

CRY

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of the

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All checks sent to Seattle should be made payable to Elinor Busby.

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Art Credits: ATom 1 10 12 17 27, Nirenberg 47, Reiss 66, Weber 48, French 75.

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And at the Duper: Jim Webbert, Burnett Toskey, Wally Weber, Wally Gonser, F M Busby.

Wally was going to hold the lettercol down to 16pp this time, but what with getting TGGW back on schedule, CotR starts on page 48, so wot the hell, Bill, wot the hell...

Even when John made us promise not to cut anything out of the Seattle chapter of TGGW "For reasons of modesty", we still didn't suspect he was going to lay it on this thick. Your friendly neighborhood CRYgang is all sort of redfaced and stumblefooted in a kind of embarrassed gratitude or grateful embarrassment, with respect to John's kudoes.

Mal Ashworth came through with a short piece for this issue, fortuitously giving us something with which to back up Elinor's and my "Mal Ashworth for TAFF" pitch. Hope to have a series of Ashworth-bits going here, friends; stick with us & see what we mean.

While back our local club (including us) voted to support a San Diego bid for the '61 WesterCon. San Diego, however, seems to have seceded to Mundane; I've waited two solid months for an answer from Colin Cameron to my urgent request for info re SD intentions toward this '61 WesterCon, to no avail. Meanwhile, the Golden Gate Trolls indicate that they're hot to trot on the deal. I doubt that our local group will bother to take another vote, officially, but since the endorsed group (SD) seems to have died on us, I imagine that the Trolls of the Bay Area have a good claim on Seattle votes at Boise.

Last month I mentioned being a little confused about West Coast '64 bids. Well, if San Francisco should spring in '64 and Los Angeles in '67, it would be 10 years between Cons for SF, and 9 for LA. If the bids were reversed, it would be 6 years for LA and 13 for SF, between WorldCons. My personal impression has been that the hoo-hah from Los Angeles has been in the nature of a "saving" bid, rather than from any grasping urge to wrest the '64 Con from any Con-hungry city that hasn't put one on in recent years; I can't imagine the good fans I know in LA trying to stomp out any legitimate bid for '64 from San Francisco, San Diego, or other fan-centers who haven't been all knocked-out by the Con-producing razzmatazz in current times. Anyhow, we will continue to keep an open mind, except to mention that while "Los Angeles" is an OK Word, "Mordor" is a Dirty Word: by JRR Tolkien, Mordor is the essence of repulsiveness-- dead, foul, devastated, unfit for living creatures, vile, smogbound, and somewhat post-atomic. So what ho, Los Angeles fandom: how about dropping the utterly repellent word "Mordor" from your hi-jinks, hey? Highod-- there must be something else that rhymes. Think!

I was gonna tell you all about the book version of "TGGW", too--(next time!)--Buz

I've got the pleasant task now of penning the account of the final part of the long journey, the run into Seattle, and it was a climax indeed.

I don't know if the boys did it deliberately, but the choice of route was a master stroke of psychology. The way I see it, they were justly proud of Seattle, their home town, and instead of just driving into Seattle on Route 10, they chose the southern route.....a route which, as the journey progressed, grew more and more magnificent, so that, as I've hinted, the final entry into Seattle would be a fitting conclusion to all that the 2,600 mile haul had promised.

After leaving Yakima and passing through Naches, the road very perceptibly began to rise. More and more tall pine trees began to appear on both sides of the road, and gradually they formed into vast wooded slopes. For a considerable time, until we reached the high ground, the road followed a small river. And dotted here and there, a few yards from the roadside, and sheltered by the pines, I saw wooden bungalows, which the boys told me were summer houses where the people from Seattle and neighbourhood spend weekends in the summer, right in the bosom of nature.

The scenery, if it was possible, improved as the miles passed. I could not restrain myself any longer, and pleaded with the boys to halt so that I could take some photographs. The car stopped, and the boys got out, and I took my shots, but the boys said that, shucks, this was nothing really, and if I'd be patient until we got to Mount Rainier, I'd wish I'd kept my film until then. This I could not credit. I have an eye for beauty, and there is more poetry in my soul than people suspect, and I almost felt myself saying that nothing could be more beautiful than our immediate surroundings. But I reasoned that the boys should know, and they hadn't let me down so far, so we all piled in the car again, and this time Gonser took the wheel.

I'm afraid I have to report that I was the victim of another optical illusion.... and from comments made by the rest, I wasn't the only one who noticed it.

This is what happened!

Toskey said that we were approaching the Mount Rainier National Park, and the actual snow-topped mountain itself was a magnificent spectacle....he said that we climbed really high into the Cascade Mountains to view it.

And so we did rise, in a succession of bounds, but this is the way it looked to me. We would climb, and top a rise, and seemingly below us in the distance, maybe a mile away, the road disappeared over the horizon, downwards.

We would rapidly reach this next brow, and look behind us, and see the last rise, a mile behind, faw below us. We looked in front of us, and sure enough, about a mile away the road seemed to top a rise and then go down, and this rise looked to be below our level, very much so. And yet when we travelled the next mile, and looked back, we knew we'd climbed all the time. We looked ahead.....and, well, it sure looked as though it was downhill...but it wasn't....it was another section of climb for us. There must be a simple mechanical explanation for this illusion, the fact that although we thought we were dropping, we were actually climbing.....and I hope that someone will explain it to me. Toskey couldn't, and he's a Ph.D....

Soon we came to a sort of bridge over the road. Two rock buttresses were on each side of the road, built into the bank, and long thick logs were suspended across the road, built into the bank, and long thick logs were suspended across them to form this bridge. In big white print on the bottom log was a note which told us we were entering the:

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.

I must say that in the past I have heard quite a lot about the National Parks in America, and I was very pleased that my itinerary included a journey through one. According to my large scale map of America, Mount Rainier isn't just one of the biggest national parks, but goodness me, I cannot find words to express how thrilled I was with the superb natural views I was privileged to see!

The road still climbed steadily, and for one long distance the road was cut into a wooded mountain side, and there was a sheer drop to the left down into a valley several hundreds of feet below. Then, across the valley, the upwards thrusting pines covered the ground that rose to a much higher level than which we were at. I sighed at this wonderful

panorama, and begged Gonser to stop the car once again, so that I could record those precious moments for posterity. I have the photograph before me, at this moment, and looking at it brings back that pounding in my heart. For at the top of the high ground across the valley was a band of snow....snow, and the sun was burning downwards. The snow wasn't really all that much higher than us, relatively speaking, and I knew therefore that we had climbed very very high.

I said back there that the photograph brought the pounding to my heart. Some of you may have thought that that was merely exaggeration, but you are wrong. It was the mental reaction, quite instinctive, of re-living part of that drive. We were zooming along at a steady fifty. We could have gone much faster, but we were all admiring the view...including our valiant driver, Wally Gonser. I can say without fear of contradiction that his driving was faultless, even though, for seconds at a time, he would allow his eyes to absorb the beauty of our surroundings. I was torn between my earnest desire to also get my fill of nature in the raw, and an urge of self-preservation which told me I should get ready to leap out at a second's notice. But as I say, Gonser had complete control over the car. I find when I'm riding my pedal cycle to my office that when I take my eyes off the road to glance at an infty length of calf, the bike swerves to the right. Now, it is obvious that whilst Gonser was driving without looking, he was automatically compensating for this instinctive swerve...and I must confess that when Gonser turned and looked at the scenery, I swivelled my head and looked at the course the car was taking, and I have to report that it went in a perfect straight line, keeping exactly the same distance from the edge of the sheer drop.

We swung round a couple of bends at speed, Gonser seemingly oblivious to the fact that if he made the slightest miscalculation, we hadn't got wings, and suddenly in our view came the fantastically sensational Mount Rainier itself.

Gonser breathed a sigh of awe, and stopped the car. Quick as a flash I nipped out of the car, turned all the knobs on my camera, and took several photographs. Let me try and describe the sight. Immediately below us was a small lake. On the other side of this lake, the ground rolled upwards in folds. Really high up in the far distance was a line of jagged peaks, and behind those peaks was the snow-covered Mount Rainier itself. I was spellbound with admiration. Even more exciting from my point of vantage was that all this was reflected in the lake.....

I'm glad to say that the photographs came out in great detail, and I have enlarged one of them, and have framed it and hung it in my bedroom....and I see it every morning before I throw the sheets back, and it gives me a feeling of power to know that I was there and actually took that photograph myself.

I got in the car again, and Gonser took us down to the lake. We parked our car just after it ran over a thin cable suspended across the space by the lake reserved for cars, and the boys told me the cable automatically signalled a machine which totalled up the number of cars which parked at the spot. We left the car to stretch our legs, and we walked through some tall pine trees to the lake itself. It was shallow, and along one side it was bordered with bushes. We saw fish swimming about in the water, which was icy cold. Wally Weber brought his movie camera into action again, and we walked to the far length of the lake, maybe a couple of hundred yards away. I took more photographs...and the air was clean and exhilarating...so soothing and refreshing that I would have had no objection if a chap had come up and charged us \$10 for breathing that air...it was like a tonic...you could actually feel it toning up your blood.

We didn't say much; in such surroundings speech seems superfluous.

We walked back to where the car was parked, and sat down on a log, and there, in front of me, about three feet away, was a little chipmunk. It was like a little squirrel with stripes. It sat there looking at me, and even came nearer...and then scurried away...and turned, and looked again....and went about its business with dignity. It reminded me so much of a snippet from a Walt Disney cartoon....boys, I like chipmunks!

None of us seemed to want to leave the spot, and we walked across the road, away from the car park, and on to some vast rocks which had probably been blasted away when the road was built.

Standing on the rocks, and looking across to Rainier /^{would be} enough to cause the most unhappy man to realise that some things are worth living for.

I suggested that it would be a nice picture if someone would climb the rocks behind us, across the road, and try to get us on the rocks and Mount Rainier as a background. I was only joking, actually, because I didn't think my camera capable of such a wide focus shot, but Toskey said he'd be delighted to oblige, and I set the camera to what I thought to be the correct readings, and Toskey took it and climbed the rocks to over a hundred feet high, as though he did it every morning before breakfast.

He sat on the top of the rocks, and put the camera to his eye, and we turned away, with our legs braced, and looked across the valley at Rainier.

Never in my wildest dream did I think Toskey would get everything in the picture. I'm certain he will be pleased to hear that some of the men in an adjoining office to mine, police photographers with masses of experience, say it is one of the finest photographs they've ever seen. They were so enthusiastic about it that one of them enlarged it to make a picture two feet long and eighteen inches wide. The detail is clarity in excelsis, and for a 35 mm film to enlarge so much and still retain such detail without any fogging says volumes for the camera, the film, my preliminary calculations, and above all, the skill of Toskey. He must have held the camera in a grip of iron, and he centred the scene in the minute sight with impeccable finesse.

I put the picture in a frame, and made a fire screen of it, and it is one of my proudest possessions. I must tell you what the picture shows. At the bottom is this pile of rocks. On the left, Wally Weber can be seen with his camera to his eye. I'm next to him, leaning forward with both hands on my left knee, looking as though I was hypnotized by this superb example of nature at its mightiest.....and I most probably was. Wally Gonser is on my right, with his hands on his hips, surveying the land as if it were his own....and so it was! The clarity is such that although on the negative I am no bigger than a pin point scratch, on these scene the vivid checks on my American shirt show up clearly!

Above us, taking up three quarters of the picture, are these massive pines, and here and there the road can be seen sweeping downwards amongst the trees. The rocky crags run in a straight line about three inches from the top of the picture, and behind them, vibrant in its whiteness, is Rainier itself.

If Toskey never touches a camera again, he's taken a photograph which many men spend all their lives trying to obtain. I would very much like Burnett to see this fire screen.....I wonder if he ever will?

We reluctantly returned to our car, with Wally Gonser once more at the steering wheel. We started to go downwards, and in some places the road once again went down in a series of S-bends, which Gonser took with precision, despite frequent peeps at everything Mother Nature had to offer, and on this day her wares were abundant!

As we progressed downwards, the boys showed me the White River meandering downwards beside the road....I understand it is something of a phenomena..because the water is cloudy white....

Soon we passed through Enumclaw, and swung north, and the boys got visibly excited... "Just a few miles to go" they said to each other, and they stuck their chests out with the joys of homecoming. I felt pretty tense, too, because even though I'd been with these boys less than three days, I felt that our close confinement had bred an understanding which ordinarily might have taken months to build up. I felt I had got to know them very well....and in a way I was unhappy that the journey was about to draw to a close.... and then I thought that soon I would be starting on a fresh sequence of my tour, a week with the Busbys, and I'd built up a fabulous mental picture of them. From what the boys had told me of the Busbys the previous three days, I knew I was in for another rare session of everything that is good and kind in this world..both the mundane world and the world of fandom.....

In no time at all we were in Seattle.....we passed the airport on our left..and then, a little later, the giant Boeing aircraft factory, and I was delighted when I saw my first Boeing 707 jet-plane whizzing over Seattle.

Just after getting into the outskirts of Seattle, we swung left, off the main road, and reached Wally Gonser's house. Wally took us inside, and we met his mother, a very charming lady, to whom Wally gave an affectionate greeting. She made us a meal.

Toskey suggested that I should ring up Elinor Busby and speak..he thought she would be bewildered. I dialled them on the Gonser telephone, and after a couple of attempts managed to get Elinor at home.

She said "hello", and I said:

"Hello, Elinor," and I accentuated my strange accent just a little more than necessary.

"Is that John....John Berry?" I heard her say.

"Yes...and....." and how can I remember that conversation? I was so elated. I finished up by telling her that we'd be over soon, and we went outside and helped Wally Gonser unload his kit from the car. I looked with interest at Wally's house, and he gave me the amazing news that he'd built it himself. I shook my head in awe, and asked myself was there no limit to the skill and ingenuity of these Americans..building his own house..why, I can hardly sharpen a pencil! Anyway, I can report the Gonser House as being mighty nice, a structure anyone could be proud of. I wish I could walk about and boast of such a superb achievement!

I said 'cheerio' to Wally and his mother, and Wally said he'd be over at the Busbys' in a couple of days.....

.....

Wally Weber and Toskey talked amongst themselves a moment and then informed me that they thought the new overhead motor way in Seattle had opened that very day. I wittily said that they must have known I was coming. From what the boys told me, the road had been a long time in the making, and when we eventually got to it, I could see why. It reminded me very much of the overhead road I passed along with Eney, outside Chicago.

It was supported by vast concrete structures every few yards, and looked so new and unused. I could see the Seattle skyline, masses of bungalows, all seemingly different in design, and then ahead, as we approached the centre of Seattle, I saw great tall buildings, many storeys high.

The boys told me that the Busbys' place was only about three miles away, and I got more and more excited..and gradually the buildings got smaller and then all the bungalows, and I saw my earlier impression was true..every building seemed to be different. Over here in Belfast, you see, and it's the same all over the British Isles, housing estates are built, and, except for the most recent ones, all the buildings are regimented in identical blocks. It was so refreshing to see this apparent urge for individuality.... which seems to me one of the fundamentals of the overall American character!

Suddenly, "We're here"....and we skidded to a halt behind another car, and I got out of our car and saw the symbolic numbers '2852' in brass numerals on a crimson door, and I looked up and saw Buz Busby, his eyes shining, his mouth open, leaping down the steps from a trim bungalow and rushing towards me.....

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER FIVE

It is only right and proper that I should take up a few paragraphs to express how deeply moved I was by the long haul from Detroit to Seattle....2,650 miles with such unselfish fannish characters as Wally Weber, Burnett R. Toskey, Ph.D., and the amiable Wally Gonser!

Take Wally Weber first, well, it was his car, anyway. I don't think I've ever met such a nice chap. I mean, we all have our faults, haven't we, no one is perfect, but I'm still trying my hardest to figure out what faults Weber has! I never heard him raise his voice....he always spoke politely and with refinement....his consideration for everyone else seemed to be uppermost in his mind all the time. He always looked for the humorous side of things, even when the chassis of his car was being polished by the soil of North Dakota....at the Fan Editors' Panel at Detroit he was the very epitome of culture and finesse and genteelness, with, at the same time, a firm tenor to his voice. I was much impressed with his prowess as a raconteur, and his ability to be polite and charming without giving the slightest cause for considering him overly solicitous because of it. He always had a smile on his face, even when curled up in a ball in the back seat of a car for days on end. I consider him to be a walking advertisement for science fiction fandom. If people meet him and discover his connection with fandom, they are surely bound to arrive at the conclusion that, weell, Weber is in it, therefore it must be something

worthy of earnest thought. I've given extra special attention to his writings since I met him, and I have come to the point where I feel that fandom is missing a great deal by not exploiting his technique as a humourist much more. Wally Weber has that rare flair for humorous writing, which stamps him above the general run of so-called humourists..... he doesn't have to strain to make his readers snigger and grin and laugh outright! The sensitivity of his writings comes from a basic pattern of sincerity inherent in his soul, a soul which can afford to see the pleasant side of things because it has so much faith in human nature that it refuses to countenance the underhand ways of people. Wally Weber is that rare type of man (and fan) who doesn't do a good turn merely to get egoboo or accept that his gesture has put someone in his debt.....his unselfish actions are prompted by the purest of motives.....and it isn't too often I feel I can say that with such conviction!

If I'd said all those nice things about Weber purely on my estimate of him garnered during a few days, three of them permanently at his side, it might be construed that I liked him so much I was prejudiced, but it gives me pleasure to report that everyone I've spoken to has the same opinion of Wally....he's one thoroughly white man!

Now for a few well chosen words about Toskey.

It's obvious that a man doesn't become a Ph.D. if his head is merely something to put his hat on. No one can deny that Toskey is possessed of a very high intelligence, and a certain earthy shrewdness uncommon in fandom. I knew before I met him that he was a force to be reckoned with..that he was a man with only perfection as his goal, and this showed up extremely well in his SAPSazine FLABBERGASTING, which always had a high page total, was always impeccably produced, and was most assuredly always stimulating and readable.

Notwithstanding, however, I was drawn to Tosk, or at least, I felt I was on the same plane with him in at least one respect....the age old appreciation of womanhood....

I always noticed that when we were driving through a township, Tosk would size up the women, and I felt a certain proudness flash through me when I noticed that Tosk was always rolling his eyes at the same girl as I was! I can recall many times that when Tosk fixed his eyes on a real smasher way ahead of us, he kept her in his gaze as we approached her, as we passed her, and as she got smaller and smaller as we raced onwards. What I don't know was whether the same thoughts were flashing through our minds. Let's face it, if a man cannot appreciate a pretty girl, it's time he was figuring out his epitaph! I saw some really lovely girls in America....girls with jeans and blouses hanging down and pony tails and most pleasureable expressions, as if life was good....and from what I could see of it, life most certainly was. Of course, I have been married for eleven years or more, and I was married when I was 22, which is quite young to take the plunge. Tosk is single, and is over 30, and therefore women are perhaps more of a mystery to him, although, confidentially, I still cannot understand'em.

Behind Toskey's outward firmness and sense of professorial superiority is a quick mind which relishes wit and humour. I must admit he doesn't readily laugh out loud too often, but the trigger can be found, and it's worth fishing for. I felt in some inexplicable way that Tosk has built up a sort of barrier. To cite an example, during our cross-continental tour, I often noticed large plaques set up on the side of the road, to commemorate historic incidents in the American past, which had actually happened on the sites concerned. I was considerably interested in these, and yet I didn't ask for the car to be stopped whilst I read and perhaps photographed them. I didn't ask, because I sensed (rightly, I know) that Tosk was eager to push on, and wouldn't be pleased if we stopped when stopping wasn't quite necessary! Don't get the wrong idea, though. I must confess that if I'd been at the wheel I'd have stopped just about every hundred yards or so. Everything was so new and fascinating that I could have stood at any given spot on the 2,650 mile haul, and looked and pondered for hours on end. The boys were anxious to get to Seattle, and, indeed, I was too, and I think it was too selfish of me to expect to nip out of the car whenever the whim struck me. Tosk was the natural leader, and we were all content to sit back and let him take the metaphorical reins....and just think what we accomplished.....

We travelled 2,650 miles in under 70 hours, which works out that our average speed

for the haul, day and night, in dust storms and high winds, was just under 40 m.p.h. That figure, of course, doesn't include halts, and we had plenty of these. I've worked out that, approximately, including a 5-1/2 hour stop at Blanchard, a 5 hour stop at Helena, the short stops in Brainerd and the frontier town, and all the many stops for meals and gas, that we were off the road for about 17 hours....and a little mental arithmetic gives forth the amazing fact that our average speed whilst we were actually on the road, moving west, was just about 50 m.p.h.

I wonder, how often has such a trip been done before? I was privileged to be a member of an epic fannish journey...in fact, I am immensely proud to be able to say that I was with Messrs. Toskey, Gonser and Weber when we four almost broke into the Fourth Dimension.....

Back to Toskey again....I shall have a lot to say in the next chapter about his fabulous skills as writer and artist, and, incidentally, creator of many fannish aliases, but, as a man, he takes some beating. He bozes confidence and sound common sense, and can be likened to a buttress of a castle....he's solid and reliable and firm, and will never let you down....

And that leaves Wally Gonser.

He was, in temperament, exactly the opposite to the other two...where Weber was quiet and polite and reticent to some degree, Gonser was always laughing and talking and making with the repartee. Whereas Toskey was calculating and methodical and full of responsibility, Gonser was.....weeeell...laughing and talking and making with the repartee. I can think of just a couple of his quips...whilst we were driving along somewhere in Montana, a car overtook us (and we were moving and swerved towards the wrong side of the road a couple of times, and Gonser observed that he was "an accident looking for somewhere to happen"....and another time, whilst discussing the strange fact that silver dollars were the only legal tender in Montana State, I said I'd like to have one, Gonser flipped one over to me, and said "Be my guest."

Physically, he was about as tall as me, and looked rather like an operator (I mean in the same way as Humphrey Bogart and John Garfield looked like operators.) He wore spectacles, always had a grin, and was never at a loss for words. A fine man, and a true comrade!

Looking back, in retrospect, I see now that the reason the haul was such a perfect incident in my fannish tour, and I mean perfect from every point of view, was because these three diverse characters implemented each other to perfection. Their auras melded perfectly, and I like to think that I fitted in somewhere in between.

I've said so often in my memoirs so far that 'I shall always remember so and so', and once again I have to reiterate that overworked phrase. For it is a fact that although my three weeks in America was one of the really big happenings in my life...this long haul from Detroit to Seattle will always count as a HIGH SPOT!

It doesn't, after all, fall on many people to whizz across a continent in under three days, and to be able to state that the company was as super as the ride gives me the greatest pleasure of all.

Why.....I wonder.....WHY WAS I SO LUCKY?

.....

THE WEEK AND THE WILLING

It was the morning of the 10th of September, 1959, and all was well. I'd just concluded a mammoth drive across America, from Detroit, Michigan, to Seattle, Washington, in the pleasurable company of three gentlemen: Wally Weber (it was his car), Wally Gonser and Burnett R. Toskey, Ph.D.

The drive had been a miracle of mental and physical concentration on the part of the three of them; they had been at the wheel in turn for three days and nights, and we had only stopped for meals, gas, and brief visits. I had spent those three days in the back seat of the car. When we'd started out from Detroit on the Monday afternoon, at 3 pm, I secretly dreaded the thought of a 2,600 mile drive sitting all the time, and for the first few hours it had become uncomfortable, and then, perhaps due to my tiredness, more likely due to the adaptability of my nether regions, I felt as relaxed as I shall ever be. The few hours of sleep in the car had made me come to realise that only full slumber could in fact be obtained in the back seat of a car, and as Buz Busby came running down the steps of 2852, 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, his arms outstretched to greet me.. I rushed forward myself, gripped his right hand, pumped it vigorously, and told him not to prepare a bedroom for me, I'd be using his car!

He sniggered politely, and ushered me to the threshold of the bungalow, and there was Elinor Busby, her face wreathed in smiles, and two little brown dachshunds were sitting on either side of her, their tails poised for wagging, waiting for a signal from their mistress whether or not the guest was to be welcomed. She gave the thumbs up, and they bounded forward.

Elinor looked so refreshing and pleasant, and Buz looked the epitome of kindness, as if he wanted me to stay at his house, and wasn't just having me as a fannish sacrifice, because he'd been one of the committee. I can say in all sincerity that I've never felt more welcome anywhere than I did standing on the Busby Threshold that morning.

"Come in, come in," they chorused, and with Buz staggering in with my suitcase behind me, I stepped into the bungalow.

My eyes immediately clicked on an intelligent-looking budgerigar which was stretched out on its perch giving me the onceover. I went over and introduced myself, and Elinor

told me that Buz had bought her a cockatail for her birthday. I thought that it was very mercenary of Buz, and was about to enquire was it a Martini or a Nuclear Fizz when I tripped over a dachshund and saw another much larger cage, and there was a funny-looking bird in it, too, a sort of cross between a midget parrot and a giant albino parakeet. (Of course, I must point out that in my part of the world, a parakeet is a budgerigar, and in America, a budgerigar is a parakeet....henceforth, in deference to mine American hosts, I shall refer to budgerigars as parakeets, but I mean budgerigars.....any questions?) The cockatiel ruffled its feathers, shook its head and looked at me again, its eyes half shuttered with defensive lids.

Presuming that the shock had been too much for her latest feathered acquisition, Elinor said she'd show me my room.

My room.

Of course, it had an added aura of romance about it which slapped me in the face as soon as I'd entered. Elinor told me rather proudly that BJO HAD SLEPT IN THE ROOM..... IN FACT, I WAS GOING TO SLEEP IN THE SAME BED.

I was about to make a brilliant quip, suggesting that it would have been a good idea if our visits had coincided, but Elinor looked such a delicately reared girl that I bit my tongue and just thought about it, instead.

Elinor said she'd leave me to unpack.

I sat on the bed to see how comfortable it was..and...ooooohh...I thought I'd just lie on it and see if it was as comfortable as my first impression had suggested...and I stretched out, and my eyelids came down so quickly I thought I'd cut my nose off!

I knew if I lay there any longer I'd be fast asleep, and it was then that I realised how tired I was, and how badly I needed sleep. I'd had several cat-naps in the car, but all the time my mind had been active as I'd assimilated all the scenery which had flashed past my car window, and I feared that I would suddenly fall asleep at the slightest pause in any ensuing conversation.

I gritted my teeth and unpacked my suitcase. My good suit looked as though a cat had had kittens in it, my shirts would have looked better if they'd cleaned Weber's car, and my dirty vests looked like birds' nests. Luckily, my souvenirs were in first class condition, so I was quite happy.

I whipped my shirt off (my American one) and looked at myself in the mirror. There was a dirty brown 'V' on my neck and chest, where the dust had covered me, and my arms, exposed because the shirt sleeves had been rolled up, were even dirtier, although I kidded myself that most of it was suntan.

I staggered to the bathroom, first on my left, and had a really good wash...I soaked my face in cold water, and felt all my energy flooding back into my body. I slapped some cream on my hair, brushed my teeth, looked in the mirror and admitted that I looked sort of suave and confident.

Back in the bedroom I put on my only clean vest, put on my American shirt which was clean again once I shook it....one more look in the mirror, and back to the living room.

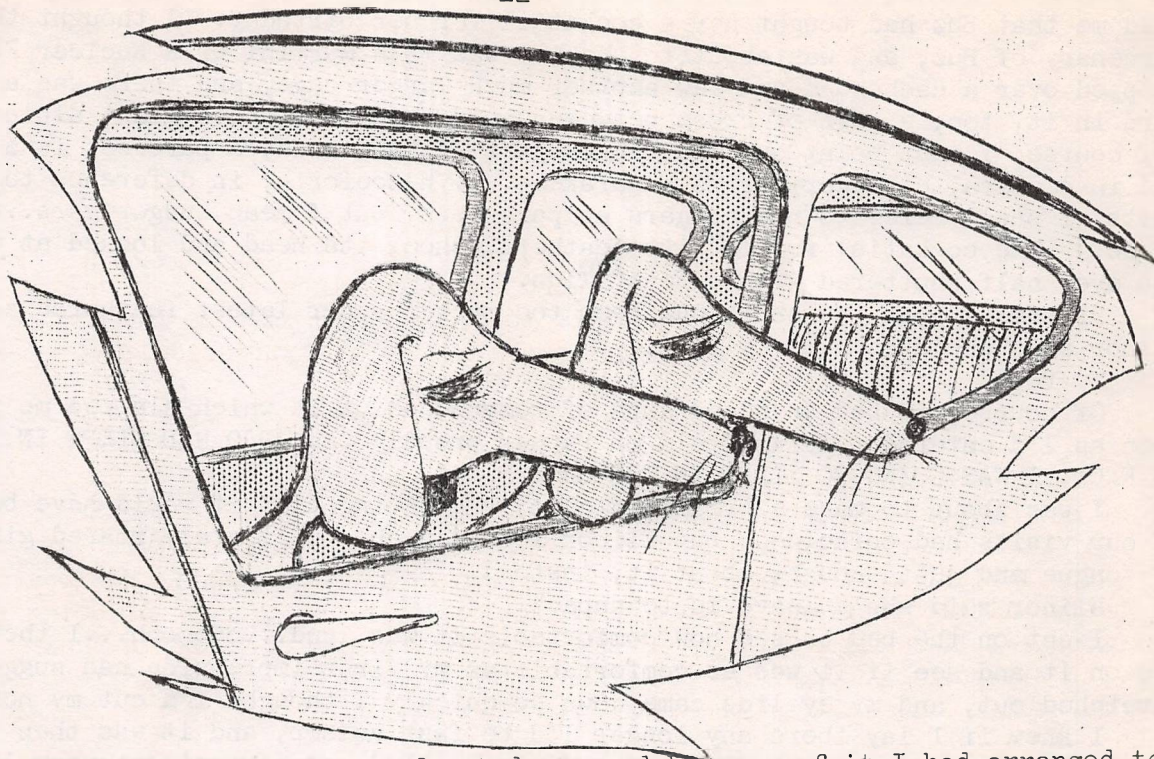
I tripped over the other dachshund and grinned at Buz and Elinor.

I must tell you about Elinor's voice. I hear it in my dreams even now, and when I read a letter from Elinor (January 1960) I can hear her voice reading the letter as I read it. Now this is a fact. Some folks would maybe worry about this but I don't. Because it brings the whole glorious week back to me again....And Elinor's voice....well, it was soft and expressive with a lilt all its own and a freshness which made my ears tingle. And physically, weell, Toskey confided in me once that Elinor was the sort of woman he'd like to marry, and I think Toskey has been sizing up women ever since he discovered the difference between 38:23:38 and 22. I was very much impressed with Elinor, because it isn't often you get so many attributes in one snazzy package!

Buz was also a revelation. He was mature and knowledgeable, and I'll tell you this here and now....that boy was a great one for organization.

Whilst Elinor was preparing a meal, Buz took me outside in the back garden, and got me a chair. The sun was high in the sky...a clear blue sky, and it was as hot as in New York, but not so oppressive.

I opened my shirt..in fact, I took it off to let the sun seduce my pigments, and sat back, looking towards the Pacific.



I told Buz that one big problem confronted me, and because of it I had arranged to go back to New York earlier than I had intended. Buz asked me to enlighten him, and I said that in order to be able to leave the United States to go back home again I had to be in possession of a 'Treasury Sailing Permit', a guarantee that I didn't owe the United States Treasury any income tax! I said that according to a document given me by the travel agency that had arranged everything, this permit could only be obtained in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, New York, San Francisco and Washington. I had already been in three of the places, and had skirted one other, so lest Buz think I was a complete idiot I told him that it was also specified that the permit could not be obtained more than ten days prior to departure....I had left Detroit on the 7th, and planned to leave America on the 17th, and I could have got it before I left Detroit on Monday the 7th except for one thing...it was Labor Day, and the offices were closed. I had done all I could, I impressed upon Buz, and I even showed him the printed instructions which stipulated the cities I had mentioned.

Buz ruminated, and then got up and went indoors.

He came out again in five minutes and his smile was like a slice of melon.

"It's all fixed," he smiled proudly, "we'll take you out this afternoon and get the permit from the local Bureau of Inland Revenue."

How could this be, I wondered, when only seven cities had been specified, and Seattle wasn't one of them, but Buz had spoken, and that was good enough for me.

Buz also said that he'd arranged my air flight back, and when did I want to go to New York? I told him that I'd provisionally arranged to go and stop with Frank and Belle Dietz in New York on Wednesday, the 16th of September, in order to get my Treasury Sailing Permit, but now that he had arranged for it to be obtained in Seattle, I would like to return on the Wednesday night, in order to be able to spend a few hours in New York at the Ellingtons' to pick up some parcels, before leaving for Idlewilde, where my plane left at 7:30 pm.

Then Elinor called us in for lunch.

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Late in the afternoon we all piled into the Busby car...a nice big green one. Buz drove, and I sat in the back with the two dachshunds, with whom I was now on intimate terms because I called them by their names, Nobby and Lisa. Elinor sat in the front next to Buz.

We drove to the centre of Seattle, and I had my first good look at the place. All the residential buildings are bungalows (with a few exceptions) and there seemed to be a

complete lack of conformity....most of the designs were different, and so every building was worth looking at.

In the centre of Seattle, the commercial and business buildings were many storeys high, but one fact above all was significant to me.

Seattle is built on hills!

Some of the main streets in Seattle I'm sure have a gradient of one in two. I told Buz in a suggestive voice that I guessed the brakes on cars in Seattle had to be very good, and he admitted as much, and said he hoped his didn't fail.

He suddenly swung right, and we found ourselves in a little parking lot.

The attendant was quite happy....he told Buz where to park the car, and Buz did as directed, slipped him some coins, and then a horrified expression flitted across the attendant's face.

"You can't leave those dogs in the car," he hissed.

"Why not?" asked Buz and Elinor in unison.

"They'd tear a man apart," answered the attendant. Honestly, some people exaggerate out of all proportion!

"If no one opens the door, they won't," observed Buz shrewdly.

"But I might want to move the car," retorted the attendant. He looked into the car at the two little inoffensive dogs, who, dejected at the thought of being left by their master and mistress, looked back at the attendant with big tears in their eyes.

The attendant shuddered.

He seemed torn between the desire to keep the quarter, and the fear of being torn in pieces.

He compromised.

"Take the car in that shed over there," he directed Buz, "and I'll close the door after you, and no one will be savaged."

Buz spun the steering wheel so much he almost unscrewed it, and by little zig zag bounds eventually placed the car as directed.

The two pairs of forlorn eyes in the front seat looked at us reproachfully as we walked away.....

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Buz guided me to the appropriate office in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. There was absolutely no trouble at all. A middle aged lady behind the desk asked me a very few questions, asked for my passport, looked at it, stamped a form and clipped it in the passport and handed it back to me with a smile.

I'd been worrying about that permit for a long time, and it seemed incredible that I had got it without the slightest hindrance. One up to Buz.

We walked along the streets and into another office....a travel agency.

We stood by the door and a nice lady came up, recognised Buz, and in a couple of moments Buz handed me an air ticket from Seattle to New York.

I looked at Buz in awe. Such competence.

I looked down at the ticket. It was in a folder, and I saw I was travelling via Northwest Orient Airlines, the 'plane leaving Seattle airport at 11 pm on Wednesday night, September 16th. The ticket cost \$117, and \$10 of this was for tax. Phew, I thought, a ten per cent tax for travelling on aeroplanes....but that was really a nasty mundane thought, wasn't it?.....because I got to thinking about all the strange taxes and tolls in America, but sure, the income tax rate in America must be small, and in any case it is a fact that Great Britain is the most heavily taxed country in the world, and it's obvious that if they don't take it off you one way, they'll make sure it comes in by another, so what the heck?

Anyway, outside that travel agency at 1209, Fourth Avenue, Seattle, I was a new man. Everything had been fixed up by Buz with speed and efficiency. The Fund had provided the air ticket, Buz had personally organised the Treasury Sailing Permit, and I had seven more wonderful days in America, six of them in Seattle, and I knew I was going to have a marvelous time.

I under-estimated it though, as you'll hear.....

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The dogs were glad to see us, as was the attendant. We drove home and Elinor made a meal as Buz and I scrutinized the afternoon mail. I used Buz's typer to drop a card to Frank and Belle Dietz to tell them that I wouldn't be coming to New York a day earlier. I also typed pert messages on quite a few picture postcards I'd purchased, and addressed them to my family and some close friends back home.

Elinor shouted us for tea.

Meals played quite an important part in the Busby Household whilst I was in residence. Elinor went out of her way to get me something exotic to eat...something which she was pretty sure I'd never sampled before. I had previously heard of her culinary achievements, via Toskey and Weber, and I am glad to report they hadn't exaggerated. I don't recall what we had at this meal, but I know it was something choice.

The coffee Elinor made was designed to inspire a flagging appetite, and I know I must have made a glutton of myself....

But beside the food, we always had very earnest discussions. The meals lasted for such a long time because of this. After the main course we would sit hunched over coffee and just discuss things. Our topics were mostly of a fannish nature, although we sometimes ranged over mundane things. Both Elinor and Buz made their points with skill and shrewdness, and were always ready with the wit. I cannot explain sufficiently the essential kindness of Elinor...I mean her kindness towards all things. She would lean forward, cupping her chin in her hands, and look slightly upwards, and I could see in those eyes the very essence of understanding. She would lean back, and a dachshund would leap forward with a movement that would make Rin Tin Tin reach for the condition powders, and land in her lap. The dog, should it be Nobby or Lisa, would then just look into Elinor's eyes, and its eyes would half close with contentment.

There was something essentially happy about the household. Never a word was raised in anger, except maybe to order a dog to take his paws off a visitor's chest and let him get up.

After the meal, we sat down in the main room. Gosh, I was tired. I knew Buz and Elinor realised how much I needed a good sleep, and quite early on in the evening, I was thinking of broaching the idea. Then Buz came in with a glass of home brew, and I decided to postpone the retirement.

Buz said, "Come here, John" and he led me into the kitchen. He pulled open the massive white door of the 'fridge, and bottle upon bottle of home brew beamed at me. I stuffed my clutching hands into my pockets. Buz told me that if I wanted any beer all I had to do was to go into the room, open the 'fridge, and help myself....he wasn't going to pour any for me..it was up to myself. A sweat broke over me at the thought. I seriously considered moving my bed into the room, or the 'fridge into my bedroom. You see, the Busby Home Brew has a taste all of its own. It is a physic in itself. Busby could make a fortune if he filled it in little bottles, slapped a label on it 'BUSBY'S CURE ALL.. SIX BOTTLES AND YOU'LL EVEN FORGET YOUR NAME'.....and flogged it round the country. It's quite hygienic stuff, too...I saw it being brewed up..I think I could only do the subject justice by devoting a separate chapter to it....

Anyway, I took Buz at his word, and kept myself fueled up.

We sat down, and I sipped away, and then felt my eyelids dropping again. My eyeballs felt as though they'd been pickled in gum arabic and stored in sandpaper. It must have only been about half past seven in the evening, and I hated like anything to ask to be excused; and rush off to bed, but I knew it was a physical impossibility to keep awake much longer. Also, the conversation was of a high order, and even to concentrate took all my will power.

The two dachshunds suddenly hurled themselves at the door like infra-red homing missiles, and hit a bespectacled gentleman as he cross the threshold.

"Down Nobby, down Lisa...it's Otto..get off his face."

So. Hotto Otto Pfeifer, my old SAPS mate, the Soames and Squink Blog enthusiast, was before me.

I shook hands with him, and Buz did the introductions.

Otto sat down on the settee and we talked for some time. I topped myself up with brew, and listened to Otto's tale of woe.

From what he told me, I saw that Otto had one deeply-rooted phobia, and let me tell

the bhoy has good reason for it. It appears that Otto is very prone to get booked for parking his car. Otto told me that he was sure that in the last couple of years he had been caught some thirty times. What was worse, Otto said, the fates were so unkind to him that one day, he vowed he would take every possible precaution to ensure that he had a fine-free day. He parked his car with great deliberation, and nipped inside a shop to get some change to slip in the parking meter. He came out again, and found a ticket stuck to the window.

I swear a tear came to Otto's eyes as he told the story, which I believed implicitly.

Otto, I found, was a very nice young man, sincere, with just the slightest trace of self-pity in his make-up.

A few moments later, he made his departure, promising to see me again in a couple of days. I asked Buz the time, and he said it was 10 pm. Wooosh. The last couple of hours had gone by very quickly, which is always a sign that the company is convivial.

I forced my eyes open, and focused on Buz and Elinor, and said goodnight.

Elinor said they would be very quiet in the morning, and I could sleep in for just as long as I wanted....and Buz said he'd planned something good for the afternoon.

I said goodnight to the budgerigar, the cockatiel, Nobby and Lisa, Buz and Elinor once more, and staggered to my room.

I looked at the bed, and it seemed to sag in the middle, invitingly.

I threw off my shirt and trousers, flung back the sheets. I didn't even stop to think that BJO had but recently slept in that very same bed.

I don't even recall putting my head on the pillow.....

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I woke up, and a sliver of bright sunlight shafted through a crack in the curtains. I blinked to get my bearings. Ah, the Busbys' in Seattle. I listened, and could hear no noise...no chirruping of parakeets or cockatiels, no scampering of little brown feet, and not, surprisingly enough, even the prattle of a couple of Nameless Ones! Well, I lay back and thought how lucky I was, and I recalled that on the Long Haul I had witnessed a couple of glorious sunrises very early in the morning, and although I could tell the sun was giving its all outside, it couldn't be very late, likely before 9 am. I had myself well trained....for the last eleven years I'd got up every morning about half past eight, and the instinct was so ingrained that I automatically awoke at eight am, so as to wake up my wife and give her enough time to bring the hot water up to me to shave. She's somewhat lazy, you see, and needs that extra prompting.

After a few moments of meditation, I crawled out of bed and opened the curtains and put a bleary eye to the window. All I could see was a vast blackberry bush outside the window. I looked upwards, and saw a Boeing 707 being put through its paces. I couldn't see a road, but cars occasionally shot past. I didn't have a watch, and I hadn't a clue what time it was.

Nothing ventured, I thought, so I slipped my trousers on, sorted out my shaving kit, and opened the door. The bathroom was about a yard to the left, and I took a pace forward and felt eyes looking at me. I whipped my peepers to the right, and saw a most amazing sight. Two mortals and two animals were rooted to the spot. The mortals, Buz and Elinor, were looking at me with eyes like organ stops. I swear Elinor's hair was standing on end. Buz's mouth was open, and his ears were flapping. Nobby and Lisa, the dachshunds, presented an amazing picture of canine bewilderment. Their heads were inclined to the left, and their tongues were hanging on the carpet like the train of a wedding dress.

"Er, mornin'," I said conversationally.

Buz cleared his throat.

"Morning'," he said. "Slept well?"

"Smashin'," I confided, "er....what time is it?"

Elinor shook her head, as if to get back on her normal plane, and Buz looked at his watch. He had to hold his wrist with the other hand to stop the shaking.

"It's one fifteen," he said in an awed voice.

"Crikey," I said. "I've over-slept."

"We were getting worried," said Elinor in her oh-so-soothing voice. "We began to think the trip had been too much for you."

I slipped 'em a confident wink, and went about my toilet. Surprising what a shave does, and a good wash. My mouth tasted like the bottom of a parakeet's cage, and I gave my teeth an extra-special clean with an English toothpaste which features the words 'tingling fresh' on the tube seven times. They didn't exaggerate, though.

When I left that bathroom I felt just about as jaded as Casanova did when he was making his first date!

At lunch, Buz and Elinor told me that they knew the night before that I was terribly tired, and they were determined that I should sleep just as long as I wanted, and they carefully refrained from making any noise in the house, they didn't put the wireless on, or play any records, they just tip-toed about. They left the covers on the cages, in case the birds chirruped too much, and they put the dogs outside. Well, I ask you, how much more considerate could they have been?

As we were sipping our coffee after lunch, Buz told me that he and Elinor were going to take me on a water tour from Puget Sound right round Seattle via the Government Locks and Lake Washington. The weather outside was as perfect as it had been throughout my trip..that is to say the sun was giving its all. We got ready....I put a new film in my camera, and I decided to wear for the first time ever a thick blue woollen pullover with a high neck, which my wife had specially knitted me to take to America. I didn't need to wear a jacket on top of it, it was much too hot for that (though not as hot as it had been in New York) but Buz had said it could be cold out on the sea, so although I'd only wore a shirt and trousers for the last two weeks or so, I sensed that the woollen pull-over would be adequate.

Elinor had a somewhat similar idea to my own..her sweater, knitted by herself, had three flat fish embroidered on the body of it. It looked good.

We all piled into the car, and drove down to Pier 56, at the foot of Union Street. Buz and Elinor had a muffled conversation about where they should park the car. The dogs sat on the floor and sniffed; they knew only too well that they were going to be stuck in the car for a few hours. Mine hosts decided that they would leave the car where it was, and hope they didn't get a parking ticket. The car was sheltered in the shadow of a building, and it would be cool for the dogs. They knew from previous experience the difficulty of being allowed to leave their car at a parking lot with two dangerous flesh-eating animals aboard.

We de-carred, and waving the dismal hounds an affectionate farewell, we joined a small queue at Pier 56. Buz got the tickets, and we boarded the Good Ship Grayline Sight-seer.

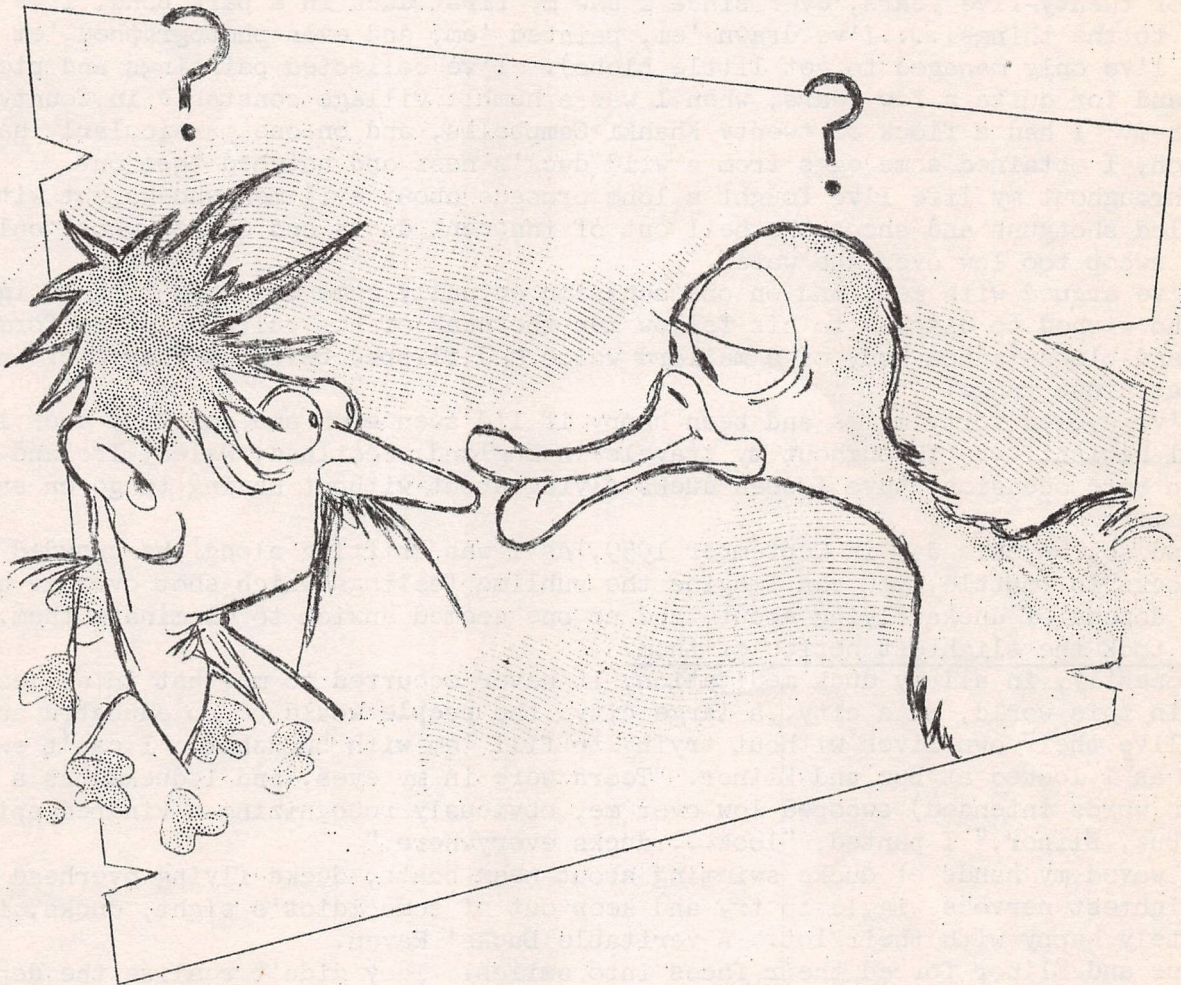
It was a nice ship..all white, with plenty of room for observation, and a wide cabin with large windows in case it rained.

We three garnered for ourselves a nice sunny spot, and exactly at half two the ship gave a little suppressed shudder of anticipation, and strained forward.

Sightseer turned slowly due south, and gradually drew away from Seattle, until we had a most wonderful view of it. The sun was behind us, shining onto Seattle, and as we drew farther away still, the blue of the sky and the sea was broken only by the shimmering line of Seattle.

A voice broadcast throughout the ship, a fresh and confident voice, giving us the lowdown on all the exciting places we were going to see. I must say this: the commentator, throughout the whole three hour trip, spoke as if he was thoroughly delighted with his job. One would have thought that doing the same thing day after day would have made his voice monotonous..but not a bit of it. I got the impression he wanted us to feel that he was talking to each of us individually. So, even at the very beginning of the tour, I knew it was going to be mighty fascinating!

The ship swung round close to an American Naval Base. I saw with pride a big battleship at anchor. I obtained a certain satisfaction from photographing it. I mean, being a close addict of spy stories, and a ^{student} of actual spy activities, I several times have read factual accounts of the endeavours of under-cover men to photograph naval ships at their parent bases. Some of the spies utilised minute cameras in cigarette lighters, or stuffed up their jumpers, but I experimented in actual conditions, and can thoroughly recommend snuggling in between two people with a nonchalant grin on your face, holding the camera in the general direction of the naval base and pressing the release. I did this



for an experiment, to get the proper atmosphere should I ever incorporate such an incident in a spy story I might conceivably write. My picture turned out wonderfully clear. Admittedly both sides of it have two triangles of fog, which I presume to be Buz and Elinor's elbows, but it's the principle which counts, isn't it? To carry the thing through to its final gripping conclusion, I spent a few hours in my office darkroom, enlarging the negative of the naval base. If any foreign power reads this, and is interested in obtaining an actual factual picture of a great big rusty battleship which has been laid up since the 1914-18 war, they can approach me with advantage!

Sightseer swung west, then north, across Elliott Bay, and hugged the coastline. Buz pointed out where 2852 14th Ave. West probably was, way in the far distance, and he, Elinor and The Voice gave me all the facts about the geography, history and general data of those parts of Seattle which we passed by. We turned east after passing Fort Lawton, an army base, and soon entered the Government Lock.

We shunted to a halt at the first gates of the lock, and then the gates behind us closed. From my position on the deck, all I could see were slimy green stones of the lock walls. Then, gradually, as the water flowed into our section of lockery, the ship rose. It was like going up in an elevator powered by a cycle lamp battery. It took a long time, and I was eager to see what would confront us when we reached the appropriate level. Heck, it was the first time I'd been in a lock, and I enjoyed it. I kept my eyes at eye level, and the wall seemed to sink past me, then I saw shoes, then legs, then people standing on the lockside, then buildings.....it was uncanny and inspiring at the same time.

The lock gates opened, and we slowly went along the fairly wide waterway.

And then something happened which made my heart stand still with utter and complete bliss!

I'll have to spend a paragraph or two telling you about my high regard for ducks. Yes, ducks..the cute li'l things which quack.

For twenty-five years, ever since I saw my first duck in a park pond, I've been addicted to the things.....I've drawn 'em, painted 'em, and even photographed 'em (though so far I've only managed to get little blobs). I've collected paintings and pictures of them, and for quite a few years, when I was a humble village constable in County Down, I kept them. I had a flock of twenty Khahki Campbells, and on one particularly happy occasion, I obtained some eggs from a wild duck's nest and hatched them out.

Throughout my life I've fought a lone crusade about evil men who go out with double-barrelled shotguns and shoot the hell out of innocent ducks and drakes whose only crime was to swoop too low over the water.

I've argued with men, and on one occasion actually came to blows with an ignorant cuss who wished to display to his fellow men the peak of his culture in the form of the stiff and bloodstained body of a mallard which had flipped before a charge of buckshot fired at close range!

I've cycled forty miles and been happy if I'd seen even one solitary duck in its natural habitat.... Throughout my travels in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Europe, only on rare occasions have I seen ducks flying about without having to go on safari to find 'em.

And so, on this day in September 1959, as I was drifting along the crowded Government Locks in Seattle, you can imagine the sublime feelings which shot over me as I saw ducks, dozens of ducks flying about, and no one seemed anxious to eliminate them. In fact, no one took the slightest notice of them.

Honestly, in all my duck meditation, it never occurred to me that in at least one place in this world, in a city..a large city..the people would be so educated as to let ducks live their own lives without trying to fill 'em with buckshot. I can't explain how I felt as I looked at Buz and Elinor. Tears were in my eyes, and I ducked as a duck (no play on words intended) swooped low over me, obviously recognizing a kindred spirit.

"Buz, Elinor," I panted, "look....ducks everywhere."

I waved my hands at ducks swimming about near boats, ducks flying overhead without the slightest nervous wiggle to try and keep out of some idiot's sight, ducks, in fact, completely happy with their lot. A veritable Ducks' Haven.

Buz and Elinor forced their faces into smiles. They didn't realise the depth of my feelings about the wee critters.

"Yeeees.....ducks...." they chorused uncertainly.

"But this is wonderful," I said. "This is possibly one of the happiest moments of my life. To think that ducks can live in such an ideal affiliation with mankind."

I raised a fist to the Heavens and waved it in supplication.

From then on, I was deliriously happy. I was exhilarated..I think if I'd dropped my camera in the water I'd just have sniggered and said 'better luck next time.'

I seemed to get a fresh insight into things, and take a fevered interest in even the most mundane things.

The bridges, the ships which passed us by, the stationary ships we passed, the timber store which Buz said had burned down the year before, and he'd felt the heat at 2852, the masses of logs floating in specially assigned places.

We passed Lake Union, a small lake on our right. I was surprised at the vast number of little houseboats which were anchored to the shore. Elinor told me she used to live in one when she was a young girl, and that they were very comfortable. That I could believe. They were all neat, nicely painted, and looked completely natural, resting there on the water's edge. Buz told me that a lot of them were inhabited by students who went to the University of Washington, which we would see later on our left. In fact, said Buz, if I looked in the distance I could see a structure which was the sports arena. It looked big.

The ducks abounded everywhere, little brown ones with confident postures.

As the afternoon wore onwards, after four pm, the sun began to sink, and there was a slight chill in the air. Merely by chance I discovered the side of the funnel was warm...

in fact, almost hot. I plastered myself against the side of it, and felt the heat penetrating my blue pullover. I told Buz and Elinor the happy news, and they both huddled against it, too.

I must also mention the many and varied types of aeroplanes which flew over. I don't recall if I've mentioned it before, but I'm an aeroplane enthusiast, too, and when I was younger and had the spare time I used to collect pictures and magazines and have now built up quite a sizeable reference library dealing with all aspects of aviation. I used to be good at identifying aeroplanes, but some of the smaller types flying above me were new to me, although I must place on record that I have always been impressed with the air-mindedness of the American people, and the great diversity of design shown in their aircraft. These aeroplanes, and seaplanes, were painted in gaudy colours, and came over quite low. I took several photographs, but these also came out as little blobs. I must confess that I cannot differentiate between my photographs of ducks and aeroplanes, but I blame this on my camera, not my eyesight!

Yep, Buz was right, the sports arena at the University of Washington was but big and impressive.

We rounded the tip of Union Bay, and found ourselves in the fresh water Lake Washington. It was blue, and just wonderful. The Sightseer went north as far as Sand Point, and then swung due south. On our right, the Seattle panorama was magnificent to behold. Seattle is built on hills, and this was especially obvious from our vantage point on Lake Washington.

In the distance, joining Seattle to the land across Lake Washington, I saw a strange apparition.

A bridge which seemed to float on the water.

The voice and Buz and Elinor filled in a few details for me.

What I was looking at was a floating bridge....the Lake Washington Floating Bridge, and it was over a mile long, and if it wasn't unique, it was certainly the biggest one in the world. America always seemed to sport something which was 'the biggest of its type in the world', and when you've travelled across this great country like I have you come to realise that it isn't just ostentation, but the people are so industrious that it has become a part of their heritage to show the world that they can do anything anyone else can, much bigger and better!

As if in answer to my silent prayer, Sightseer swung past the point Buz told me we berthed at, Leschi Park, and made a head-on run at the Floating Bridge. At the last moment the Sightseer made a pass within yards of the bridge, and I saw before my very eyes that fact that it did float on the surface. Possibly there was some difficulty with the uncertainty of the foundation of the lake, I don't know, and maybe when the bridge was planned, the novel idea of having the bridge float on the surface occurred to some genius.

It seemed so funny to see cars whizzing along within a very few feet of the surface.. I sincerely hoped that I would get a chance to go across the bridge, although I wasn't so forward as to ask Buz straight out. I think maybe he saw the gleam in my eyes, though..

Exactly on the scheduled time, five pm, we berthed at Leschi Point.

We walked down the gangplank onto the shore, and Buz led us to a nice silver stream-lined bus.

Buz told the driver we wanted to get to Pier 56, and after a pleasant drive right across Seattle, we reached our destination.

Well, we didn't actually get to Pier 56, because the 'bus had a lot of passengers who wanted to be dropped all over the place, but Buz signalled the driver to let us off a couple of blocks away from the pier.

I had exposed a full roll of 35 mm film in my camera during the voyage, and Elinor said she knew a place which had a very efficient service, so we walked to the place and I handed over my roll and bought another. Being of a mercenary disposition, I asked for the film to be only developed..my office back in Belfast is next to the Photography Department, and I made up my mind to save the films and spend the long lonely winter lunch times printing my pictures of America.

We walked another block, and I saw a shop absolutely filled with souvenirs. I have always been a sucker for collecting items during my travels, to remind me of the places I'd been to, and to prove to my doubting audience (my wife and kids) that I've actually

been. I wheeled smartly left into the shop, and Buz and Elinor jerked to a halt and followed me in.

It was just a Paradise. One whole shelf was full of wooden totem poles, carved, so the man behind the counter said, by real Indians. They were of various sizes, and I bought a dollar one, about a foot high, 'for my son' I said loudly, but it's decorating my bedroom at the moment. I saw another counter with Indian dolls, also about a foot high. They were perfect miniatures, even down to the beads on the buckskin outfit. I bought one 'for my small daughter', and I must confess it's next to the totem pole. Frankly, I could have stopped in there for hours, looking at earrings made from whales' teeth, and brooches carved from the 'bones of fossilised mammoths', and bows and arrows and big feathered headdresses, but I knew the dogs would just about have had enough time to chew themselves out, so with my doll and totem pole rampant, I followed Buz and Elinor out of the shop and along the other block to the car.

Nobby and Lisa went into raptures when they saw us, and they wagged their tails so much they nearly flogged themselves to death!

I saw a little white square of paper stuck to the windscreen wiper, and Buz announced with some feeling of good humour that we had been booked for parking.

And therein lies another great difference between the British and American opinions of things.

Humbly, I must confess that in this respect, the Americans are absolutely right in their attitude.

Consider the elementary facts.

You've left your car on the side of the road for a longer period than the statute allows.

This is not a criminal offence, it is not dishonest, it does not constitute immorality to be booked for parking.

YET IN THE BRITISH ISLES IT IS CONSIDERED JUST THAT.

In America, characters such as Otto Pfeifer have kept the country in the black by paying literally dozens of fines for parking. And the fining system is so simple in Seattle. Traffic wardens come round and affix a notice to your car if it is parked longer than it should be. The car owner comes back, sees the ticket, and pays a statutory fine to a local office. If he forgets to pay, the fine increases as time goes by. It is as simple as that. No dirty looks from the neighbors, no walking along with the head bent low, no thought of retiring to a monastery or a convent.

But in the British Isles, the situation is really absurd.

Your car is parked too longer, and you find a notice on your car to go to the nearest police station, or you may even find a zealous constable waiting for you, with a blunt pencil poised over a little black notebook. You have to give details of yourself, your driving license, your insurance, and what you had for breakfast. In due course, a summons comes along, and you have to spend a day at the local sessions, and your case is called, and maybe you hire a solicitor to defend you and it all costs money and you get a fine, and a much stiffer one if you've been a visitor more than once.

Letters appear in the press every day, saying that the police should give their attention to murders and the detection of crime rather than hounding motorists, and it is a fact that at this moment (January 1960) a Royal Commission is sitting in England to investigate the wide breach which exists between the police and the rest of the population, and it is no secret that this breach and lack of public confidence has been caused by police attention to motorists, particularly for parking offenses. And I must stress that it isn't the fault of the police. They are sent out to stop illegal parking..how much fairer and simpler is the American system, Traffic Wardens (and in Seattle, the wardens are women) dealing with parking offences, and the police being spared such a weary and frustrating job and given the time and opportunity to use their training to its ultimate conclusion, the prevention and detection of crime.

I mean, Buz actually chuckled when he saw the parking ticket, and Otto has a scrapbook full of them; they don't feel inferior and ill-used.

And best of all, the high cost of summons, court appearances, loss of pay, solicitors' fees and loss of time are all avoided, just by being sensible about things.

Anyway, Buz pulled the notice off and gave it to Elinor and told her to pay it and that was that.....well.....almost.....

We drove home, and there was a 'phone call for me, and a nice woman's voice told me that if I went down to the Western Union office there was some money for me. I did a double somersault, because my finances were at the fingernail stage, and Buz said he would drive me down on the morrow.

After a special Elinor Busby Feed, we had one of our usual long discussions, and then I announced to mine hosts that I felt the urge to start on my memoirs, and could I use one of their many typewriters?

Buz said this could be, and he sat me at a table with his nice new typer. He fetched me a hunk of reject CRY pages which were blank on one side. He also fetched me a glass of home brew, and told the parakeet and the cockatiel to stop talking.

I sat poised over the keys, my fingers trembling with ill-concealed anticipation.

For well over two weeks I had lived in an entirely new sort of world, where every voice and every object was of interest to me..and so much was boiled up inside me that I didn't know where to start.....I had to sort it all out into some sort of sequence..and for maybe a full two minutes I sat there, hunched over the Busby typer, and suddenly my fingers flashed into action. I typed so fast with my two forefingers that they got into each other's way, and the metal fingers became so enmeshed that I had to sort them out and start all over again. I have never, at any time, found any great difficulty in maintaining an even flow of words, I have evolved a system whereby the words are queueing up in my mind, waiting for my fingers to get around to typing them. On this Friday evening in Seattle, the queue broke formation and it required all my fumbling dexterity to keep up with the stampede. Page after page was filled up in no time at all. I didn't stop for typographical errors, I just bashed on regardless and hoped that whoever had the job of stencilling would possess a three-dimensional mind. I'm glad to say that Elinor has just that; she must have, or she would never have been able to wade through my manuscripts, which looked more like sheets of music than pages oozing with my happy recollections!

Buz kept me fueled with gallons of home brew, and I tickled a symphony on the keys. As I typed each page I passed it to Elinor, and she passed it to Buz, and it was gratifying to see that they sniggered here and there in the right places. I think on that night I wrote twelve pages about my experiences in New York.

Close on midnight I made my 'good nights' and retired to bed with a Raymond Chandler book I'd seen sticking out its dustcover in a Busby Bookcase. For years I'd made a habit of reading a page or two in bed at night before going to sleep. I always found it calmed me down and made me sleep. I suppose it doesn't say much for the marital aspect of my life, but I've read some smashing books. After a couple of pages of Philip Marlowe, I got out of bed, switched off the light, and lay in the darkness with my hands at the back of my head....and then it occurred to me that for a few days I hadn't really thought about my family back in Belfast, and that demonstrated the pace of my life, whizzing about over 6,000 miles away from them. So I just lay there with my eyes closed and thought about them..I tried to work out what time it would be in Belfast, but the calculation was too much for me, and it wasn't important enough to wake up Buz and ask him for the loan of his slide rule.

And that bed was so comfortable.....

I woke early on Saturday morning...I knew it was early, even without a watch. I read a few more pages of Chandler, and I heard the hounds patterning about, and the normal noises one associates with a household awakening. The strains of Rimsky Korsakov's 'Scheherazade' filtered through to me, so I reckoned it was time to make an appearance.

After washing and shaving, I said 'morning' to them all (by 'them all' I mean folks, dogs and birds) and asked the time and was told it was nine fifteen am.

I hadn't noticed before that Elinor had a record player, and whilst she was making breakfast I perused her collection. Quite a sizeable collection it was, and I noticed that our tastes were very similar.

Although I'd been at the Busbys' for almost two days, this was my first breakfast. But before the meal started I saw a long line of pills before me on the table. Buz and Elinor were popping their pills into their mouths, and swilling them down with orange

juice. I asked rather nervously what they were for, and Elinor went down the collection, referring to them by colours, and saying what each one would do for me....calm my nerves, give me energy, keep me awake, stop me from worrying, etc. I never felt better in my life. I could have taken on Rocky Marciano and given him fourteen rounds start. But I was always one for trying a new sensation, so I popped each pill in my mouth and washed it down with orange juice.

I never did notice any unusual effect, except for the slight increase in appetite. This could be attributed to the pills, or to Elinor's cooking, possibly a combination of both.

After coffee, we went downtown in the car, with Elinor driving. I've always been nervous of women drivers. Once, when I was driving a police car, following a woman driver, she signalled me with a wave of her hand to overtake. Almost as I was level with her, she swung right. I prised my stomach off the steering wheel, and went after her. She disclaimed any responsibility, she said she didn't give a signal, she was drying her nail polish!

Elinor, on the contrary, was a most accomplished driver. There wasn't the slightest trace of indecision, she swung in and out of traffic lanes with firmness and precision, and I must honestly say she was the best woman driver I'd ever sweated with.

We parked the car at a parking meter which still had twenty minutes to run before being replenished with coinage. We went to the Western Union office, and I approached a girl behind the counter and told her I was John Berry. She looked thoughtful for a moment, and smiled. She came back with some greenbacks, but before giving them to me, asked me for proof of identity. I opened my wallet, and all I could find was my police warrant card, a small folded card about two inches square. She looked at it for a moment, and said, "Have you really come from Ireland?" I nodded, and she pushed the money over, and I swear tears were in her eyes. "From Ireland" she muttered again. She also gave me a telegram which said the money had been sent for the Berry Fund from the Detention Committee.

I was very touched by this.

The Detroit Convention Committee had made a plea in their Detention Blurb to "KEEP DETROIT GREEN", and by all accounts the committee had indeed made a profit. But there was nothing mercenary behind their plea for greenery, it was just a hope to keep themselves out of debt. They had made money, and after all their many kindnesses to me, which was much more than any guest could have reasonably expected, they had forwarded some cash for the Berry Fund.

I sent off an airmail postcard immediately to Jim Broderick, offering my heartfelt thanks, and never was I more sincere!

We called round at the film place, and I collected my developed 35 mm film, and I couldn't resist the temptation to unroll it there and then, in the store, to see how it turned out. Most of the shots were of the Mount Rainier expedition, and all came out superbly. Elinor's shots of the Sightseer Tour had been printed, and we examined them in the store, too, and Elinor ordered spare copies for me.

Back at 2852, I decided to continue with my memoirs. As the weather was as clear and hot as it had ever been, Buz helped me take chair and typewriter and reams of paper out onto the lawn behind the bungalow.

Buz returned again with a tumbler of home brew, and he settled himself near me with a bundle of fanzines, which he proceeded to digest.

I'd hacked my way through about six pages, pausing only for breath. The sun got even hotter, and I stripped off my American shirt and let the sun play on my shoulders. Buz refilled the tumbler, and I was in great form.

Elinor came into the back garden with a well dressed gentleman who looked like a refugee from the cast of 'Citizen Kane'.

He was introduced to me as Jack Speer.

I stood up and shook hands with this old fan, who had prepared the original FANCYCLOPEDIA way back when I was being weaned.

Elinor said he was a politician, and he sort of stuck his chest out a mite. He looked like a cross between Broderick Crawford, George Raft and Rod Cameron. He looked rather

stern and very efficient.

Buz explained that I was working on my memoirs, and gave Jack a page to read. Jack asked me a few questions, and we had quite a chat before he departed.

I returned to my typing.

And for the rest of the day, the routine was very much the same. I wrote over 20,000 words about my four days in New York. I didn't have to stop and think for even a second. My fingers trembled with the speed as I tried to get a new sheet of paper between the rollers.

Between bashing the keys, I stuffed myself with food, fondled dogs, winked at birds, drained home brew and rested my two typing fingers.

The day passed all too quickly, and almost before I knew it I was lying in bed again, trying to keep up with Philip Marlowe as he stumbled over clues and corpses.

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Sunday morning, and believe it or not, the sun was still beating down.

Whilst Elinor was getting breakfast and laying the pills in formation, I went to the front door and leaned against it, basking in the sun and getting a wonderful view of Seattle. Buz's place is on a hill, and from the front door I looked downwards, and I could see the bay, Puget Sound, stretching before me; and I saw all the masses of wooden buildings, most of them single storeyed. Overhead, seaplanes and Boeing 707's and small vividly painted private aeroplanes shot across the sky....I was in my element..just leaning there quite happily, and awaiting the call for pills and breakfast.

Later, I retired to the lawn outside and wrote a few more thousand words about my week's trip with Eney and Jean Young.

Then I heard a loud, loud voice, and recognised the clarion call of Sandy Cutrell announcing himself at the front.

He came bounding out onto the lawn, and the building shuddered as he shouted a greeting.

He explained that he had driven his Volkswagen from Detroit at quite a liesurely fashion, and had called in to see us on his way south to Portland.

At Elinor's invitation he stopped to lunch, and at that meal we all tried our hardest to get a word in edgeways as he spoke with a voice which was as liltingly soft as a fog-horn recovering from laryngitis.

Sandy has a vivid personality. I like the way he describes incidents, which he does in a forthright manner, leaving no detail unexplained. The best compliment I can pay him is to say he is definitely a fannish type.

After lunch he remounted his Volkswagen and drove away shouting his thanks for Elinor's hospitality until he was three streets away.

Then, at the stroke of three o'clock, the guests for the Busby Fannish Party started to arrive.

One of the first to come was Jim Webbert. I recalled this name from Walt Willis's story of his American Tour, 'The Harp Stateside', and inquiry revealed this was the self-same Webbert. He was a huge man, with shoulders like barn doors, and a sort of handsome all-American ruggedness. Actually, he was a very pleasant person, very nice to talk to.

The other fans present included the valiant trio, Messrs. Wally Weber, Wally Gonser, and Professor Toskey....and last of all came Otto.

The conversation seemed to revolve around Buz....he was sort of focal point of the conversation, rather like Walt Willis at a meeting of Irish Fandom. I must be honest and say that I didn't add a lot to the conversation. I've always regarded the American accent as being something beautiful to listen to, and it was relaxing and rather wonderful to just sit back up to my ears in home brew and listen to the rest of them talking. Occasionally I would say something, but I've always been a good listener, rather than a conversationalist.

Elinor staggered in with food, huge big platters of spaghetti, followed by blackberry tart and ice cream. A lot of tongues popped in and out, oozing saliva, and then came the rapid munching of jaws. Glasses of home brew followed, and we were all in really top form.

I took the advantage of the gathering of Seattle Fandom to take a few shots, using Elinor's flash bulbs.

Later, round about half past seven, we piled into the squad of cars outside 2852, and drove across town to the place where the weekly meetings of the Nameless Ones are held.

A table was at the head of the room, and a dozen or so chairs were set out, facing it, and gradually the rest of the Nameless Ones arrived....I'd heard most of their names, from reading the reports by Wally Weber in CRY OF THE NAMELESS.

Members present were Elinor, Buz, Wally's Weber and Gonser, Jim Webbert, Otto, Ed Wyman, Jerry Frahm, Rose Stark. Elinor was the President, and she sat at the table, facing us. Actually, Elinor looked very good as President. Her charm made up for the bite usually associated with presidents.

She brought the meet to order as best she could amidst the popping of flash bulbs, and asked for the secretary, Mr. Weber, to read the minutes of the last meeting. I have maintained several times recently that Wally Weber is probably the best humourist in fandom..true humourist, that is, and I'm afraid that he is badly under-estimated. To listen to him reading the minutes of the previous meeting was to enjoy a rare experience, a quick and nimble mind reading his own words and putting his own personality across at the same time. I said in the last chapter what a really outstanding fellow this Weber is, and the more I saw of him the more I realised that the world is not blessed with many men of his calibre. To listen to him was sheer luxury. He finished the minutes all too quickly.

The President asked if someone would come forth and tell the assembled throng about the convention. I was asked, as Guest of Honour, to speak to the Nameless Ones, and I staggered up to the table, leaned on it, and told the fans all about my trip right up to the start of the convention. I got really warmed up, and made a sort of idiot of myself by impersonating cockroaches and flinging my arms about as I described how I fought these dreaded insects in the Nunnery. I was prepared to continue my talk and describe my joyful experiences at the Detention, and I know in my own mind that I should have done just that. But I must confess that I faunched to hear Wally Weber describe the Detention as only he could, and rather abruptly I finished my lecture on the perils of New York and requested Wally to tell us all about the Detention.

He did so with great eloquence and skill. He made us all laugh with his quiet but subtle and witty remarks, and made the Detention sound exactly as it was....a wonderful and unforgettable experience.

Wally Gonser continued where Wally Weber left off, and explained to his enraptured audience a few unexpurgated details of the night-life of Detroit, including the amazing fact that he had been approached by a woman of doubtful virtue a few blocks from the Con Hotel. There was a gasp of awe from the audience at this revelation, and the President with a blush brought the meeting to a close.

We retired downstairs to a kitchen where a pot of coffee was bubbling on an electric ring, and supped coffee without sugar, and chatted for some time until a coloured gentleman with big eyes who was a caretaker tactfully suggested it was about time to quit..

We drove to a snazzy place called SMITHY'S, and we dragged a couple of tables together and sat round it. SMITHY was a well-built off-brown chap of smart appearance, and we placed our orders. Buz ordered some pancakes for me, and when they came, pointed out all the little pots on the table with different coloured mixtures in them, maple syrup and sticky stuff similarly akin to it. I slapped some on, much to the detriment of my moustache.

It was quite a drive back home again. There wasn't too much traffic on the roads, and Seattle seemed rather quiet on this Sunday night.

Back at 2852, I told Elinor and Buz how much I'd enjoyed my day, and I meant it.

I read Raymond Chandler in bed, but switched out the light after Marlowe had finished the seduction scene.....

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Monday morning.....I lay in bed and shook my head....it just couldn't be Monday morning, time couldn't go as fast as that.

But at breakfast time Buz said it was so, and I told them the time had gone incredibly fast, and that in two short days I would have to go. I felt sad as I swallowed my pills, and said how much I wished it was my first day, and I would have everything in front of me.

After breakfast I placed Buz's typewriter on a table in the front room, and started to work on an extra issue of my SAPSazine, POT POURRI. Buz gave me a pile of stencils, and I decided to write short thumb-nail sketches of all the sixteen SAPSsites I had met at the Detention. I have found in the past that I get better inspiration if soft music is playing in the background...it sort of has the effect of subconsciously soothing me, so I chose 'Scheherazade' from Elinor's record collection, and played it through entirely. I worked well, and filled several stencils by the time the record finished. As soon as the needle started to wear out a disc in the centre of the record, I got up, took 'Scheherazade' off, and sorted through the collection. Two long-playing folders bore a picture of a beautiful girl with slanted eyes called Pat Suzuki, and although I'd never heard of her, I was swayed by her picture, and I put the record on the player. I had my fingers poised over the keys, and I must admit I never did hit one. The superb voice flooded the room.....I've always been an ardent fan of Judy Garland and Ella Fitzgerald, and in my opinion Pat Suzuki combines the best features of both of them. I was enraptured at the golden tones of her voice. She threw herself into the lyrics with abandon, as if she wasn't just singing for the money.

Elinor seemed pleased that I liked Miss Suzuki, and she told me that she used to sing in a club in Seattle before she hit the big time. I discussed with Elinor which of the songs on the records of Pat Suzuki she liked best, and we differed somewhat in our favourites, but both agreed that Pat Suzuki is the greatest. She is unknown on this side of the Atlantic....I mean of course that she never appears on the radio, although I've tuned into the American Forces Network in Germany and heard her on relatively rare occasions. One of these days I'm going to get myself a record player, and next to Tsaichovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Frankie Sinatra, she'll be head of my list!

"It's about time we went round to see Toskey's new house," mused Buz, so we got in the car with the hounds and Elinor drove to the address Toskey had given, the site of his latest acquisition, a big house which boasted no less than twenty-seven trees.

The street was wide, and the houses were made of wood but were much bigger than many I'd seen in Seattle. We stopped outside a house which would have housed a regiment, and I just could not believe that Toskey lived there, unless he'd opened a boarding house for some of his students!

The dogs didn't want to be left in the car, but Buz was firm, and they stood on the seats and looked out of the windows as we started the Everest-like climb up the steps to the front door. Honestly, the entrance to this fantastic house must have been about thirty feet above ground level. On both sides of the steps was a neat green lawn, with little shrubs dotted here and there.

Toskey seemed sort of proud as he opened the front door and let us in.

He had only just moved in, and the place was understandably in some disorder, although the walls were decorated with large technicolour Garcone illustrations of some considerable charm. Piles of books and fanzines and the current SAPS bundles lay all over the floor.

Tosk was anxious to show us around, and he took us upstairs and into all the bedrooms. It appears that the lady who lived in the house before selling it to Toskey had so much equipment she didn't know what to do with it, and Toskey nonchalantly pointed to various well-appointed items of furniture or decoration and modestly said 'she left that behind, too'. He took us into the storeroom under the house, and pointed to a lot of big trunks which the previous owner had bequeathed to him. He yawned and said he didn't know what was in the trunks and hadn't yet had the time to look. We persuaded him to take the plunge, and he kicked one open and it was full of sheets in mint condition, and he prised open another one, which was revealed to be full of boys' shirts, all clean and well-wrapped. There must have been several hundred dollars' worth of miscellaneous kit in that storeroom. I know if I'd owned the house the first thing I would have done was to go through each trunk or box one at a time, in some speed, to see what my assets were, but Toskey has a much higher mind, and showed that he was patient.

The subject of the 'twenty-seven trees' came up, and we three visitors were rather skeptical, and Tosk vowed it was true and said he'd show us.

At the back of the house was a wooded slope. The trees were hanging down with plums as big as ostrich eggs. I leaned out a hand and grabbed one, and the juice trickled down

my hand. It was delicious...I grabbed a couple more and noticed that Buz and Elinor were doing the same. Lots of the fruit had fallen off the tree, and wasps were buzzing round them. Toskey could have made quite a sum of dollars if he'd picked the trees bare and marketed them, but one cannot expect a prof to spend valuable time climbing trees picking plums. After I'd finished, there were a couple score less for the wasps to get at, anyway.

The tree count began, and the trees were behind the house, and there were quite a number of them. But as the tour of inspection took us round the side of the house and to the front, the trees got smaller and smaller, and at the finish, in order to make up the grand total of twenty-seven trees, we had to count the shrubs which bordered the steps. I must admit that Toskey hadn't exaggerated: twenty-seven trees was the accurate total, so Tosk's mathematical mind hadn't let him down.

Inside, Tosk showed me his record player and his really vast collection of classical records. I was in the mood for good music, and after asking permission, I played the entire Sixth Symphony by Tchaikovsky, the 'Pathetique'.

I lay face down on the thick pile carpet, with my head on my arms, and listened in rapture to this most magnificent piece of symphonic beauty. I could hear Elinor talking to Tosk in another room, and I peeped out of the corner of my eyes and saw Buz sitting on a settee lapping up the delightful decibels.

I frankly was so caught up with the music that I felt the urge to leap to my feet and lash myself into a fury by conducting, but I denied myself this pleasure and contented myself with a purely mental appreciation.

The last majestic chords died away, and I stood up, shook my head and brought myself back to earth again.

In the far distance below us, at street level, the dogs were giving vent to their feelings at being restricted with twenty-seven trees in close proximity, and Elinor said it was time we departed.

It was quite late in the afternoon when we got back to the Busbys', and after a meal I sat myself down and tinkled the typer keys, filling more stencils with what I fondly imagined was pure unadulterated wit!

The fanac fever gripped Buz and Elinor...and they sorted themselves out behind typewriters, and bashed out letters of comment and stencils for CRY or their SAPS and FAPazines.

And so the night passed, with fanac, a few choice records, the chattering of birds, the scampering of dachshunds, the joyful gurgle of home brew pouring down open mouths, the lovely voice of Elinor making some choice observation and the laugh of Buz as he made a cryptic remark.

Some session!!

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After pills and breakfast and coffee, Buz announced that we'd go out in the car. I'd previously informed Buz and Elinor that I was very fond of exploring museums, and they'd said that there were several good ones in Seattle.

We drove round Seattle, and my hosts pointed out lots of places of interest, including the house where Buz used to live before he was married, and the University where Toskey lectured on mathematics.

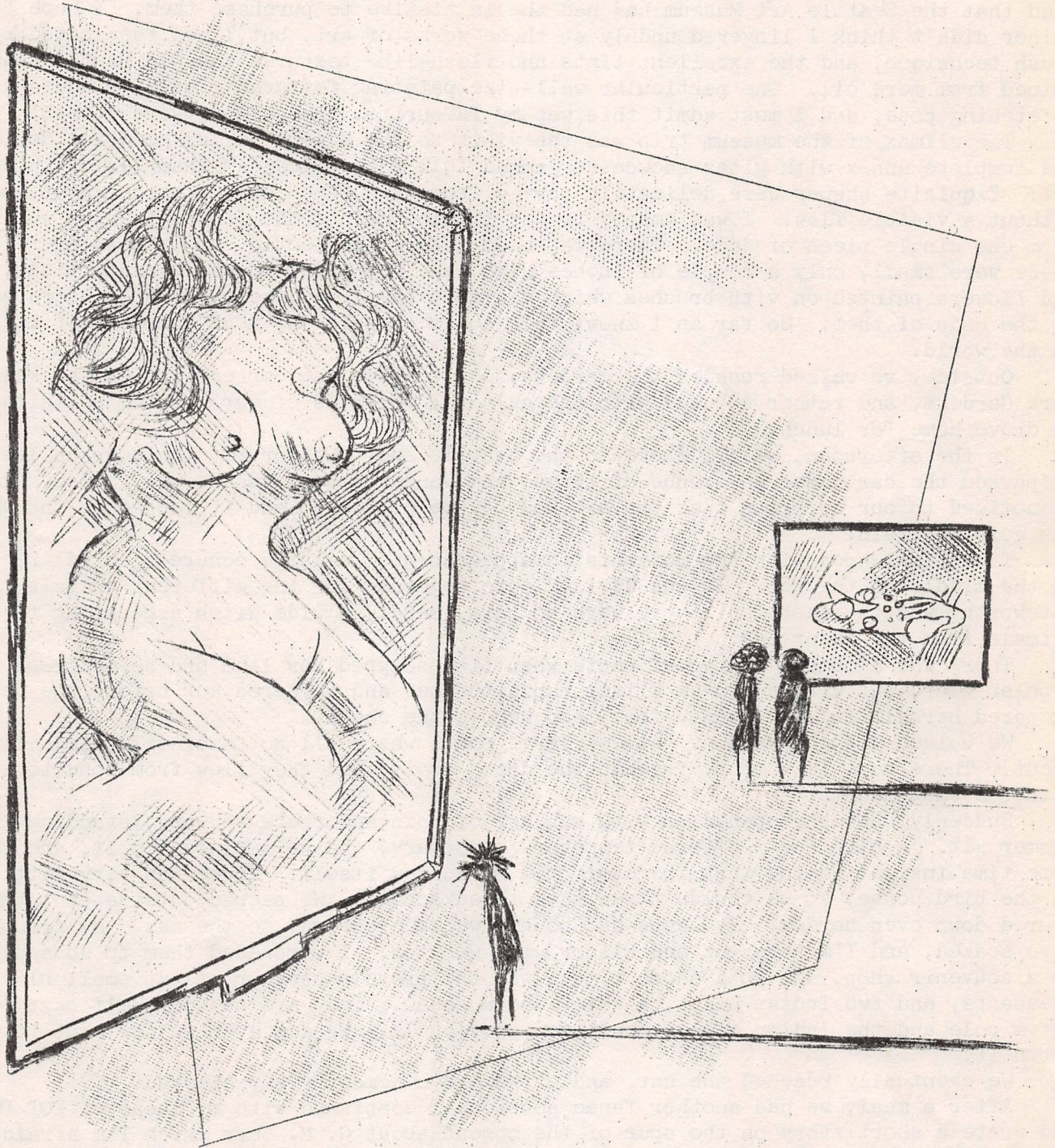
Eventually, we drove along a tree-lined avenue and came to a modern looking building with magnificent gardens to the left of it.

The building, Elinor explained, was the Seattle Art Museum.

Outside it were two huge stone creatures which had once had a place of honour outside some obscure temple in China. The creatures were about the size of horses, and I bitterly regretted that I had forgotten to bring my camera. It would have made a smashing cover for one of my fanzines, a picture of Elinor astride one of them. I'm sure she would have been sport enough to have mounted one for me, even though important and well-dressed people were passing us to and from the museum.

Inside, it was as clean and as silent as all museums are, although it didn't have the musty air one usually associates with museums.

The museum was featuring a display of painting by Mark Tobey, who specialized in surrealist and abstract works. These paintings seemed to be getting a lot of favourable



and over-awed attention from the arty types who were drifting around, and although I must admit the paintings by Tobey were detailed and probably very difficult to do, they didn't appeal to me. Some of them were just large hunks of canvas with cute li'l white patterns overall..in some cases crossed line, in some cases dots, in a few cases the very slightest suggestion of pattern. At the other extreme, some of the canvases looked as though they had been rags he'd wiped his brushes on; I'm certain they were. Various blurbs said how famous he was, and that he was internationally recognised as one of the foremost abstract painters, but I reckon I was as good when I was three years old!

Some of the other paintings were classics by the European masters of the Renaissance and later. I recognised one or two of the paintings as being in a book of art pictures I

have in my own small library, and on checking up when I got back home I found to my pleasant surprise that such and such a painting was 'at present in the Seattle Art Museum'.

To my lasting enjoyment some of the Old Masters had gone to town on nudes, and I was glad that the Seattle Art Museum had had the initiative to purchase them. I hope Buz and Elinor didn't think I lingered unduly at these works of art, but I was fascinated by the brush technique, and the excellent tints and flesh-like textures the Old Masters had obtained from mere oil. One particular wall-size painting featured a soldier and a girl in a fetching pose, and I must admit this was my favourite, the colours were superb!

The climax of the museum trip was the visit to the Eugene Fuller Memorial Collection.. one complete annex with glass showcases jammed full with priceless examples of Chinese art. Exquisite shapes were delicately carved from jade, and jade of the highest quality, without a visible flaw. I was amazed to see little chains, the links of which were carved from one single piece of jade. There was also a large collection of Chinese snuff bottles. These were small, only a couple of inches high, and yet each one was a masterpiece, dragons and flowers painted on with brushes which couldn't have had more than three hairs attached to the ends of them. So far as I know, this collection is the most complete of its kind in the world.

Outside, we walked rounded the gardens, or, to give the correct title, the Volunteer Park Gardens, and rather subdued with the cultural memories of our morning's visitation, we drove home for lunch.

In the afternoon, we all drove to the Seattle Zoo. Elinor put the dogs on leads, and we parked the car under an avenue of trees, and wandered over to the bear house. Then we noticed to our surprise that the sky had become overcast, and it looked as though it was going to rain.

I was impressed with the modernistic appearance of a large concrete animal reserve in the middle of the zoo. It was divided into segments for the different animals, and noteworthy was the fact that there were no bars, merely a wide ditch separating the animals from the observers.

There was a moment or two of panic when Lisa slipped her lead and seemed keen to tackle a polar bear, but with a scream Elinor ran after her and cornered her before she had fully prepared herself for the twenty-foot leap across the chasm.

We walked along a roadway between large ponds where all sorts of wild birds fluttered about. There were lots of my friends the ducks about, and they flew from pond to pond in rather a smug manner.

Suddenly, the sky opened up with a blast of rain and there we were, standing in our summer kit. A bird house offered temporary sanctuary, and we sprinted to it, and spent some time inside, hoping that the storm had exhausted itself. There was very little light in the bird house, so we couldn't see them to advantage. We peeped outside, but the rain poured down even harder. By leaps and bounds we made our way to the car. My trousers were soaked, and I'm sure Buz and Elinor were wet too. I persuaded them to do a detour by a souvenir shop, and in a short time I was the proud possessor of two small plaster pheasants, and two Indian heads, a chief and a squaw. They are on the shelf next to the totem pole and the Indian girl I mentioned previously. We got even wetter, but it was worth it.

We eventually reached the car, and as we drove home the sky cleared.

After a meal, we had another fanac session, I continued with my issue of POT POURRI, and wrote a short story on the spur of the moment about G. M. Carr which I'm afraid wasn't very complimentary to her. I was rather annoyed with her, because a couple of years ago she had slandered Walt Willis to such an extent that he had resigned from FAPA. Then, whilst I was at the Detention, I had heard from Phyllis Economou that in the latest FAPA mailing she had attacked Buz and Elinor for alleged selfish behaviour re the Westercon. Because I had been so wonderfully well-treated by the Busbys, and because I knew her feud with Willis had been in extremely bad taste, too, I felt that I should do my bit toward an anti-GMC campaign.....I felt it only right to leap to the defence of my friends. The story was placed in the future, when President F. M. Busby ruled the fannish world, and Elinor was his secretary. A couple of pages were spent detailing how the Busbys' dealt with various trouble spots all over the fannish world, for example:

"Here's an interesting report," said FM some moments later, "do you remember about eighteen months ago I agreed to the grant of a sum of money for the one fan on the Virgin Islands to work on his fan fiction novel about a convention there, and how they had to change the name of the island? Well, it's being made into a film by a French company. If I remember correctly, you advised me against the grant?"

"If you want to make an issue of it, I'll look up the notes," said the secretary sternly.

I had Otto Pfeifer swinging a correcting fluid deal in Russia, Jack Harness winning the Nobel Peace Prize, Fred Hoyle resigning from the Cult, Art Rapp becoming the first Honorary Poet Laureate in Great Britain, and fifty acolytes permanently on duty at the Bloch Shrine near the Jefferson Monument in Washington.

The climax of the story was as follows:

"It's time to go," said Elinor, "I'll ring for the helitaxi."

They put their fur coats on, and crossed the office. As they opened the door, they bumped into the cleaner. She bowed her head in respect as they passed.

The President of Fandom turned back to her.

"Oh, we had a bit of an accident this afternoon," he said. "Don't forget to wipe those coffee stains off the carpet, G.M."

I suppose it wasn't really sporting of me to take a dislike to G. M. Carr without actually meeting her and forming my own opinions, but I recall how deeply Willis was hurt with the FAPA deal, and how indignant the Busbys were. It seemed more than a coincidence to me that all three of the victims were kind and considerate personalities, without an evil or unkind thought in their heads, and bearing in mind that G. M. had also given several other well known fans the works, I made up my mind that the whole spirit of my travels in America would be spoiled if I met her. I want to impress the fact here and now that the Busbys gave me every opportunity to meet G. M. Carr. They offered in all sincerity to arrange a contact, either personally or by telephone, but I insisted that I just did not want to meet her. Perchance this was a mistake, but I have no regrets. Certainly my whole vast journey went off without an unkind word being spoken, and although I have it on the very best authority that G.M. is a very pleasant person to talk to, I do not think I could have refrained from asking her why she dealt so harshly with Willis without the slightest provocation, and why she had been so ruthless with her vendetta against two of her fellow Seattleites who were kindness and consideration personified.

Much later at night Jim Webbert came over, and Wally Weber and Otto came even later with two nice people I'd never heard of, Richard and Virginia West, who could, I suppose, be labelled fringe fans.

Buz got out the inevitable home brew, and Elinor brought out a huge plate of potato chips, and I don't know whether it was the pills or the home brew or the climate or my gluttony, but I suddenly found I had a passion for potato chips. I munched a few handfuls, and they were much tastier and crisper than the ones we get in Belfast.

After I'd taken as many as I decently could with company present, I went to the extremes of duplicity to cram my mouth with them. I looked searchingly on the floor hoping that others would look there so that I could snaffle some without being spotted. Instead of taking one with my fingertips and little finger raised, as the others were doing, I dropped a big ignorant hand in the middle of the plate and hoped that brute force and suction would fill my hand.

Crikey, I never did taste potato chips like 'em.

Wally Weber said he had to leave for Ritzville the next day, and that as he wouldn't be seeing me again he would take the opportunity of saying goodbye to me. I gripped his hand and told him what a great pleasure it had been to meet him, and I must reiterate once more to get it into your heads that this Weber is one perfect gentleman, the sort of character you feel proud to meet (and you rarely meet his type) because it shows that if he is in fandom there must be something in fandom that is extra special. Most of us have one fault, or many of them, but after a lot of studied thought, I cannot think of one fault Weber has, and that is a pretty sweeping statement, I know. Possibly one of the finest men I shall ever be privileged to meet.....

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I didn't feel very well when I opened my eyes on Wednesday morning, and it only took me a couple of seconds to discover what was ailing me. This was my last day in Seattle. And my American Tour was gradually winding up to its close. The date was the 16th of September 1959. I was scheduled to be home in Belfast, one quarter of the way round the world, on Friday the 18th.

There were a dozen or more pages of the Philip Marlowe mystery to read, so I lay there and finished it.....I wasn't completely satisfied....the denouement was complicated, and Chandler is complicated the best of times.

I sat on the edge of my bed and surveyed my kit scattered all over the floor. There was no sense in folding it all up neatly, it was all too far gone for that, so I bundled shirts and suits and socks in a great big bundle and stuffed 'em inside my suitcase. I stacked my packed bags by the side of the bed, and looked nostalgically out of the window at the blackberry bush.

I stepped half an inch nearer the razor and managed a clean shave, and I stepped on the small weighing machine in the bathroom. I had done this the first morning (it seemed only yesterday) and I noticed this Wednesday that I had gained all of six pounds. That's what clean living does for you!

I greeted the six of them with a cheerful 'mornin',' but I had to force the cheerfulness.

At breakfast I swallowed my pills, and we had our usual long chat about fannish matters.

Buz said we would go for another drive, and after an optimistic look into the empty mailbox nailed to the wall by the front door, we all sorted ourselves out in the car and Buz took the wheel.

Buz took us almost by Pier 56, where our SIGHTSEER tour started from.

He guided us into a sort of concentrated market place. There were stalls everywhere, and I was bewildered by the great variety of goods on display. On the food counters there was a vast conglomeration of meat and meat products in all shapes and sizes, steaks as big as doors. The vegetable displays were even more amazing, things I'd never seen before, tomatoes as big as footballs, and as small as marbles....and corn on the cob. I told Elinor I'd never tasted corn, and she smiled inscrutably and went over and purchased a bag full. She went across to the meat counter and finished up purchasing three steaks so heavy it took Buz and myself to drag 'em back to the car, and we had to put 'em in the boot.

Buz took us down a flight of stairs to another complete sequence of stalls, and with much pride he took me to the stall where he'd purchased his home brew equipment, and the woman behind the counter recognised him and smiled knowingly!

Afterwards, we drove across Seattle, and suddenly, before me, I saw the Floating Bridge. I lay back in my seat in the car, completely happy. I sighed contentedly. Now I had done everything.

We cross the floating bridge, and it was so strange to see the surface of the water only a very few feet away, almost level with the windows. After we'd crossed Lake Washington, Buz drove a little way, then turned the car round and returned over the bridge to Seattle.

We turned sharp right after leaving the bridge, and for quite some distance drove along a road which followed the banks of Lake Washington. The roads were tree-lined, and some of the houses were really big, owned by millionaires and folks who didn't have to worry about where the next couple of hundred thousand bucks were coming from.

We stopped at a pancake house for a meal. I wasn't hungry at all....it was the thought of leaving these people....and settled for a cup of coffee. We talked for a little while, and I mentioned my interest in Indian lore, and Buz said that a museum near the University specialized in this subject, and he understood they had quite a unique collection of Indian accoutrements....he told me in fact that Seattle was named after an Indian chief who once owned all he could survey in the area.

So we crossed Seattle, over a bridge spanning the Government Locks we'd toured the previous Friday, and near the University we parked, and entered the museum.

We were out of luck. There was just one room available to us....the meat of the

collection had been stored away, an attendant explained. Nevertheless, I was pleased with what I saw. I remember wishing that my son could have been there....he had just turned ten, and, with western films on TV all the time, he'd reached the enviable age when his main interests depended upon how many Indians bit the dust before they were driven away from wherever or whatever they were attacking. He would have been in his element, seeing the clothes and weapons the Indians used....and the birds and animals which were complementary to them...crikey..I was in my element, too.

Just before we left, I saw the inevitable souvenirs for sale, and after a little reflection I purchased a buckskin purse for my daughter, aged five. The purse was cute. It was brown, and had patterns of coloured beads all over it, and had rather a clever system of brown buckskin thongs, which, when pulled, tightened the purse. It was about six inches long. Although, as I've confessed, all the other souvenirs I bought for my children I kept for myself, I gave Kathleen the purse when I got home. I wouldn't like the neighbours to start talking!

Back in the car, Elinor suggested it would be a good idea to take me to the notorious Swamphouse, which was the abode of Otto and several other chaps, and which featured quite often in Seattle Fannish Lore in SAPSazines and in CRY.

We turned away from the museum, drove along a few roads, and reached the top of a hill, which gave an inspiring view of Seattle..but I remember that one particular scene for another reason.

I felt a sharp pain on the back of my left hand, and to my astonishment I saw a huge black and yellow striped wasp giving me the treatment with a sting which must have been about an inch long. I knocked it off, and stamped on it, but I felt my hand growing numb. Elinor was very concerned; I think she called the offending insect a 'yellow jacket'. I had suffered from the effect of dreaded American-type germs in Detroit, until saved by the ministrations of Virginia Schultheis, and I hoped that American-type wasps were not any more potent than their British counterparts.

Buz stopped the car for a moment, until I assured him that I was right-handed, and therefore was prepared to suffer without any undue concern.

Elinor said she had some stuff back home which would neutralize the sting, and keeping a wary eye open for any further yellow-jacket attacks, we came to the Swamphouse.

Frankly, I was disappointed.

From all that I'd read about the place, I'd expected to see an Ozark-type shack with a leaking roof and the porch being supported by an old man with a beard, but the place, from the outside, looked quite respectable to me. I say from the outside, because although Otto's car was parked outside the house, we couldn't get anyone to answer our energetic knocking. I took a crafty peek inside, but it looked clean and tidy. Honestly, these fans who exaggerate!

We arrived back home round about three o'clock, and, feeling rather miserable, I went to my bedroom and made sure that I was ready to leave. My feeling of utter depression at the thought of this brilliant week coming to its inevitable close was tempered with the feeling that I would soon be seeing my family again. I wondered how the children had behaved whilst I was away, whether any family crisis had occurred, whether my wife had been able to collect my pay at my office without any trouble.....

I draped my jacket over the bed, in the pious hope that the creases would disappear, and selected my favourite tie....I hadn't worn a tie at all on my tour, except for the fancy dress ball at the Detention, when I went disguised as a man. I looked round the bedroom, everything was ready for my departure....the 'plane was scheduled to leave Seattle Airport at 11 pm....

I still had a page or two to complete for my SAPSazine, so I scrounged a couple more stencils and filled 'em up.

I had one more look at the Busby Fanac Shed....a strong-looking wooden building ee-hind the bungalow, wherein was stored a couple of duplicating machines, reams of paper, stacks of CRYs, and a collection of pulps which belonged to Toskey, and which he regularly stripped every visit he made, so as to eventually remove the collection to his new house.

I chatted about this and that to Buz, and played my special Pat Suzuki favourite, 'Anything Goes', which she sang as if her dress was on fire and she wanted to finish the song before settling for a bucket of water!

In the meantime, Elinor was preparing a meal, which, when it was ready, was a gourmet's paradise.

The steaks hung over the sides of the plates, and I ate what would normally be a heavy meal before I had trimmed my steak to plate size. A dish of boiled corn was before me, and Elinor looked on with interest as I chose the biggest and settled down to fight it, no quarter asked or given. I picked the cob up and chewed the corn off it....it was my first...and I don't quite know how to classify the taste...the first few mouthfuls were delicious...and then as I chewed I found it wasn't quite as nice as I'd first thought.

After coffee, I crawled on my hands and knees back to the main room and sank in a chair, topping myself up to ear level with home brew.

It grew dark outside, and I had that funny feeling in my stomach you always get when you've been staying with people for a time, have thoroughly enjoyed yourself, and find that the parting is getting nearer every second. It isn't a nice feeling at all. As a special favour to me, Elinor let the birds out for a flip round the room. The cockatiel favoured the inside of his cage, and it took a certain amount of bribery and psychology to get it to roost on Buz's shoulder, which it eventually did, wearing a befuddled expression on its face. The parakeet just sulked in a corner.

Toskey and Otto came at eight o'clock, and in the course of the ensuing conversation it was revealed that Buz and Elinor had been to Alaska some years before, just after they were married, and lived there for several months....and that they had taken photographic slides during the sojourn. Buz said he just happened to have a projector and a screen handy, so we were treated to a spontaneous display of well-taken technicolour slides.

Quite a lot of the shots showed the countryside, and the ones showing Elinor made her look younger, but I attribute that to her different hair style.

Whilst we were absorbed with the show, the 'phone rang, Buz switched on the lights, someone answered it, and the call was for me. The voice at the other end was like honey dripping from a hive. The girl asked if I was catching the 11 pm New York 'plane from Seattle, and I said I was, and she said it was delayed for an hour, and would that be O.K., and I said thanks.

I was pleased; this gave me another hour to think of something adequate to say to Elinor and Buz before I departed, but Buz was concerned because he had arranged for Wally Gonser and Jim Webbert to be at the airport to see me off.

We decided it would be best to go to the airport at the originally arranged time, so that Jim and Wally wouldn't be inconvenienced, or leave because they thought I'd left.

So I got out my kit, stacked it near the door, and put on my tie and jacket so as to be a mite respectable looking for my cross-continent flight in a Jet-Electra.

I combed my hair and freshened myself, walked to the door, and took one last lingering glance at the dogs, the birds, and the rest of 2852 14th Avenue West, where I had been so happy. I forced the lump back down my throat, grabbed my kit, and followed the rest of the Seattle fans to the cars outside.

As there was plenty of time, we didn't hurry the journey.....we travelled south over the new overhead roadway they'd opened the day I arrived...past the Boeing factory, where I was thrilled to see lots of Boeing 707's parked near the roadway, some of them painted in the colours of the airlines to which they were being delivered.

After about half an hour's drive, we swung in at the airport.

I went along to the reception desk, and my luggage was taken off me and I was given the seat number on the plane, and told that the flight was delayed one hour.

Satisfied that everything was ready, I went with Elinor, Otto, Toskey and Buz up to the lounge. Jim Webbert was there, and Wally Gonser came a little later. We pulled a couple of tables together and sat round in a circle, talking about things. My voice was rather strained, I'm afraid, and I felt the lump in my throat again, and it wasn't because I'd put the knot in my tie too tight. I was terribly sorry to be leaving them all, and I knew there was very little chance I'd ever see them again. It would have maybe been different if we all hadn't gotten along so well, but when one's association with people is so close, it is natural to feel that gnawing pain in one's stomach.....

We had coffee, and I pulled myself together and bared my teeth in what I hoped was a cheerful grin.

Then this big tall well-dressed fellow came across to me and shook hands with me and

said, "Hiya, John, how's everything in Belfast?"

I closed my eyes and concentrated like hell.

Who was it?

I couldn't recollect ever seeing the chap before, but he knew me powerful well, his whole attitude showed that.

He came round and sat by me and started to discuss things as if we were old friends.

I looked out of the corner of my eyes at the others, but they seemed as mystified as myself.

WHO WAS IT?

"Er...." I started, but I realised it would be terribly ignorant of me to ask him point blank who he was, because to any outsider it would have seemed as though we were very close friends.

It was really a tricky situation to be in. It gradually dawned on me that it might be a hoax, and if so I would certainly fall if I gave up and asked him who he was. And if it wasn't a hoax, I would still look a bit stupid, after greeting the chap like an old friend, as I had in fact done, then finally concluding the meeting by asking him who he was just before he departed.

It didn't feel right, somehow.....where had I met a tall good-looking American before, excepting perhaps at the Convention, and if he had been a fan the others would have known him.

I supped my coffee and gave a forced grin when anyone looked at me, and I noticed quite a lot of the fans were looking at me....especially Gonser....and it later transpired that it was a hoax. This friend of his, named Don Brodie, was travelling to New York on the same 'plane, and it had occurred to Gonser that it would be clever to have this Brodie greet me as if I was an old friend, and watch my reactions. The general consensus of opinion was that I'd handled the situation fairly well, playing it off the cuff like I did. It also had the satisfactory effect of adding a mite of frivolity to the proceedings, and taking my mind off the unhappy fact that this fantastically wonderful fan tour was in its final stages, and in a few moments the long journey to Belfast, via New York, would commence.

The voice over the loud-speaker finally came up with the grim news that 'Passengers for Flight 10 to New York should assemble' and I lead the procession of fans to a large balcony, enclosed with glass, which overlooked an apron of concrete outside. I spotted my 'plane, a Lockheed Jet-Electra, over to the left, with uniformed people working round it. A tractor with a series of trailers latched behind it wriggled over to the 'plane as if doing the Samba, and deposited suitcases in the bowels of it. I hoped mine was amongst them. Out on the middle of the airfield, 'planes were taking off regularly for all points of the compass....there was a mighty roar and a flash of lights as each one went its way... and I knew that in a very few moments I would be climbing high over Seattle on my way to New York, in what was scheduled to be a six hours' flight.

I mentioned the fact that in that case the average speed of the 'plane would be round about the 500 m.p.h. mark, and Gonser chuckled and looked upwards, his face wrinkled in thought, and informed me that 'it was one of those Jet-Electras which crashed into the sea when attempting to land at Idlewilde early this year, wasn't it?'

Actually, he was speaking the truth. I recalled reading about the accident, when many people were killed, but my 'plane looked so quietly confident out on the tarmac that I didn't have the slightest fear, but I made an audible gulp to please Gonser.

Finally, the grim moment came. We passengers were told to board the 'plane. I turned and gripped hands with Jim Webbert, Toskey, Wally Gonser and Otto...and I passed along the line to Elinor, and I told her how happy I'd been and how well she'd fed me and that it was one of the greatest pleasures I'd ever had meeting her, and to look after the birds and dogs, and I finally came to Buz and I said the same sort of thing, too, and gripped his hand firmly and told him thanks very much for all the work he'd done to get me over and that he'd been a perfect host....and I turned away to the steps which led downwards to the ground.

Elinor gripped my arm and asked me to turn just before I went through the door, so I went downstairs, and as the uniformed attendant asked me for my ticket I turned and waved and there was a flash of bulbs that near blinded me, and I smiled in a superior

manner to the rest of the passengers who were surprised at this display of egoboo.

The engines on the Jet-Electra were warming up, and I followed the other long line of passengers towards it. I stopped at the steps which led up to the plane, and I turned for the last time and looked at the observation window on top of the building I'd just vacated, and I saw the Seattle fans waving like mad, and I gave a final wave, and clambered up the steps into the 'plane.

APPENDIX.

I've gone into detail about my week in Seattle, and the surprising thing is that I've had to refer very little to my notes. Once I started, everything appeared in my mind in sequence, and it was just a matter of letting it queue up until I was ready to type it.

It would not be right to leave this chapter without saying a few words about Buz and Elinor Busby.

As I'd intimated all the way through, Elinor is one of the kindest people I've ever met....but her great secret is an inner kindness which is a rare thing....rare and beautiful. Her voice is soft, soothing and sort of purring, and somehow she manages to inject a great deal of feeling into her voice, so that one gets the impression she isn't just talking to make conversation on a topic which is boring her, but that her love of life is so ingrained that everything to her seems worthwhile, even such a small and insignificant chore as stuffing birdseed into a little dish.

I could go on for reams about her voice....its educated tolerance...its soft inflections to prove a point....its utter beauty, in a land where accents were, at least to me, delightful.

Whilst I was working on my SAPSazine in Seattle, I wrote a few words about the CAPS members I'd met, and as I wrote half a page about Elinor whilst I was living in her house, I feel that the impression I put down must have been very accurate, so I'll reprint here a little of what I said at the time:

ELINOR BUSBY.and what can one say about a girl who treats dachshunds like babies....who holds conversations in private with parakeets and cockatiels... whose taste in music runs from Mozart's Clarinet Trio in E Flat Major to Frankie Laine singing "Willow weep for me"....who can converse with equal knowledge about the origin of the species or who sawed Courtney's boat...who derives as much pleasure examining Chinese Ceramic snuff bottles as reading a neofan's first effort...and you can't have more diverse interests than that. Toskey told me the other day, when pressed, that Elinor represented his Ideal Woman....well..Tosk is a Prof and a Ph.D., and he's sized up women for years, and he should know..... That's what I said at the time, and I wish to encore it with the sound of trumpets in the background.....

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Buz is an interesting character. There is an air of efficiency about him and about everything he does. And he is modest too. I know when he reads this egoboo for him and Elinor it will occur to him immediately that it should not be published...and that is why I was crafty enough to write to him a short time ago and make the express wish that he shall publish everything I say in this appendix, without missing one word.

His natural inclination will be, I know, that notwithstanding my wish, he should still go ahead and refrain from publishing his rightful egoboo, but I know you will still be able to read this because he is too much of a gentleman to disappoint me.

When Phyllis Economou explained what G.M.Carr had said about the Busbys, and about Buz in particular, I knew of course that the insinuations and allegations were not true, but this was because I had come to know something about him from correspondence and from reading about him in CRY. But having stopped in his house for a week, and therefore having a great deal of contact with him it becomes even more amazing to me how G. M. Carr can possibly say some of the things she does. She is, in my opinion, the greatest fan fiction writer there ever was....I've always been considered a writer prone to exaggeration, but G. M. Carr beats me into a frazzle.

Why, Buz is quiet but firm, knowledgeable but modest, witty and shrewd and highly intelligent. I rate his initiative pretty high, too. The incident about the Treasury

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Probably the most consistently dedicated group of fans that fandom has ever known...

.....finis.....

((('finis' refers to the chapter, not to the epic. Chapter seven will appear next month, with luck.))

BE PREPARED (A Lehrody)

by Les Gerber

Be prepared! That's the trufan's writing song.
Be prepared as in fandom you go 'long.
Be prepared to write faan-fiction pretty well.
Don't use fanspeak in your zine if you can't-spell.
Be prepared to hide that jar of benzedrine,
When a faan visits to do a one-shot zine.
Keep SatEvePosts hidden where you're sure that they will not
be seen,
And be careful not to read them near a faned who is mean,
For he'll tell the world that as a faan you're square!
Be prepared!

Be prepared! That's the trufan's solemn creed.
Be prepared, and be a faan in word and deed.
If you solicit material, it's not nice
To sell contributors a sub for full sub price.
Be prepared, and be careful not to do
Any work where you can't get egoboo.
If you want to try a new game, and you've never had a feud,
Just write a letter to GM and say she's being sued,
And of anything she answers don't be scared!
Be prepared!

by Mal Ashworth

There are, as you know, people who call science-fiction "escapist"; who intimate that we only read it to get away from the horrors of real life such as Atom Bombs, child murders, flood disasters, income tax and television. Well, I maintain that their assertion is patently untrue, and I think the fact that I am kept awake nights by a Burning Social Question that would never have occurred to me if it hadn't been for s-f goes to prove my point. Since I am something of a social simmerer, come broil with me.

It is this "Take me to your Leader" business that has got me grilling. You know the theme -- it has been much beloved of s-f cartoonists for some time now, and shows an alien emerging from a spaceship and demanding of whoever or whatever (whence comes much of its humorous appeal) happens to be handy, "Take me to your Leader." (The latest, and possibly the greatest, variation I have seen on this particular theme was Bernard Zuber's version of it in MERETRITIOUS, the SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES Christmas supplement, in which the people being accosted by the very vociferous little alien were the Three Kings of Orient, steadfastly tramping towards the Star of Bethlehem, but pausing momentarily, rather taken aback.) Many fine and funny cartoons have been based upon this idea, and it is all very well so long as you don't really start to think about it; but alas, I have started to think about it, and there is no known way to stop the process. But on the assumption that it might make things easier for me to know that you are suffering with me, I have decided to try and make you think about it too. Like -- just what would you do with an alien who accosted you demanding that you should take him to your Leader?

In the time of Charlemagne the Great, or Genghis Khan, or Julius Caesar, I am sure there was not the least difficulty about it. If an Alien landed in those days and insisted on being taken to the Leader, you simply took him by the claw/paw/tentacle/pseudopod or whatnot, and took him to the Leader. That was all there was to it. Of course, if he happened to eat the Leader, or spit in his eye, or make passes at his favorite concubine, things weren't particularly healthy from your point of view on account of you having brought him there, but that is a mere sideline issue and shouldn't divert the mind of any devoted fan. In any case, if you are going to live in a time when it is simple to identify one's Leader and unload spare aliens on him, you have to be prepared for some small disadvantages to balance things out.

But nowadays? I am filled with forebodings. I have even contemplated joining the Boy Scouts so as to provide myself with an out-and-out, honest-to-goodness, easy-to-identify Leader to whom I could pass all my adamant aliens with a minimum of inconvenience, but I am in a dither of hesitation about it. I suppose I should have to attend meetings and crawl about woods and tie knots and light fires and wear short trousers and so on, and even if I didn't meet with any open ridicule over joining the Boy Scouts and wearing short trousers at the age of twenty-six, I imagine I should feel pretty silly. Then again, just suppose my alien didn't turn up in the next year or two -- I should have to keep up my membership of the Boy Scouts and infinitum, just in case. This means I could still be crawling around the woods, tying knots, lighting fires and wearing short trousers at the age of eighty-three, and while it may generally be believed that familiarity breeds contempt, I venture to think that I should feel no less foolish as a short-trousered eighty-three-year-old Boy Scout, than I should as one of twenty-six. If possible I fancy I should feel even more foolish. Another angle that has to be considered too, is that by the time I reached a ripe old age like that I should probably have been made Chief Scout of something, in which case the whole point of the manoeuvre would be sabotaged. I should then be the Leader and not one jot better off as regards alien disposal than I was the day I joined. No, taken all in all, it seems to me that joining the Boy Scouts is no effective antidote against a life of alien-infected worry. There must be some other way.

I am assuming throughout all this that our alien will know no English apart from that one little phrase which so endears him to all our hearts, but that he will, nevertheless, have enough savvy to distinguish a real Leader from a paltry Pretender, backed up by the ability to cut up nasty about it if one tries to fob him off with one of the

letter. After all, we must be honest about this, and if you or I were travelling several million miles to meet a Leader I imagine we would take precautions to see that we got a genuine, branded product and not some below-par charlatan like a local mayor just fresh fresh from the latest monthly meeting of the Town Ladies' Guild, wouldn't we? I think that in all fairness we must allow our alien the same amount of commonsense. Then again, we have to consider the fact that, once attached, this alien is going to cling to you or me like a private eye on a divorce case, until we actually deliver him just where he wants to go; we were his first Earthly contact after all. There will be no "Oh, I say, Old Man, I wonder if you'd do me a little favour. I'm supposed to be taking this alien along to our Leader, but I have to dash off rather urgently to Court/Bedlam/Las Vegas; would you mind dropping him in for me?" Uh huh -- if you go to Court, Bedlam, or Las Vegas, Horace goes with you -- until he meets the Leader.

It may be, of course, that I am shying at shadows; perhaps the majority of you have no difficulty at all in identifying your Leader, and so not anticipate any trouble in taking an alien along and dumping it on his doorstep. Perhaps in Russia, Cuba or Tristan da Cunha freshly-landed aliens are greeted by the Leaders with a sincere and open-hearted cameraderie after which they all immediately sit down to Top Level talks. Possibly even in the States you feel that you can strike up an acquaintance with a disembarking alien at some desolate spot in Montana, trot along to the nearest Greyhound depot, catch a bus, drop off at the gates of the White House, and simply walk in and deliver your alien. It may be so; though I am a little doubtful. But here in England....I shudder. I suppose, when I get right down to it, that I have to admit to having a pretty good idea who my Leader is, however much I may try to didge the issue. I also have to admit that with a little ingenuity I could perhaps surmount such difficulties as the temporary care and feeding of the alien, necessary communication with him, and the actual transport to the Leader. No, the vision that will not leave me through the hours of nocturnal wakefulness is none of these things; rather, it is a mental picture of having delivered my charge, and turned to come away; of two figures -- one human, one non-human -- seated in deep, leather-upholstered chairs, in a deep, leather-upholstered study, of an almost kindly, imperturbable, diplomatic smile behind a grey moustache, of an urbane voice saying, "You know, you've never had it so good."

I think it is the look of anguished bewilderment on the alien's face that really haunts me.

====E N D ====

A Sheaf of Sheaffer (I)...

There's no definition of fan
That anyone's ever done
That doesn't deserve a pan,
But what about more than one?

While some of us favor "fans"
There's others who want it "fen",
So as it must to all mans.
Go wrong all the best-laid pen.

Would you speak of electric fen?
Ortraverse a swampy fans?
You'd think that we weren't slen,
The way we dispute now and thans.

If I can lay down my pen,
Without further atrocious pun,
Whether they're fans or fen,
The plural of fan in fun.

I don't complain
Don't stay in bed
I'm not in pain,
Just have no head.

It's hard to eat,
No teeth in neck,
I don't look neat,
But, what the heck.

I've got no knob
But I'm all right,
I have a job,
Work day and night.

Wealth I don't need,
Or lots of credit.
But, you should read
The mag I edit.

M I N U T E S

better-than-true-to-life-accounts of actual meetings of genuine Nameless Ones by Wally

MINUTES OF THE JANUARY 31, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Carefully setting his swastika flag in the corner and inserting one hand in the front of his uniform jacket, F. M. Busby, President of the Nameless, demanded that the meeting come to order in the best democratic manner, at 9:49 p.m. The Nameless Ones became relatively quiet, and Jim Webbert sheathed his knife at a nod from the President.

There was the ever-present problem of having the minutes read, but the President finally announced that the minutes would be accepted as printed in the CRY and this meeting would be spared the usual arguments and blood-letting resulting from having the SEC-Treas read them aloud.

The President then asked for old business. Elinor Busby immediately wanted to know if anyone at the meeting had read any science fiction lately. President F. M. Busby informed mere member Elinor Busby that this was a meeting of the Nameless Ones, and the subject of science fiction was not old business even if it could be considered by some fantastic stretch of the imagination to be any business of the club at all.

Having no other response to his request for old business, the President next asked for new business. Elinor Busby immediately wanted to know if anyone at the meeting had read any science fiction lately. President F. M. Busby informed mere member Elinor Busby that this was a meeting of the Nameless Ones, and the subject of science fiction was not new business even if it could be considered by some fantastic stretch of the imagination to be any business of the club at all.

Ed Wyman moved that the next meeting of the Nameless Ones be held February 7 instead of February 14. Doug Wyman, being a good son, seconded the motion. The reason for the change was to hold a meeting during the weekend when several out-of-state fans would be in Seattle. Out-of-state fans are always a lot of fun and provide entertainment for the Nameless Ones if they can be trapped into appearing at meetings. The motion passed without a struggle.

The President asked for more new business, and the President's Wife immediately wanted to know if anyone at the meeting had read any science fiction lately. Mere president F. M. Busby allowed as how he suspected his wife had read some science fiction lately, and he asked, in his carefully memorized impromptu way, if she would like to tell the members about it. She decided that since everyone was insisting, she would.

She then told the biggest string of lies the club has heard since Varda Pelter invented that wild story about visiting Beverly Hills' garbage cans with a ghod named Perdue. To begin with, Elinor claimed the best story she had read this year was the one called, "Transcient," by Ward Moore in the February issue of Amazing. Even Toskey will tell you Amazing hasn't printed a decent story since they stopped running Shaver Mystery tales. Elinor went on to tell that it somewhat resembled "Boy In Darkness," and she gave a sample scene from the story involving the hero's unicorn chase. She remarked that "Transcient" was completely fantastic with no explanations. As you can see, that comment pretty well summed up her talk, too.

While she was on the subject of Ziff-Davis publications, Elinor also recommended a story called, "Priests of Psi," which appears in the February issue of Fantastic. Fortunately, before she could declare "Behind the Steel Wall" an all-time science-fiction classic, the rest of the club members began to admit out loud that they, too, had been secretly reading science fiction, and the meeting soon developed into a free-for-all discussion of current science fiction magazines. This mind-croggling turn of the worm so upset your loyal SEC-Treas that no coherent report of this discussion is possible in these minutes. The usual neat and concise secretarial notes degenerated at this point to a spastic scrawl, and after the results of painfully deciphering one small segment was examined, it was obvious that no good would come of deciphering the rest.***

Eventually Rose Stark moved the meeting adjourn so that the members could go to the kitchen and eat the cookies she had brought for refreshments. This appealed to the

intellectual side of the members, and the meeting was duly adjourned at 10:04 p.m.
-- Wally

***((Footnote to preceding minutes)) The deciphered segment recorded a place in the discussion where Elinor pointed out the probable reason why the humor in L. Sprague deCamp's stories was so different from those on which he collaborated with Fletcher Pratt. According to the notes, it was because they were lacking the Pratt-falls. -----

MINUTES OF THE FEBRUARY 7, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

F. M. Busby somehow got the meeting opened up without messing up the place too much. The minutes were read and accepted, but not approved, with very little loss of blood. As you might suspect, the Nameless Ones had visitors and were striving valiently to behave, except for the SEC-Treas who is a General Motors admirer and therefore was striving cor-vairishly.

The visitors were Miriam and Terry Carr, Jim Caughran, Danny Curran, and Bill Donaho. They would also have been Dick and Pat Ellington, but these two ex-New-Yorkers were a canny lot (no offense meant, Pat) and shrewdly delayed their arrival until everyone else had left to make certain Jim Caughran made it to the airport on time.

Even though the Ellingtons didn't show up in time to be on the program, there were enough visitors to provide much entertainment for the club. Not being familiar with the duties of visitors to Nameless meetings, they were not prepared to give a polished performance such as the Nameless Ones are used to having in the way of programs. F. M. Busby's suggestion that they hold a meeting of the Golden Gate Trolls was given consideration, but it turned out there weren't enough officers of the Trolls present. At last Miriam, the President of the Trolls, saved the evening by reporting on the club she represented.

Miriam is a droll Troll, and her report was made sufficiently interesting to keep the Nameless away from their usual stampede for the coffee-pot in the kitchen. She briefly described the history of the club, it's connections with the Little Men (appropriately there were very Little connections), the problem of naming the club (they almost became Nameless Ones, if you can imagine such a laughable name for a science fiction club), and other fascinating bits of fannish lore. When asked why her club tolerated being called "Trolls," Miriam replied that it was fitting because of the signs on many of the bridges in the area that read, "STOP AND PAY TROLLS."

Ooog.

But the meeting bravely carried on. Miriam described the fannish wonder of tape-responding with the Washington (D.C.) Science Fiction Club. She made it sound so good that Elinor Busby moved that the Nameless Ones tape-respond with Golden Gate Trolls and the Washington Science Fiction Club on Wally Weber's tape recorder. Several members seconded this motion, but the President refused to accept a second unless it came from the owner of the tape recorder involved. When Wally finally caught up enough in his note-taking to realize just what was currently under discussion, he immediately seconded the motion just moments before the approving vote crashed down upon him and got him behind in his notes again. The only person to disapprove was Terry Carr, and he wasn't paying attention.

Aside from finding a use for Weber's tape recorder, this vote brought to the attention of the visiting Trolls that they were Nameless Ones by virtue of having attended a meeting, and that their votes counted just as much as those of the regular members. Danny Curran started counting those present, and immediately voiced the hope that the Ellington's would show up. He had an interesting motion to make regarding the Nameless Ones' treasury, and two more votes could swing it.

Strangely enough it was Miriam who saved the club's treasury by moving the meeting be adjourned. Elinor Busby eagerly seconded the motion, and there were sufficient votes from Seattle to pass this suddenly attractive idea. To lighten the disappointment of the visitors, they were taken to the kitchen and fed cakes provided by Elinor and a couple of fans named Wally.

-- Wally

WHERE THE HELL 'S MY MS ?

by
Carl Marks

I'm going to touch on a sore spot in fandom. In fact, I'm going to give it a real jab, and take a decibel reading of the screams that follow. I think, though, that there will be agreement that something is needed to lance the present festering boil that is slowly depriving fanzine writing of a considerable portion of its strength. I refer to the practice of holding material until it rots.

You'd think there was so much publishable stuff constantly being produced that nobody cares what becomes of the unknown percentage that is, for whatever reason, kept from seeing the light of day. There isn't. And somebody cares, if not the editor. The writers do. And the readers would, perhaps, if they knew what they are missing.

What can be done about this? And who can do anything about it? It's quite simple, only it will require a revolution in thinking. It has long been believed, apparently, that when a contribution is mailed to a fanzine editor, it becomes the property of the editor, to do with as he will, publish, cut to bits, add to, throw away without notification, give to another fanned, or hold for a lifetime if he wants to. This is apparently a result of the confusion of the word contribution with gift. The rights of the writer are entirely ignored, in this state of things. But if the writer himself will do something, contrary to established custom, he will quite simply free himself of this situation, and so do fandom a favor by establishing a new precedent.

Keep carbon copies. Then, after one year of no publication, rejection, or even communication, send a letter and ask about the ms. I think one year is a reasonable length of time. It is really a pretty unreasonable length of time, considering that a year is a major fraction of many fans' entire length of time in fandom. But for the purposes of this plan, one year will do.

Politely ask if the thing is going to ever be published, and if not, ask for it back. Enclose a SASE. (For those who don't know, that's Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.)

What if you get no reply? It's very likely. Then two months later send another letter, informing the rude and delinquent fanned (oh, so it's not rude to not answer a letter containing a self-addressed stamped envelope requiring no effort to answer? Then it's not rude to turn your head away when someone says hello to you on the street) that you are withdrawing the ms; that you have kept a carbon copy and that it is not necessary to return the original, but that it is not to be considered still available for publication by him in the future, that it still belongs to you, and that you are going to submit it elsewhere.

Then wait a reasonable time -- another two months. All these "reasonable times" add up to too long, but you have by now decided that this particular manuscript is worth it, of course. (Incidentally, this procedure is not recommended in professional dealings, even though it is often suggested by frustrated writers in the letter-columns of writer's magazines. A pro writer must cultivate good editor relations, come what may, with his own future in mind. He does not want to establish a reputation as a writer hard to do business with. On the other hand, fandom is just a goddam hobby where every man is king.

Then go ahead and publish, or feel free to send the ms. to another editor (informing the new editor of the situation, of course.)

I don't care if any of you follow this plan, it's what I'm going to do. I'm getting sick and tired of being a doormat for editors who think that they are Ghod because they Put Out A Fanzine, and provide space for other people to get their otherwise unpublishable stuff in print. I'm revolting. (All right, smart guy, you know what I mean.)

I feel that I put enough effort into writing the damn stuff that it should either see print THIS fandom or be rejected as unsuitable. Not necessarily sent back -- a communication of some kind confirming destruction will do, I don't mind retyping. I don't think this is my problem alone, however, or this article would be just another grumbling gripe. This is a Serious article, proposing a Constructive plan. I expect to hear cries of Amen.

I imagine those of you who have read this far into the article will think that "Carl Marks" is a pen name of Franson's. You can get mad at him, then, and send all his

You know, I'm not the first one to make this complaint. Let me quote from an article printed about two years ago.

"But speaking of material, there's another thing I can't understand. Why is it that most of the fan-editors who send you those desperate, 'Gee, I'm on the spot, fella, you gotta help me out with an article right away quick, please' requests seem to be the ones who never get around to publishing your stuff at all? And, to compound the felony, they never bother to return your material to you for use elsewhere, either. It's incidents like this which sour contributors."

Thus spake Robert Bloch, in IMAGINATION, Fandora's Box, June, 1958.

I wonder how much stuff, good stuff, is lost, wasted, this way. How much amusing and interesting material reposes in "fanzine editors'" desks (I put quotes around that deliberately), that should be unearthed and published somewhere so that it can do some good or spread some laughter around fandom before we all dry up and blow away? Once in a while some piece three years old comes to light and everyone says, "Where the hell has that been?" But more often than not, I suspect, it will never see print. The editor has left fandom entirely, or has lost the ms. and is ashamed to admit it, or is reluctant to reject it (don't be -- a new writer needs rejections, and an old one can't feel them any more) or is holding it for a monstrous "decadely" or something. (If he ever publishes this, he will probably decide that the item is too dated to print.) I think this is a selfish attitude. It should go back if it's crud. If it is good -- WHY ARE YOU KEEPING IT FROM FANDOM?

Now, there are certain reliable but irregular publishers who are still in fandom, who are not the targets of this tirade. They save material until they have a large issue, perhaps for more than a year. But you and I know that they intend to publish. They are Good Men. But, they are also few and far between. Most of the stuff is in the hands of the semi-gafiates.

What we need are more Archeologists, to dig up old manuscripts before they molder away. I know one enterprising faned who actively hunts such buried treasure for his own zine. This is commendable. But the writers themselves can do the most toward bringing fan material in fanzines up to date (what's so dead as an article about a dead issue by a fan who has since gafiated -- possibly out of sheer frustration waiting for the article to appear?). Writers -- most of them are editors too, so it is not a class conflict -- should keep tabs on their own out-standing material, that radioactive radium that is slowly decaying into lifeless lead.

Writers of fandom, unite -- you have nothing to lose but your friends. .

A Sheaf of Sheaffer (II)...

I shot a letter into the air,
I don't remember when nor where;
I had so many then to write
I couldn't follow each in flight.

I'm glad I'm not a superfan,
It must be quite a bore,
To sit around and yawn all day,
And sneering's such a chore.

I sent a fanzine into space,
When I was in another place,
I clean forgot its very name,
It was no boost to fannish fame.

I'd like to put a little joy
Into their cheerless lot;
A thought that may their gloom destroy:
They're super -- and I'M NOT.

Long afterward, in a quote,
I found the letter that I wrote;
And the fanzine, near the end,
In the collection of a friend.

Parker Shaeffer :

Parker Sheaffer
(With apologies to Hank L.)

by Les Nirenberg

Bill Hamill sat toying with his pilsener of beer, and staring blankly at the wall. Fred could see something was bothering him. Since his arrival earlier that evening he had noticed the strange fog in which Bill seemed to be suspended. His words were hollow monosyllables which reluctantly broke the cold silence of the room.

"Man!" sighed Fred, as he stretched his arms and yawned. "This place is dead. How about putting on some of those new records I brought with me? They should liven things up a bit."

"Sure, sure," said Bill, blankly, and stumbled from the chair. He set his glass on the coffee table, picked up the stack of jazz L.P.s and shuffled wearily to the hi-fi set. He selected a disc and placed it on the turntable and moved the tone arm. Suddenly, the sickening rasp of torn plastic issued from the speaker.

"Hey!" yelled Fred. "You just ruined a new record." He bounded from his chair and pushed Bill aside. "Whathehell's wrong with you, anyway?" he exclaimed angrily as he stooped to examine the damaged disc. "You've been in a daze ever since I came in tonight."

Bill didn't answer. He stood staring at the wall silently, his hands trembling. Fred flipped the record, blew on the needle gently and placed the arm on the spinning disc. In a second the room was filled with the warm strains of a Bud Shank solo.

Bill rubbed his eyes and flopped into an armchair. "I'm in trouble, Fred," he said, almost half sobbing. "When you hear what it's about you'll think it's fantastic. You may even think I'm nuts, but I can't stand it any more, I have to tell someone, anyone."

"What's wrong?" asked Fred inquisitively, as he pulled up a chair.

"I don't know how to begin," he answered nervously. "It's just that....you're going to think I've gone haywire....but, Lem Cole is a hoax. He's not real."

"What are you talking about?" asked Fred. "Why we've known Lem for over a year, he can't be a hoax."

"I don't quite mean a hoax," Bill answered. "What I mean is that he's not real, not human. This may sound crazy to you but Lem is actually a monster, golem that I created."

"What?" exclaimed Fred. "You mean one of those goojies created out of clay by the mystics of the middle ages?" He reached over and patted Bill's forehead. "Say, old man, don't you think you've been fanning a little too hard lately? It looks like you're just about ready for the Psycho Ward."

"Well it's true," cried Bill. "I know it all sounds crazy, but you'll have to listen to my story for a moment. It all started about a year ago. I was walking through the museum and came across a display of books on sorcery. One of them happened to be open at the time and I noticed the formula for the creation of a golem, a man-made being. I thought I'd copy it down and maybe use it in my fanzine just for a joke. When I got home I borrowed some of my kid brother's modelling clay and made a crude little effigy. Then I did the incantations and the seven circumambulations and whispered the secret words in its ear. Suddenly it started to move; the plasticene turned to human skin; it grew larger and larger until it was the size of a full grown man. I don't know what could have prompted me to do it. Perhaps it was the thought that it would be nice to have a golem around the house to do all my fanac for me. I gave him some of my old clothes and, just to be fan-nishly clever, decided to give him the name "Lem Cole", which, when the two names are switched around, sounds like golem. Since golems are already supposed to be possessed of all the knowledge available to mankind, it wasn't necessary to teach him anything about typing or pubbing a zine. In fact he knew more about fannish history than Harry Warner."

"How do you think I managed to win the Fanac and Egoboo Polls plus the two Hugos for best fanzine and best fan writer at the Pittcon last year?" he added. "It was all because of the fanac that Lem did for me. Who was I to turn down all that free egoboo without even having to lift a finger?"

"Boy!" said Fred in amazement. "This is really a shock. Come to think of it Lem did look kind of glassy-eyed whenever I saw him. Besides I don't think I ever saw him during daylight hours. Doesn't that substantiate the fact that exposure to daylight is fatal for

golems? But why are you concerned with his actifanning, when it's all the more egoboo for you?"

"I'm just getting to that," said Bill. "After I won all the awards, I started to have some trouble with Lem. One night he disappeared. I wasn't too worried because I knew he'd have to come back here before dawn, and besides I thought he deserved a holiday. Next morning I tried to get him to answer a few letters for me, and do a little fanning, but he refused. He just walked into the closet, I keep him in during the day, and locked himself in. That night he left again, but this time I followed him. He went to a cheap rooming house downtown. When he left, I scouted around and, after interrogating the landlady, found out that he had a typer and a Gestetner in his room. About a month later his fanzine came out, appropriately titled, 'GOLEM'. Then it started. His zine was immediately acclaimed as the best in fandom, all the apas admitted him without making him wait on their waiting lists. He won this year's Hugo and completely swamped all candidates in the various polls. He's turned into such a tremendous BNF that his winning of the TAFF race seems inevitable. Ever since that day when he stopped doing my fanac, I've been on a steady decline in fandom. I just haven't been able to keep up with the out-put he did for me."

"Jeez, that sure is wild," exclaimed Fred. "And all that time I thought Lem was just another hyperactive fan and that his glassy-eyed stare was merely his sense of wonder. But that still doesn't explain why you're so rabid about stopping him. I think it's the privilege of every fan to try to become a Trufan, even if he is a golem. Isn't that the essence of Our Democratic Way Of Life?"

"Gee, don't get me wrong," answered Bill. "I'd never try to stop all that wonderful fanac. I've turned into one of Lem's greatest fans, but what happens if he wins TAFF? He'll be expected to go overseas, and he can never do that because he has to be back in his closet before daybreak. If he doesn't go over to Blighty, there'll be all kinds of embarrassing questions asked and maybe even lawsuits to say nothing of the letters I'll get from GMCarr accusing me of tampering with The Divine Powers Of Providence. I'll be blacklisted and thrown out of Saps and Fapa; even the N3F will throw me out."

"Say," said Fred, thoughtfully. "I just thought of something. Isn't there some kind of formula which will turn Lem back into a lump of clay? I know this sounds cruel, but after all he's not a human being and it wouldn't be like taking a life."

"That's no good," Bill answered dejectedly. "I thought of that too, but I forgot to get the formula out of the book, and besides the museum burned down three weeks ago and the book was destroyed."

With that Bill buried his head in his hands and sat solemnly staring at the wall, his face a mask of frustration.

"Cheer up," consoled Fred. "Something'll turn up and this thing will iron itself out. I always say 'Time heals all wounds' and all that jazz. Speaking of jazz, you haven't heard all my records yet. I'll put one on; maybe it'll cheer you up."

He stood up and pulled a record from one of the liners stacked on the coffee table, looked back at Bill and shook his head sympathetically. He placed the record on the turntable and placed the tone arm on the starting groove, and sat down.

Suddenly a cacaphony of sound shot through the room. "Whathehell..." exclaimed Fred, "how did that damned Bill Haley record get in with mine?"

He jumped up to turn it off, but Bill's raised hand stopped him. "Wait," he whispered. "Listen!"

Over the noise of the abominable music, a weird moaning could be heard. As quickly as it came, it stopped.

"Isn't that where Lem...." started Fred.

"Shh," said Bill. He stood up and quietly tiptoed to the closet and, pausing for a moment to wipe his sweaty palms, gripped the doorknob firmly and pulled. The door flew open. On the floor lay a small lump of modelling dough. In a moment Fred was at his side, examining the small mound of plasticene. He scratched his chin for a moment as he gazed at it; then he turned and looked at Bill. A wry smile had crossed his lips.

"Guess I'll have to send a card to Carr and Ellik notifying them of Lem's decision to gafiate. While we're typing it, let's hear the rest of that record. I never thought 'Rock Around the Clock' would sound so good."

FANDOM HARVEST

by Terry Carr

Some of you may remember reading references here and there to the fact that I have written a long report on the Solacon which was to appear in Norman Shorrock's SPACE DIVERSIONS. Well, after a year of far-reaching personal difficulties Norman assures me that the report is all run off and now awaits only the completion of the rest of the issue before being mailed out. He sent me an advance copy of the final, edited version, and in the process provided me with some material for this month's column; it seems that, for some reason which he didn't explain and which I can't quite figure out, he edited out everything I said about Al Ashley's presence at that con.

I kind of hate to think of that conreport appearing without a mention of Ashley, because to me his presence there symbolized an important facet of the con, and of Los Angeles itself. L.A. is an area replete with ex-fans who are continually crawling out of the woodwork, just like gnurrs, and though I seldom think of Al Ashley as a gnurr I must say that his emergence at the Solacon was one of the most memorable occurrences of the con for me.

Al Ashley, of course, is a legendary man. He was one of the dwellers in the Battle Creek Slan Shack, that fan-stuffed house whose name soon became a common term for all such abodes; he was a Brain Truster of FAPA, one of the men whose intelligence and profuse literacy kept FAPA alive and interesting through the dark fanyears of World War II; he was the publisher of NOVA, one of the most beautifully-produced of all fanzines; and most of all, he was the inspiration for countless pages of hilarious stories and anecdotes by Charles Burbee and F. Towner Laney. One of Burbee's funniest articles was "You Bastard, Said Al Ashley," in which Burb detailed a few of the many situations which had caused Ashley to utter that immortal phrase.

Miriam and I were walking through the Solacon lobby with Bill Rotsler when suddenly Bill raised both eyebrows and said through his beard, "Well I'll be... There's Al Ashley over there!"

Miri and I were probably even more amazed than was Bill, and we begged him to introduce us to Ashley. Bill seemed reluctant at first--"He might not even remember me!"--and about that time I went off somewhere to do something. I think I went to the bar to tell Burbee the news. While I was gone Miri managed to persuade Rotsler to introduce her, though.

The way she tells the story (and why should she lie?) Bill said to Ashley, "Al, this is Miriam Dyches; she's been dying to meet you." And Ashley said a polite "How do you do? I'm flattered, but I can't think why you should want to meet an old has-been like me." And Miri said, "Mr. Ashley, would you call me a bastard? Please?"

Ashley was taken aback. "Why, I'd never call a nice young lady like you anything of the sort!" he protested.

"Oh, please," said Miri. "Please call me a bastard! It would be so fannish!"

But Ashley was adamantly polite; he refused to call her anything. And finally Rotsler saved the day by suggesting that Ashley call him a bastard, which Ashley did with good grace. And Rotsler smiled that twinkle-eyed smile and asked Miri if she was satisfied, and she said oh yes! it had been glorious! and Al Ashley walked off shaking his head bemusedly.

I heard about all this when I got back from the bar a few minutes later, and I was quite taken by it. How quaint! I didn't see Ashley for the rest of the day, but I told that story to everybody I talked to, and they were all fascinated too.

Ashley showed up the next day too, and before I could get to him I'd heard from at least four more people that they'd met him and that he had obligingly called them bastards, every one of them. It had developed into a minor salutation; when you met Al Ashley you said, "How do you do? Will you call me a bastard please?" And Al Ashley, in his quiet and dignified manner, always did so.

I finally met him myself just before the costume ball; Burbee introduced me to him. "How do you do, you bastard," I said. "How do you do yourself, you bastard," he said.

He seemed to be enjoying the whole thing by this time, but he was puzzled. "I still don't quite understand it," he said. "Why does everybody want me to call them bastards?"

Burbee explained about the article he had written, and Ashley stared briefly into

subspace and said he thought maybe he remembered the article but he wasn't sure. Well, it just so happened that I had my copy of THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE up in my room, as well as an extra, and I immediately went upstairs and got them both. The extra I sold to him, and in my own copy I had him sign his autograph at the head of "You Bastard, Said Al Ashley". He read through the article and chuckled as an ex-fan chuckles at memories of his fanning days (which is exactly the same manner in which one chuckles at the follies of his youth). And when he finished reading the article he turned to Burbee and said slowly, with feeling, "You bastard."

It was a scene I'll never forget.

--- --- --- ---

This month's column is being written in Seattle, at the home of the Busbys. Miri and I and Bill Donaho and Dan Curran came up for a few days' visit at a time coincided with the arrival of Dick and Pat Ellington, who are staying with relatives in Seattle for a few days prior to coming on down to Berkeley to set up residence.

Jim Caughran has been up here too--he flew up, apparently in an effort to prove himself a greater travelling giant than we are. I must say it was a rather silly feeling to travel 900 miles and have Jim Caughran meet us at the door. We'd known he would be here, of course, but we'd forgotten about our counter-plot of bringing up the mail that had collected in Berkeley since his departure and handing it to him when he met us at the door, tipping our hats, and leaving again.

Oh well, if we'd done that we would have missed a whole lot of fun. Besides, it wasn't really necessary: Jim has been one-upped in travelling giantship twice during this visit. Before he left he was musing around Berkeley, muttering, "Let's see...should I go to Los Angeles or Seattle this week?..." (I tell you, Jim Caughran can get unbearable!) So after he decided on Seattle, Dan Curran went to Los Angeles, and immediately upon returning he came up here to Seattle with us. Poo to Jim Caughran!

And he can't even get away with dropping his famous line, "Next time I'm in Hong Kong..." any more. He's never been to Hong Kong, of course, but he's always delighted in dropping that phrase into his conversation, simply because it infuriates people like Ron Ellik. But as I say, he can't do it any more, because when we met Dick Ellington we found that Dick has been in Hong Kong. Jim just doesn't dare drop that goddam line any more.

So what else has been happening? Well, it seems like there have been parties every night; we even put out a oneshot for FAPA at one of them. And I've run the Fenden Gestetner, yes I have, actually and literally. Not only that, but I've been to a Nameless meeting. I've even voted at a Nameless meeting. It seems that, through some strange turn of events (probably because of Wally Weber's corrupt handling of the records), the rules on just what constitutes a Nameless meeting are pretty vague. And when we visitors wanted to vote on a motion brought up we pointed out that there had been a quorum of the Nameless at Friday night's party, so this was the second Nameless meeting we'd attended, and thus we were eligible to vote. The motion we were supporting passed.

Dan Curran said that as soon as the Ellingtons got to the meeting to swell our ranks we'd vote through a motion to turn over the Nameless treasury to us. But the Ellingtons didn't get there, so we didn't do it. Besides, Wally said he'd already spent the treasury anyhow.

By the way, in case you're worrying about me stealing Wally's material for the Minutes--don't worry, because Wally makes them all up anyway. I saw him writing all during the meeting and assumed he was taking notes for the Minutes, but when I later examined them I found he'd just been writing an article or something under one of his many pseudonyms: John Campbell or something like that.

But just to make sure the above revelations get into print intact, I've stencilled this column myself.

-- Terry Carr

A COLUMN WITHOUT A NAME

by Elinor Busby

Since John is reprinting in 'TGGW' his impressions of me, first pubbed in his SAPSazine, I may as well reprint my impressions of him. The following is from FENDENIZEN #14, SAPS 49, October, 1959.

"I guess this is as good a place as any for a word-portrait of John Berry. John is in the neighborhood of 6', give or take an inch or two, and is well-proportioned and lightly but strongly built. He has wavy brown hair, a high broad forehead, large deep-set blue eyes, an imposing nose, an impressive auburn moustache, square jaws, cleft chin and dimpled cheeks. I imagine that he is capable of looking extremely stern and I should very much hate to face him in the role of malefactor, like, but his face is most excellently formed for expressing merriment. He has a pleasant voice, with a North Ireland lilt overlaying (he told us) a fundamental Birmingham accent. We don't exactly know what a Birmingham accent IS, but the North Irish lilt was plain enough. We had no trouble at all understanding him--his accent seemed prettier and more expressive than an American accent, but was no less intelligible to American ears. His turns of phrase were a little different, interestingly so. He said 'Ay' for 'yes', and sometimes even 'ay, ay'. Of Lisa: 'ah, the wee critter.' Of Lisa being petted: 'she's all thrilled.' He took a gratifying amount of interest in the Busby pets, said the new bird was 'smashing' (as indeed he is) and obviously likes animals in general, particularly ducks. We felt well-acquainted with him in five minutes or less, found him a most enjoyable, pleasant, comfortable, interesting person to have around, and saw him go with real grief."

In the next mailing John objected to my saying that he has dimpled cheeks, but I can't help it--he does. There should be some better way of phrasing it, though; I must admit the term 'dimpled cheeks' does not sound essentially Goon-ish. But dimples are in themselves very nice and add an extra note of expressiveness to the countenance. Namely, to the countenance of John Berry.

In "The Long Haul" John sort of apologizes for talking about Burma Shave signs, because he is afraid that Americans will be bored. I think he doesn't have to worry there. Americans will pretend to be blasé about Burma Shave signs, perhaps--but they really aren't. I'm not. I dearly love Burma Shave signs--I always have, and I trust I always will. I've always rather wondered how Burma Shave signs might impress a furriner, and now I know. Furriners (judging from John) feel about 'em just about as Americans do. My favorite Burma Shave jingle of all time is one I saw when I was about eight or nine: "Samson's beard made Samson strong, but Samson's gal, she done him wrong!" The story in a nutshell!

You know, I think I'd like to have a column in every CRY--but one thing is holding me back. I can't think of a title. I really can't. I know that somewhere in this universe there must be a word, or two or three or four words, which, when put together, would fill my heart with rapture and a passionate desire to do a column for good ol' CRY, and which would, quite possibly, even fill my brain with ideas for a column for good ol' CRY. Do you have any suggestions--you-all, out there?

In the meantime, you will not be surprised to hear that the current chapter of 'TGGW' is the one that Buz and I like best of all. Of course we enjoy all the rich juicy egoboo that's therein for us. But even more, we enjoy having our own memories of John's stay with us refreshed and revived. John states that there was something essentially happy about the Busby household. Believe me, it was the happier for his presence!

I WANT MY ZINE TO BE THE
BEST IN FANDOM, WHEN I
BRING IT OUT!



SO THEY TOLD ME "GO ON OVER & ASK
HER, HER ART IS TERRIFIC, HER COMIC
STRIPS ARE WONDERFUL." SO HERE I AM,
THROWING MYSELF, WITH AN OPEN HEART, AT
YOUR FEET



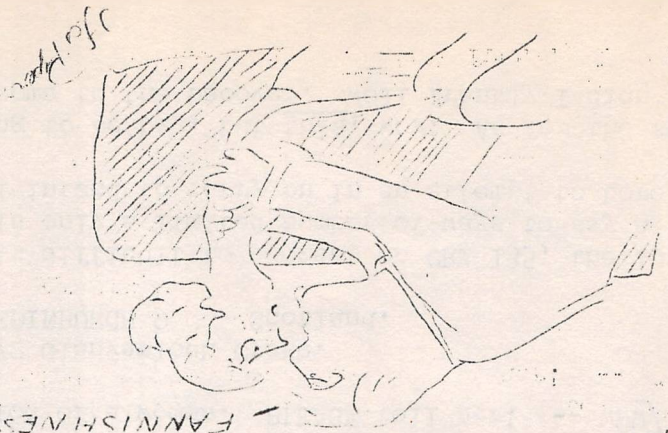
"YOU MUSTN'T REFUSE, IF YOU DO,
MY ZINE WILL BE DEVOID OF ART & WON'T
OF THE YOUNG FEN WILL READ IT, WITHOUT
PICTURES THEY WILL REJECT IT & PUT
IT IN THE SAME CLASS WITH "HORIZONS."
I COULD NEVER STAND THE FRUSTRATION &
GUILT WHICH WOULD COME.



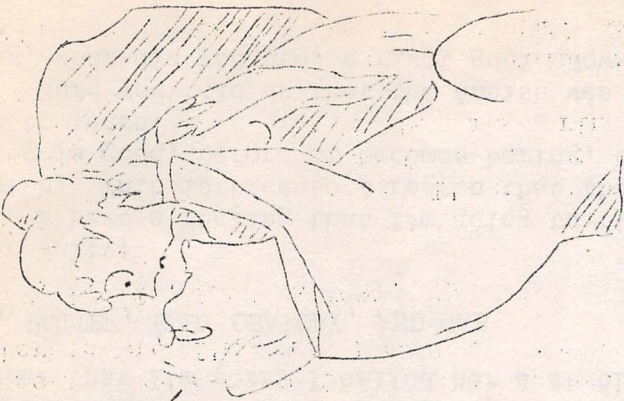
PLEADINGLY I ASK WONT YOU HELP
ME? I MUST MAKE MY ZINE POPULAR
& ONLY WITH YOUR AID CAN I FULFILL
MY FONDEST DREAMS THAT IS, TO MAKE
IT THE FINEST ZINE IN FANDOM.



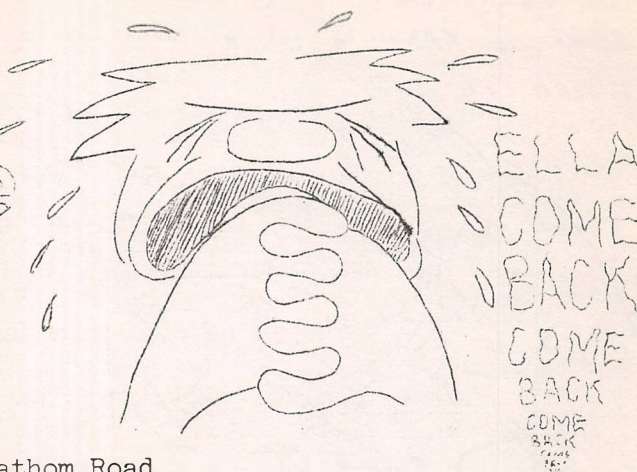
DON'T YOU SEE, TOGETHER WE CAN
BUILD OUR ZINE UNTIL IT IS
UNBEATABLE, A TRUE FANNISH
MILESTONE. TOGETHER, WE CAN
REACH THE HEIGHTS OF TRUE-
FANNISHNESS.



BY THE WAY,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING THIS
SATURDAY NIGHT?



Cry of the Readers



GERM, GROW VESICLE

29 Lathom Road
East Ham, London, E.6. ENGLAND

Dear Wally and CRYers

Received the annish about a week ago. I'm still recuperating, but I shall comment all the same. (I'm a sucker for punishment).

Atom's cover is overshadowed by that superb bacover but it's still good. It's another of what I call Arthur's puzzle illos. There's that space-ship with its air lock open and surrounded by hordes of alien scenery any of which could be the pilot. Keeps me quiet for hours (well minutes anyway) trying to figure out which could be him (her? it?).

The GOON - well what can I say, all those adjectives don't really mean much so I can only say that the final edition of this will occupy a place of honour on my shelves along with The Enchanted Duplicator and The Harp Stateside. This is John's greatest. I cannot wait to see the accompanying Atom illos.

Do I detect a slight hint of satire in Len Moffatt's piece? What crime would be bad enough for a fan to be so cursed?

Ghoddamn it Wally why didn't you include that riddle about that baby elephant? Please tell it for us.

Alternative Fandoms seem to be growing in number; this is the worst yet. I don't mean that this story is bad, just that the idea is rather horrifying. Looks as if there being no girl friends in Fandom we have to make do with ghoulish friends. (end of poor joke)

I'm glad to see the Plow back if only for one issue, but I hope there will be more. This idea of filming The Immortal Storm is fabulous. If we're lucky perhaps we can kill television.

Norm Metcalf's idea for the title of John's report is good. Why not use it?

yours,

Jim Groves

P.S. I dried up rather abruptly there, didn't I?

You did dry up there rather abruptly. I have been looking forward to slashing another Jim Grove's letter to unintelligible fragments, and you quit on me just when I'm warming up. # Fandom is not yet ready for the little elephant riddle, and I wish you hadn't reminded me. Another month of waking up nights, screaming! # Please be a good fellow and tell Ella Parker that I'm sorry I called her a stupid clod of a woman. PLEASE tell her! -- WWW/

JAW, PATTERN, EASY ORATORY, AND GAB

72 Glenvarloch Cresc.
EDINBURGH 9 Scotland.

Dear Wally,

I have a feeling that I'm going to find it difficult to comment on CRY 135, the 10th annish. This is because I reckon that there is only a limited number of ways to say a thing is good, before it becomes boring, but I intend to carry on in an attempt to bore you to tears.

Sure you told us that the Annish was going to be big, but this, wow! As for the stapling, what did you use, a rivet gun? Now we come to the bacover. Well frankly I didn't

look inside CRY for about ten minutes, I just sat and stared at the back of it for that long.

Going inside, the first thing we see is TGGW, and I'm not going to say very much about this because there are going to be a lot of people showering superlatives on TGGW in a much better fashion than I ever could. There is no single highlight to this episode, which was the best ConRep that I have read (and yes, I have read THSS).

The Fan Who Carried a Mimeograph: This left me not caring one way or the other. It is perhaps a bit unfortunate that it is going to be compared with the other pieces in CRY, and the majority of these are exceptional.

The Minutes: I still haven't made up my mind whether you write the Minutes before or after the meetings.

The Other Fandom was the most...tho the most what I won't say. I might go so far as to say that I liked it, if it's possible to like something that makes your stomach turn over when you read it. The ending was a real beaut.

I'm now sitting here trying to think of something new to say about 'the Plow'. Although I haven't read many of the series, I have read enough of them to realize just what I've been missing, and enough to make me feel sorry that the column is now no more. If you gather from this that I liked 'the Plow Strikes Again', you're right.

Although I enjoyed Post Mortem very much, I'm a bit worried by it. Harry Warner makes this repeat-fanning sound so good that he may start a trend, and then we'll find that fandom will start to break us as all the established fans take up repeat-fanning. It will be left to a young neo to try to save fandom from ruin, and then the aliens will come, and then....(I seem to have seen this somewhere before).

Apart from TGGW, pride of place in CRY 135 was definitely taken by Hal Lynch with Heroic Enterprise is not Dead. Mighod! Rin-tin-tin on a war elephant, I now know what croggled means.

Fandom Harvest was good, particularly the bit about Jim Caughran. Past Perfect I didn't like very much, but I think this was due to the fact that it was too short and could have done with a bit more development. The Piper cartoon was great; I hope they are a regular feature. Les Gerber handed out some very useful information to neos like myself, and I'm sure that it won't be long before CRY is flooded with stories from all over the place. In fact I'm doing one myself; it's called 'Now to Right Fan-Friction'.

Ed Cox: Unfortunately, his story sounded very much like an actual film-script. I mean that although the story he wrote was funny, it is the sort of thing that is dished up to us by people who are being serious.

Art Rapp touches on a subject that is close to all of us. Which of us hasn't been sent up the walls by the nose-in-the-air attitude of so-called literary critics towards SF? Some critics will go out of their way to invent terms for a book rather than call it science fiction.

Evil Triumphs Again: Not bad for a 12-year-old postcard-sending fuzzlehead. He must have been reading Les Gerber's article.

I don't think I'll say anything about Don Francon's piece. As a new-comer to fandom I have an uneasy feeling that although I thought I understood this story, I really didn't, still I must have understood some of it cos I laughed a couple of times.

So rich brown is 90% of Fandom. If he lets me know which 90%, I'll address all my requests for fmz, and comments thereon, to him, and so save myself a helluva lot of postage.

Great letter-col this issue. A point I forgot to mention in my last letter re Ella Parker's age, you can tell Steve Stiles that she's not toooo old, she handles her crutches very well indeed. Don't worry, I'm already on her 'insulting list'.

Before finishing, I have an odd bit of news for you. In the ten years CRY has been on the go I suppose that you have been told that somebody didn't like the mag, but now I have found somebody who is genuinely allergic to CRY. Every time I open CRY near my mother she starts sneezing and can't stop until it's shut again. As far as I know no other mag affects her this way....explain Weber.

Best Wishes,

Joe Patrizio

[Try tearing the lettercol and Minutes out of the issue and your mother will no longer be allergic to the CRY. She is actually allergic to a stupid clod of a Weber who insinuated that Ella Parker was over 65 years old. ELLA, FORGIVE ME! -- WWW/

OUR CHIEF MARCHER CARRIES ON

434/4 Newark Road
North Hykeham, LINCOLN, England

Dear CRY.

Having your 135th anniversary issue to hand, having furthermore had it over a week read and all, I am moved to comment. The thing I like about CRY, incidentally, is that having a legitimate British agent, it is easily obtainable for filthy lucre -- therefore there is no imperative necessity to comment or be damned. Therefore I comment as and when I FEEL like commenting -- a far more satisfactory state of affairs.

The Goon Goes West is (to borrow an expression from Superbloch) superb. In its present unfinished state, I'd tend to rate it as these things go (which is a hell of a sight further than most professionally published stuff) AT LEAST the equal of The Harp Stateside. Berry has never excelled this standard, and probably never will. But then, precious few people ever COULD.

Actually, this represents something of a new departure for Berry. His stock item is either a piece of fan-oriented fiction or a hyperbolated rendering of some item borrowed from actuality for the purpose. Both types vary from the superb to the unreadable, with an astonishingly high proportion in or near the former category. Not so long ago he perpetrated a volume entitled THE COMPLETE FAN, comprising ten or so of his more or less hyperbolated pieces plus a long rambling essay on fandom at the end. The ten or so pieces were of his best. But the essay was the part from which I got by far the biggest kick. And that seems to have been in its small and general way the precursor of TGGW.

It isn't simply the way he writes up exactly what happened, as it happened, in manner calculated to warm the coldest fannish heart. But he digresses. If something that happens on the way reminds him of something else that happened to him -- or to somebody else -- some other time, he recounts that, too. This gives an air of leisurely spaciousness to the whole that has to be read to be believed.

Certainly, I've never read any fanwriting anywhere that's uncontrovertibly better than TGGW. And as a tailpiece, with reference to Dick Schultz's last paragraph, I may say that I've never met John Berry.

After this, almost anything would be an anticlimax. So we find an index yet. Skipping this, I find that most of the rest of the issue is not nearly so anticlimactic as might have legitimately been expected. Len Moffatt's piece is a fascinating bit of lore. "The Other Fandom" is good but ugly. Disturbing, like. (I was always glad I didn't get to read Heinlein's "Year of the Jackpot" until a year or two AFTER the event). I'm running short of space; there's so much crying out for mention by name and it's ALL GOOD. Weber, Warner, Carr, Pemberton, Piper, Wanshel, lettercol --

Talking of which, on P.92, the resident Minuteman puts forward the theory that "a person who has been trained to fight a war would be in a much better position to evaluate the usefulness of war than a person who lacks such training." To which I can only counter-suggest that a given individual may be a trained and qualified mosquito-exterminator and yet be unable to tell a case of malaria from an ingrowing toenail.

The full-colour bacover has a lot to be said for it, incidentally. I wouldn't say I really LIKE it, but of its kind it's good.

Merc as ever

Archie Mercer

[Oh ghrrr! I cut your letter too much and haven't filled out the page right. I had intended to tell you that your mosquito-exterminator analogy was all wrong but that there wasn't enough space to explain, but now I have to either admit you are right or take my case of malaria to the mosquito-exterminator for treatment. You win. # TELL ELLA PARKER I REGRET EVERYTHING BAD I SAID ABOUT HER. ELLA, I APOLOGIZE. COME BACK TO THE LETTERCOLUMN, ELLA, WE NEED YOU! YOU AREN'T A S.C.O.A.W; YOU ARE A SWEET YOUNG FANNE AND WE NEED YOU HERE IN CRY OF THE READERS. -- WWW/

SHE SEEMS TOO ROWDY, BUT SHE'S FRIENDLY

Herzogenaurach, GERMANY

Dear Cry People,

There's that awful zero back of my name indicating that the Tenth Annish was my last until I anteed up. The "Goon" has me enthralled. I must read the next, and the next, and the next installments of his fascinating tale of adventure in America. Leaving him at the tender mercy of Gonser, Weber, and Toskey just wheeling out of the parking lot in Detroit sends shivers of anticipation up and down my spine. What will Berry's reaction be to the segment of humanity residing in the great northwest? Will he catch on to our closely held secrets? Will he see revealed to his own exaggerating mind the subtle understatements of the Cry staff? Will he be suitably impressed with Mt. Rainier, or will that Regal dame hide her majestic face in veils of mist and fog?

Due to the absence of the coin of the republic, I must get a letter printed in the Cry. I must! I must! Alas, what chance have I? None, I guess. 'Cause perversely I don't really enjoy the "Mminutes," Wally, except in a gruesome disoriented way. I don't agree with the psuedo-snobbishness of Busby's attack on L. Ron Hubbard and J. W. Campbell, Jr., discounting their efforts because they are not backed up by a "he was there four years and more degree." I do appreciate the youngster who says, "Who would listen to me if I were serious?" From Berry's almost factual reporting I would say humor, exaggeration, writing previously -- has given him a smoothness and a means of communication that many would like to have. Including me. Ah yes, especially including me.

So, with apologies to all that what is in my heart and being toward you all cannot be adequately expressed -- I guess I'd better give up the effort -- and enclose a dollar so that for sure -- and not at the whim of the editor or the Get(that darn rotary duplicator) -- I'll get the next few copies of "Cry."

Sincerely,

E. M. Stroud
c/o Sgt. Herschel S. Stroud RRA20830889
CO A 2ARB 50 Inf 4AD
APO 66 New York, N.Y.

/Either the dollar was censored from your letter or you knew you could play on my kindly feelings so that I would print your letter, but your dollar didn't arrive. And you've already missed an issue. So, gee whiz, write oftener or bring your money in person. I can't stand seeing anyone miss a CRY. # SEE, ELLA? SEE HOW NICE I JUST WAS TO EVELYN STROUD, AND SHE'S A WOMAN AND UNDER 65? I'VE REFORMED, I TELL YOU. COME BACK! -- WWW/

((My attempt at an analysis of Campbell's motivations (in the Annish Plowcolumn) was not an "attack"; I have "attacked" him in the past for heavy-handed blurbs that give away the punchlines, and for neglecting story values in favor of the Message. His formal education (quantity of) doesn't enter into a discussion of his proven ability to handle a grade-A magazine. The length of time he has been away from mainstream research does, I think, have a bearing on the shaping of his enthusiasms in recent years; he is seeking Untrodden Paths, because no one (regardless of formal degrees) can keep up, much less Blaze Trail, in more orthodox areas of investigation.

((As for Hubbard, it's not that I am hung up on "degrees", but that Hubbard himself is-- to the point where his own Institute was bestowing them on him like sales-literature for a while there. In fact, I note recently that Hubbard snagged a Ph.D. out of that small Calif college that Scientology took over in the late Phoenix period. But it can't be for real, because Hubbard was holding forth in Phoenix, DC, and England that year, and simply couldn't have put in the necessary time and labor, even by remote-control, so it must be a sort of honorary deal, like the LL.D.s given to politicians and philanthropists throughout our fair land every June... No, I don't look askance at Hubbard for lacking a college degree, but for his tendency to stack up phony ones and be pretentious about 'em.

((Down with "pseudo-snobbishness! Demand the Real Thing! -- RP/FMB))

HE PAINTED THE BOAR BLACK, MAN

6137 S Croft Avenue
Los Angeles 56, California

Dear Wally:

Now for some comments on CRY #135. Naturally the best thing in the issue was the continuation of the Berry report. The next best thing in the issue is your remarkable expansion of the lettercol back to its former glory.

I see Toskey has gone and bought another color of Multigraph ink: the brown-ish tinge of this CRY cover was very pleasing. It lent a quiet, sedate air to the alien ATom warrior, making me feel that he/she/it was a British subject, or some such thing.

I haven't mentioned the fine ATom illos for the Berry this time. So OK: they were fine too, though I think there really should be little spot sketches in the book edition, as in THS. The half-page items are fine and all, but the little, but bitingly funny, fingernail drawings in THS helped put the book across.

These J. Les Piper things seem to be turning into a series, and no one could mind less than me. Or maybe I should say object less. Very funny, humorous, fannish and all that.

Glad to see that perhaps the Flow is back to stay. This business of the new ^{Analog} Astounding has been quite the topic of discussion everytime the crowd I walk home with sees the thing on the newsstand. I hold that eventually the Astounding overlay, now so heavy on the Analog (which is barely visible), will start to disappear slowly, soooo slowly, until at last the Astounding will disappear entirely. One fellow suggests that he might photograph the issues in progression and present the film entitled, "The Death Of The Last Science-Fiction Magazine" or some such title. Personally, it looks as if Campbell is trying rather hard to start putting in more and more science-fact stuff, and eventually the stf will all but disappear. And that will be a real shame!

Minutes excellent.... But Impossible wasn't an apazine, was it?

Buz's proposal is fine except for one rather important thing: the fact that some fans might not want to support the winning candidate after his/her identity was announced. The present system, with its "suspense until the very end" method, is best then, in my estimation. Any comment?

Rich Bergeron: Second your motion that Elinor ought to have at least a page of her own to natter on each issue, with or without the lettercol back.

Mike Deckinger: IND certainly does screw up their works a lot. Around here, FU doesn't arrive until the first of the month of the cover date, after it's been out nationally for two-three weeks. Most exasperating.

Bob Lichtman: How can you be such a stoopid fugghead in your comments on oldest fanzines still in existence? Everyone should know that FAPA's Official Organ, The Fantasy Amateur, is the oldest still-in-publication fanzine in the world. According to the Ellik Index in Barean #5, FA started with the first half of the third FAPA mailing, Spring 1938, and was edited by Fred Pohl, who must have been OE at the time (correct me if I'm wrong, someone!). However, if you want to ignore huge lapses between issues Dan McPhail's FAPA-zine would then hold the record. At first titled "The Rocket", it changed its name to "Phantasy Press" and is still being published today. Under the title of "The Rocket" the zine first appeared in the Second Faps Mailing, Winter 1937. Enough history for now, eh?

Wally: I do not misspell the name of my fanzine! And where did Cranshaw and Jenkins hear of me, anyway? The only one near the PSFS who gets PP is Peggy McKnight.

Ella Parker and (backtracking) Mike Deckinger: Yes, fanspeak is more fun when you pick it up by yourself on your own nut than when you use a reference volume. FanCy II and TNG are good for checking out certain words when you're still a bit foggy on their meanings, but if I seemed to say they should be standard equipment for every neo, then I must have been in a hurry. Not so: they're merely supplementary reading.

Rather amusing typo in Len Moffatt's address.

Guess that's all this time, except to mention that Jones by Reiss is very funny.

Best and like that,

Bob Lichtman

Impossible wasn't an APAZine until the Minutes said so. YOU aren't planning to be an ex-letterhack who argued with the Minutes, are you? ELLA, I'M SORRY, HONEST!! -- WWW/

MINDLESS GABLER GABBLES ON

201 Linden Boulevard
Brooklyn 23, New York

Dear Comic Valentines,

Well, well, Gerber's finally back. Why was he gone? Cause somebody goofed and didn't send him #132, which he had earned, #133 & 134, which he hadn't earned, and #135 which he had. But somebody has made up for all this by sending Gerber all of these issues plus #136 as a bonus, and you'll notice that I've sent a sub to keep this from ever happening again.

In #132 we welcomed Berry's epic, laughed at Terry Carr (twice), enjoyed Wally's Detention report, giggled hysterically at Mansion Cottage, were informed by Buxby, giggled at the antics of a bunch of nuts as reported by their official spokesman, and were agreeably entertained by an even larger bunch of nuts speaking through their typers and Elinor's red tape.

I tried getting this through Elinor twice and missed both times. Tell me, Wally, ~~#####~~?

Naow, #133 wuz even better. Goon was loverly, Buxby, Carr and Weber same as last time, Nirenberg fine both times, and Franson was quite good, although I think Buz should have spliced or recut the stencil. Letters, of course, were over-cut, but funny as hell. Title puns, I think, 'aren't a good idea.

Joy Clarke is wrong about A. Bertram Chandler-George Whitley. Whitley is the pen name. Besides, who with a name like A. Bertram Chandler would need a pen name with initials like GW? If the ABC isn't enough, he works on a steamship -- as a chandler!

Now 134 was a masterpiece! Cover was superb, although Buz doesn't look like Buz (at least, not like the Buz on the SPELEOBEM cover). Berry most interesting to me this time because of portrayal of me. In all fairness, I must object that I didn't zap anyone at the Nunnery except a few flies and Dan Adkins, who didn't mind (and, of course, Andy, who doesn't count.) Also, John seems to overrate my potential quite a bit. Otherwise, I'm afraid he's got me pegged. Busby, Weber, Franson and Carr same as before. Letters: I preferred Busby puns to Weber puns this time. I have seen more misspellings of Jules Feiffer's name in the CRY than anywhere else. Only Norm Metcalfe got it right.

Aha! Now we hit the CRY Annish with a resounding thud. This is a maasterful faanzine, fellahs. My main complaint is the lack of art, and I don't like the bacover painting.

The material, as far as I'm concerned, is almost all top-notch. Brown's piece fell flat on its face for me, Jeff Wanshel suffers from inexperience (although what he does with his limited experience is impressive), Ed Cox is confusing (for once) and Art Rapp leaves me unenlightened, but there was nothing else I didn't like very much. Lichtman had a lovely idea, although the buildup was pretty weak. Other faan-fiction is superb (Leman, Warner.) Hell, I can't go into the other stuff; there's too much of it. I liked it all. I even like my thing, for once, mostly because Buz stuck in a couple of good gags.

I see in #136 that Franson's play wasn't very well appreciated. Well I laughed myself sick over it at the Dietzes (ask Belle) and I thought it was marvelous. And thanks for all the good lines you put into my mouth, Don.

Gee, Wally, you love to insult your readers. They're stupid (Jim Groves,) stupid clods (Ella Parker,) etc. /But I've reformed, I tell you! I have! I really have! -- WWW/

While you're listing Goon requests, I want CRY #110, all issues of GALLERY, "The Thomson Saga," and "This Goon For Hire." I'll outbid Lichtman, too!

This last CRY is also good; gee whiz, I'm getting sick of all this good material. Why don't you print some crud?

Re the material, Berry, Nirenberg, Busby and Weber as before. Welcome back Pemby. Buz's remarks on TAFF I think are particularly good, and I agree and hope they are further promoted.

To the letters, ho! PLANET STORIES was a terrible magazine, Wally. Terrible! Tasted like old pulp paper! Besides, the faan-fiction.

Franson's letter reminds me that this is the first CRY without any Franson material since #130. Now we've got only three strings going; Nirenberg, Carr, and Berry.

Why didn't someone tell Stiles that my item was originally submitted under the name "Norma Sandlot Houris"?

Nirenberg story good. I tell him he should join an APA and he won't listen to me; you tell him.

The John Berry whose poem was in THE NATION is probably the same one whose novel "Krishna Fluting" won the \$10,000 Macmillan Novel Prize and is one of the greatest critical successes in quite a while. He's a poet living in San Francisco. There was also a John Berry, owner of the Berry Oil Corporation, who died recently. You can imagine how I felt seeing John Berry on the Times obit page.

Ach, zo, Reiss is back in the CRY. Must have taken quite some persuasion. Congrats. He's funny, too.

Cheers,

Les Gerber

/Say, what's that you called the beloved PLANET STORIES? WHY YOU Ssss-s--s---s, ooooo ... er...ah, ugh... What I meant to say was, why, you shouldn't say awful things like you did about PLANET STORIES, dear fellow. Really, it is unbecoming of you. # SEE, ELLA, I'VE really really REALLY REFORMED! PLEASE FORGIVE ME AND COME BACK TO THE LETTER COLUMN!www/

MY KID ECHO'S IN JERSEY, HE'S SO NOISEY

85 Locust Ave.
Millburn, N.J.

Dear Wonderful, Wild, Wacky, Wily, (Worthless?) Wally Weber,

Sigh, I'm sorry to say it, but the ATOM cover on #136 was just mediocre. There should be more details to it. It looks as if the character was bisected by a ray gun or something. Oh well, better look next time.

The best thing in the issue was the item on page 2. It isn't eye-straining, and has the right amount of humor to it.

Berry continues to plod along very evenly. I don't know why, but this too seemed lacking after his fabulous DETENTION account last issue. Sure it was good, but not tops. I mean, what can be said about a 2,650 mile car trip other than that it was long?

The Piper satire on Ffieffer was wonderful. Now this is the kind of fannish humor that reaches me. Could it be that J. Les Piper (who is Leslie Nirenberg) could actually be Jules Fieffer?

I have some news for Mr. Pemberton and spouse. The Darrell T. Langert of the Feb. ANALOG (hate that name!) is probably Randy Garrett, since that is a very clever anagram of Garrett, and there might be a chance that Long John Campbell even possesses a sense of humor. Also, David Gorden is Garrett too, as you probably know.

Did I actually say in my letter that Campbell would: "sit back and wonder why Ziff-Davis has gone out of business"? Well, for all I care he can do that now. I know he's not connected with ZD in any way, and if it was an error on my part, I apologize to the respectable (and they may not be so respectable) parties.

Maybe my condemnation of FU was too harsh. A local newsstand has been getting it pretty often and so perhaps I will be able to find it after all. I don't know why this stroke of fate came, but I'm thankful for it. No, I wouldn't trust that subscription deal, I wouldn't trust any of those rackets where they ask you to send money in. Remember what happened to all the money that people had in the banks during the depression.

I liked Ted White's comments on Terry Carr and the Hugo. This seems like a new trend in fandom. I foresee that in the future this business of "focal-point-zines" will be forgotten, and FANAC will be the first to proclaim itself "The Phallic Symbol Zine" of fandom, and I imagine it won't be long before others follow.

I think it should be obvious to any reader of FU that Belle's reviews are deliberately slanted toward neos and those who are simply curious what fandom is. That's no criticism of Belle's style, by the way. I know that if I knew nothing about fandom, these reviews would be quite helpful to me.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

/I dunno if Belle is doing the right thing or not. The other day an unspoiled reader of FU requested a copy of WRR on the basis of her recommendation. Can you imagine what his view of fandom will turn out to be? # ELLA, DON'T LEAVE US, PLEASE. -- WWW/

LEMME OFF AT BELCHER STREET

10202 Belcher
Downey, California

Dear CRYminions,

I have just rec'd a neatly-printed card from Don Franson which certifies that I am a Cry Letterhack. Well, I guess I am. Anyway, I'm willing to accept Mr. Franson's word (and card) for it.

All of which reminded me that it was high time I was writing a letter in response to CRY # 136. Not that I needed reminding.... Each time I enter the Den, and glance cautiously at my desk, I am forced to admit that the stack of fanzines thereon is g-r-o-w-i-n-g. (I assume that the postman stops by our house daily, and that the fanzines on my desk aren't somehow reproducing themselves. Haven't found any duplicate copies, and there doesn't seem to be any common relationship among'em -- save for the fact that most of them are worth acknowledging...)

Why will I never tire of Atom illos, such as the cover on #136? I mean, here we have a portrait of a warmaking, warmongering critter, and war I hate, but still the illo was pleasing to the eye. It's the style of course, and the originality behind it, and the satire I read into it. A critter armed to the teeth (including the fangy teeth!), overloaded with weapons, and looking quite grimly pleased about it all. Emblem of a nation (or of all sad mankind) ready to take on any and all enemies, because "we got just as much death dealing gimmicks as they have have" -- and so what if we wipe out the bulk of the planet's population, just as long as we "win".... Yup. ATom is superb.

So's Berry. Hate to see the end of his trip drawing nigh, but I suppose one or two more installments will do it. Must Reading for those cynics who don't think fandom is a worthwhile hobby.

Hope "Piper's" cartoon page is to be a regular CRY feature. Reiss' "Jones" on the bacover was good for a quick laugh too, but Les's frustrated fan character had the edge.

Two pages of Plowing are better than none, and I hope this means that the Pemby column will be expanded into its "regular" (?) length again as soon as the space in the mag allows.....

Minutes amusing-as-usual, tho the kidding about actually discussing s-f at an s-f club meeting seems to have become one of my pet gripes. It used to be cute or funny to say "who reads the stuff?", but for me the humor is wearing thin. My constant regret at not having enough time to do all the things I want to do included the sad fact that I do not read all of the stf I'd like to read -- mags or books. So now I'm not inclined to joke about it. Perhaps what each stf club needs is a regular section of each meeting set aside for reviews and discussion on science fiction.

I'm in favor of a short TAFF campaign (for vote getting), followed by the fund raising campaign. Have suggested before that funds could be raised by national and international raffles, as well as by outright donations. (Naturally someone would have to donate items for the raffles). Like the idea of TAFF newsheets and Final Campaign Report.

Wonder why Lichtman thinks I'm spoofing about the fan who carried a mimeo? I was disappointed that none of the Elder Fen wrote in to give their versions of this legendary character. In checking back I find he wasn't listed in Fancy I either. Surely he isn't one of those Forgotten Fan whom only I remember???....

Heartily agree with Betty Kujawa that COMIC ART IN AMERICA is must reading (and viewing) for all lovers of comics.

Time to plague some other fanzine.....

Keep Smiling!

Len Moffatt

[You figured that CRY cover wrong. That's a CRY reader prepared to do me in for being so mean to Ella Parker. Won't anybody tell her I'm really a kindly, if stupid, lettercoeditor? Please, won't anybody out there help me? -- WWW/

WILL TOUR BREED NEW LIFE IN PROGRAM?

311 East 72 St.,
New York City 21, New York

Dear CRYhacks,

Just received and read CRY 135-6 today -- and WAS I DISAPPOINTED....that I didn't sub

quick enough to get 132-3-4. Actually all of this was kicked off by the fact that since you began my sub with the Tenthannish, I had to start TGGW right in the middle of things. May I suggest that all Ireland, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts: Nireland, Eireland & Berryland?

Of course the Fan Who Carried a Mimeo was under a curse, namely the Curse of Roscoe. Said fan is better known as the Wandering Ghu.

Hey Renfre -- ~~monogamy~~ monogamy probably originated around the 7th century B.C. during the changeover from matrilineal to patriarchal society. See Robert Graves's various writings on this, starting with The White Goddess. The evidence for this position seems better at the moment than is that for Berrill's speculations.

I see where "J. Les Piper" Nirenberg (IBILN) really digs the Tom Lehrer opus "Lobachevsky": Plagiarize---. Fun though. I suppose Feifferfaans can console themselves with the realization that ~~imitation~~ imitation is the sincerest flattery.

Lynch. So Darwin & Wallace were faans of a bygone day? SaM will be very much interested to know this. That quip about Evolution was too much.

I am in a Quandry over Ed Cox's satire. A couple of laughs, but it seemed elephantine in places. The "Melchizedek" bit started me thinking; I began doing research. I found two refs, namely Gen. 14:18ff and Hebrews 7:3. In the Genesis story, after the slaughter of the Kings, Abraham met the survivor -- the King of Sodom, no less -- and the king of Salem, who also happened to be a high priest, named Melchizedek -- in (of all places!) the Valley of Shaver. (At least it sounded like Shaver when I read it aloud). From the Epistle to the Hebrews I learned that Melchizedek had no parents and no descendants. So was EdCo on that spaceship after all? And what has he to do with Salem cigarettes?

Art Rapp's piece is worth reprinting in the prozines.

Jeff Wanshel's story was screamingly funny in parts, but somewhat hard to follow. A fhine faanish imagination, though; keep trying, bhoy.

Franson. Methinks the titles of your piece and Jeff Wanshel's ought to have been exchanged.

So now for the time being we have a 90% solipsist on our hands. Will someone explode a cherry bomb behind rich brown's back and then ask if this is something he had thought of? And note the logical conclusion he could have drawn from his diatribe: if rich brown is 90% of fandom, then he has been hating at least 81% of himself.

Letterhacks. Young: agree with you about puns as letter headings.

Mike Deckinger: What oath-refusers are objecting to, among other things, are (1) being singled out, (2) having their attitudes subjected to legislation, and (3) a fact you might have been unaware of: a person who once signs a loyalty oath is thenceforward forever barred from taking the 5th amendment. So that if some investigating agency or McCarthyite asks the oath-bound former student in 1980 if he or his wife had ever read the "New Masses" or the Communist Manifesto, the victim would have to answer, even though the answer would automatically mean discharge from any company he happened to be working for if said company had government contracts. Fantastic? Not in the least.

Now to #136. Yes, John Berry, they are called buttes -- at least in my unabridged. I am saying very little about TGGW because I want to review the whole thing when/if it becomes available in book form. In the meantime all I can do is echo the words of praise fen have already been giving you.

J. Les Piper again. Fine though rather quiet humor. Let's hope this becomes a regular feature.

Buz: The Berry Fund was something exceptional -- there is Only One John Berry (thank Roscoe there is even one). I don't think fandom could cook up a similar degree of enthusiasm for any other representative of Anglofandom or IF (no, not even Walt Willis, wonderful as he has been on occasion); and I doubt that there are very many Stateside fen who could inspire this degree of excitement in a brief TAFF contest. The voting period you suggest seems therefore too short. Fifteen months may be too long; but three months can hardly be enough. Why not compromise and make it sex instead? That would mean altering your proposed schedule to Jan.-June 61 voting, June-to-ticket-deadline fund drive. In the event that funds raised are insufficient, have them held over for the next campaign, which should then be successful. I might also recommend that nominations be started at the

worldcon. Remember the Detention tactics which got Pittsburgh the 1980 con? It may well prove necessary to use similar tactics to get nominations started in earnest so early; but the enthusiasm so generated may well stimulate vigorous effort on the part of candidates' backers -- and this may well mean the difference between a wildly successful TAFF campaign and an insipid whothellcare's one. (And maybe it might get Bjo to England at some future date too.)

Now to the letterhacks. Ted White: Logical sounding pseudonyms -- like Joan Carr?

Raiburn -- NYC IS full of cockroaches, man. That includes the 6-legged and the 2-legged kinds. As for turnpikes, they are well known to be political plums; if you were to come to NYC for a few months, you would learn quickly enough that the pigs miss no imaginable opportunity to get their snouts into the public troughs. Ambrose Bierce defined politics as "the conduct of public affairs for private advantage" and this is the most accurate description I have ever heard.

FISFF,

Walter Breen

/You seem to live in New York City; are you a 6-legged or a 2-legged cockroach? # ELLA PARKER FOR TAFF (no matter how long the votes are allowed to come in). -- WWW/

DINE, OLD FRIEND. SOON WE EAT YOU!

5543 Babcock Ave.

North Hollywood, California

Wheel is wobbler; well, a swabber; Willis warbler; that'll teach you.

The cover /on #136/ is the artist Atom, rather than the cartoonist Atom, usually only seen in the British fanzines.

I didn't like line 28 on page 3. After the way SoCal fandom has been carrying the CRY lettercol all these years, and supporting Pucon and all. Tsk.

I thought this chapter of the Berry epic would be dull, but the way John wrote it, it was not. Reminds me of my first trip out West, back in (good lord) 1932. Leave it to Berry to quote the Burma Shave signs, describe license plates, and other interesting phenomena, as they impressed him. Though I agree with Boyd Raeburn that he found fault with things that were not universal, he must set down his impressions and the reader must realize that they are only impressions. You realize, British readers, that there are no cockroaches and turnpikes in California, only in New York? Anyway, speaking of travel impressions, the Berry story reminds me of one travelogue writer, Harry A. Frank (or Franck) who wrote of his shoestring tours thru England, Germany, etc. and actually got the feel of the country. Berry didn't tell us enough of what Ballard and Coslet said, though, in their fangabs; but only their physical appearance, etc.

Nirenberg's cartoon is great. I'd start on the quote-card stage, only I haven't seen many lately, and maybe they are out of date. Pemberton didn't mention the cover of the March Science Fiction Stories in which a prediction that I made in the letter column of the August 1958 CRY comes true (even if on a different mag): "Book-length" is misspelled. I like the idea of Elinor helping on the prozine reviews. In fact I like the idea of the prozine reviews continuing. If not possible to review everything, please recommend best stories, like "Transient". Is Ward Moore a house name? Sounds very much like Bloch to me.

Mike Deckinger: Distribution is late with FU. Hope this doesn't cause it to fold, especially as it promises a lettercol in the March issue. If I may say a word against PLANET ~~mmmmmmmmmm~~ all right, I won't say it.

Ted White: One-word resumes are bound to be unfair. I did notice you praised the convention, but there were several complaints which were not found in the other articles, and stood out.

And that's all I got to say. You can cut the rest of this.

Yours,

Donald Franson

/Don't feel bad about that comment on line 28 of page 3. We just don't want LAfans to wear themselves out putting on a convention every eight years. Besides, they write such good reports on their motorcades to conventions that it would be a shame to miss out on one so soon. # ELLA, WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE YOU COME BACK TO US? -- WWW/

ARE THERE AGED WRAPS IN THE OLD COAT FILE? FB, 1st Msl Bn, 40th Arty
Fort Bliss, Texas

Dear Crime of the Aimless, err, Scream of the Eyeless, uh, what IS that title anyway?

Thassa good picture of you on the cover of #136, Wally. After a look at that, the readers will think twice, or at least once, before criticizing your handling of the letter-column.

It's against my religion (Roscoism, what else?) to agree with the majority, but I'll have to turn in my Intellectual Beatnik Badge and join the roar of praise for Berry's saga. As Parker pointed out, the distinctive and appealing thing about John's account is the honesty with which he records his impressions.

How sad, tho, that John and the Westcoastfen crossed the Straits Bridge at night! Why, in daylight they could have glimpsed from that vantage point the cluster of tourist cabins owned by Martin Alger, from the midst of which, leering fiendishly, he was wont to fire .50 caliber tracer rounds out over the placid waters of Lake Huron! (Someday I shall have to write the whole sordid story of Alger and The War Surplus Ammo.)

Guess I've been outvoted on this "Starship Soldier" deal. All right, I agree: It DOESN'T have a plot! I still say it was fascinating reading, mostly because there's hardly a thing in it that hasn't been suggested, at least in essence, by the unstiffish writers in that sober technical journal, ARMY, when they try to figure out what the next war is going to be like. As P.S. Miller points out, what everyone objects to is that Heinlein has adopted the viewpoint that war is a dirty business rather than an exciting game; our preference for the latter viewpoint isn't hard to explain on psychological grounds, in view of the fact that we may find ourselves participating in this business/game unless world conditions change vastly in the immediate future.

In answer to Bob Smith's objection that a peacetime army has to more or less coddle its men, else, no men -- there are several degrees of ruggedness in the U.S. armed services at present; however, the most all around harassment, everyone agrees, is to be found in the Marine Corps. The easiest, reputedly, is the Air Force. So, the Marines have more volunteers than they can use. The Air Force barely manages to fill its quota thru volunteer enlistment -- most of which are, I suspect, volunteering because otherwise they face being drafted into the Army. And the Army, of course, has to gragoon unwilling young citizens into its ranks for 24 months of hideous maltreatment before releasing them to return to the \$300-per-week jobs which all of them claim they had before they were thrust into uniform.

Now, within the Army there are such things as the paratroops, an all-volunteer force. We are constantly subjected to requests for volunteers for such things as recruiting duty, public relations school, etc., but offhand I can't recall anytime that there has been a plea from the airborne units for more volunteers.

Back to your letter Bob: isn't your argument about peacetime v.s. wartime training beside the point? In Heinlein's story, there is a war going on, tho of a far-off, brush-fire kind -- in fact, the same sort of situation that faces the NATO countries these days!

Now of course the point that bugs everyone in Heinlein's story is the "franchise for veterans only" deal. Now admittedly, in that form, and under current conditions, this would not be a desirable change. "Veteran" would necessarily include, not only those who have performed military service, but those who have, at some personal inconvenience or sacrifice, been of service to the nation in other ways. Is this a subversive notion? I might point out that until a few generations ago, many country governments required each citizen to spend a stated amount of time each year on such public works as road repair in order to qualify as a voter. The principle is, if you are handed something free, you are not likely to value it highly, therefore make citizenship something to be earned.

It's very true, Bob, that for most of us, service in an army such as Heinlein pictures would be a rather unpleasant existence. I'm pretty sure that, under such a setup, I'd find some easier way to earn a living than by means of a military career. But I'd have a lot more confidence in the security of the nation!

SFC Arthur H. Rapp RA3 88 935

/Each year when I figure my income tax, I keep forgetting I am having my citizenship handed to me free. # Do you suppose England will declare war on us if they find out what I've gone and done to Ella Parker? -- WWW/

STRAY BALL HARD TO LOCATE

Blanchard, North Dakota

Dear Buz,

Got the Cry yesterday and naturally enjoyed all of it except page 20, which was blank in my copy. About Berry's report..I admit I did feel it my duty to SAPS legend to do my best to appear 6 feet tall and built like a gorilla...but I must have overdone it a little. Berry was so factual and honest in his accounts of others I'm conditioned to believe him, which means I'll be growing a beard, for now everytime I look in a mirror, I keep feeling I must be shaving someone else..this isn't the WB that Berry described.

Wrai Ballard

/I hope you don't mind me sneaking parts of your letters to Buz into the CRY, but with Ella gone the lettercol seems so empty I have to steal material to fill it. Sigh. -- WWW/

ANGRY CATCHER BOPS MIT

I Timor St.

PUCKAPUNYAL, Victoria, Australia

Dear CryEds:

I gazed with humble awe at the Tenth Anniversary Issue of Cry, ignoring sarcastic comments from the wife who inquired if "I had started collecting old telephone directories now..?" I crept away to my little 'hidey hole' and settled down to read...

Chapter 4 of Berry's TGGW had me hungrily devouring every word -- I felt as if I had climbed in and was taking part in that truly wonderful experience. It's just too good to describe in common old words!

This Index to Cry is the most amazing undertaking I've seen, and you are likely to get frantic requests for back issues from all four corners of the fannish globe.

Bob Leman was great -- in a mind chilling way, of course...I mean, it's not true, is it? Was nice to find Pemby slicing up the prozines again. I liked Harry Warner's sad story. Hal Lynch's was damn funny and I thoroughly enjoyed it. "Fandom Harvest" was right up to the Carr standard, as usual -- great. Look, I could rave on about the rest of the goodies, but I wanna get to the letter col before the paper runs out...so.

Wish to thank Donald Franson for his review of the Jan '60 FU. This sounds like an issue I must get -- where from is the main question now. Although the recent import restrictions being lifted brought us much U.S. sf in Australia, so far I haven't sighted a copy of FU. Must agree with George Locke: some of John Berry's sequences in TGGW are beautifully written. Will there be young (and not so young) neos grabbing frantically for the Berry Book when it does appear? I predict that it will become a standard 'text book' in Fan Behaviours and Con Procedure alongside Willis' "The Harp Stateside" -- a must.

The Annish was a truly great issue. I shall go thru' it again and again, savouring every word.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

/If Ella doesn't come back, do you suppose I could borrow your 'hidey hole' for a few years until her friends stop looking for me? -- WWW/

THAT DEALER'S T.V. STYLES ARE OUT OF DATE

1809 Second Ave.

New York 28, New York

Attention All Personel Known As Wally Weber, or reasonable facsimile!;

There was a marked contrast between Berry Report #5 and Berry Report #2, 3 (?). In Ch. 5 John described the serene countryside and sleepy little villages....aah, how peaceful! Then in Ch. 2 & 3 he described un-serene roaches, and active attempts to put ole' Les Gerber into the final sleep. Groof!!

The ATom illo's for chapter 5 were quite good though! Love those heavy outlines.

Ted Forsyth: Toskey rowed across the Atlantic -- why, why, sput -- the knave! I've been double crossed! Which reminds me:

Ella Parker: Can you ever forgive me? I don't know what happened, with me asking your age and all... I guess I've fallen in with evial companions, and now, with my ship completely demolished, I can clearly see the error of my ways.

By the way, how old is Betty Kujawa?

Recently I got the urge to do comic book illustration, so I went out and purchased \$1.10 worth of illustration board, and worked all day on it, planning, sketching, ruling, inking and lettering. And when I was finished, my 11 year old brother toddled up and pointed out a spelling error in the blaring title.

Illustration board burns evenly.

Went over to Larry Ivie's place, and was suprized to see a film of E.C. artist Al Williamson galumphing through an open field, and being pursued by machete-waving Archie Goodwin (who had illo's in TWIG #15) and pistol packin' Ivie. Professional jealousy, I suppose.

Reiss is back I see... Hmm, now where did I put my machete....

Best,

Steve Stiles

SANDY DUNE UNDER SUN IS HOT

141 Shady Creek Rd.
Rochester 23, New York

Cry eds:

First of all I am an unabashed & unashamed neo-fan, after fifteen years of reading. So Mike Deckinger or no Mike Deckinger, how can I get a copy of Neofans Guide? ((Send Bob Tucker (Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.) a postcard asking him to reserve one for you.))

#136 is the first Cry I've gotten, so I've missed previous chapters of TGGW. Berry is probably the nicest guy you'd want to meet, and his account of The Long Haul is interesting enough, but does all his writing have this "Golly, gee whiz" tone?

Pemberton -- Comparing Ward Moore's "Transient" to "Circus of Dr. Lao" is not only heresy, but blasphemy. Of all the commercial slop dedicated to trapping the psuedo-intellectual, "Transient" takes the brass-bound, fur lined cake. ((We seem to disagree slightly; don't we? -- RP))

Everyone seems to be hot for Santesson since FU took a fan-slant, but this cut-back to 96 pages sort of galls me. With thicker paper yet, and on the front cover -- STILL 35¢. If you're going to cut, then cut, but don't try to con the reader. At the per-page cost, Santesson could have put out 140 pages for 50¢ and given something worth-while. ((A rough check between the FU and Sci-Fant printings of the Brunner stories indicated that FU's 96pp are equivalent to 130pp of digest size. -- RP)) 1 And New Worlds, U.S. version -- not an article, editorial, or bit of fan news. No explanation of the source of the material, or comment on the reprinted front cover. Just edited or reprinted fillers.

As for Analog -- who needs it? If I want science-fact articles, there are any number of good technical journals and lay science mags on the market, but damn few good STF's. As far as I'm concerned, ending Astounding ended the whole works.

Don Anderson

/Insult the prozines if you must, but, neofan that you are, do take my advice and never insult Ella Parker. You'll hate yourself if you do. *sob* --- WWW/

OUT OF BREATH. ALL IN. SAY, LET'S REST.

Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue
Surbiton. Surrey ENGLAND

Dear Nameless Ones,

Congratulations to you all upon the Annish. The bacover was simply stupendous. The index to contributors was very impressive also. The Goon Goes West is a very fine piece of work. Really, I think I much prefer John to the Goon.

More comments..Len Moffatt..I never met this strange fan he tells about; perhaps the Curse did not take him out of America. I have seen a couple with guitars..

Bob Ieman..has a ripe imagination..ugh! Was very pleased to see The Flow back again -- to stay, I hope. Harry Warner is one of my firm fan favourite writers; his work is always so good. This, of course, is no exception.

Hal Lynch..usually when I read a humorous fannish story I giggle, but this one made me snicker. I'm kinda ashamed of that snicker..but it was fun. Terry Carr..this is his writing at its absolute best. A lovely portrait of Jim Caughran, and at last I am able to understand him. Bob Lichtman..cute idea.

In this morning came Cry 136. You will pardon me I hope when I say that my first reaction was, "Oh No!".. Have thoroughly enjoyed John's Long Haul, and am so glad he is giving us such detail; he need not worry that we will be bored. I do think those cartoons of Les Piper's are clever. Am relieved to see that the Plow is once again with us. All Buz's suggestions for Taff sound sensible to me, and in particular the one that more money be asked for.

This next time I send Fez, I will also enclose a copy of my Ompazine to show you why I was late in thanking you all properly for that lovely Annish. You will probably then never forgive me. ah weel,

Ethel Lindsay

/Gee, I wonder what sort of curse is on these fans with the guitars? # Gee, I wonder what sort of curse will be put on me for insulting Ella?! -- WWW/

BOY DRAPE EARNS POSITION AS CURTAIN

89 Maxome Ave.

Willowdale, Ont., CANADA

LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #135

Berry on the Detention is extremely good, but I have only a few comments to make. I was quite thrown by his reference to him and myself and the rest of the fan panel going to "dinner", until I realized that he meant lunch. For a minute or so I felt that I'd lost a bit of my life. I'm sorry John didn't care for the pizza which I rather forced upon him. Bob Shaw had so enjoyed pizza when we introduced him to it, I felt that I couldn't let John go back without trying this food of the Gods.

"It was Labour Day in Detroit on the 7th of September, and so everywhere in Windsor was closed too, even though it was in Canada. I was surprised at this." I'm surprised at his surprise. Everything was closed in Windsor, not because it was Labour Day in Detroit, but because it was Labour Day in Canada. Do the British have Labour Day at some time other than the first monday in September? One thing which continually hits me in the eye is John's reference to the United States as "America". Canada is also part of "America" and Canadians are also "Americans" although they don't make a habit of flourishing the fact. I don't blame John for his semantic inexactitude, for the British always refer to the U.S.A as "America" and he was just conforming with his national habit.

Hal Lynch's item was a big, and pleasant, surprise. Who knows what untapped talent yet lurks in the ranks of the silent club-fans. On to Fandom Harvest. Thinking it over, I think I could match, if not surpass, Jim Caughran on Travelling Giantism. I am saving an Istanbul Hilton matchbook I found in my pocket the other day so that I can pull some Travelmanship ploy on Jim next time I meet him.

LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #136:

The Nirenberg Feiffer was excellent, as usual. The Plow was again immensely enjoyed. I have no comments to make on specific items in the letter column, but I don't go for the "anything for a laugh" attitude when serious inquiries or comments requiring serious replies are dismissed with a flippant (and usually rather unfunny) crack.

Good cartoon by Reiss on the bacover.

Boyd Raeburn

/If I knew any serious cracks, I'd give them to you. How can you expect anything decent from a stupid old clod who insults sweet youthful fannes like Ella Parker? -- WWW/

HEY LOOK! A LETTER FROM ELLA PARKER! SHE 151, Canterbury Road,
CAME BACK TO US, OH JOY, GLAD, HAPPY, GEE!! West Kilburn. N.W.6. London ENGLAND
Dear luvable(?)!! Wally and Gang;

Having ensconced myself in a specially padded ~~chair~~ chair with a shawl wrapped cosily 'round my ancient shoulders I am now prepared to make comments on thish of CRY, namely #136 (my age!). Comfy things these rockers tho', I should have got one months ago.

I knew there would be something worth having in my mail today; I saw Jimmy Groves last night in the Globe and he mentioned he'd got the latest ish of CRY. I don't like people who sit and openly gloat because they have something I like sooner than I get it. That's what he did. Sat there and gloated, strewing his conversation with remarks like "in the

latest CRY there's...." I could kill him!"

Buz: have you got space to spare among your list of CRYplugs for the AtcmAnthology? I'd like it to be well publicised for obvious reasons. Price and publication date will be announced later, well in advance (probably when it's all on stencil) so they can send their orders in. Can do? Ta. I am suffering from a severe case of AtoMania. This anthology is intended for those who suffer from a like affliction. This makes it all the more surprising that I have to admit I don't much care for this front cover. Competently done and all like that but, definitely not to my taste.

Berry: ah me, what to say that isn't sheer repetition. You know -- as does John, himself -- how I feel about this. I wouldn't have been surprised to hear he'd coaxed all of you into doing a trip all over the States in search of those odes singing the praises of Burma Shave. He could then brag about being the only Burma Shave Completist in Fandom. Who knows, he may even have become the Founder of a parallel fandom.

J. Les Piper: the actual cartoons didn't do more than raise a smile but, the memory evoked by them of something written by John Berry some time ago gave me a laugh. I don't know if you've read it, but I should think you have; about the time when he first came across the q.c. in fandom. He thought the thing to do was collect them! Apparently he had quite a fair selection before it came to the notice of Walt, who put him on the right track. For months after that anybody who received a letter/article/story from John was likely to find a load of q.c's with it.

The meat in this lies for me in the column written by that renowned and respected velocipedist, Buz. First I'd like to say how delighted I am to find that you agree with me in essence, about the current stupidity in differentiating between fanzine/convention fans. I don't see how your plan can be faulted by those who'd like to see TAFF worked without giving rise to arguments after the campaign has been fought and won. While we're suggesting changes for TAFF why not consider making the Host country responsible for the nominations of fen who are being sent to the con?

Letters: I still don't like your puns at the head of the letters. I thought George Locke was the only one who followed that involved thought process resulting in puns such as these. Oh well, now there's two of you with twisty complicated minds. Pity.

Lichtman: Every time I saw that MFFYF I wondered if it was just a whim. Now, you say it has a meaning without telling us what it is. This is sneaky, provoking and plain downright annoying. Come on lad, spill the beans.

Ted White: I was interested to see an attempt being made by you to figure out a method of easing the lot of Fund sponsored representatives. Were the money available it would be a Good Idea. This gives me an opening to air something over which I have pondered long; namely, TAFF delegates and what is expected of them. Winning this honour is not all cakes and ale. It puts more responsibilities on the back of the winner than I think could have been intended by those who worked out the scheme in the first place. They know that as a result of making the trip they will be responsible for the administration of the fund for as long as it takes to finance another delegate's journey. It is accepted and done in gratitude for the opportunity afforded them to visit fen in their homeland and attend their convention. Now, it is almost automatic that the TAFF winner is expected to write a trip report. I know for those who go it gives a heaven sent chance to gather fan material, enough to last them in their writings for the rest of their fannish lives; my quarrel is with the selfish and unthinking manner in which we burden them with the feeling of obligation. This is all wrong. If we expect for our measly contribution to the fund a report of all he sees and does this fact should be made quite clear during the campaign. It is not obligatory that each trip should end with the weary traveller facing the task of putting on paper and publishing -- or make available for other fmz to publish -- an account of his travels and I for one think that if we are going to regard it as our due that each winner should do this, then I agree with Buz and the contributions should be raised at least double what they are now.

I'm falling off the paper if I'm not careful so I'll just tender my thanks to all of you for another good issue of CRY.

sinSEREly yours...yes, and yours.

Ella Parker

[I?! Gee whiz, here I insulted you so awful last issue, and you read it, and still you write such a nice, kind considerate letter. Here I thought you'd be real angry and say terrible things to me and threaten me, or maybe (even worse) never write to the CRY while I have the lettercolumn. Good grief, don't you even know when you've been insulted you Stupid Clod Of A Woman?? From now on I'm only going to apologize to fans who know when they have been done an injustice. TED WHITE, FORGIVE ME. PLEASE COME BACK TO THE CRY OF THE READERS, TED. I'LL NEVER COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR BITCHING AGAIN, I PROMISE! -- WWW/

HAIRY, WORN, OR JUNKY OR SOGGY, IT'S A MESS 423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Fellow Celebrants of Washington's Birthday:

I live in Washington County, you live in Washington State, and I intended to go to Washington, D.C., today to hunt book and record bargains at the famous George Birthington's Washday sale, but it snowed during the night and I was afraid to risk the slippery roads. So I can utilize this postman's holiday to clear my conscience of the debt of gratitude to you imposed by receipt ten days ago of the 13th issue of Cry.

It didn't seem possible that Berry's serial could get any better. But the illustrations have done the trick this time. Although this chapter may be less brawling, it contains a surprising amount of stuff that is completely new to fanzines. Visits to Ballard and Coslet don't get reported every day in fanzines, no matter who makes them. Meanwhile, some people are saying that it's hard to compare this report with the Willis chronicle because the styles are so different. I don't notice great contrasts. If you left out a few of the favorite Berry phrases, like suffering catfish, you could alternate the reading of pages of Willis and Berry without encountering major stylistic jolts. Any apparent differences might come from the fact that John seems to have written his account more promptly after the event, or relied on more voluminous notes. Berry is a trifle more vivid, Willis seemed to stand back a little from the events and describe them with the aid of some later considerations. I don't think fandom will ever be able to say that Berry or Willis did the better job.

The proposed changes in the TAFF system sound sensible. I still have an uneasy feeling that it might be dangerous to pick the winner long before enough money was on hand; said winner might do something to alienate fans or might be a dark horse who got lots of quick votes because of lack of worthy competition, and then it might be very difficult to raise the rest of the dough. A better incentive to a quick winner might be to publish the standing of the contestants several times during the first half of the voting period, in case someone moves so far in front toward the end that there's no hope of catching him.

Bob Lichtman has forgotten the oldest living fanzine of them all, The Fantasy Amateur. Of course, it's had more than one editor over the years. Horizons must be the oldest fanzine that has appeared regularly with the same editor and the same title. But Les Croutch could even put in a claim for the longevity championship. Light, which he still publishes occasionally for FAPA, is the descendant of a general fanzine which in turn was the offspring of a little carbon-copied leaflet that he had been publishing since the middle of the 1930's. And J. Michael Rosenblum is theoretically still publishing The New Futurian or whatever he calls the magazine nowadays, although it's been a couple of years since the last issue. That traces back to 1937 or thereabouts, despite a long suspension.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

[I agree that, aside from the various differences in their writings, Berry and Willis write just exactly like one another. That is what you said, isn't it? Anyway, when I'm reading the work of either, I'm having too good a time to worry about which is best. -- WWW/

72 Glenvarloch Cresc.
EDINBURGH 9 Scotland.

Dear Wally & Rest,

I always have great difficulty in starting a letter, so I'll just say I received CRY 136 in good condition, and carry on to comment on said issue.

First some words about the cover. I must say it was very effective, but things are getting that I'm running out of things to say about ATcm covers. I can say, though, that the more I look at it, the more I like it.

The Long Haul was, as expected, terrific. I was reading this at 3 a.m. and dammit, he almost had me hopping, at that time of the day (night?) too. The event of the roadside snackery was a delight to read; the way John wrote it I could almost feel I was there.

The Piper cartoon was, again, very good. I dunno who does these cartoons, but he gets the same quality, fan-wise, in them as Feiffer does in his, people-wise.

For a column that is supposed to be dead, the Plow is taking an awful lot of burying (than: ghod).

One thing about the Minutes puzzled me; how come, Wally, you could write them when you were not at the meeting...man, that's unconstitutional. I'm afraid I didn't get the allusion in the comparison between ASF and the Edsel. What gives?

The one thing I have discovered since coming into fandom is that there are not a great many people who are completely satisfied with TAFF as it is now run. After reading FMs article I can't see any reason for these people remaining in this position. All that has to be done is to get Buz's ideas on the subject accepted, more or less as they stand.

Now on to the letter-col. I here-by register a formal complaint about those terrible letter headings; it's getting so that I'm scared to open CRY at this section. If you're not careful people will stop signing their names to the letters, and then what will you do?

Till next time, then,

Bestest,

J. P. Patrizio

/If writing Minutes of meetings I haven't attended is unconstitutional, then there had best be a change in the Constitution. Well, a few years ago the Ford Motor Co. thought it would be a swell idea if they came out with a new car with a new name so that people who were tired of buying new cars with old names would buy lots of these new cars with new names and the Ford Motor Co. would get very rich as a result. They named this new car Edsel. I don't know exactly how they came out, but the Edsel is no longer being produced. Now just recently a science fiction magazine named Astounding started changing its name to Analog, and that is the best idea since the Edsel. (See, Boyd Raeburn, I can give a serious constructive answer, especially if I can't think of any other kind. -- WWW/

LESS SLEEP GUARDS BRAIN FROM NIGHTMARE

201 Linden Boulevard
Brooklyn 25, New York

The other night, after a particularly strenuous ~~off~~ faan-session, I fell into a rest-less sleep and dreamed a terrible nightmare. The first thing that happened was that my radio went on the blink. On F.M. I got the most horrible buzzing sound, so I sent a telegram to my lady radio repairman: "RADIO HAS FM BUZZ, BEA!" Then I turned the radio back on and it still buzzed, so I kicked it angrily. The buzz stopped. Hastily, I sent another wire: "HELL! IGNORE BUZZ, BEA!"

The scene changed. I was watching a bunch of people who were speaking in dialect. They were in Alaska, gathered around a dead naked dog. The body was frozen solid. One said, "Waal, 'e were bare; 'e's crazy!" Another said, "Burn 'at husky." Suddenly, a man appeared out of nowhere. He walked across my field of vision, playing a march on a piccolo. He stopped and said, "Ah, to fife fer yer living is awful!"

I was in a gymnasium. Some people were playing volleyball, and one player kept dropping the ball. His neighbor said, "Volley, consarn you!" A nearby spider said, "I'm a gym webber; 'tis a pity."

I was watching a fanatic evangelist who roared, "As we walk through the valley we burn!"

I was at a costume party. There was a man attired as a bee and one of the legs of his outfit were too rough. A man said, "Well, his early bee-knees were burred!" A dumpy old waitress dropped a drink on someone. "I'm sorry," she said. "Gee, 'm car'less."

At this point, I awoke with a soul-rending shriek. The world spun before my eyes...

I can't give up the CRY, Wally! For God's sake, stop those name puns!

Leslie Gerber

/Oog. echhh. blech. Leslie, my good fellow, I think you've cured me! -- WWW/

PELZ PRAISES PAPER

980 Figueroa Terrace
Los Angeles 12, Calif.

Dear Wall-eye Wester.....or something like that,

CRY 136 arrived a while back, and I note with pleasure that you are now using a good cover stock instead of just regular mimeo paper. Looks really good, and I hope the practice continues, along with the practice of ATcmcovers.

John Berry is right -- there is quite a bit of interesting material in his treatment of things which we rather take for granted.

The Buz-cycle has quite a bit to say this time, and says it well indeed. The whole plan sounds highly workable, and whatever pressure can be brought to bear on the TAFF administrators toward the acceptance of such a plan should be used. Iron out any small problems that the eagle-eyes can spot, and at least give the new plan a try.

No, Wally, SF TIMES isn't a cookie jar -- it's a kookie newszine.

Ted White is right, of course, about the evident rushedness in Berry's conreport -- as in almost all detailed conreps. There just isn't time enough to enjoy the con and take enough notes -- mental or written -- to write a detailed report, without its sounding rushed. And this fact is bringing about a rather sad result: fewer detailed conreports. I've only seen three on the Detention that have had any amount of detail: Berry, Ted Johnstone, and Toskey. Hmm. There was Lambeck's report in HOCUS, too, and I suppose the one in SHAGGY might be counted, though it was a group effort. Maybe the question should be thrown open for discussion: How worth while is a convention report to (1) Someone who has attended the same convention; (2) Someone who had hoped to attend but couldn't; (3) Someone interested in conventions but with no hope of being able to attend -- a U.S. conrep to a Britifan, for instance; and (4) Ochlophobes like Harry Warner, Alan Dodd, Bill Danner, etc.?

Methinks Boyd Raeburn doth protest too much. Berry didn't make that big an issue out of his comments on the turnpikes, cockroaches, bums in doorways, etc. Maybe your comments to White should have been addressed to Raeburn, Wally.

If enough fans agree that a subject index to CRY articles might be helpful, it could be done, I suppose. What do you FSF types think of Harry's suggestion?

J. Les Piper seems to be getting some competition from Andy Reiss -- a good thing, indeed. The more the merrier.

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz

/FSF thinks a subject index to the CRY is too damn much work, but if you want to do it all yourself, including the publishing, we'd all love to have a copy. -- WWW/

And even in the CRY there has to be a limit, so next page is going to be it. This means we gotta put some good stuff that really belonged in the regular letter section into:

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

TED FORSYTH, who got left out of the letter section because that sneaky Patrizio got me confused. I thought it was TED's letter I had stencilled way back at the start of the col., and so Patrizio unfairly got in twice. Anyway Ted tells about his visit to London and Ella Parker, George Locke, Jim Groves, Inchmery, etc., wishes the Annish cover had been in color, wants the Berry Travelogue to get a Nobel Literature Prize, and liked everything in the Annish, "Specifically, (Willis suggests that this word should occur at least once in every letter of comment) the Tale of the Epic by Hal Lynch produced much merriment." BOB LEONARD wished Berry's meeting with Wrai Ballard had been enlarged upon and that some of the "sublime fannish repartee" had been revealed. Bob also thinks Nirenburg has Fiffer all figured out, and claims that "Jones" was amusing and the first cartoon he has seen recently in a fanzine that wasn't a parody of some kind. DON DURWARD, AAAhf, gives his own "Long Haul" report on his trip from Wisconsin Rapids to Seattle, and agrees with Buz on TAFF. JEFF WANSHEL says, "Say, this fuzzlehead buznness is alright, but I think it is going a bit too far. Every darned letter that I have gotten from anyone who reads the CRY mentions somewhere within the word fuzzlehead, pertaining to yours truly, and some sly remark. Eccch." He also complains that the CRY index left out his "masterful epistle in CRY #134." And now

ends up being bannished to the wealsoheardfrom's -- neither of us should have got out of Jeff. WAYNE VELICER wants to know what happened to Satellite? He should have written Satellite to find out because I don't know. The sum total of a letter from LES NIRENBERG states, "Hi, CRY was good!" and follows with a post script that goes, "How's that for a short letter of comment, eh Wally? It makes up for the extra long one last month." P.F. KEBERDIS found several errors in the index "just on my crud." He also claims to be F.C. Purvis. BOB LAMBECK says the Cry isn't worth 25¢ anymore, so instead of resubbing he says, "Goombly, cruel people." Kind of refreshing to get a report like that for a change. RICHARD ERGERON admires the Thompson cover on Cry #136, but wants to know, "what is this futuris-ic knight with his powerful looking advanced type weapons doing with a halbard?" BUCK DULSON states Nirenberg is not Dean Grennell because Les is obviously Boyd Raeburn -- un-ss Raeburn is also Grennell. RICHARD SCHULTZ sends us a typewritten letter, and the shock would have made blithering idiots of us if his own previous handwritten letters hadn't beat him to it. Dick expects 530 to 560 pages of Cry to come out in 1960. He likes the Busby TAFF proposal but would like a little longer to vote -- say five months or so. GEORGE LOCKE noticed that in both TGGW and THS, the actual conreport was less successfully put over than the rest of the account. So far, from the letters Cry has received, George is the only one to notice this; everyone else seems to notice the opposite. DAVID RIKE writes us about a "fanzine material pool" he is starting. The pool will primarily collect and distribute filler illustrations. Although he is not much interested in written material, he will consider "articles-that-won't-date-fast and fannish stuff in general," but not fiction or poetry. He wants to use the FMP as a going concern instead of a wastebasket, and wants good quality material for fanzines that aren't well stocked. He also would like to know if the Cry has any particular wants. Let me think a minute; do we need any material to help fill space.....? Interested parties may contact Dave Rike, 750 60th St., Oakland 9, California. PHIL HARRELL, who got Cry #134 from Don Franson's sub, enjoyed the Cry in general and TGGW in particular. His favorite fanzines are HOCUS (good), CRY and YANDRO (better), and SHAGGY (best). Hmmf. For second place we should print his letter and let him have a free copy? Never! And you other SHAGGY readers out there can take note. JACK L. CHALKER tells us about his fanzine review column in the fanzine, THE MAELSTROM, and a book business he claims to have invented. He's delighted to hear about fanzines that give away issues for letters of comment, and wants his free Cry right away. I am delighted to ignore him, not so much for his gall, but for the fact that he addressed his letter to Elinor instead of to me. Wm. B. CUNNINGHAM also wants a free sample, for which he may have to wait quite a while. We did get subs from TEDD BEEGLE and JIMMY MEISNESS, another cartoon from ANDY REISS, and a meeting announcement from the FUTURIAN SOCIETY of New York (sorry we couldn't make it; our car ran out of gas just a few miles out of Seattle). SHIRLEY TRAPP has never seen a Cry, but she writes to tell us the Easter Bunny doesn't exist. Everybody, write Shirley Trapp, Orondo, Washington; tell her she's wrong. -- WWW

JONES by REISS

