weeks ago Al haLevy stopped by on his way to Israel. We talked with him until three o'clock in the morning, about Berkeley Fandom and Zen and Putting-on-Conventions and hallucinogenic drugs and whether Pigs have Wings.

Last weekend two little friends from Vashon Island stayed with us. They are Mickey, aged 11, who had ^{an} illustration in CRY six years ago, and her little sister Deirdre, aged 8-1/2, and are the children of Evelyn Marshment Stroud, whose name appears in the list of people who have written letters to CRY. We had glorious weather for the kids' visit, and we went to the park and fed ducks and went to the zoo and fed squirrels (which took peanuts from the children's hands) and we went to the beach and it was ^{so} wonderful I wanted to write a poem about it, but "Sails filled with wind and sunlight" was about as far as I got.

And yesterday Joe and Juanita Green were over. They are back in Seattle to stay, we hope. They'll be here all winter anyhow. It was delightful to see them again, and even better to know they'll be around for awhile.

Next week my oldest sister is to visit us. She is my knitting, reading, winemaking sister. Nothing is pleasanter than to have a close relative who shares one's own hobbies and enthusiasms, so I am looking forward to her visit with considerable anticipation.

CRY of the heart

Avram Davidson did not get the last CRY because we did not have an address for him at that time. We do have an address now, and he will receive this CRY and probably the next. If he does not respond to either CRY for Avram, I will be forced to conclude that no amount of whimpering will avail. Over the years, many people have been interested in CRY for awhile and have then lost interest, and I think it degrades CRY to send it out to people who are no longer interested.

Some fanzines are showpieces. No one could look at them without thinking: How beautiful! How elegantly laid-out! How magnificently illustrated! Such wit and erudition! --Well, as you know without my telling you, CRY has never been like that. CRY has one merit, and one merit only--the fact that it seems to have a certain vitality, a certain reality, and the people who like CRY really like it. Sending CRY to people who are not interested, or who barely tolerate it lessens this vitality. And this is the real reason why we do not send out many free CRYs. When people subscribe or contribute or write publishable letters of comment, they are implicitly stating that CRY has reality for them, and by doing so they increase CRY's reality. CRY is like Tinker Bell--you gotta believe in it. When you disbelieve in CRY, an issue dies.

The moving finger writes....

I have been interested in handwriting analysis ever since seeing a demonstration of it on Henry Morgan's program several years ago. The handwriting analyst was presented with a sample of handwriting on a blackboard, and she looked at it very thoughtfully and informed us that the writer was very artistic, and was conservative, dignified and reserved. Then the writer bounced onto the stage--a real cute little guy with a big smile. He was Mr. John, the hat designer. No one could doubt his artistry, but his air of conservative, reserved dignity was marred by the fact that he was wearing sandals and a straw hat with a perky little flower on it. On the surface it might not have seemed like much of a victory for handwriting analysis, but I knew that underneath his gay exterior, Mr. John really was dignified, conservative and reserved.

So ever since I've been curious about handwriting analysis, and when a book

about it turned up on the paperback stands last spring, I immediately bought it. I analyzed the handwriting of several fans, and they all turned out to be thrifty, loyal, reverent, kind, honest, and just about any other nice thing you cared to mention. So it was a very satisfying hobby.

But since I wanted a bit more variety in my analyses, a month or so ago I sent away for another book on handwriting analysis (the Marboro Book Company had it on sale). I read it eagerly, and to my horror, the next three samples of handwriting I looked at showed character flaws: vanity and over-sensitivity. I was quite shocked, the more so since none of these people had shown these character flaws in personal contacts, and one of them I've known for six years.

Then I looked at my own handwriting. I have known myself for even longer than six years, and am quite aware that I am a trifle vain, and am very over-sensitive. My handwriting did hint at vanity, but showed no signs at all of over-sensitivity. Much more of this sort of thing and I shall begin to wonder if Mr. John really is dignified, conservative and reserved.

Heyer life, or rank Austentation

One day last week my life was brightened by noting on the paperback stands "The Grand Sophy," by Georgette Heyer (ACE Star, 50¢, and thank you Don Wollheim). She's been a rather favorite author ever since Bill Donaho first talked me into reading her. And ever since then I've wanted to do a rather serious, careful, well-thought-out essay on The Works of Georgette Heyer. But I can't do it now. I've been goofing off. I've been reading her books for fun, and I haven't been taking careful notes of examples and exceptions and characteristics and so forth. But when Don Wollheim is good enough to publish her in paperback, I feel that now is the time for all good Heyer fans to express their appreciation.

Georgette Heyer has written a great many novels set in Regency England. I say "Regency England" but I strongly suspect that her Regency England is somewhat of a Neverneverland. Her heroes are all of extremely high rank, usually dukes or earls, and each is rather apt to be the most fashionable and eligible bachelor in all England. Could there have been that many unmarried peers at any one time? I doubt it. How many unmarried peers are there in England right now? It stands to reason that there are more peers now than there were then; peerages, like currency, are subject to inflation--new peerages are probably created much faster than the old ones die out. But if there is any large quantity of unmarried peers in England today no one has mentioned it to me.

Georgette Heyer has obviously steeped herself in the novels of Jane Austen. Not only are many plot elements taken (and utterly changed) from Jane Austen, but phrases of hers are used over and over again. "As like him as she can stare" and "to give him (or her) one of your set-downs" are the only two that I can remember now, but I know there are others. One thing that makes me feel that Georgette Heyer's Regency is a Nevernever land is that the two phrases I quote are used by Jane Austen's vulgarer characters, Mrs. Jennings whose company could afford the Dashwoods no pleasure, nor her protection, consequence, and Mrs. Bennett, who was clearly of less gentility than her husband and daughters. But in Georgette Heyer's world, these phrases are used by the most refined.

Georgette Heyer's manner of writing, her vocabulary and her sentence structure resemble Jane Austen's strikingly, although she is the livelier writer. But she uses many idioms which I have never seen elsewhere. For drunkenness, 'foxed' or 'disguised', for poverty, 'not a feather to fly with' or 'up the river Tick'. These idioms are utterly delightful. They may be authentic Regency--I don't know. There is an awful lot of Regenciana that I have simply not read yet. But I doubt it and I couldn't care less. To creeb at Georgette Heyer's Regency jargon is as silly and ungrateful as to complain that Damon Runyon's guys and dolls spoke Runyonesque, and not an authentic dialect.

I told you that Georgette Heyer uses plot elements from Jane Austen. I should give a few examples. Well, anytime any woman in a Heyer Regency novel is seriously

ill, during convalescence she starts at any sudden noise, for all the world like Louisa Musgrove in "Persuasion" when she was recovering from a head injury. In Georgette Heyer's "The Foundling" there is a girl who is blonde, beautiful, stupid, illegitimate, and deeply loved by a sensible, honest, upstanding young farmer and eventually married thereto. She's a version of Harriet Smith, from "Emma." In "Arabella" a young girl, one of the many children of a clergyman who is well off enough to take good care of his family but not to afford them substantial dowries, is courted because it is falsely believed that she is rich. Catherine Morland, in "Northanger Abbey"--right? In "The Grand Sophy" Sophy herself, rich, handsome, dominating, the daughter of a widowed father, is simply the Heyer version of Emma Woodhouse, from "Emma".

Like Emma, Sophy is fond of making matches. But she's not as offensive as Emma was, and her labors have very much happier results. There are two reasons for this. One is that the two books are not written on the same level. "Emma" is life itself, and Emma is as much a real person as any character in fiction can possibly be. "The Grand Sophy" is a light novel, and its purpose is to amuse and please, and not to show what Real People in a Real World are Really like. But I think perhaps an even more basic difference is that Emma in her youthful arrogance endeavored to shape people's inclinations, whereas Sophy merely tried to help people understand their own inclinations and then to shape circumstances so that these inclinations might be followed.

"The Grand Sophy" is a good example of how Georgette Heyer has been blessed by the Muse of Comedy. In the denouement people start to gather at the heroine's father's country house, and as set after set of incongruous folk arrive, and as the pleasing confusion mounts, the heroine quite logically introduces a number of very young ducklings. (Well--it must be read to be appreciated). In many of her books Georgette Heyer displays the same mastery of comic event that George Meredith shows in the picnic scene in "Evan Harrington" or in that scene in "The Egoist" where no one knows for sure whether Sir Willoughby Patterne is engaged to Clara or Laetitia.

Georgette Heyer's books vary a great deal in quality, but in general, her later books are superior to her earlier books. Her best book is probably the next to the last--"A Civil Contract". A young nobleman, impoverished by his father's folly, to save his family and his family's estate gives up the woman he loves and marries a rich tradesman's daughter, whom he gradually learns to love. This book has the symbolic charm of contrasting Regency with Victorian. The hero's lost sweetheart is typically Regency--she's reminiscent of Lady Caroline Lamb. The hero's wife is a less imperious, more humorous Victoria. The hero himself is perhaps a little like William Lamb, later Victoria's Lord M.

"A Civil Contract" has the honesty for the lack of which I rather dislike a much earlier work of hers, "Friday's Child." In "A Civil Contract" the hero intimates, after marriage, that since theirs is a marriage of convenience it need not be consummated. The heroine said that she would like to have children as soon as possible, but that of course she wouldn't insist. It was a beautifully handled scene. But in the much-earlier "Friday's Child", after marrying the heroine, the hero gives up his mistress, and yet doesn't consummate his marriage because the heroine is just a schoolgirl and he didn't marry her for love. And yet the reader knows that the heroine was willing. It isn't good, because it doesn't fit the picture of the Regency buck. One gets the impression that the hero gave his mistress up because he felt he couldn't afford a mistress and a wife both, which smacks of dull and dour economy, or that perhaps the only reason why he had a mistress at all was for the purpose of conspicuous consumption and a truly extravagant wife would serve just as well without his having to bother about sex. Now, you may say that a light novel need not be looked at that carefully, but I feel that if a book doesn't hold up under careful inspection, it doesn't hold up at all. Most of Georgette Heyer's books hold up quite well, and her best books hold up very very well.

Elinor

"I just can't get used to the stylo," said George. He handed me a stencil, which resembled one of those Tibetan prayer-flags they used to hang on long poles....a rather tattered prayer-flag.

"It seems to me, George," I said, "that either you're using too much pressure, or you need the knife and fork sharpened."

He gave me a rather rigid grin. I offered to do a couple of stencil headings for him, and as I worked on them, George sat back, strangely silent.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," he said quietly, almost as if he was talking to himself, "if I had enough money to get THE SCARR published professionally, with a technicolour front cover by Gerard Quinn, and all the features printed by MacMillan's, of London?"

I didn't reply. I didn't want to spoil his reverie. I'd often had the same sort of thoughts myself. George crossed over to my bookcase, and flipped through my books....thick books I'd bound myself, mostly newspaper cuttings of space flights, spy scandals, etc., my aeroplane books, fossil folios, etc.....I was happy to see that he found something to interest him..as I worked I looked up and saw him puffing a cigarette making copious notes.

At last I'd finished. I thought the illos looked fairly effective. George, usually rather liberal with praise for my artistic efforts for him, merely nodded, and folded the stencils up.

"By the way, John," he said, his eyes half closed beneath his spectacles, "how much do you want for your rusty old pedal cycle?"

Walt Willis first made me think deeply about George. He'd called round to borrow my SAPS mailing.

"Er, John," he asked, "what's George doing with these old pedal cycles?"

Ah ha. So, my secret was out. Willis had sold me the cycle a year previously for ten shillings. I'd charged George thirty shillings for it. I'd hoped that Walt wouldn't find out.

"Well, the fact is, Walt," I explained, "seeing that the office has now moved to within ten minutes walk, I decided that a pound profit showed my appreciation of the value I really placed on it, and also demonstrated my profound business acumen."

Willis closed his eyes, shook his head.

"I'll start again," he said, gritting his teeth. "Madeleine was at an auction sale in Belfast yesterday, and she saw George bid and purchase Lot 22.... ten rusty pedal cycles. Is he starting a cycle club for the inmates of 'Eventide' in Bangor?"

"I don't know, Walt." I saw my opportunity. "He even made me an offer for that splendid bike you sold me, but I told him that as you'd sold it to me in the first place it would be very mercenary of me to sell it to him, seeing as how..."

Walt screwed up the SAPS mailing.

"Just thought I'd mention it."

He walked down the path, got into his car, got his gear first time, and drove away without even hitting the lamppost. That showed what a state he was in. He was so amazed at what George could be doing with ten pedal cycles (eleven, really) that his usual flambuoyant crash of gears and ostentatious revving was forgotten. Instinct had at last asserted itself, whilst the busy mind was grappling with a new phenomenon.

And as I closed the door, I pondered too. What the heck was George up to?

Several weeks passed, and the mystery of George and the pedal cycles faded into insignificance. But one day whilst I was doing some research in Belfast Reference Library, I saw George industriously pouring all his interest and enthusiasm into a thick bound book, obviously very old. George hadn't seen me, and for some reason, I didn't go across to him, but hid myself behind the large atlas.

Finally he stood up, staggered across to the desk and handed the book back to the assistant. But as he pushed the book across the counter a small slip of paper fell to the floor. It couldn't have fallen from between the pages; possibly it was in George's hand and the effort in manipulating the tome had made him forget all about it.

After George had left I crossed quickly to the desk, handed my atlas in and dropped my pencil. As I picked it up, I snaffled the slip of paper also.

Outside, I opened it eagerly. I saw the cryptic riddle: "What happened to Hangegleiter?"

It has no doubt occurred to you that a person with my intelligence would have immediately returned and asked for the book George had borrowed, and so discover what 'Hangegleiter' was, and, possibly, what connection it had with old pedal cycles. Truth to tell, it was ten days before this idea struck me. I went back to the reference library, but when I described the book the assistant told me that an 'old gentleman' had obtained a permit to have the book on temporary loan. The title of the book...."Glories of the 19th Century."

Three months later, the invitation card arrived. It said:

You are cordially invited to attend the first flight
of the world's first successful man-powered aircraft.
This will take place at Ballysnottery Bog, near
Bangor, Co. Down, at 2.30 pm on 27th June 1963.

Yours,

George L. Charters
Gentleman

P.S. Please bring your cycle clips

Before I'd re-read the fantastic missive, Walt Willis arrived at my house. When I opened the door I saw his Morris Minor perched precariously half way across my high privet hedge. Willis was obviously in a hurry.

"Have you got one of these?" he panted, showing me an invitation card. I supported him into the front room and draped him across my new plush settee. I gave him a sniff of an empty gin bottle. He sat up.

"Yes, I've got one," I said. "Exciting, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Always thought George was the flighty type," he quipped. He was still obviously not himself.

"That explains what the pedal cycles were for, Walt," I said. "It all becomes all too clear to me, now. One day, months ago, George was muttering how nice it would be if he had a lot of money and could get THE SCARR published professionally. Then he ferreted through my books. I noticed that one took all his attention, and from his strange actions culminating with this card, I know which book it was."

"Which book, for Ghod's sake," hissed Willis.

"One of my current aeroplane periodicals," I explained. "You see, a man in England is offering £5,000 for the first successful man-powered flight. Actually, there have been several short flights in England this year. One man flew for half a mile at a height of about 10 feet. But there is one proviso. The flight must be for over a mile, and the aircraft must do minor turns, to show that there is some primary degree of control. I might add that the only way it appears that this can be done is with a mechanism involving pedally furiously, thus turning a large propellor."

Realization dawned on Walt's intellectual brow. "Tell me," he panted. "Can you lend me a pair of cycle clips?"

Willis had telephoned George, accepting the invitation from us all....Walt, myself, Madeleine, Bob Shaw and James White. George had told Walt that his aircraft was parked in a large barn, and had given Walt the map reference. We all

went in Walt's car, and after leaving the main road south of Bangor and negotiating several long rutted lanes, we reached the barn.

George stood outside it. He wore a leather fur-collared ankle-length coat and thick woolly-edged goggles. "Have you all got cycle clips?" he asked.

We nodded.

"Is your aircraft in there?" asked Willis kindly. It was a large barn with a fairly small door.

George nodded. "Before I show it to you, I must explain that I've been a student of man-powered aircraft since before the turn of the century. I realised that pedalling and turning a prop was the only way. But in those days I had a penny-farthing bicycle, and the forward drive was much too unwieldy. I have also studied the exploits of German aviator Otto Lilienthal of the last century, especially with his Hangegleiter, but although he actually glided with wings strapped to his arms and back, it could in no way be called flying. I have, however, utilized the wing formation he designed, although this has been amended to facilitate the five pedal cycles fixed underneath."

"You mean you want us to actually fly the thing?" panted Willis, pushing his cycle clips back into his pocket.

"Yes and no," replied George importantly. "Yes, because I want you to provide the motive power...no, because I'm actually controlling the craft from a cockpit on top of the wing surface."

Bob spoke up. He works for a large aeronautical concern, and knows a lot about aeroplanes, almost as much as me. "Have you worked out the ratio between the combined weight of the cyclists and yourself, and the combined thrust of the five propellers, bearing in mind the required angle of incidence, the take-off weight, the drag, wind resistance, and this muddy ground?"

George took off his goggles, shook his head as if trying to clear it, and then he just didn't answer, but opened the barn door and ushered us inside.

We all gazed in awe at the monstrosity before us. The wing, with a span of about forty feet, was shaped in plan form roughly like that of a bird, fully extended. Along the wing plan were five squares cut out of the wing, about five feet square. Underneath these squares were five pedal cycle frames. From the axles, the driving cog wheel chain connected to another large cogwheel driving five large-bladed propellers. On top of the wing, in front of the middle cut-out square, was a seat, with several rather crude looking levers.

"Take your places, ladies and gentleman," ordered George. "Madeleine, as being a member of the weaker, er, sex, maybe you'd take the middle drive."

"George," said Walt, "what's this all about?"

"I'm after the £5,000 prize for the first man-powered craft to fly one mile," said George.

"But that has to be flown on a measured course in England," I said.

"I know," said George. He waved to a large bag in his cockpit. "We're flying over to England now. I've told them we'll be there tonight. That bag is full of sandwiches and flasks of tea."

All our mouths were opened wide. George had decided to fly 300 miles....with us all pedalling like mad.

Slowly, Walt bent down and fitted on his cycle clips. We all did the same. We helped Madeleine into the middle propeller drive.

"One thing," muttered James White, who had been a silent witness to this fantastic affair, "how are you going to get the craft out of the barn?"

I'd wondered about this too.

"John," said George, as he clambered up the framework of the craft to his seat, "just pull that lever by the door, will you?"

As the others took their places, I did so. The barn roof opened in two halves, revealing a rather cloudy sky. George coughed proudly. Oh well, I took my seat between Madeleine and James White.

"Hold tightly onto your handlebars," ordered George. He pulled a lever. We all slowly turned 90 degrees downwards. The propellers just fitted into the

square holes, protruding through them.

"Vertical take-off," muttered George, "And when I say three, pedal like mad."

We looked at each other...our faces red with...er...was it embarrassment...was pity for George...was it the blood rushing to our heads as our noses barely scraped the manure floor of the barn?

"One." We all gripped the handlebars.

"Two." We felt the air of tension. Had George actually done it? The world's first man (and woman) powered craft? And could it just possibly fly 300 miles?

"Three." We all pedalled like mad.

"I said THREE!" shouted George.

Still we pedalled.

And then, miraculously, we rose...oh so slowly...the floor drew away from us, and then a blast of cold air hit us.

"Hold it," shouted George. "I'm now going to switch to forward drive."

We swivelled through 90 degrees.

"I'm going to hover," screamed George. He pulled another lever. The blast of air stopped as large flaps dropped vertically.

"Now then, Walt," shouted George. "Which way is it to England?"

"Haven't you got a compass?" screamed Walt. His legs, unused to pedalling, were slowing down. Madeleine had stopped altogether; I think James had fainted. I didn't have the nerve to look at Bob.

"'Course I have," screamed George. "D'you think I'm daft? Trouble is, there's so much metal here that the needle is whizzing round like I wish these propellers were."

The pedallers seemed to lose interest at the thought of crossing the Irish Sea without a working compass. We sank into the barn once more, George pulling levers like mad, and actually producing a whip which he cracked menacingly above our backs.

We climbed down. There was a mad race for the car. Willis didn't bother to go into reverse. He swivelled round, and with the remnants of a five-barred gate decorating the bonnet, we headed as fast as possible towards the main road and Belfast.

George sat down, and handed me a square of paper.

"Are you publishing POT POURRI soon?" he asked, his eyes downcast.

"I'm working on an issue now," I said.

"Put this advert in, will you, please?" he asked diffidently.

I looked at it: "If anyone interested in acquiring a collection of rusty pedal cycle parts will contact George Charters, he will hear something to his advantage."

"Of course I will, George," I soothed. "Really, it was a superb attempt. If you'd advertised for five racing cyclists, and not been so ambitious, you might easily have flown a mile."

"It's all been broken up. Actually, at the moment I'm working on a project to put a fan into orbit. I've purchasing ten thousand shilling rockets. I've mounted them into the bottom of a dustbin. All I need is a volunteer...."

I gently led George to the door, shaking my head. "Try Walt Willis," I said.

A tear came into George's eyes. "He told me to try you," he said.

"Try James White," I suggested.

"He told me to try Walt Willis."

"Try Bob Shaw."

"He told me to try James White."

"Tell you what, George," I said. "I'll advertise in POT POURRI. Maybe one of the younger fans would like to try...George Willick...or even D. B. Berry."

Somehow, I felt a pang of pity as George walked down the pathway to his car.

I hoped...I sincerely hoped he wouldn't try it himself.....

WITH KEEN BLUE EYES AND A BICYCLE...

Naturally we are flipped out of our skulls, around here, at Wally's having won TAFF. I mean, we have been very high on the boy all along, but in this wicked world one becomes braced against the possibility that not everybody Out There will dig the merits of one's local hometown talent-standouts as much as one [this one, for instance] does. But now my faith in human and even fannish nature is restored.

So we join our thanks with Wally's, to all who helped this guy come up with the recognition that he's had coming for a long time. Particular thanks to Don Franson who sparked the nominating process when things were in a lull of sorts. But also to each and every CRYbuff who helped to back the play. Yes, you!

Keep 'em On Their Toes Dep't: So now, ATom for TAFF! Right? Right!

Since every fanzine needs a Serious Constructive Topic these days, I will tell you about the local Civil Rights situation. OK? Well, there were a few marches and other demonstrations. A few teenage kids were thrown in the bucket for lying down or sitting in City Hall corridors so that City Hall brass could not get into or out of offices without tripping, but the kids were released to their parents, and when brought into court were told that it is all right to demonstrate but don't grab the mayor by the ankle so's he falls on his neck, and were turned loose with clean records. Not exactly a Bull Connor scene, you'll admit.

The major issue at hand is an Open Housing ordinance drafted by a Commission appointed for the purpose and heavily loaded with a moderate sort of fire-eaters. The ordinance as drafted is too strong to pass any public vote, so it was watered down somewhat. The City Council had the choice of putting it on the books with an emergency clause that would put it into effect immediately, passing it without the emergency clause so that it would first go to a vote next March, or simply referring it to the vote. They did the latter [somewhat predictably].

In nearby Tacoma, however, an equivalent or even tougher law was enacted by that Council without a public vote; a referendum petition was circulated and now there will be a vote there also, next spring.

The trouble with all this is that the Rights advocates are giving the very strong impression that they want to avoid, block, or circumvent any vote of the electorate. Mind you, they do have a point: as several Negro spokesmen have said, "Why should my rights be dependent on a vote of the white man?" But it is still a poor move, given the current balance of power in the town, to try any kind of steamroller tactics-- simply because rightly or wrongly the majority will have its vote on this matter. And if the Negro has fought against the vote, the vote is all the more apt to go against the Negro. It may not be "fair" but it is certainly a very probably reaction, so the best bet would seem to have been for the Rights group to grit their teeth and concentrate on swinging that vote rather than trying to block it. And further, to push first for a law that would have a chance of passing, rather than pushing for the strongest possible law. This is a matter of tactics or How To Get There From Here [politics, you will recall, has been defined as "the art of the possible"].

The town does need some such law and now would be the best possible time to have it go into effect. We have a housing situation that is beginning to get pretty bad, could easily and quickly get worse, but could also be corrected now without too much turmoil. It's not as bad as the classical situation because our "ghetto" area is a house-and-lot district for the most part rather than tenements. Some of it is pretty awful but also there are goodsized areas of well-kept-up houses; the setup is by no means hopeless or even staggeringly difficult, if the ghetto proposition can be knocked in the head reasonably soon. Mainly it is a matter of relieving crowding-pressures and knocking the props from under gouging landlords in the present "black belt", and if we do not take this opportunity to do the job, I think we are a grade-A bunch of damn fools and deserve the crimerate that comes from ghetto-type suppression of several thousand people. (About 30,000).

Seattle even has a successful local precedent going for it: our sizable Oriental minority was in much the same bind not too many years ago and now is out of it for the most part by a gradual process [but that was a local problem, you see-- without the nationwide bombast we have on this one-- much easier].

So in this case it seems we do need a law. The question then is: how far should it go? Where does your fist end and my nose begin? And this is not as simple a question as the average partisan of either side seems to think.

Should a man be able to buy or rent any housing that he can afford? Why, of course. Obviously. Sure. Except-- should a man be able to dispose of his own home for sale or rental as he chooses? Well, I think he should. His own house. There are those who don't agree with me, but I think the individual in his own right should have full say-so over the disposal or occupancy of his own personal domicile. For any good reason or for none. So where to draw the line...?

The typical open-housing law tries to draw some arbitrary distinction on the basis of the size of a business operation. Sometimes it looks reasonable from one side or the other, but invariably someone can come up with an example that would be an injustice to one or the other party at dispute.

Tentatively, I would suggest that the blind spot is the failure to distinguish between "private property rights" and personal rights. That is, a multimillion-dollar apartment-building corporation, or a contractor selling tract houses for a living, is not the same as a man selling his own residence or renting a room in it. In the one case we have a "housing industry" which cannot in fairness be allowed to push an identifiable minority of American citizens into ghettos. In the other case we have an individual who should have some rights over the disposition of his personal possessions. Or so I see it: the contractor's stock of houses should be open to sale to any good-credit risk, but he should be able to turn away any prospective buyer of his own personal residence, any time [perhaps for the good personal reason that he heard the prospective buyer say he was going to take out that apple tree in the back corner of the yard-- or for no objective reason at all].

In short, then, why can we not draw the line in this argument between "human rights" and "property rights" at a point where the distinction vanishes-- where it is all a matter of personal human rights? You don't have to sell me your car if you don't like my looks, but the used-car or new-car salesman has no choice if I have the cash or if my credit is good; why are houses any different? Hmmm?

Housing [and jobs, but in no such clearcut fashion] is the major race beef here. 15 years ago many restaurants had the "We reserve the right to refuse service..." signs up, but somehow they have disappeared and have not been seen for the past 8 years or so. All in all, the town does have a pretty good start.

As for myself, I would like to reserve the right to dispose of my own house or rent a room in it (ha! in THIS house?) at my own whim, which is by no means pre-set on a racial basis-- but I claim and want no right of veto over (say) my nextdoor neighbor's free choice; that's his business. If I do not like the acts of any neighbor I have 2 courses of action: hit him up about it or call the cops on him. I have resorted to the first alternative maybe 3 or 4 times in the nine years we have lived here, and never as yet to the second, though I would if I felt it to be really necessary. So I don't quite see what all the problem is, except that most people on both sides seem determined to have one.

So that is the current state of Civil Rights in the Fair city of Seattle.

WORLD'S FAIR city, that is-- as distinct from NY which has an Exposition...

We also have here developing a fabulous fannish center, by golly. Gregg Calkins is going to be around for another year, he says. We are pleased to see Joe and Juanita Green back from the wilds of Montana and the Dakotas. Wrai Ballard says he expects to hit here shortly after the first of the year. And Dick Eney says he might make it, too. Why, it will be just like a Big City Fan Group except that none of us are mad at each other, or likely to be.

And I do believe that I've achieved my quota of Great Golden Truths for this gala December Issue: Muddy Cliff nest anyHow penurier. -- Buz.

choked off by
Wally Weber

Ordinarily we plunge right into the mailbag, emerging at brief intervals thereafter until the last crumpled and shredded WAHfer flutters to final rest in the wastebasket, after which we also crawl into the wastebasket until the next issue is due. As usual, this particular time is not ordinary, and once again we deviate from the classic lettercolumn form. We begin instead with three garbled sentences as we try to pull ourselves together (which is why I'm plural at the moment) and collect our addled wit, and finally give up the struggle by presenting an anonymous telegram that really isn't anonymous at all once you know who wrote it and you certainly will when you read it if we can just stop our finger from babbling all over these keys which had better be.. right..... NOW!

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WALLY WEEBER

CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING A TERM AT PARKERS PENITENTARY

CHIEF WARDER

(20).

[Well, that did it. My wit is collected between these little square brackets again and I am back to normal. The only problem is, normal doesn't seem to be where it used to be. What can I say?

Well, I can say, "Thank you." (It's not original; I copied it from some other people who used it first, but it certainly does apply.) THANK YOU folks who voted for me for TAFF. Even those of you who only voted once. It's kind of an awesome feeling to have been voted for, and I have to admit... I like it. THANK YOU folks who voted for Marion or Bruce, because you voted for the person you knew to be the best candidate; I hope the results haven't disappointed you too much. And, after all, I am getting your money. Most of all, THANK YOU Marion and THANK YOU Bruce, for being the kind of candidates anyone would have to feel proud to have won against. Proud, and lucky, too. We'll never know how many votes were decided by chance. Why if it hadn't been for my early nomination allowing me to get my bribe in first I might have... But I digress. There are more people to thank. THANK YOU Ella, Madeleine, Don, Bill and Buz. THANK YOU Ethel and Ron.

Hmmm. Thank you loyal CRY readers who have waded through this page in hopes I'll eventually get this worked out of my system and start printing the letters you came here to read. Well, okay. I guess I'll have to get a ribbon for my typewriter and start writing personal letters to people. Elinor tells me now that I'm a TAFF administrator I'll have to learn how to write letters.

So alright. Here's your lettercolumn. THANK YOU anyhow. --www]

NORM CLARKE HAD A VISION

Box 911, Aylmer E., Que., Canada

Dear Elinor & Buz:

Oct. 21, 63.

I said to Gina, "Hey, I guess one of us had better write a LoC on this Cry, or else we might pretty soon have to send money again." I waved the issue at her, and then I sat down and watched TV for a while; and now I can't find the gaddamn thing. Cry, I mean. It wasn't in the fridge, but there was some beer ... whoops, I found it, under the sofa. Here come the gushwow Comments!

"Page Three", by F.M. "Booze" Busby contained some excellent characterization, but the plot fell down badly toward the end. The gimmick of having the "Selectric" typer bread down is one of those shoddy deus ex machina devices. And that's what's wrong with Science Fiction today!

Donald Franson says something about COTR's resembling "The Vizigraph"; it reminds me, more, of "The Ether Vibrates" and "The Reader Speaks," probably because

Wally's comments (particularly in the WAHF section) often remind me of Sam Mines'. [Free-fallin' Grulzaks, Wartears, ol' Norm must be hittin' the Xeno again! --www]

Ah, this COTR is just ~~100%~~ full of nostalgia. There is Joe Green, reminiscing happily about "those exciting Thursday Nights." There is Will Jenkins, whispering weakly from the Grave and wondering, among the worms, "Who is tending bar?" There is Harry Warner, reminding us that "Tucker is almost 50 and that Rich Brown has just become 21"; but he realizes, and points out, that "both seem to have existed forever." Harry, they have existed forever. All fandom, and all true fans, are the only immortal and eternal Reality. You doubt me? You scoff? All right, then. I give you Wm. Deeck. Behold: Wm Deeck Returns. He is risen, as he said. That is what the Angel told them, when they asked for Him in the market-place of Mundane: "He is not here. He is risen, as he said. Seek him in the Cry lettercol. You will find Him sitting at the right hand of Boyd Raeburn. Or Maybe Not."

One of these days, Peter Vorzimer, too, will return; I have had a Vision.

I liked the rest of Cry, too -- particularly John Berry's bit; I am, of course, Queer for Show Biz stories like that -- but tonight is my night for Celebrating the Cry letter column: I think it's just great (even Wm. Deeck!); and, now and then, I even take out and fondle my -- woops, hold the scissors, Wally -- Cry Letterhack Card.

For now,

Norm

HARRY WARNER JR. LIVES IN A DRY TOWN 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
Dear Cry: 21740 October 20, 1963

The Wessex Morris Dancers apparently got their magic tangled up in the space-time continuum and directed that fine weather to this part of Maryland. If it's rained since 7:45 p.m. on July 23, nobody can remember it. Someone asked me today what the ground does in the winter when it's supposed to freeze but there's nothing in it to freeze. I've attended several vaguely futuristic meetings in which reactionaries were plotting ways to prevent the manipulation of the weather, and they were something like a rejected prozine story about a future in which dictators control the climate. Fruit growers in this area have been hiring a cloud-seeding firm to break up hailstorms before damage can result, and the farmers believe that this is cutting down on the rainfall. Their evidence is quite slim, because the drought extends over most of the northeast and the weather modification only over a narrow belt in the Appalachians, and the cloud-seeding ended at the conclusion of the thunderstorm season on September 1. But it's like being in the future, to sit and listen to men argue over what happens to the water in the clouds when the seeding goes to work, and speculate that maybe the fruit growers are actually secret agents of unspecified hostile forces who are trying to cut out rain instead of hail, and even hear one fanatic prove by the Bible that an enormous hailstone is going to get revenge for this tampering with providence by landing right smack atop the orchard country and annihilate everything in a fifty-mile radius.

I liked Case History of a Correspondence, not only for its entertainment value but for its message. It's almost inevitable that there will be this type of a breakthrough by someone in or hovering around fandom some day and then the gafiating fans who burn all their fannish materials on leaving the field will be even more bitter toward fandom, realizing what valuable property they've destroyed. And it's no use kidding ourselves that the phenomenon won't take a nastier turn: that someone with fannish past will do something very terrible and that we'll be exposed to national publicity for this reason. I'm sure that if I were a teen-ager and just getting into fandom, I'd want to be very careful about the kind of jokes I published and the wild statements that I made. They could backfire with a bad effect on a career. Remember, I almost got shoved into the limelight a few years back during the Ted Pauls poltergeist excitement. A reporter picked up some vaguely relevant statement in a letter that happened to be visible in the Paul's home and I kept out of the metropolitan newspapers only because the reporter didn't notice it was a letter, and referred to it as something Ted had written.

After that weekend in Washington, I've decided that there is an excellent reason why fanac subsides for several weeks after a worldcon. It occurs because fans have given away most of their possessions. I was prepared for almost anything at my first worldcon, but not for the way I was deluged with stuff. The first thing was a Charles Panzera record that Les Gerber turned over to me. Then when I wasn't looking someone slipped a copy of the December, 1952, issue of Imagination into the pile of stuff that went with my badge. Ed Meskys turned over to me a small black volume containing most of the secrets of New York fandom for several years for use in the fan history. From Les Nirenberg I acquired an issue of Justice Weekly whose first headline says: GIRL PLEADS TO GO BACK TO HER TORTURER. Hans Stefan Santesson met me walking down a corridor and like lightning extracted from his case the October issue of The Saint Mystery Magazine that contains a superb story by Cornell Woolrich and a glamorized Speer stick man on the cover. And lots of persons wanted to give me things that were too humid to be held in the hand without the help of a glass or bottle.

Mae Strelkov's letter is the brightest spot of the letter section this time. But I can't feel sympathy for her fondness for the group phenomenon that she senses in Cry. It's something like Sturgeon stories in which several persons mesh into something greater than the sum of the whole. I have the utmost horror of anything that will cause me to lose the portion of my individuality that hasn't already been usurped by conditioning and customs and the laws. I doubt that I would choose to accept a chance to get into one of these shared multiple-person entities, if I were invited and knew I was fit for it. It might be the logical next step in evolution or it might be something as nightmarish as one of those picnic races where you try to reach a goal with an arm or leg tied to that of your partner. I realize that the sense of two merging into one makes the sexual act and even a happy marriage as a whole something very wonderful. But it doesn't follow that it would be just as wonderful or desirable to get involved in a human beehive.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV REPORTS ON UFO Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba, Argentina
Dear CRIERS: South America, Oct. 25, 1963

The new CRY hasn't yet arrived. (Will it? Did I rate a CRY this time?) In any case, let me try to earn a new CRY, till I can subscribe; and that will be, not yet. Oh, with our new dear president (a doctor of medicine, who used to treat all his patients free), we may have our peso reach the level of your dollar, though I doubt it. Not if he keeps on being uninterested in money, the way he's always been. But at least he won't steal, as most presidents south of the border do. As for his cabinet -- who knows?

Talking of presidents, I can't help admiring the one of Mexico, and admiring Mexico in general. Wish we were as advanced as they!

Now to discuss a subject that's classical for a s-f fanzine like yours. (Or don't you discuss classical themes like non-identified flying objects?)

We've got them here. The Flying saucer folk seem to like Argentina. I imagine they don't haunt you folk any longer, since you've got radar and are all watching out for missiles constantly. Nobody (not even Spacelings) want to get blown out of the air.

Anyway, the other night one scared the daylights out of a truckman here in Cordoba Province. It landed before him on a lonely road in the rain and blinded him with a white light, so he ran into a ditch. Then he saw the famous shape -- "plato voladora" as we call it here -- and from the top a hatch opened, and out climbed two "giants" wearing fantastic clothes and helmets and shone a red light on him that "burned" his skin slightly. Probably a ray to disinfect him and get rid of a few germs! Then they started walking in a slow, friendly way towards him, and he, my dear, suddenly recalled that "by chance" he carried a revolver, so he shot at them thrice and ran away. The red light followed him till he vanished. He was then

taken by Earthlings to the police, and the police doctor announced that the burns were caused by "unidentified" sources.

Stories like the above are constantly appearing in the Argentine press. One case that was told over the radio last year: a fellow in a car was driving in the dark up north near Bolivia; a purple light stopped him and he lost consciousness. When he came to himself, half an hour later, he was still lying beside the road, only it wasn't the same road and his car was nowhere near. Running to the nearest city, he found it was one near Mar del Plata, thousands of miles (well, I don't know the exact figures, but a day and a half driving, or maybe less), from his car.

I'm wondering how to get them to drop in on us, up in these hills? Should I carve out enormous signs on the hilltops (like the queer signs at Nazca, Peru), to attract their attention? I'm longing to get an exclusive interview! I could murder that fool for shooting at these visitors, and running away, not staying to say, "Welcome to Earth!"

In my recent research I came across details that add up to Spacelings visiting this continent for centuries, and even having a spaceport here, in Patagonia, a port called by South American natives "Linlin". The Jesuits sought Linlin desperately for some 3 centuries. After 1767, when they were expelled, the Franciscans had a try. The entire story is a howl, and has me convinced that the golden, "Enchanted City", on its island in the inaccessible glacial lake, with a "Diamond Hill" (conical spaceship?) beside it, was not just another Cuzco or Tenochitlan (Mexico). What must these Galactics have thought of our fanatical, murderous "civilizers" and Conquistadores, "converting" natives at swordpoint, and driving them around like slaves? No wonder these hypothetical Spacelings feel wary of making friends with us officially. They have only to peer down at South Africa, Birmingham, Algeria, and most any other place, today, to discover our strain of insanity is still strong! Sometimes I'm ashamed to be a member of the human race, when I wonder what we look like to impartial observers, from the skies. And I don't just mean God Himself!

May I thank Donald Franson for mailing me a CRY letterhack card? Why didn't he also drop a note, just for the heck of it? I have time to answer letters, though haphazardly, and when "between books". (Yep, this female down here is another damn fool keeps trying to write a book that may finally be publishable.)

As for the card, it's a beauty, and I'm longing to try it out one day on our pompous police! But not till I replace my own real identity card the Buenos Aires police gave me. My last maid pinched it, I suppose for no other reason but that she loved collecting odds and ends for "memory", poor little dear. And, though she still lives on this estancia I've not the courage to embarrass her by saying, "Did you steal my cedula?" It would be too cruel. [How about asking her if she has your last issue of Cry?--www] I shall get another, in due course. Meanwhile, I might try to use that CRY LETTERHACK card, if somebody asks me to identify myself. We're notorious as being the legendary white couple inhabiting the magic, sky garden of the richest Argentine billionaires, our bosses! Of course, we're just their serfs, but the local yokels still think of us as godlings because we rub shoulders, summers, with these local deities! Colonial times are still in existence, down here! [Say, Mae, you don't think your bosses stole that Cry, do you? --www]

On second thoughts, I guess I won't risk using that card unless I do have a real "cedula de identidad" in reserve. You should see how touchy the road cops can be! In the times of Peron, we had to show our documents with the wrong end of a machine gun pointing our way. One gets innured! Even firing-squads are nothing, once you grow accustomed, perhaps!

But times seem to have changed, and this new president is a darling, and we lay our bets on him as yet. Of course, there's no guarantee that his Cabinet are equal dears! That would be statistically improbable, judging by past political events, since we first arrived in South America in 1936.

I am beginning to meet local fans, though only through the mails. Osvaldo Elliff, from La Plata, is one, and he and his wife sound real nice. I wish they

lived nearer. I wish you all lived nearer. If I can get a "flying saucer" from a passing Galactic, the distances won't matter. I'll fly up there! To you and the stars also!

Love --

Mae

DONALD FRANSON SOLVES EDITOR PROBLEM 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
Dear Wally Wally (of Walla Walla?) October 1, 1963 91606

Received the October CRY on Sep. 30, so will get a head start on my CRY letter. It won't be published till December, so Merry Christmas, everyone! Such is the plight of writers who have to write unseasonal comments.

Prominent New York Fan is wrong. Contributors should pay for the next issue as it is (1) either full of egoboo for his contribution, or (2) contains constructive criticism of it. And what's the matter with the contributor writing a letter of comment on his own contribution, perhaps explaining it or apologizing for it, thus getting the next issue free anyway? I don't know how this saves you money, Buz, but it's the best I can do.

Page three is usually friendly and cheerful, but this time it's rather blood-curdling to read the suggestion, "list the pre-1961 issues (of CRY) you can bear to part with". Bone-chilling. Both the idea of wanting real CRY-fans to part with their CRYs, and the thought of CRY-fans who might actually want to part with their CRYs. Imagine transferring their collections from their safes to a library. I'd sooner see both science fiction and fanzines in the hands of fans, who value them, even if thereby some of them do get lost due to various causes. Besides, old CRYs are dittoed. Doesn't ditto fade out in 100 years or so?

When you take your screwdriver to the electric typer, do you pull out the plug, Buzzzzz?

Wally's con report is pretty good. Interesting to read about you trying to save a table for SAPS, and Campbell horning in on it; at the Chicon, John Trimble asked me to save a table for LASFS, and so I had to turn away several people, among them Ed Emsch and Hal Clement. So help me. What I won't do for LASFS.

So the editors don't want stories slanted to them? The only solution to that is to eliminate the editors. Have sort of a Prozone Manuscript Bureau, where everyone sends their stories, and editors come to pick them out of the crudpile. No slant then. Seems to me the best variety of stories always appeared when a mag was first starting, before slant set in. The editors should blame themselves, not the authors, for this. "Give me what I really want, not what I seem to tell you I want by buying everything similar." There won't be any breakthroughs as long as editors have a fixed idea of what their readers like. Do they really know?

Hooray for Elinor's defense of science fiction fans at conventions as being less obnoxious than other kinds of convention fans. Why, the Canadian Legion even practiced their bagpipes at unearthly hours of the afternoon.

Yes, Eney is very nice about putting ads in con booklets at last minutes; he helped out the N3F this way once. I think Eney deserves some kind of award, maybe from TAFF. For being a Good Loser. Like, making him publish all the TAFF con reports.

Don't make CRY a small frequent personalzine. Too many of them damn things in fandom now. Most of them boring. Apa stuff. Not the stuff that genzines are made of. /Double-take: Send Weber West? [I picked up a lot of votes from that ad; fans thought they were voting against me. --www]

Liked the ape story. Why doesn't the ape put out an ape-zine?

I can tell Greg from Jim Benford. Greg is the fanzine publisher, and looks much more burned-out.

Will Sykora has done more than publish Fantasy-News since coming back. He's joined the N3F and is working on a project for First Fandom. Speaking of old timers, Art Widner was at the Westercon, and said he was interested in fandom again. I know Jack Darrow's address (and real name) but I think he's laying low. I don't think

that old-timers wouldn't enjoy fandom-- it's not that much different, once you get to know the people in it. Names and faces change, but fans are no different. Fans are not older, as Elinor claims. She is probably going by fans she knows, but doesn't take into consideration the new ones coming in all the time. She should see the N3F Welcommittee zine.

Howcome you didn't head the letter, "Mae Surtees Strelkov is Touched"? I'm afraid fans in general are more individualistic than hive-minded, and are not really social at all, conventions being an exception to their non-social lives (as compared with non-fans). Readers and writers and fanzine publishers are not social types. There isn't time for all that, and all this too. Most social-type fans are really fringe-fans. That's why stf clubs are poorly attended.

Good ghu, Wolfenbanger's fiction is lousy. Just like the old CRY.

Bob Smith keeps changing exotic addresses. I think he's Putting Us On. There's really no R.F. Smith in Australia at all; it's just Terry Carr in Brooklyn with Australian stamps.

Dennis Lien writes like a CRYhack of the old school.

Wally, you started off again on the wrong foot with Deeck-- you say "William" twice-- it's Wm. You will be told. Unless Wm. has lost his zest for battle, in these four years of soft living, away from CRY.

Don't worry about Berry continuing to write for CRY. When he gets tired they will break in another "Berry", like they do for syndicated comic strips.

Yours,

Don

SGT. RF. SMITH NOTICES ZANY CHARACTERS c/o 1 COD Sgts' Mess, Bandiana. Victoria.
Dear Crygang: Australia Wednesday, 30th October 63

This bi-monthly sked of yours really makes it easy for me to comment on Cry, even if you do butcher the letters.

Poor old Quetzalcoatl has certainly had a variety of origins tacked on to him from time to time; Mexican, Irish, Norseman, and even Atlantean, so I imagine a Phoenician appears fairly reasonable after that lot! Incidentally, the Quetzalcoatl of the Valley of Mexico was never blond but usually black in beard and face paint, according to my limited knowledge of this confusing character.

John Berry was enjoyed. I recall in the early days of my schooling we had a teacher who was slightly fanatical about Morris Danding. It was quite a shock to us youngsters to see the tough-looking, hairy man, who also taught boxing at the school, prancing around with bells on his knees and waving them flags; but we forgave him when he climbed into a tank and went to North Africa. He never came back, either. [He might have made it if he had used a boat.--www]

Elinor: The 1955 Cleveland Convention must have been good! In his introduction to Damon Knight's In Search of Wonder Anthony Boucher called it, "that happiest, warmest, and most delightful of Conventions!", and I imagine the pros don't get enthusiastic over nothing.

Buz: Jeez...I hope you were only kidding with the idea of Cry becoming one of them there snappy little zines?

Will Jenkins "Kala" was chortleworthy.

I get the impression from Mae's opening passages in her letter that Cry is the only fanzine she has seen so far? I know how she feels about theis "gestalt" communion, but only hope that other fanzines will not be too disappointing for her. Hmm...wonder if she's read the "Baldy" series, or Slan, or The Demolished Man, or Methusalah's Children yet...?

Roy Tackett: Fascinating thought; Phoenicians in the New World. They certainly were capable of it; apart from being expert long-range sailors and navigators they also had the natural trading determination and curiosity which probably overcame the fear of straying too far from the African coast. Who published Fair Gods and Stone Faces?

Dennis Lien: I think you are missing too much if you stick to F&SF, even if prices are ridiculously high.

There certainly are some pretty zany characters in the letter column these days. 'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

PHILLIP A. HARRELL STARTS OVER 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23509
Dear Wally Weber and CONStituents; Octoberrrrr 15, '63

So CRY came today duly forwarded by a cowardly Post Office that has never forwarded a Fanzine before but realized what my CRY means to me. Naturally the first thing I turned to was He who won TAFF's CON report, and Naturally the first thing I screamed was WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PARAGRAPH YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO DEDICATE TO NOTHING BUT HOW I HOUNDED YOU DOWN FOR 13-1/2 HOURS WEBER? Then I turned to CotR and read Don Franson's letter and I knew! HAD but that Franson is a Fiend! I rifled madly thru my wallet and looked at a now Blank CRYhack Card!!!!!! How could he do this to me? I looked at the three Con reports that came in and NOTHING! This is Impossible! All the people who's con reports I read were at my Party and were in my company for extended periods of Time;; Ron Ellik, Wally Weber, Dick Lupoff, Harry Warner, Jr. But no one mentions me and just this morning I looked in a mirror and nothing looked back! GIVE ME BACK MY IDENTITY DON FRANSON!

Now I'll have to start all over again. Gad! the things I go thru for my Beloved CRY.

Uh, Wally May I correct one small error you had in your con report. Forry didn't present the "SPOF" award. The way it went was thus:

Hal Clement called Forry up to accept the SMOF award in Ted Sturgeon's behalf as Ted wasn't there and it was Presented to Ted in the manner of Laney's Fandango award because of what Ted did to Fandom with his story at ChiCon last year and when Forry accepted it he said, "Are you sure you don't mean the 'Spoof' award?" and went back to his seat with it. Hal would only say further that as it was a classified matter, and as he was used to working with Classified matter he knew when to stop talking and Did. I also noticed all over the Con signs and Pictures stating, "SMOF was here." Now all we have to do is figure out what SMOF means and we're in Business. As Forry accepted it, I'm tempted to believe it meant Small Monsters of Fandom which Forry was liberally coated with everytime I saw him.

I found that while I was in Canada I would be unable to Get a Job unless I changed my Citizenship (to me a thing akin to cancelling all contacts with CRY) from American to Canadian, so I ran all the way back here. I shipped my Clothes via Canadian Pacific Railway Express the day I left (Sept. 20) and of this date I'm still waiting for my Clothes and my collection of fanzines. Meanwhile I'm about to start a one person Nudist colony for want of my Clothes. If you hear of all sorts of Rail Disasters, it's just me looking for my Collection of CRY and my Miserable Clothes!

I won't tell what went on at the Parties. Just I have vague memories of after 48 hours without sleep of turning into Wally Weber, and I still have his DisCon badge to prove it. I remember knocking over three sweet little old ladies. Then I robbed the vault, crashed into three rooms, threw the night warchman down five flights of stairs and every time he bounced I'd yell WALLY WEBER FOR TAFF, now THAT is loyalty for you, and I never took off your badge once even when I voted for You all five times for TAFF. Now tell me, what did you do that was fun with my Name Tag on? [Well, I went down to the train depot and picked up this collection of CRY's and clothes... --www]

You know who did all that beautiful slide work for Dick Lupoff? M*E*! And I missed the whole thing; seems I had gone out to lunch with Don Wollheim. I missed most of the first days events...seems I was spending all of my time looking for Wally Weber. It got so bad when someone would see me coming they'd scream, "NO! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM!" Ron Ellik I only looked for 10-1/2 hours.

Best, Phil

DICK LUPOFF HAVE GOOD RAUGH

2]0 East 73rd Street, New York, NY 10021

Dear WWW, Elinor, Buz, and cetera,

October 27, 1963

This letter is being typed on a 10-pitch Selectric (yours is a 12, no?). I've had it for about a month now, and I'm delighted with the machine. IBM offers a comfortable little employee discount, but the price is still sort of breath-taking.

Anyway, there's this here #170, and I'll take it in reverse order, naturally. You gunter publish a list of those 299 CRY Letterhacks? Of course you understand that under the fannish obligation of furnishing to the subject of egoboo a copy of the publication in which he received said egoboo, you are going to have to furnish copies of 171 to those 299 people, in addition to any of your regular subscribers/traders/contributors not on that list? I'd say that that will give you a circulation somewhere between 350 and 400 copies of #171. Is this a record of some sort?

Bouncing backwards over the letter column proper (you oughta try that yourself some time if you like exotic kicks), we come to MY SON THE APE MAN by Kala the She Ape. What can I say except that it is velly velly humolous. I haven't had such a good rough since Wirr J. Jenkins intloduced me to the Rexington Avenue Erephant.

Risten, Wirr, howzabout wliting something rike CAN THIS MALLIAGE BE SAVED? by Doctol Whatsizname, as tord to Wirrjay, regarding the marriage of John Carper and Dejah (what sort of nutty name is that?) Thoris? Hey, Wirr?

WITH KEEN etc...Rumors, marriages...? Whatinhell's going on here? Six-page biweekly CRYs? Sheest, it sounds like a lot of fun, except I wonder how you would handle the letter column. Losing that is about all I can see scarey in the prospect. I would suggest a sub rate of 10, not 15 for a buck if you do it, though. I think you could then mail first-class. I mean, whatthehell, if a 100-page issue of X---, the first in eight months, took three weeks to reach readers, so what? But a bi-weekly CRY, mailed 3rd class, would probably mean having two or three issues committed to the tender care of the USPOD at one time, with a helluva neffect on your feedback situation.

Well...

thanks for the congratulations on the Hugo. I know that it is the fannish vogue to be cool and nonchallant about everything, but Pat and I were both so nervous and excited during that Discon banquet, and so thrilled and proud when Isaac announced that we'd won, that we both of us just about wet our pants. So there. So thanks. Sincerely.

I even had a little speech all memorized, for use just-in-case, thanking, not the voters, but all our contributors, writers, artists, production helpers, cartoonists, locers, and overwhelmingly most of all, bhob Stewart for his incredible and incredibly gifted efforts in Xero's behalf. "All of these people," I'd planned to say, "deserve this Hugo, not just Pat and myself, and I just wish there were some way of physically sharing the trophy with them."

Hell, by the time I got up there, I was in such a state of shock that all I could remember was a feeble little joke about the Willick/Prosser fanaward statue, which didn't draw so much as a snicker. Hey, was I unaudible, or just not funny?

[I forget. Repeat the joke and I'll tell you. --www]

On page 11, following the end of Hwyl, is a TAFF plug saying "SEND WEBER WEST." West?

I thought England was East of Seattle. Does he want to see Tetsu Yanu instead of Ella Parker? Perhaps Tetsu is gentler, but even so, isn't this something of a fraud?

Weber for TPFF, and let's be honest about it.

Unless he really is going to England, but planning a polar route. Then it would still be TAFF, but it would have to stand for Trasn-Arctic Fan Fund.

I enjoyed Weber's Discon Report because I like to see somebody write a program-oriented Worldcon report at least once each time. The highly subjective conreport, of the "I awoke late Sunday, after Gritzminf's all-nigh party, and, head in pocket, set out to find someone to dine with and someplace to dine, etc.,etc.,etc." type of conreport I find leaving me increasingly cold in recent years. Slice of life is

okay, I guess, but I can't bring myself to care very much that so-and-so's enjoyment of the X-con was limited due to his being constipated.

Wally's comment on my put-down of that questioner about comic-books reminds me of one of my few regrets about the overall excellent Discon: the tightly-scheduled and regorously enforced program was, in general, a most admirable variation from the customary lackadaisical attitude found in Con programs, but it also meant that there was seldom if ever enough time for question-and-answer periods at the end of talks. In Larry's-and-my case, I know that I would seriously have welcomed a Q-&A period of 15 minutes to half-an-hour, but we had to get O-F-F. And this business of, "We'll have our discussion continued informally in the lobby during the next item," sounds good but just doesn't work. I would seriously advise program chairmen to schedule their programs with variable-length "fillers" that can be made long, short, or even dropped (as in the case of intermissions) depending on whether the program is running ahead, behind, or on-sked.

And...by golly...that brings us back to Page Three, and another library accumulating fanzines. Doesn't it give you a funny perspective to look back up through the microscope from your comfy little slide, and study the bloodshot veins in that watery eye peering down at you?

Bleerily,

Dick

BETTY KUJAWA HAS A CASE ON ROB WILLIAMS

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,

Dear Wally;

Indiana Monday October 21, 1963

Your Discon Report was of interest, but it whets my curiosity as to what you were up to at those parties, Wally. As yet no girls have reported in on you. Did you pay them this time? The color-slides used in the Ivie-Lupoff programme were done by Phil Harrell, you know, and I hear tell they were excellent. The scene(s) from "DANTES INFERNO" was this from the old-old movie (MGM, mid thirties with Spencer Tracy and Karen Morley)? [I dunno. --www] Howcome no info as to what won at the Art Show? [I didn't know that, either. --www]

Elinor=HWYL; No forgiving needed as to grabbing subjects from the lettercol. Grab 'em from anywhere as long as you keep them as interesting and worthwhile as you always do.

I've gone over and over this Why Labor Day thing with Gene, with myself, and with fen in tapes, letters, and zines...in some ways I still prefer, say, an early July date. The present one always conflicts with some big and important end-of-season skeet shoots in the midwest. Some schools open early and some late which could foul up fan-parents....also a Labor Day Weekend means closed stores for the non-fan wife who might have done some shopping during that time, no?

CASE HISTORY by Rob Williams; Now why should I be addressing comments to Rob when I spoke to him last night, last week, and two weeks before that? But I will state for the record this piece was excellent and much fun. Like to see more such satire, yes? My, but it does seem strange to have a genuine real live Cry buddy some 14 miles down the pike! This is quite gosh-wow and very delightful.

KEEN BLUE EYES & BICYCLE=F.M.; I'd be griefstricken indeed to see the regular ol' CRY mutating into a biweekly 6-page snapzine for the obvious reason, to wit: no more CotR...where then would we find the Mae Strelkovs, the James Siegers, the Bill Wolfenbargers, the Dennis Liens, and the Gina Clarkes of tomorrow?? By George I live for this party-line hook-up you've so graciously give us and I'd hate to see it cut off.

Buz, believe me baby, if you think you had woes, you should see Big Kuj trying to squirm down under and up when working on the dash board! The designer of America's cars obviously gives bloody little thought to the mechanic or repair-man. Uh, shall I have a little heart-to-heart with Sherwood Egbert?? Seriously Buz, I'm putting this issue aside and someday I will be showing this valid complaint to your ol' college pal.

MY SON you-know-who=W.J.Jenkins; Yeh, that's the way it is with ungrateful offspring....it's the mother that suffers. Sheesh.

COTR=with TAffman Weber..... Well, Welcome Bob Lichtman to the Clan. The Clan of photographees who don't remember being photographed. I thought I was the only one.

Some children of the rich have the drive and ambition to go ahead and out-do poppas success.....take one Howard Hughes.....recall how he inherited a few million and had doubled it when he was not much past 21??? I'd also have to add the Kennedy boys somewhere in this group. Each, as I recall, was given a million at 21 or so so that they could be independent.....I'd hardly say those kids promptly goofed-off or gave up. Let's face it, though, in the case of the Kennedy Fortune it is no longer legal or ethical to attain one's wealth in the same manner that Poppa Joe did. And, chuckle, Joe, once he'd made his pile using those tactics, helped pass laws abolishing such mechanations.....there is a moral here, but I can't find it.

Jimmie Baby (James R. Sieger) Chief Red Feather is the Chief of the Ogalala (or Ogala?) tribe of the Sioux Indian Nation. Don't listen to Weber conning you about his being a Blackfoot. Weber is all wet.....but why am I talking to you, James R., when you've been envisioning me as a Tugboat Annie? That's Ella Parker who is the Tugboat Annie of CRY. Me, I'm a doll an utter utter doll (and don't read any comments WWW may insert about here in my letter). [I was only going to point out that an utter doll is one of these talking dolls that are always uttering something. And have you seen those adorable Frankenstein dolls they've come out with? --www]

Whoosh! I have scribbled notes all round and round Mae's letter on page 28! I got quite vehement and emphatic, in fact, on this 'hive-life' she speaks of so glowingly. A 'hive' environment on one level is the antithesis of our fan-philosophy. I imagine Mae's postulations will bring forth a strong reaction and heated words.

'Togetherness' smacks of fear of solitude, fear of individual thoughts and contemplation. I myself shy away shuddering from any philosophy that may bring on even more conformity than we have now about us.

World Wide gestalt could very well turn us into that same-ness of the bee. As with other CRYhacks the life of the hive scares and repels me highly. Any threat to more loss of our individuality is about as repugnant as anything I can conceive.

The sharing of life and joys by the Chinese throngs may be real dandy for them but....where is the time and opportunity for the solitude of the individual thought, the richness of contemplation, and all that I feel is vital for the enrichment of us all? I am not an extension of some vast amoeba but an individual living thing who must have time daily unattached and alone with myself.

It is not a pity to me, this "Me-me-and-god-only" side-road Mae mentions, not a pity at all, but a necessity. The "I-me" lads are the ones who made our Western World, bless em bad or good. The hive-type thinking is what may well some day some how destroy our manner of living.

What the hell are the young Monster fen doing at our conventions, Roy asks? Outside of the obvious, they came because Forry informed them that he would be present, some point out that it may be (what with stf prozines biting the dust) we may have to consider the possibility of recruiting new blood from these ranks.

I still will recommend "LAND TO THE WEST" as the finest of the books on Pre-Columbian arrivals (by Geoffrey Ashe, Viking Press, NYC, 1962). One theory therein intrigues me greatly...those megalithic strange eerie stone ruins at North Salem, New Hampshire (won't some fan p-l-e-a-s-e go up there some day and give us a report on this???).. They resemble the work of the very early men of Malta. The westward banishment of Cronus. This example of still unexplained megalithic ruins is a particular pet of mine.

Yes sir, Misha baby, the irresponsible press of England, indeed, in the case of the Porfumo-mess. And the public. The public who dream up Mandy Rice Davies Fan Clubs. There has to be a market for the press' excreta. And, alas, a market there is.

Your Friend....

Betty

SMOF WARNS

2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md.

- 1) It was not the SPOF award. It was the 37th Annual S.M.O.F. Award.
- 2) The award was not presented by 4e, nor accepted by Hal Clement. It was presented "to Theodore Sturgeon, in consideration" by H.C. Stubbs, and accepted by Forrest J. Ackerman.

Watch it.

S.M.O.F.

approved

ROY TACKETT LACKS SPEED SENSE 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Howdy CRYpeople, 29 September 1963 87107

Buz, we all think about mutating our zines. If you change CRY from its present format to a "snapzine" then it will no longer be CRY and you may as well come out with a new title. CRY is rather unique in that it attracts a loyal gang of kooks who wander in and out of the letter section giving the magazine a distinct flavor. We all hack out letters to other zines but there is a difference in feeling. No, I don't like the idea of changing CRY.

Re mechanics and such. There are people and people. Now and again you run into a rare one. When the speedometer on the station wagon gave out we took it to the local Dodge outfit for repair. The mechanic we got hold of told us it couldn't be repaired. He said it wouldn't do any good to put in a new one either since it wouldn't work after a few months. It was poorly designed. (Ah, well, it's rather interesting to drive without one, particularly since I have little "speed" sense. A while back I remarked to Chrys about all the slow cars on the road. She had been keeping track of the time between mileage markers and commented that they wouldn't seem so slow if I would drive at a reasonable speed. Turned out I was hitting about 130 and didn't even realize it.) But on the whole I agree with you regarding wages paid and prices charged and the quality of work.

It is, I think, just a part of the overall decline of the U.S. Pride of workmanship was an American trait but this is no longer true; now it is a matter of just get it done and get the money. I've a couple of thoughts as to the reasons for this but I doubt if anyone would be interested so I won't go into them.

Warren de Bra wants to know what fen with children do about cons. Simple. They don't go.

Briefly with the Readers. Mae Strelkov's "hope" that we all feel and think together in great intimacy is downright sickening. She points to the Chinese as an example of the sharing of experience. The Chinese have no choice in the matter, there being some 800 million (801 million, 802 million, 803 million.....) of them; they're packed so closely together there is no choice but to share experience. As our population increases at a galloping rate we shall probably have to "share experiences" but it sure as hell won't be by choice.

Have a good time on All Hallow's Eve. See ya at the Coven.

Roy

MIKE DECKINGER COMPLETES DISCON REPORT

14 Salem Court, Metuchen, New Jersey

Dear CRYers, 10/11/63

Wally had an interesting, though far too incomplete con-report. I wonder if it was due to discretion or simply an inability to see that caused him to neglect to mention that John Boardman was the robed fellow in the black dunce cap, whose mystical incantations brought a halt to the swordplay between Fritz Leiber and L. Sprague de Camp. Boardman's black robes were quite authentic and true to form; I understand three persons approached him at the masquerade and asked if he was taking confessions.

But why no mention of the masquerade itself, which proved to be one of the most enjoyable and ably planned ever arranged. The costumers exhibited more than a touch of originality in dress. Sylvia Dees and Joni Stopa in particular were admirably clad (or unclad, as the case may be). And it was a stroke of genius to hire one of

the local fuzz to permit only the sf con members into the masquerade hall, so that we were not inundated with a flood of curious peeping-tim non fans, as has been the case before.

The room parties deserved some retelling however, and I'm sure will linger long in the memories of those who were present; particularly the sixth floor bash which received the attentions of the management after some erroneous reports were circulated. I must confess to having had the privilege of witnessing for the very first time an authentic chinese burial, courtesy of a sixth floor party given by a bunch attending the Insurance convention. About one in the morning, while blearily stumbling through the halls, we came upon several otherwise dignified looking gentlemen, with bath towels knotted around their heads. One of the men held a woman's shoe and an old pot. This, we were cautioned, was to be a chinese burial, and we would be permitted to observe as long as strict silence was maintained, such was the solemnity of this ritual. A pilfered room service cart was rolled out. On the cart a large cushion from one of the couches stretched, and a white paper bag protruded from one end. The whole mass was covered with a large white sheet, so that only a portion of the bag protruded. When viewed from a distance, and under the influence of alcohol, it looked remarkably like a deceased (and obviously anemic) character covered on a hospital cart. Then as several other "mourners" approached they slowly began to wheel the cart down the hall, while the gentleman with the pot proceeded to slap away at it with the lady's shoe, singing all the while in an incoherent chinese. They traversed the corridor several times in this procession, until an open door was discovered and "mourners," singer, and our deceased chinese was shoved in the door. Now that is not something you see very often.

Is Labor Day weekend really such a moribund time of the year for hotels? In all the previous sf cons I've been to, with the exception of the SEACON, there were always other groups throwing conventions, and the hotels were generally filled (the Statler-Hilton was over-filled, guests were being shunted to other hotels).

Rob Williams' correspondence exchange had a good idea, but didn't appear to be carried out so successfully. I do wonder, though, what Sir Richard Shaver, dero-hunter extra-ordinary, is doing now. The last I heard he and Rap were under the heat because of some alleged pornography they were circulating, but I never heard the outcome of this. Is Shaver still locating Deroes by the score under every rock while Palmer rewrites these exploits with a touch of the melodramatic to make it palatable for public taste? We have some dandy caves around this area if he'd care to look.

Roy Tackett shouldn't worry so much about the monsters fans at the sf cons. They are listeners but not talkers. It is the comic fen and Burroughs fen whose presences are beginning to enlarge the hotels at the seams. We've already made one concession to Burroughs fandom, by giving the Hugo to Roy Krenkel (who is a lousy artist). Let's not compound the error by honoring SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR in the same way.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

ROB WILLIAMS WORRIES ABOUT THE CHILDREN 420 South 4th Street, Elkhart, Indiana
Dear CRY People, October, 1963 46514

The first thing that needs commenting on is Buz' casual bombshell of a day-dream, that of turning CRY into a snapzine.

You people have been given custodianship of a rare and precious thing, namely, CotR. Would it be reduced to a half-page of mailing comments? Would Betty Kujawa be edited down to three dots-- "..."? Don't you even care what happens to the CRY letterhacks? It's as if you were contemplating divorce and neglected discussing What To Do With The Children.

Next issue, I want to read an ecstatic report on how much fun it was to pub that CRY. Furthermore, I want you to have fun doing it. Be happy, you idiots! Smile. Laugh. Dance. Sing. What do you think this is, a funeral?.

This has been a pep talk.

So far I've read three other Con Reports, besides Wally's. Still, I'm confused on the Asimov Hugo acceptance. Did he remain silent? Or did he say "Now (/Oh, hell,) you've blown the (/whole) bit?" [Well, let me tell you about that. As I remember it, Isaac was silent for a long while as he stared at the paper with his name on it, his face getting redder by the second. Then he turned his back to the microphone and cried, "Oh, hell, you've blown the whole bit." But, as I said, his back was to the microphone at the time, and my imagination had to help out my memory of the event. Then, when I wrote my report, my better judgement cleaned up my imagination-assisted memory for the family magazine. --www]

I enjoyed reading and rereading The Wessex Morris Dancers. Berry's prose always has to be read twice by me: first, to laugh through the preposterous situations his characters become embroiled in; and secondly, to savor the well worded phraseology.

I was shocked to hear Kala's story from her own lips, as it were. Tarzan obviously has no parental respect. Here's his mother, poor thing, driven to the shame of placing personal ads in CRY. I guess I shouldn't have been so shocked, though. This sort of thing does happen when an ungrateful offspring becomes famous. Look at the way Maria Callas treats her mother. Or Philip Wylie, ours.

Best,

Rob

JAMES R. SIEGER HAS KNOTTY BEARD

S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis.

Dear Cry:

Sept 28, 1963

53150

What's this I hear about Avram Davidson moving to Mexico? Is the man daft? Hasn't he heard of another, er, stout ruler named Farouk who did the same sort of thing? Ethan Michael Anders Davidson ain't even a year old, and he's to occupy the Royal Editorial Chair of F&SF after his old man's flown the coop, no doubt in a yacht stuffed with cases of whiskey? Doesn't Avram know anything about the responsibilities of founding a dynasty? Or is he moving the whole magazine office to Mexico, forcing us all to pay around \$1 a copy for issues?????

By the way, I wonder if friend Avram can explain how beard hairs can naturally tie themselves in knots. Honest. In fact, I just salvaged one with two knots in it. Surely our doughy knight of Solomon, er whatever the term is, can answer that!

Also, my apologies for implying that Toskey of the Trees was an effete squirt, since I just noticed that John Berry's moustache stood on end is taller than he is, and I don't want to hurt his feelings. Actually, by the term "effete squirt" I was thinking of other Westerners like Bill Donaho and Wrai Ballard.

And finally, I recommend THE CASE OF THE WEIRD SISTERS, by Charlotte Armstrong (Ace #G-510 50¢, and how much will you pay me for this plug, Wollheim?) because one of the sisters, Maud Whitlock, reminded me irresistibly of ~~Tugboat~~ Betty Kujawa.

Yrs, JRS

PS One finds old stationery in the oddest places; this came from a 1937 LIFE -- note the NRA symbol...

[I also noticed the letterhead was for the Dallas Division of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated at a Milwaukee address, while at the bottom it notes the Dallas Division as being located in Chicago.--www]

NATHAN A BUCKLIN HAS STORK-DUMPED TREES

P.O. Box 4, Docton, Wash.-98018

Dear thee, thou, and thine:

Oct. 7, 1963

Like Dennis Lien I seem to have more fun when I'm not discussing magazines. CRY at least. But, speaking of Lien, F&SF has less material for its 40¢ than most of the other fifty-centers -- 1440 wds/¢ compared to 1700 for IF, 1800 for GALAXY and 1900 for ASF -- as well as 1510 for Worlds of Tommyrot, 1140 for the ZD mags, 1120 for NEWWORLDS and 980 for SciFantasy. The quality, however, is high enough to offset the price. (This is as true for the British mags, which I revere almost as much as Tolkien -- no, I guess I don't. He's got a deeper, more profound meaning and is a lot harder to find in booxtores.

What's a Laney Certificate of Fuggheadedness? If they still exist, please send me one. If you whom hath met me think I'm not a fugghead I'VE LOST MY GOSH-DARN PLACE IN FANDOM!

I've out-treed Sieger and Toskey both, but, quite frankly, I lost count. If they were landscaped, I could count sides and multiply, but they aren't. They were dumped that way by the stork and hadn't the strength even to crawl to attention.

Betty Kujawa: QUOTE: "I've been figuring out these people's ages. Most are hard but this one here can't possibly be over sixteen or seventeen..." I mentioned that I knew you were married, and the woman to whom I had loaned the CRY kept right on going..."Twenty at the most." You hereby have an immature mind. I think the answer for Wally Weber was age 12; I wouldn't doubt it myself if I hadn't met him.

Please, Mae, could you back up your figures on Cordoba being "the second largest city in Argentina..."? When I left in 1960 it was behind Rosario by 50,000. You ought to try traveling to Bariloche. More dust on the roads, but all the more to be grateful for when you get there. They even have pavement. There is also a lovely German restaurant, several hotels, and...see for yourself.

I am soon to become an amateur publisher. Contents largely fanfiction, but one of them a yarn with a point and another one a little bit ironic and well written. I'm also trying to get a good article by someone known to fandom on anything. Any suggestions? Price is 20 cents, probably.

I WANT AVRAM. Prease!

goodbye now,

Nate B.

[What am I supposed to do with these little square brackets at the bottom of your letter? If you think you can wrangle a comment out of me, you're wrong. I'm not that stupid. --www] [[12 years old? Me?? Ridiculous! --www]]

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA RESPONDS TO LETTERHACK CARD

P.^o M.^a Agustin, 9, Zaragoza,

Dear Buz:

Spain

September 11 1963

Here was I, living peacefully and with the deep sleep of a troubled conscience when just today arrives from Don Franson a CRY Letterhack Card to remind me that the pile of CRYs not commented upon goes up and higher yet. So then, there I am hacking a letter.

165.- To end all polemics about Fan awards, why not name a foreign judge with no ties to anybody, fair of mind, broad in criteria, of indubitable good taste and willing to get, read and value absolutely all fanzines published, full apa mailings included? If you agree, spread the news around so that every fanpublisher can send me their work.

166.- Who was she/he that doubted the openmindness of fandom? You have here, in page 6, a fair-standing case. Elinor is speaking about the seventeenth century and, is she referring to it in relation exclusively with fandom? No sir, never such thing. She refers to all the known world or westernculturized world or Europe.

In what you say about our times being better than back ones, I agree with you absolutely. Perhaps in some aspects I could find some minor matter of discrepancy but so minor as not to affect the general assent.

Berry with his usual zest is an irreemplaceable pillar of CRY.

The letters as usual, during the alterations. Betty: You are one of the more fascinating personalities met at random but never directly. Please, do tell me about your operation and all you wish. And if you admire the Spanish Americans, wait till you know the real thing, the Spanish Spaniards.

167.- Pournelle: As you can easily understand the European premises are the more important to me and more so when we have just next to our city a major SAC base. First, a fact you have a little overstated, the economic growth of the Common Market compares quite favorably with that of the Soviets, yes but not so bad also with that of the U.S. even now when is not so fast as past years. Economically is going to be a partner in equal standing (De Gaulle volente) with both U.S. and USSR. Second, and not you to be corrected, McNamara and the President have

made a series of moves and countermoves offering this, and then not, Polaris subs with mixed tripulations but, no, is better, or not... ad infinitum; but always with NATO paying the bill, an exorbitant bill for what a limited -- and perhaps embarrassing -- deterrent power it gave in change. In short, an incoherent (as not coherent) policy whose views not only were not of long range but planned in days. Yes, European contribution to its own defense will increase but as/if it grows it will be less and less subject to the whims of US Administration. And, as I said in a recent YANDRO, at view of the scores, for the better.

168.- And going on with the theme, Bob Lichtman, you are my man. Not first time, true enough, but the last as of now that someone criticizing US vs. USSR relations takes in mind we European guinea pigs. Who does know which are the ultimate problems unsolvable without war? Nobody for sure. But it's sure too that the Cuban gesture, that I as spectator found at least second rate between a sea of n-rate decisions, was not, as presumed mixed-in, a matter so transcendent to us Europeans as to risk a general war. You have made a point.

169.- Excellent idea, that of photos; why not many more? [We are willing to print volumes of photographs, but NATO refuses to pay the printing cost. --www] It's agreeable for a foreigner to be able to put faces corresponding to so many known names. Good man at writing Wally Weber and I hope that this rumour that has begun to circulate about him being another hoax, a la Carl Brandon, is not true because if so, the conjunction of different minds to get so homogenous an effect must be exhaustive. What can I say to my DNQ informers?

Williams on used-book stores is very good. Can I suggest a tactical move? To enter the store wearing gloves is fair but, far better to put them on ostensibly just before touching the merchandise. Well made, the stratagem can cut the dealer's morale to half size.

To Betty anew: Where is the argument against the theory of a women-dominated U.S.? You are subtle enough as to express publicly loud protest but then and now poor men are kicked off the pants into orbit and willingly women live cozily on the ground. How cunning! May I ask of which country comes Mae Strelkov from?

Yours

Antonio

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV STRIKES AGAIN! Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba, Argentina, Dear Hivers! (As you acknowledged yourselves to be!) South America

Betty K. warns me she plans to argue she's no Hive-ite! November 5th, 1963
Treason, Betty! But I ahan't answer scathingly till I get to read her arguments! My only reply temporarily, Betty, is that you're a prime candidate in my mind for "belonging to the whole human race". Even the people you may disapprove of, trouble you, and you wish you could find something loveable in them, too, so you try! Angry though they make you at times. If you weren't a Hiver, why do you have so many, many friends, and keep in touch with all of them, and show such interest in everyone and everything? Answer me that! [I have a term for it. I call it, "being nosey." If you don't understand, Betty should be able to translate the term for you. --www]

Wish I could find the carbon of that last letter I sent you re flying-saucers appearing of late down here. Did I add that an abandoned big hotel high in the snowy Andes vanished at dawn the other day in a blue light? Not an avalanche... there was no evidence of any. But no trace of the building was left, as road-workers who climbed up there to check, later reported.

Which brings me to what Roy Tackett says about Quetzalcoatl being a Phoenician. That the Phoenicians may have been here, I don't question. But that Quetzalcoatl was one, I flatly deny. More, was he illiterate, or why didn't he teach his amazing alphabet to the natives here?

If Quetzalcoatl was the only case, I wouldn't argue. But you have Bochicha of the Chibchas (same story), and his wife Chia who sabotaged his attempts to civilize his adopted tribe, so he sent her back to the moon: "turned her into the moon" literally. Then don't forget Viracocha of the Incas (same story yet again!) Also,

you have the Lli Phi Haqqes of Titicaca -- the glowing "starmen," who went "back to heaven" when they finished helping the natives there, after a "flaming catastrophe" that destroyed their former civilization. They seem to have left behind them strange pets, still seen occasionally, even now. They too glow in the dark, and the only human (as per a legend), who visited the world said bird hails from was an Earthling who married a "Star woman."

Even the straight histories since 1492 have so much that's exciting to come across, once you let yourself cherish this theory ... that Spacelings do stop off here now and then. And what about the "vessel" that broke on the slopes of Kilimanjaro in Africa, spilling out the first humans there, who founded a certain native race?

One new point yet -- my most recent discovery (if you want to use such a swanky word for my rodent-like, ferret-like nosing around!) There was -- during the Conquest of Paraguay -- a chief in the frontier region near Brazil, of Guaira (or Guayra), who apparently fought the Spaniards for what seems to be a full 100 years or more. He then vanished from the scene, and his successor -- whenever the former chief was mentioned -- would glance at a certain star, reverently!

To Bob Smith, I want to say -- your report on your research absolutely fascinates me. Would you dare write to me direct with details?

By the way -- who can enlighten me on Conquistadorial activity in your own California, Florida, etc.? I mean, the Misiones, the Virreys and all that? I will bless your hearts forever, if you can help me there.

WALLY WEBER I HOPE YOU MAKE IT IN THE VOTING FOR TAFF -- WHATEVER THAT IS!

Love as always,

Mae

DENNIS LIEN, HYPOCRITE, WRITES SHORT LETTER Box 23 Snarr Hall, Moorhead State
Dear Minions of the Great Glaroon, College, Moorhead, Minnesota

Note new address or I'll get you. November 13, 1963

Relax, here I am again, albeit delayed. My God, it's November already.

Let's see. In the last few months I've shaved off my straggly little mustache bought three pipes (two of which I've lost), finally gotten my driver's license, gotten drunk a few times, gotten G² a few times (which is almost as good as getting drunk), had a short bit pubbed in Yandro, a letter published in Fantastic (after mentioning last time that the prozines don't interest me much -- I feel like a hypocrite).

The ATom cover was noted and chuckled over.

If John Berry thinks the Wessex Morris Dancers were a strange and pathetic sight, he should see my Ballroom Dancing class. (And a-one-two-three-trip.)

Oh, and Rob Williams is funnier picking on Shaver and neo-writers than on book dealers.

I really got to finish this, folks. So there was KeenBlueEyesandtherewasMy-SontheApeManandlotsaletters which quick likethis I'll ignore.

As (un)usual,

Dennis Lien

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: ARNOLD KATZ, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON LIBRARY, JOE ZIMNY, LIS BRODSKY, ROB WILLIAMS, and another note from S.M.O.F.(APPROVED). Lovely money from GUY H. something-or-other (hope he gets his CRY -- he needs it), UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RICHARD SCHULTZ, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, JAMES ASHE, DWAIN KAISER, and WRAI BALLARD. Money and change of address from MARK OWINGS (3731 Elkader Road, Baltimore, Md. 21218) and G. H. SCITHERS (USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York, N.Y. 09757). Just a change of address from cheap ol' BRUCE ROBBINS (420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts). And ELINOR BUSBY would prefer it known that she is not to blame for failing to fill subscriptions when letters containing subscriptions are lost behind bookcases by WALLY WEBER, as happened in the case of A2C RICHARD A. BROOKS. And I would now like a change of subject. --www

HONOR ROLL OF CRY LETTERHACKS

A name-dropping article by Donald Franson

The following 298 people(?) have had a letter published in CRY at some time or another, up to and including August 1963. All have been sent certificates except a few for lack of address. [Nobody new showed up in the October issue. --www]

--Donald Franson, Secretary,

Exclusive Coterie of Certified Cry Hacks
(E.C.C.C.H.)

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