



" YOU MEAN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO 'ZOTZ'
AT SOME PEOPLE AND I CAN KEEP
THE JACKET? "

P a g e T h r e e

Unless something has gone radically wrong with the very nature of things, this is issue #140 (the June, 1960, issue) of CRY. CRY, as you probably well-know by now, is an amateur magazine devoted to harrassing its publishers, a bunch of kooks who hide behind the anonymity of Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington, and pretend to an interest in science-fiction. CRY appears monthly, and so much for justice.

You may find it hard to believe, but we actually get money for CRY, now and then. Persons who have contributed neither written material (including letters) nor artwork have often found themselves driven to the extremity of sending Box 92 (or John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland) 25¢ (or 1/9) for a single copy, \$1 (or 7/-) for 5, or \$2 (or 14/-) for the full year. Others occasionally try to wangle exchanges for their own amateur magazines devoted to the furtherance of science-fiction-- but let's don't get sordid about it, shall we? It's bad enough...

CRY #141 will be published on June 26th, and you can't get much more sordid. No.

Unless you chicken out, you will come upon the

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Stencil-cutting: Elinor and Wally Weber, each 21; Buz 6, Webbert 1, Bing 0.

The Eventual Fate of Things: static rises from last month's announcement that material that doesn't work its way immediately into CRY may wind up in WRR or in the Fanzine Material Pool sponsored by Dave Rike. I won't argue the point; I merely aim the ol' finger at the beginning of last month's paragraph, to wit: Note to contributors:

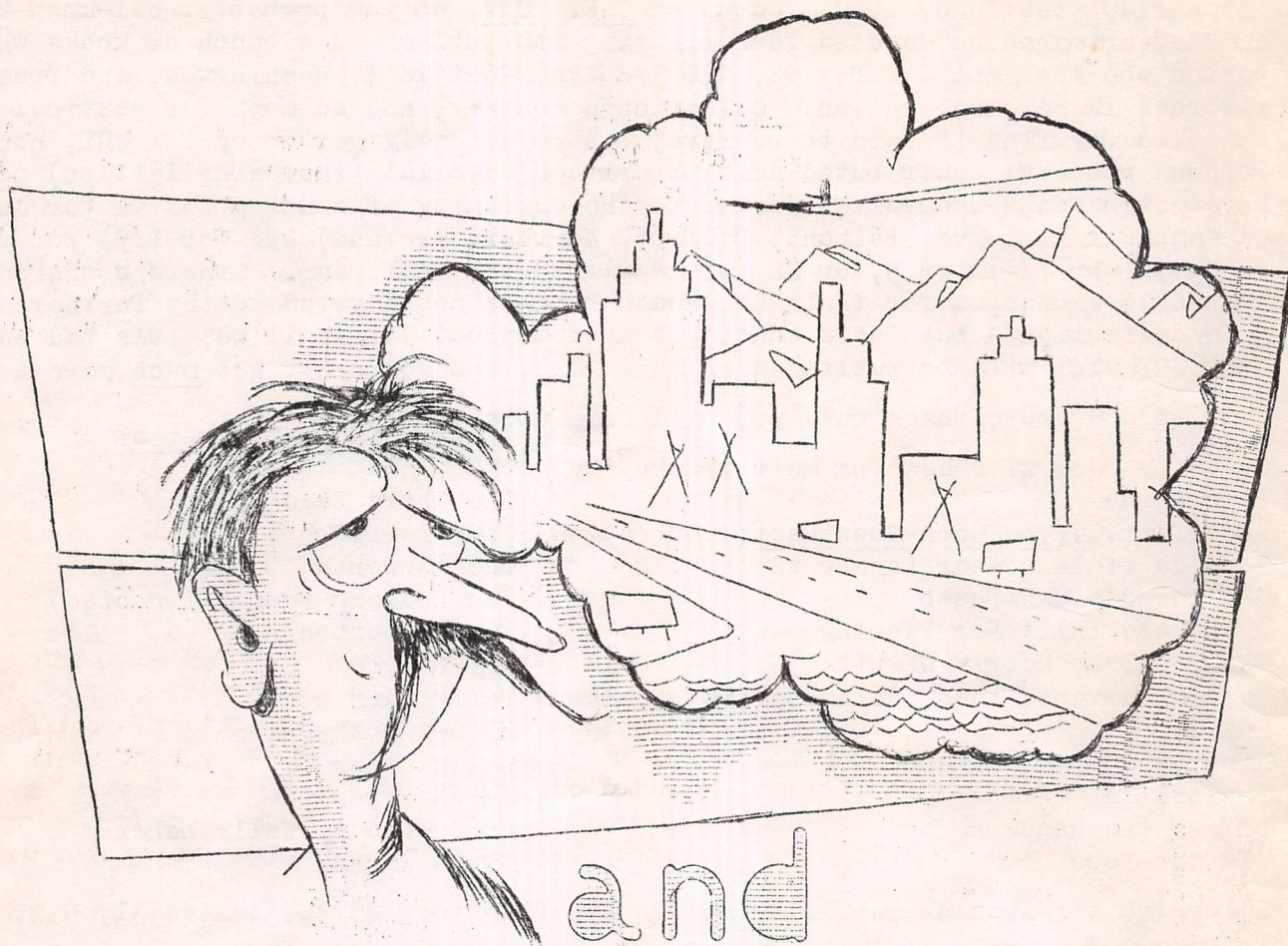
Unless you specify otherwise,

... any more questions?

This is our last chance to inform you (effectively) that the W*E*S*T*E*R*C*O*N will be held at the Owyhee Hotel in Boise, Idaho, under the sponsorship of Guy and Diane Terwilleger, over the July-4th weekend. Officially this includes the 3 days starting Saturday, July 2nd, and ending Monday, July 4th. Unofficially, if you get into Boise on the afternoon of Friday, July 1st, and get in touch, you can help mop up a fine spaghetti dinner at Guy-&-Diane's. Of course, you'll advise them ahead of time, while sending in your \$1 Registration Fee (address is Route 4, Boise, Idaho).

Odds and Ends: The CRYstaff at hand at this moment (of June 1st, 1960) consists of Jim Webbert who is clearing the machine of ink and just now scaring me that we need a new roller, Burnett Toskey who is supposed to be typing up the Hugo-ballot stencil, Wally Weber who is supposed to be doing illoes in the spaces Jim left in the stencils for Terry Carr's SolaCon Report (coming next month even though Norm Shorrock did get off the pot finally), Elinor who is supposed to be washing the dishes, and I who am concerned with these Odds and Ends and getting these other people On The Stick.

The Midwestcon, that annual funfest hosted by the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, will more or less convene at the North Plaza Motel over the June 25-26 weekend (and things will no doubt be lively on the evening of Friday the 24th). Though none of the local Seattlecrowd can make it this year, Greetings and Best Wishes to those who can! -FLIB.



JOHN

BERRY

and

after...

If you've gotten this far you've waded through well over one hundred thousand words, all of which was written without the slightest pause for thought. I slashed out the whole sequence of events as though it was in my mind in tape-recorder form, and I've got a feeling that because of this, I've given an accurate picture of my feelings as I thrilled at my experiences during the three weeks or so in August and September, 1959.

Before writing this concluding chapter, I've re-read every page. Once more the blood pounded in my veins as I relived my happy days Stateside....and I can state quite emphatically that I do not wish to retract one word, or to change any phrase or paragraph. At least one-third of "The Goon Goes West" was written whilst I was still in America, which is evidence enough to prove that I wrote everything down as it happened without allowing time to mellow my thoughts or make me decide not to reveal anything in case it would not be considerate to my American hosts.

Believe me, this large documentary account is one of the easiest things I've ever written. Frankly, I've never experienced any great difficulty in writing about my experiences and, possibly, my considerable amount of work since 1954 has been a sort of apprenticeship for the task of writing "The Goon Goes West". Some people may find it hard to believe that over one hundred thousand words should be written without any undue effort, but the fact remains that this is so.

but the fact remains that this is so.

Almost eight months has passed by since my return from America on the night of Friday, September 18th, 1959, and, to conclude my story of one of the greatest experiences a fan can undergo, I'd like to bring you up to date with my thoughts and conclusions. After all, now I've had time to reflect.....

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Back home again.

Tired.

But proud and triumphant, just the same.

I sat back on the settee, and laid the cases around my feet. I looked up at my wife, and opened my jacket to blind her with the sheer flash of my American shirt.

Kathleen, my small daughter, asked where the squaw's outfit was that I'd promised her, and, by the way, thanks for the cards, she said.

Diane, my wife, told me I looked very brown, and sort of more mature than when I'd departed more than three weeks previously.

"Well," she said, trying to size up which of the containers held the underskirt I'd promised her, "did you have a nice time?"

I suppose it was a typically conventional remark, and I was just about to tell her rather sternly that her question wasn't worthy of consideration, and that I'D HAD A WONDERFUL WONDERFUL TIME, when Colin burst through the door. He'd come from school, and probably had met the neighbours who'd gone into a huddle at the thought of a taxi actually being up our street when there wasn't a wedding.

Colin was just over nine years old then, and, when I'd been in America, I'd been careful to send him frequent postcards by airmail, depicting redskins and cowboys. I'd also hinted on the back of the cards that I'd got some presents for him.

So there I was, sprawled out, and my wife and two children sitting opposite me, trying to drink home the fact that not only was Daddy home, but he'd brought presents, too.

To build up a sort of climax, I sorted out all my dirty clothes first of all. The socks were stiff, and they clanged as I dropped them on the carpet. I propped my mess of dirty vests against the side of the settee, and the towels crawled out of the room themselves, in abject embarrassment!

Then, feeling like Father Christmas, I handed out the gifts and souvenirs. Kathleen's fingers trembled as she opened the box with the Squaw's kit inside. Her eyes popped in and out like a frog's throat at mating time as she unfolded a tunic and skirt, with a legend emblazoned across the front of the tunic announcing to the world that she was 'Morning Star'. There and then she put the clothes on, and at the bottom of the box was a feathered headdress which was a mite too large for her but with the skillful but bloody application of a so-called safety pin she really did look like Hiawatha's little sister.

I gave Colin the dollar bill from Roger Sims and Mabel Young, and the plonker gun and ammunition that Steve Schultheis gave me, and let him see the elastic-band special that Gerber had contributed to the GDA mythology. I also reverently placed in his hands the totem pole, and I told him that sure, it was his, his very own, but it would really look great in Daddy's room, wouldn't it? He didn't share my opinion, and I slyly let him see one of the silver dollars I'd got in Montana, and he softened, and I shook everything out of the brown plastic holdall grip I'd purchased in Fond du Lac and gave it to him and said he could put his school books in and tell the kids it came from America. This subtle psychology completely won him over, and he handed back the totem pole.

Diane panted with awe as I lifted out the underskirt. She blinked a couple of times, grabbed it and rushed upstairs to try it on. She returned looking like a somewhat overfed ballerina whom the choreographer had called in for a conference at his flat. One thing wrong, she said, she required a new dress which would show off the flouncy features of the underskirt. I hastily buried my head in a suitcase and emerged with the headscarf with 'MONTANA' splashed across it, and showing several nostalgic glimpses of Helena. She put this round her head. I handed the earrings (courtesy of Sims and Young) and two Indian heads and two little technicolour pheasants (I'd got them at a stall in Seattle Zoo during a rainstorm) and the Statue of Liberty (in bronze) and the snazzy combined cigarette box and ash tray depicting the White House which I'd purchased in Washington, and a couple of

glass cocktail sticks showing they were swiped from the HOTEL BELMONT PLAZA and THE PICK-FORT SHELBY.

I produced packets of different brands of American cigarettes which Diane piled on the table, and packets of book matches which she put on a shelf so that the children couldn't get at them. I pulled stuff out of my suitcases with all the dexterity of a salesman to whom commission is still a dream.

Then I sank back again, and pleaded for a cup of tea.

Diane cleared the debris away and made tea.

Refreshed, but still very tired, I sampled an American cigarette. Strange to report that whilst in America I only had about three, and I recall I scrouged these from Phyllis Economou. Actually, for a number of years I've been in the rather unenviable position of being a man who doesn't smoke but who does. Like, for over ten years not a whiff of tobacco smoke outraged my moustache, not a spot of nicotine stained my fingers. I stopped smoking because my finances wouldn't allow the luxury. Then my wife started to smoke, and I reasoned I was paying for her indirectly so why not have a quick whiff myself? I carefully rationed myself to one after tea in the evening, and maybe five over the weekend. I've always made true a promise not to smoke in my office, and, in the uncanny way in which my mind works, I never think of smoking during the day, but as soon as I've had my tea on returning home my mouth goes dry and my fingers twitch for a cigarette.

I took a couple of deep lungfuls of smoke, and I heard the front door being kicked and Colin went to answer and came back with Walt Willis.

He said he knew I was terribly tired, but he'd just called in to see how I liked America?

I sat him down and regaled him with flashes of interest. I talked and talked (and when I'm in top gear I'm hard to stop) and he finally interrupted and asked me to call round to Oblique House next Sunday, when Republic of Ireland fans Ian McAulay and Johnny Hartz would be visiting him. I promised to do this.

Later that evening, I told Colin all about the things I'd seen in America. I opened maps of New York and Detroit and Seattle and showed him my route. When he and Kathleen were put to bed I continued my breathless narrative with Diane as my audience, and being liberally stuffed with American cigarettes she seemed to see the highlights in their true perspective. Her mouth watered as I graphically described how armfuls of peaches could be purchased for half a dollar and how cutting up a steak was like occupational therapy and how, when you shopped in an American store, the great worry was how much you could carry, not how much it was all going to cost.

Then bed.

My own bed.

I told Diane that really and truly it was wonderfully comfortable sleeping in the back of a car, and I said it wasn't so bad in an aeroplane either. I didn't extol Miss Wong's virtues, in fact, I didn't even mention her. I did say it was nice to have an air-conditioned bedroom with a 21 inch television set, like I had in New York, but she snorted at my continual boasting.

One reads so many sensational accounts of husbands who've been away from their wives for long periods, and the ensuing reunion, but, sure, I was only away for three weeks. I hope I haven't let you fellows down, but I swear that thirty seconds later I was in as deep a sleep as I'll ever be before the last one.....

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On Saturday I got up round about twelve noon.

At first I heard the strains of the Scheherazade, and for a few seconds I expected a couple of dachshunds to come flapping in, then the horribly mundane phrase 'This is the B.B.C. Light Programme' echoed up from the room below.

After dinner, I swaggered round in my freshly laundered American shirt, and let the neighbours get a good view of it. I didn't let you Americans down. I told them it was a great country, and I'd go back there and live anytime. Someone suggested another Berry Fund, and I said, sure, they couldn't manage \$441, which the round trip would cost, and they said they were working on a maximum of \$220.50.

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Sunday. Bob and Sadie Shaw called. I swear tears came to their eyes as I told them

of the places they'd been to a year previously. Bob Shaw unashamedly sobbed hysterically when I told him what a superb cook Elinor Busby was. It appears that he had actually passed through Seattle one day, and had been tempted to call on the Busbys, even though it was in the early morning. I wouldn't be surprised if he emigrates again, and I told him the Busbys wouldn't mind what time he called for a feed!

In the afternoon I called round to Walt's house, and gave the fans there a resume of my experiences. I acted a whole lot of the episodes, like Dick Ellington does, and they laughed a great deal. They said my impersonation of a cockroach was a wow. I got up from the floor and said I thought it was pretty good myself.

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Monday morning at the office was quite an experience. I hadn't got the nerve to wear my American shirt, but fingerprints were completely forgotten as I told 'em, yep, the White House looked pretty good in the twilight, and, uh huh, the Empire State Building is way up, and, sure, six thousand miles by air in less than two days is hard to beat!

My prestige went way up. I was a sort of showpiece. When visitors came to the Office I was put on display. I felt (and probably looked) like a peacock in full plumage.

Quite a lot of the police wanted to know exactly how I had got the trip.

I was almost tempted to ask for subs to RETRIBUTION, but I explained fandom to them as gently as I could.

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One job was priority.

To get the Hugo plaque to Brian Aldiss.

I went across to England for a weekend to see my parents (more boasting, and they really were thrilled that their son had been to America and Canada, but expressed a certain amount of incredulity at the veracity of the Busby Blurb about myself in the Detention Booklet) but didn't have time or money to journey to London to search for Brian Aldiss.

So on my return I wrote a number of letters to well known fans but could not trace Brian's address AT ALL.

Finally, I wrote to John (Ted) Carnell, his agent. I thought that this would be the end of the trail. No such luck. Mr. Carnell explained that Brian was most probably abroad, and it was impossible to say when he would return. He explained that if I sent the plaque to him he would make sure that Brian had it given to him at the earliest opportunity.

Although it was kind of Carnell to make this offer, I reasoned that it would not represent the fulfillment of my promise to the massed audience at Detroit. I had stated in front of a few hundred witnesses that I would personally make certain that Brian received the plaque.

I pondered over the problem, and then recalled with a thumping heart that he had written material for SPHERE, a fanzine published on one side of the paper only by American fan Joe Christoff.

An air mail plea to Joe brought forth this address: 69, Victoria Road, Oxford, England.

Within ten minutes of the reply from Christoff a letter was on its way to the address. I gave Brian the good news, and popped in a bit of egoboo for his stories, which I had always admired.

His reply came in a few days; I'll quote it in full. I owe that much to the Detention Committee:

Dear John,

I'm sorry I've been so elusive. These last three months I've been dodging about a lot, but have come to rest at the address above for another month at least. Should any more awards or brickbats be thrown at my unlikely head, I'm always available c/o 'Oxford Msil', Oxford.

It's certainly most kind of you to tote this trophy right across the Atlantic for me. Thank you so much; I hope it wasn't too much of a nuisance. It will be wonderful to have. I feel I should really write and thank someone in America, although I don't know who. Have you any suggestions?

I envy you your visit to the Detroit Con, and hope to get over there myself one year. The Americans are a great lot, judging from the few I met at the London

Con; I'd like to say hello to Joe Christoff amongst others.

Anyhow, again my thanks for your care and trouble, and for your kind words, which believe me are very much appreciated. Sf has always seemed to me very difficult to write, much as I enjoy it, and encouragement is always warmly welcome,

Yours sincerely,
Brian.

I carefully wrapped up the trophy with masses of paper to make certain it wasn't damaged en route, and posted it to Brian. It arrived in good order. Here's what Brian wrote by return of post.....

Dear John,

The shield's just arrived.

What I wanted to do was write simply and say thank you for the shield presented to me as Most Promising New Author of 1958 by the World Con in Detroit. You know--thanks to the people who organised and voted, and to the people who have read my small output of stories, and again to you for getting the trophy to me.

But to say a real heartfelt thanks is easier in person than on paper. You can stand around and twitch, and without saying much, radiate on the emotive and empath levels. How to do all that via a ball point?

Well, let me tell you I'm grateful and pleased about this award...
etc....

Brian Aldiss goes on, but I've reprinted sufficient of his letter to show you that he was all thrilled to be the recipient of the shield, that he got it safely, and, most important of all, that I kept my promise to the fans at Detroit and made certain that Aldiss got his trophy as soon as was fannishly possible!

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I've written in previous chapters about all the photographs I took on my fannish tour. They all turned out splendidly. I printed all the shots myself in the photography branch, next to my own office, during many winter lunch hours.

I chose some hundred or so of the best ones, and worked for some time on a large album, which, besides containing the chosen photographs, also held some of the documentary items attendant to my trip.

I didn't rush the job. Besides getting great pleasure from taking my time and composing the album slowly, I wanted it to be a really permanent thing, something akin to family bibles which are handed down from generation to generation.

I mounted the photographs on stiff card, and under each item I typed pertinent remarks.

Also included was the ticket stub from the Empire State Building; many of the coloured postcards I airmailed to my family whilst I was in the States and Canada; many pictures sent to me by fans in America, particularly Dean Grennell and Richard Schultz; clippings from booklets and documents from Detention materials and publications; the Toskey Photograph (the one showing us fans against a massive natural background of pines and the snow-capped Mount Rainier); postcards purchased when I visited the Seattle Art Museum; my air ticket from Seattle to New York; a Northwest Airlines tag which was tied to my luggage during the cross-continent flight; a British Overseas Airways Corporation Boarding Pass; B.O.A.C. luggage tags; the air ticket carbon of the booklet ticket for the air trip from Belfast to Glasgow to New York to Glasgow to Belfast, the ticket initially sent to me by Noreen Shaw; and, of course, the Customs documents relating to the Gerber Typer to remind me of my conflict at the Customs office at Prestwick airport!

Some of the pictures are rare and full of humour, to me at least. One picture, taken in Canada by Dick Schultz, shows me being escorted away to the office by a grinning Canadian Immigration Official. I must tell you about another. It makes me look completely provincial, but I've given you the facts so far, and at this juncture I feel it too late to try and hide anything, even though what I am about to relate is possibly the biggest blunder I ever did make, anywhere.

And I've the picture to prove it.

It happened at Dean Grennell's house in Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

I have been extremely well trained by my wife in the mundane affairs pertaining to the regular and orderly running of our household.

For a dozen years I have waited patiently by the sink as Diane washes the dishes, and in a sort of hypnotic trance I pick up wet crockery and cutlery and wipe 'em and place them where they can be properly sorted when the chore is concluded. In the first few years, feeling somewhat degraded, I made a special point of dropping our best china, but Diane, with great fortitude, persisted in having me dry up, even when ankle deep in chips of china and clay. It finally became a habit.

So, at DAG's, after a scrumptuous lunch, which I detailed in a much earlier chapter, I offered to assist Jean Grennell in the cleaning of the soiled crockery.

Jean protested that although my offer was extremely kind there was really no need for her to have any assistance.

I felt sort of dedicated. I reasoned that at the very least it would show that I was house-trained. So I stood on Jean's right, and she washed the items in the sink and placed them in a square metal container on her right, in individual racks. With a proud smirk on my face I picked up a cloth and picked the items out of this container and imparted a shiny surface to the china with a vigorous rubbing action which made me sweat but happy at the same time.

Jean half-heartedly protested once more, but I told her that 'I always do it' and I soon had all the dishes sparkling on a table behind us.

This seemed to induce a feeling of awe in Dean, as was evinced by the rapid clicking of his camera as he took several shots of me in action with the dish cloth.

He sent me one of the pictures.

I went hot and cold as I looked at it and realization struck me a cruel blow.

The picture shows Jean looking over her shoulder at the camera with a frustrated look of pure disbelief in her eyes. I am to be seen in my American shirt imparting a gloss to a cup, but it is all too blatantly obvious that I was taking the dishes out of a container which was designed to drain and dry the utensils.

There is a slight blur to the shot, which I presume to be caused by Dick Eney's laughing, but I sincerely hope that Grennell destroyed the negative!

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It has been very interesting to note, since my return from America, how often the places I visited crop up in the news, and in films, etc.

My friends have caught on to a stock phrase of mine, which they express all the time when they see me. They say, with a grin 'I've been there'. Because that is exactly what I keep saying all the time.

A film opens on Saturday night TV, for example, and sure enough it shows a shot of the Manhattan skyline. 'I've been there', I yell. The Mackinac Bridge, the White House, the Empire State, Seattle, it seems that several times a week such places figure on TV, and even my children now yell 'I've been there.' It is of course a constant source of egoboo, although sometimes rather disconcerting. For example I was at the cinema the other day with Colin, and he assured the audience at some high decibel rate when a shot of New York flashed on the Cinemascope screen that 'Daddy's been there.'

I will readily admit that it makes my chest swell with pride when I see on the screen or in books the places I visited. I realise too well that I saw a lot more of America than millions of Americans have, and I've also had the experience of travelling across the continent by car and by air.

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I am continually asked about America. Whenever anything controversial crops up in the news, my associates look to me to give them the American outlook on such things.

The Colour Bar, for example, which is topical at the moment because of the policy of the South African government. A lot of people over here express great annoyance at the policy of the white South Africans in keeping the blacks under strict subjugation, and they put it on a par with Little Rock in America.

I point out things as I observed for myself.

I tell them that whilst I was in America I did not see any sign of the coloured people being discriminated against. I state that in some parts of America there are many coloured people, a very high rate when compared with white, for example in New York and Washington. I explained that as I went further west, coloured people were less obvious. I spoke to several coloured people myself, all of them in New York at the Nunnery, and

they seemed perfectly happy and contented to me. My impressions were and are simply those of a fan with fannish matters on his mind passing across the country at a helluva rate, and the Colour Problem was but a note at the back of my mind. I did ask a few fans about the negroes, but I must confess I cannot recollect their impressions except to state quite categorically that none of them I questioned were in anyway anti-negro. My overall impression was that the situation was considerably less serious in America than I had supposed. At least, I must qualify that by stressing that such was the case in the parts of America I visited. I didn't go to the Deep South, where possibly there is a more obvious and pressing problem. Whilst whizzing along the turnpikes and major roads with Messrs Eney, Weber, Gonser and Toskyy I saw many negroes with large cars, some of them in cars bigger than DAG's, and, in comparison, I have to plan ahead, financially, to ensure I can get a puncture fixed on my bike without going broke! There's a moral there somewhere.....

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I've also been much in demand amongst my friends in trying to explain the psychology and personality of the American people. It is first of all necessary to try to give some description of what Americans appear to be like to people abroad who have never had the chance to meet them.

It seems to be generally accepted that Americans are all very rich, and that they are liable to boast in great detail about what they have at home, on the slightest pretext. They give the impression that everything is bigger and better in America.

Another strange phenomenon which is evident very frequently is the propensity for Americans, when on tour, to speak loudly. A case in point happened only last week (the end of April, 1960).

I was visiting Dunluce Castle, in County Antrim, to take some photographs for an illustrated article in a future POT POURRI, my SAPSazine. A group of four elderly ladies were busy with cameras also, making permanent reminders of this centuries old structure, and these ladies really did talk remarkably loudly. Perhaps two score people were visiting the site; it's only a relatively small area, and yet even when you were one hundred yards away you could hear the Americans chatting. They were having a gay old time. The chap I was with, the driver of a police car, looked at me with raised eyebrows, and he mentioned the fact that 'Americans always talk loudly, as if they were letting everyone know they are Americans.'

This gave me the chance I had been waiting for. As far as I knew, this particular individual did not know that I had been to America, and I seized the opportunity to tell him. I also attempted to explain a little of the American character.

"Listen," I told him. "I've been to America, see, and I think I can understand them. They don't talk loudly on purpose, you see, the pace of things in America is so fast that if you sat down and talked normally, no one would understand you. You'd be a sort of square. Also, they're justly proud to let everyone know they come from America; like, I've been there, you understand....."

Some American points of view are not always popular over here, and of recent incidents nothing has caused greater controversy than the execution of Caryl Chessman after twelve years. A judge of high experience in England evinced the observation that 'it couldn't happen here', and people want some sort of explanation of just what the Americans mean by a democratic way of life when a chap gets his after twelve years of procrastination. This is one of the questions which stumped me in my quest to improve Anglo-American Relations, because I couldn't understand it myself. It seemed to be really cruel and pointless. But I had to say something, me being an authority, and I tried to explain that it really proved that America was a democracy. In any other country a man condemned to death would either be executed or reprieved without much unnecessary waiting. This Chessman, I said, was sentenced to death for hideous crimes, and it says much for the legal system in America that it was possible to prolong his life for twelve years by a series of legal moves. My argument was neatly blocked when it was pointed out that he was executed just the same. All I could say was that I was certain that any man legally sentenced to death and not reprieved would gladly change places with Chessman....twelve years is a fifth of a man's life.

Other questions raised to me before now concern relations between Russia and America.

The sum total of quite a few of these discussions was this.... America is always stressing that the Russians are aggressive and trying to cause war, but, America has Russia completely surrounded....there are even air bases in Turkey which has a common frontier with Russia. It is pointed out with much heat that what would the Americans think if, say, the Russians set up air bases in Mexico?

I have never at any time attempted to give the impression that I am well acquainted with politics and strategy; I leave that to the people who run our affairs and know nothing about politics and strategy. All the same, I have to try and give some sort of answer to show that I understand the American viewpoint, and I give my own opinions which, I hope (and my logic tells me I am probably right), explain the American tactics.

I say that the Americans have averted a third World War so far by their policies. I say that American troops were in Korea within a very short time of that campaign, and if the United Nations had not gone in, it would have shown that aggression could be contemplated with optimism. I say that the Strategic Air Command, whereby American aeroplanes loaded with atom bombs are airborne all the time, cruising around the North Pole, has stopped a surprise rocket attack because the counter punch is always poised. I say that it must be agreed that Russia is a potential enemy, and what better tactical move is there to make certain in every democratic way that should Russia strike the Americans can strike back. And what is more democratic than, for example, paying Spain millions of dollars for air bases on her territory? And if Russia has no aggressive intentions, why should she mind?

Perchance my defences of American policy are wide of the mark; I made my excuses for this beforehand.

But if I don't profess to know much about American foreign policy and her relations with Russia, there is one aspect of American life on which I do regard myself as an authority.

I refer, of course, to American science fiction fans....

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I must of necessity omit any names. I would very much like to append here and now a comprehensive list of all the American fans I met; and who were nice to me. Both lists would be the same.

I shall always bear the happiest memories of my three short weeks in the United States. Maybe I haven't always done my job very thoroughly, to make myself a sort of unofficial ambassador for America, but I've tried. Insofar as American people are concerned, I've based almost all my observations on American fans.

I've spent over a hundred thousand words describing my experiences, and throughout I have tried to show that no matter what confronted me I was always surrounded by fans who had my interests at heart and went out of their way to show me that as their guest only the best was good enough. I was on the receiving end of many dozens of kindnesses. It seemed as though uppermost on everyone's mind was the thought that I was a visitor and by jingo I was going to have such a time as I'd never forget. Believe me, it won't be necessary to open my album or reach for "The Goon Goes West" to relive all my happy days and nights.

As the days go by, and time passes, it seems to become more and more impossible to believe that I was in America. I ask myself, how could I have been worthy of it all? And in my own way I've tried to give my honest impressions. Once or twice I suppose I wasn't really kind, but it would indeed be false to glorify the good times and conveniently forget the couple of incidents which didn't exactly appeal to me. I've tried to inject humour into my story, but at the same time I've attempted to create a picture in the minds of my readers, more particularly in the minds and imaginations of the fans who sent their money to assist me and who themselves could not travel to America.

Because fandom as a whole is responsible for this tome. I suppose it is a tome. I'm sure it's the longest fannish work ever written. I never did set out to create a record, but without thought of page count I wrote on and on, trying not to bore, but mentioning everything which happened to me and my thoughts pertaining to the incidents.

Every fan in fandom has contributed to my story. And I hope that it carries a message to you all. It takes such a tour to fully reveal the underlying affinity which we of

science fiction fandom have for each other. I know that it has added maturity to my thoughts and deeds. I know that I shall keep on writing for fanzines, and that I shall never tire of the delight of receiving fanzines and writing to fans and meeting them.

And, do you know, even though I've come to almost the last paragraph, I don't want all this to end. I was touched by an Open Letter addressed to me in FANAC which appeared shortly after my return. It stressed that I was not to consider myself under any obligation to keep writing. But I want to. I am full of regret that "The Goon Goes West" has come to an end.

My own private wish to you all is that you get the opportunity that I had. Most of you, unfortunately, cannot be so lucky. I can but state that I shall remember my American Trip all my life, and especially shall I remember all the fans who made it possible, the organisers in chief, Nick Falasca and Noreen Shaw...the Committee....all the fans who looked after me, drove me about, allowed me to stay with them....and who, collectively, gave me a holiday which very few people, and I don't just mean fans, could have equalled.

I am one lucky guy. I know it. I shan't forget it.

This I promise.....

THE END

= = = = =

T h e L O R E D ' S M a n i f e s t o

--Ken Hedberg

Pray and ye shall be heard;

Pay and ye shall be obeyed.

And the Lored said unto the 1st Profit: Go forth unto the kings and rulers of the earth. Make the name of the Lored known unto them for they have become as dung in mine eyes. For yea, they tempt the peoples of the earth with words of peace whilst they fashion implements of war.

And the Lored said unto the 2nd Profit: Go forth unto the land known as Hollywood and preach my word, for the inhabitants thereof hold themselves as gods.

And the Lored said unto the 3rd Profit: Go forth unto fandom and make my name known, for they would sell their souls for a mess of egoboo. For yea, I sacrificed my only Gestetnered fanzine that they might have everlasting egoboo, and because I had no remaining subscribers.

And the Lored said unto the 4th Profit: Go forth unto the scientists of the earth, for they think that they possess all the knowledge of the Universe.

And the Lored said unto the 5th Profit: Go forth unto the temples and priests of the earth, for they hold themselves righteous above all men.

And the Lored said unto the 6th Profit: Go forth unto the merchants of the earth, for they wouldst sell anything that brought treasure unto their coffers.

And the Lored said unto the 7th Profit: Go forth unto the warriors of the earth, for they love slaying their fellow man above all else.

And the Lored said unto the 8th Profit: Go forth unto the teachers of the earth, that fill my children with false teachings and prejudices.

And the Lored said unto the 9th Profit: Go forth unto the healers of the earth, that hold monetary gain above the welfare of their patients.

And the Lored said unto the 10th Profit: Go forth unto the women of the earth that wouldst assume the rightful place of men.

And the Lored said unto the 11th Profit: Go forth unto the builders of the earth, for they wouldst build their monuments unto the very heavens.

And the Lored said unto the 12th Profit: Go forth unto Little Rock and South Africa and to all places that one man holds himself dearer than another.

And the Lored said unto his other Profits: Go forth and make known my word to those that wouldst follow after another.

And the Lored said further unto the 3rd Profit: Seek thou the True Fan; be thou uncorrupted by egoboo, for thou shalt love the Lored with all thy heart and deliver unto him all egoboo. Love thy fellow fan as thyself, but worship him not, for he is only human. Take not fandom in vain, for he who gafiates is lost. Remember thee the Conventions, for they are holy; honor thy subscribers and thy contributors, that the days of thy fanzine be long. Fold not thy fanzine, nor plagiarize, nor use the gimmick of another fan, nor feud, nor covet his egoboo. For, yea! I have come to fandom!

Part Two: The Peasant Girl and the Eye in the Chocolate Box

Sheila and I were sitting on the top deck of a bus one day; it may have been just a mad, unaccountable impulse that made us do such a thing, or it may have been the fact that we were travelling to our respective offices, I don't remember. Anyway. On the seat next to us sat a woman, and with her was a small child which was standing up gripping the bar across the front window and peering at a single decker bus in front of us; this single decker bus seemed to trigger off some creative urge in the child and it started to croon to itself the words "Little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus." As the theme developed the words came through loud and clear; quite unmistakably they were "Little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus, little bus." The little bus stayed in front of us, and the child continued to stare at it, and to sing "Little bus, little bus, little bus." This went on for about half an hour. Then, satisfied suddenly with its own creation, the child turned beamingly towards its mother; "I know a little bus song," it said.

Some time later, the nucleus of Lancaster fandom (no--let's be truthful, the whole of Lancaster fandom)--Ken and Irene Potter, Harry Hanlon, and Roy Booth--was seated around a table in Roy Booth's house about 3 a.m., along with Tony Austin (from London) and myself. We were playing brag at a leisurely pace, and Sheila was sitting in front of the keyboard of a nearby piano, plonking happily; then this 'Little bus' song came to mind again. We related the story, sang the 'Little bus' song for them, and were pleased to find that everyone was quite enchanted by it. For the rest of the night we all sat around singing the 'Little bus' song as we played brag; we sang it in chorus and with solos, with variations and improvisations, with fortissimos and crescendos, with bragadoccios and Caravaggios, with Camarillos and bordellos. The whole of that night we sang the 'Little bus' song, all touched by the genius which could come up with such a masterpiece of infinite variety and resource. And no one seemed to have any difficulty learning the words.

It was not until much later, however, that we realised the true power of the work. For shortly after we returned home, Ken, who had been earning his living in a furniture shop, was fired, and went to work on the buses. We were delighted to think that in some little way we had been instrumental in helping our friend to climb one rung of the mighty ladder of Big Business, and we resolved to learn a 'Sewer' song and sing that to him the next time we met.

We never made it, alas; the melody just wouldn't come right. We had to make do instead with Gentle Jesus, a theme which seemed to leave Ken relatively untouched except for the fact that he got fired from his job on the buses too. We acquired Gentle Jesus from another small child on another bus, sitting behind us this time, deep in conversation with its father. "Daddy, why did they kill Gentle Jesus?" "They were Bad Men." "Gentle Jesus doesn't love Bad Men, does he?" "No." "And the Bad Men didn't love Gentle Jesus, did they?" "No." "I love Gentle Jesus." "Uh." "And Gentle Jesus loves me, doesn't he?" "Yes." Like I say, we passed this information along to Potter too, in the hope that some good might come of it, but all that happened was that he got fired, and there seemed to be no positive side to the matter at all. He had to move a couple of hundred miles, down to London, to find another job this time. I guess maybe he just wasn't sincere enough when he dutifully repeated after me "Gentle Jesus loves me."

There was another little phrase we used to bandy about happily too--"Isn't it nice now the war's over?" The origin of this one was the wife of a Dianeticist I visited in 1952 (a mere seven years after the end of the war.) The Dianeticist himself was a small, insignificant bank clerk who was going to stop shaving, by stopping his facial hair from growing, throw away his glasses, by regaining perfect sight, and grow hair back on his temples, just as soon as he was 'cleared' by Dianetics. All afternoon, while he expounded to me, his wife sat silently at the back of the room; as I rose to leave, some hours later, she smiled at me suddenly and said "Isn't it nice now the war's over?" I agreed that it was indeed nice, and left. This phrase became our other stock greeting, and after we returned home from one part in Lancaster, jewel of the Lancashire Mud Flats, I wrote to Ken and suggested to him "Isn't it nice now that Gentle Jesus loves our 'Little bus' song?" I

forget just what job he got sacked from that time.

As a matter of fact that particular hoodoo caused us some concern; every time Sheila and I went over for a party Ken got fired from his job. It was obviously some form of contamination he picked up from us, and the worrying thing about it was that there just weren't enough jobs in Lancaster to stand up to many more parties. I guess that too had something to do with him moving to London. We did, however, work out a practical application for our wild talent, in conjunction with Don Geldart, a friend of Ken's and a sergeant in the Army. Don decided that it would be no bad thing if coming in contact with us could cause him to be fired too, and we figured that if it worked we would be well on the way to a Fabulous Fortune. Don could bring conscripted army recruits along to the parties and for a nominal £5 a time we would allow them to come into contact with us, enough to assure that on their return they too would be fired. I reckon we would have been in clover, although the defence of the country would ultimately have suffered a bit, and no doubt the War Office would have started to have suspicions after the first 500,000 or so. This was another of those fine ideas that we just never had a chance to put into practice.

One that we did put into practice--frequently--was nauseating Roy Booth. Roy is tall and thin and cool; he must be just about the original Cool Man. Disregarding for the moment the things that nauseated him, I never saw anything evoke from Roy any reaction stronger than mild (very mild) interest, with the exception of two things--one was Ginger pouring forth what I considered to be spontaneous poetry and what Roy considered to be rehearsed drivel, and the other was Irene unfastening his shoelaces. The former seemed to irritate him beyond control, and the latter to project him deep into the throes of a fiercesome Anxiety Neurosis. Then there were the things that nauseated him. We discovered these quite by accident when, in the early hours of one Sunday morning, with the table littered with empty alcohol bottles, I brought up the subject of a fur teacup I had heard about. Roy lurched towards the door (just beating a couple of other people to it) and we heard him staggering up the stairs; it may have been on this occasion when Dave Wood, another local fan, immersed Roy's head in a wash-basin full of water and absent-mindedly walked away without taking it out again. I happened to be standing around at the time so I lifted his head out of the water, mainly because I wanted to go on telling him about this fur teacup.

The next item on the long list of Roy Nauseators was, I believe, the bird in the bottle. This was a Charles Addams cartoon which we, in all innocence, showed to Roy, which depicts a small boy sitting in front of a large bottle in which is hunched a very large bird--possibly a vulture. The small boy's mother is saying in an aside to another woman: "It isn't that amazing. Of course he put it in there while it was still an egg." This also seemed to upset Roy's equilibrium, and he kept shuddering to himself for some time afterwards. After that we decided that it was no use going about this thing haphazardly and that if we ever intended to get anywhere with our new-found pastime we must really put our hearts and souls into it. We therefore gave the matter some thought and before our next visit we priced several items of nauseous prospect. Rejecting, because of the expense, a massive rubber hand (which I would have whipped from behind my back to shake hands with Roy, leaving my hand in his as I walked away), we settled for a simulated human eye, and a large black spider which jerked convulsively whenever a rubber bulb on the end of a tube was squeezed. We also bought a box of chocolates and placed the eye nonchalantly in the middle of the top layer. According to the vague idea we had conceived with regard to the spider, we were to take Roy a covered dish of some food or other for one meal and as he lifted the cover the spider would rear up at him. This one never came to perfection but at least our intentions were good.

Now it came to pass that during the party that night (these affairs never finished before dawn, if then) the gathering was descended upon by a group of people with a different approach to life from the rest of us (they didn't like Henry Miller and they didn't bring any drink with them), whom we rather unkindly designated 'The Peasants.' With them was a rather pretty girl with blue eyes and a red dress (terribly clashing, you know. One would have thought she would have changed her eyes.) She sat sedately and said little until Ken thoughtfully offered her a chocolate. Then she said "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooww" as near as I can relate, and dropped the box on the rug, where it rested placidly, with the

eye staring up at her. She squirmed back in her chair, shrieking "Aaaaagh. Take it away," and similar conversational cliches, and the whole bunch of them left shortly afterwards. (This is the same peasant girl referred to in the title of this instalment, so you may now proceed to rid your minds of the picture you had built up of a buxom young wench with rosy cheeks, wearing clogs, an off-the-shoulder Hungarian blouse, and a scarf around her head. I'm sorry and all that, but the matter is completely out of my hands.)

We never got to nauseate Roy very properly on that occasion (even the spider fell rather flat) but somehow we felt that it had all been worth it anyway.

We met Dave Fabri at that party too; small, pale, immaculate, and dressed in black, he had a slightly deadly air about him and reminded me rather of Doc Holliday. (I'm not name-dropping; I freely admit that I never knew Doc personally). He was toying idly with a pack of cards when the Peasants arrived and after a while one of them noticed Dave's preoccupation and sneered at him: "I bet you can't deal four Aces straight off." Dave looked back at him coldly, idly tossed the pack of cards onto the table, and walked away. Four Aces turned over lazily, two eyes bugged incredulously, and one peasant sneered no more; not that I heard anyway. I first met Dave Fabri in the kitchen, where Sheila was making sandwiches and he was playing a trombone. He broke off when I entered and greeted me with "I'm not trying to seduce your wife." I believed him instantly; not only was there an air of truth about the way he said it, but with three feet of trombone in front of his face he would have started at a monstrous disadvantage anyway.

All sorts and kinds of people used to turn up at these parties at all sorts and kinds of hours. Four or five of us were standing in the kitchen telling ghost stories one time; that is to say, I was manfully striving to get a communal ghost story going (don't ask me why). "It was all Hallows Eve at Lord Halifax's sombre old mansion," I began. "But it was a goodly mansion," added Roy. "There was an atmosphere of evil abroad in the air," I went on. "But it was a goodly evil," chipped in Roy. "Strange sights and sounds were everywhere," I continued. "But they were goodly sights and sounds," added Roy. "From the nearby mere there came the sound of an unearthly sloshing," I tried. "But it was a goodly sloshing," put in Sheila. At this point I was prevented from committing a multiple murder--a goodly multiple murder, of course--by the incursion of Ginger. Ginger, slightly sozzled, started to talk, and while what he said seemed to have no meaning, it made, to me, a kind of music in words and struck me as a form of spontaneous poetry. Roy didn't seem to think so and his hackles rose gradually; around about the time that Ginger decided the whole Cosmos was a figment of his imagination and Roy reached boiling point there was a general exodus from the kitchen. Coming into the dining room was just like stepping straight into a scene from "Toad of Toad Hall"--a dozen faces (it didn't seem at all fantastic to think of them as field-mice) were banked in rows above each other, peering in at the door. The party had grown. Then there was a commotion at the back of the group, a re-shuffling and seconds later Fred--a small, bearded, satyr-like fellow with bright, mischievous eyes--was ejected into the dining room, Carrying a beer tankard in one hand, and a pillow in the other, he muttered "'Scuse me," staggered across the room, collapsed into an armchair, and started to snore.

To the accompaniment of Roy and Ginger arguing heatedly as to whether the Cosmos was really a figment of Ginger's imagination, and Fred snoring deeply, a little man in a blazer came over to us and introduced himself as a Film Magnate.

I'll say this for Ginger; he must have a pretty lively imagination.

Mal Ashworth

Next Instalment: The Cuckoo Crumbles

A Bicycle Built For Plowing

--by somebody named Busby or Pemberton...

The composite title this time is meant to encompass a variety of items without having to make things come out even at the bottom of the odd-numbered page, twice.

First, Let Us Plow. At hand is Astoundalog of June 1960 vintage; it has the old-time short contents-page traditionally-associated with the final installment of the serials in this zine. "Out Like A Light", by Mark Phillips, is a 3-part serial that would have made a good long novelette if rightly edited. "Hand of Zei", anyone? The most perceptive story in the issue is Larry Harris' "Charley de Milo"; Harris had a good multi-level job in the May issue, also-- watch this boy, if he doesn't develop The Formula before he gets his feet good and wet in the Field.

But it is of John W Campbell himself that I would speak at length-- of his editorial and his article in the June issue, in fact. The article ("The Space-Drive Problem") deals with how the gum'mint fouled up on Norman Dean's device to convert rotary motion into reactionless $P*U*S*H$, and discusses the device itself to some extent. (All you people who leaf past Willy Ley, stick around, or you'll miss the floor show.) Now if Dean and Campbell are both on the level, this is just about the biggest thing since Charles E Burbee invented sex in 1927.

It's like this. All motion is either a matter of moving along or of spinning in one place, or doing a bit of both at the same time. Spinning in one place is a deal that balances itself out and never produces any overall movement. Movement has in all cases in the past resulted from some sort of push between two objects, which is why you can't grab the slack of your britches and hoist yourself.

In some circles, this fact is known as Newton's 3rd Law, or "Conservation of Momentum" for short. But the relation between rotation and linear movement could be stated "Just spinning don't get you anyplace".

However, Campbell says that Dean has disproved the above statement-- that Dean has built a gimmick that fools around with rotating masses and produces a $P*U*S*H$. Against nothing whatever, it does this-- unlike the rocket, which pushes against the expelled fuel-gasses.

If JWCjr is neither duped nor duping, it means that a power-plant equivalent to a good big outboard-motor could take people to the nearer planets.

Campbell makes the point that today's science, economics, and politics all have too great an emotional interest in the status quo to permit honest investigation^{yon} of a device that would do all this that I've just been saying. He makes it well, and could well be right. But I'd like to disassociate myself from the attitudes he imputes to the gum'mint and other kooks of similar tendency. As, ever since I first heard of the 2nd Law of Thermodynamics ("you never gets back as much as you puts in"), I've yearned for its repeal. To my mind, a breach of the Law of Conservation of Momentum would be no more than the opening of a door between two rooms (such as $E = MC^2$ did to the two rooms entitled "Conservation of Mass" and "Conservation of Energy"). My formal education in engineering and physics left me with the conviction that known principles are useful, but not necessarily $T*R*U*E$.

I'm making a point of this, so's you won't accuse me of being just another ol' fuggheaded orthodox scientist, in regard to my doubts re Dean&Campbell, as follows:

The possibilities inherent in Dean's device intrigued me so that I tried to analyze the thing from the text and photographs in Campbell's article. In fact, if I can dig out the address of the U S Gov't Printing Office somewhere, I'll send my two-bits for a copy of Norman Dean's Patent #2,886,976-- and hope it tells more than the article did!

I read the text thoroughly, and reread it. Thumbed back and forth from one photo to another, trying to piece together a picture of the basic mechanism and how it just might possibly work... in conjunction with the description. Unfortunately, I am left with the conviction that the text-cum-pics does not mean anything.

The pictures appear to have been taken from angles carefully-calculated to give the least possible information as to mechanical relationships, linkages, etc-- there is always a gadhdamn lucite post in the way of the critical area. But from paging back and forth until the pages threatened to go into molting-season, I got fully square with the text-according-to-Campbell. So I checked back on the text, more.

The text, yes. Now it may seem strange; it may seem even Astounding-- but I found that Campbell has spent 24 pages doing a helluva good job of showing up the fuggheadedness of the Orthodox, but that in the 10 or 12 pages (like, he digresses) devoted to the Dean invention itself, he has not managed an explanation that a good sharp high-school-level physics student just learning the ropes couldn't poke holes in.

Like: cyclic motion of any sort has never (yet) resulted in a sustained P*U*S*H. Campbell admits as much, claims that Dean has beaten the rap, and "proves" it by describing only one small portion of the cycle. Well, that's all well and good; maybe the rest of it will be obvious, I said to me, and set out to work it down on to paper. The results were not encouraging, so I went back to the pictures to see what I might have missed.

It's possible that I missed quite a lot; my Mechanics is rusty and I know it. But just offhand, my analysis brought out that the pictured apparatus contained no way to bring the Campbell/Dean hypothesized Push to bear on the entire apparatus in any fashion whatsoever, even if the blank parts of the cycle could be filled in.

Campbell is real great on the Cat's-Paw Pitch, I'd say. It has been a recurrent theme, along with that of the Natural Wheel who Gets Things Done. OK. There was once even a story about how a group of fuggheaded orthodox scientists were baited into inventing antigravity by being confronted with a faked movie depicting a successful but fatal demonstration of same. Parallels, anyone?

Hind you, I sincerely hope that if Campbell is putting up a phony "reactionless force" invention in the effort to see a real one developed-- I hope he succeeds. In fact, if I can get my lunchhooks on that patent, I'll gladly be one of his guinea-pigs: what the hell; it's fanac. But I just wish he'd done a better job on this one.

For instance: Campbell claims that Dean has presented Science with a "3-body problem", recognized as insoluble by today's mathematical techniques. As an analogy this is OK, but as applied to Dean's gadget it is not and cannot be for real. I'd feel a lot better about Campbell's treatment, here, if he hadn't made a clearcut garble (repeatedly and apparently purposeful) in his editorial this issue. Somehow I got the impression Someone Up There is trying to snow me.

In the editorial, Campbell maps the Solar System in terms of times required to reach various planets under constant "1-g" acceleration&deceleration rather than in terms of distance; this is a very solid approach, and makes sense. But in expanding on this theme, Campbell insists on treating "logarithmic" and "exponential" as being equivalent functions, whereas one points upstairs whenever the other levels off. And the worst of it is that his travel-time function is neither exponential ($y = e^x$) nor logarithmic ($y = \log_e x$)-- the time is strictly proportional to the square-root of the distance, and so doesn't fit either of his authoritative-sounding adjectives. I don't see why a man has to louse up a valid point with phony impressiveness, when he knows better, is talking mainly to a group that also knows better, and knows that the group knows that he knows that-- did someone say it was time we moved along?? Yes.

If Campbell also composes on stencil, he has my apologies and my sympathy. Not much, you say? So what have you done for him lately? I just hope I am All Wrong on this Dean Space-Drive bit, is all.

The Word is that the RAWLowndeszines are really just suspended for the summer instead of being folded, as is usual with such announcements. I truly hope that The Word is right, just for once; the folding would be a damn shame.

Further, deponent saith not, regarding the Field...

Which just goes to show that when deponent left off, yesterday evening, deponent forgot to add up the tips. Like:

Further evidence that Norman Dean may be a stalking-horse of Campbell's can be indicated by referring back to the famous "T O Jothun" letter that led off the entire psionics pitch in the first place. Remember that one? The guy stated that he had got wound up with telepathy after having weird experiences around high-powered microwave equipment, that he had followed this up and had a sort of haywire telepathy-machine he'd like to discuss with the readership. This was the bait that Campbell used to start off his Gentlemen Amateurs (and will someone ask Alma Hill to check as to whether Norman Dean is a member of that august body?). Then when the chips were down, "Jothun's" article never saw print, under the excuse that it was poorly-written (the letter was well-enough written, and I've never seen Campbell reluctant to do heavy-editing, previously). So we did not ever see the scoop on the telepathy-machine even though a Droop Pearson column about that time (1955) told of how Dumont Labs were working on just that. (Reference CRY #83, Sept '55, just after the last time we didn't miss an issue but did miss a month.) Instead, what did we get? A series of articles about tuned-circuit flypaper, Hieronymous brand; Campbell had tried to twitch the readers' interest on this one several months previously, and apparently with little if any luck. Hence, "Jothun", who really should have been heard from in more detail if he ever really existed. An anagram of T O Jothun is Tout John...

I have no reason to doubt the existence of Norman Dean or his patent. But if that patent is for-real, howcome all the hidey-hidey? Eh, cumpari?

Down Flow; Up Bicycle:

Judging from advance peeks at what will shake down into this issue's lettercol, I seem to have been somewhat less than successful in getting my points across with regard to this Ethics jazz. One guy takes me as roundly condemning the practice I chose to mark the borderline between harmless horseplay and the sort of criminal guff of which I said like "Why put up with it in fandom when we wouldn't, in Mundane?" Same guy also thinks I'm trying to put fandom on a pedestal instead of trying to drag it out of a pit, and throws the "need to steal" pitch at me, with "How can you condemn a man who steals a loaf of bread because his family is starving?" So OK. I'm not about to go back over everything ^{I said} in the last issue; I refer you to pages 26-27 of CRY #139 with respect to some of the letters. Period; once is enough, to spell it out. But I would like to suggest that doubters hie themselves to their nearest Friendly Neighborhood Bastille and check for inmates who stole a loaf of bread because their families were starving. For each authenticated case, complete with name and address of family, I hereby promise to award a loaf of bread to the starving family, via parcel-post. Authenticated, I said; no wise guys need apply, because I imagine bread is messy to wrap for mailing.

Maybe I can save you the trip to your favorite Bastille, though. The average non-professional robber/burglar/thief is in the bucket not for stealing a loaf of bread for his starving family, but for robbing/burgling/stealing M*O*N*E*Y either as a means of avoiding having to work for a living or in order to keep up the payments on the 27-inch TV set upon which he just recently traded-in the 21-inch set, in the face of newspaper warnings of possible layoffs at the local industries. There seems to be a widespread belief that until the gum'mint guarantees the right to keep up with the Joneses, it's fully justified to rob thy neighbor in pursuit of this "right".

Unprintable comment deleted at this point.

OK, that's a couple of points that were misunderstood: that I was being Puritan and all, and that I was trying to make something special out of fandom instead of merely specifying that fandom should at least measure up alongside Mundane. On the first point, I've known (haven't we all?) numerous characters who were likable in spite of being utterly untrustworthy. No problem, once you catch on-- just watch it, and on the same order of vigilance you'd apply to unhousebroken puppies.

A further Bad Thing is that a couple folks (in private correspondence) feel that I may be setting-up for undeserved condemnation, otherwise-Good People who make temporary goofs, usually relatively-minor. About this, something gotta be done. Yes...

So for instance, people all over the world are constantly getting into minor financial binds/goofs-- having trouble paying bills or mislaying and forgetting about 'em, maybe getting into a hassle about it but eventually getting it squared away-- there's no reason to expect fans to be exempt, and we aren't. Anyone who has never been in some small bind of this sort is either damned lucky or a damned liar, so aside from normal-type hollering to get such a deal squared around, it ill behooves any of us to throw too many rocks in such cases; right?

On the other hand, fandom has usually been pretty well free of the equivalent of the neighborhood sneak-thief. Once in a while such a type turns up, and usually finds short shrift indeed. I'm just out to shorten up the shrift on one or two who are unfortunately not receiving their deserved lumps from those who know the score at first-hand. Gotta read up on those good ol' libel laws a bit more, though, even though I doubt that these jokers would be caught within a country mile of a court of law, of their own free will...

Incidentally, the law itself recognizes my "borderline case" (mooching free sleeping-space at hotels by doubling-up) as a Special Case, in the sense that there is a special name for it: "defrauding an innkeeper". Doesn't that sound all Old-Country and 18th-century, though? Just thought you'd like to know...

The bicycle comes over the hill into a more pleasant scene: Like, we've been doing some figuring on the economics and scheduling of the book-version of "The Goon Goes West". Two-three people kindly filled me in on how one figures "profits" on a deal like this: one figures that the total run will sell eventually, and deducts total costs from the resultant estimated take (thanks, all you Good Heads Out There).

Right now it looks as if the mail-order price will be either \$1.25 or \$1.50; in either case, there'll be 25¢ off for in-person sales (that is, in effect the mail-order price includes postage), so naturally I'd prefer the lower price, if feasible, to avoid making change on in-person sales. Like, we hope, at PittCon; that's our target-date if the job appears at all possible as it shapes up.

The serialized text is 166 pages. Added will be additional ATomilloes, some at hand and some new ones promised by that Good Man ATom, plus photosheets (2 or 3, probably) and a fine set of maps (2 or 4 pages) that John is doing. Plus the usual flyleaf, contents, cover, introductory notes, etc. So TGGW/book is most likely to be a very near match to FanCylI for size, a page or two one way or the other, but will run to higher production costs because of the maps and photosheets (though we do get a very good break on those, through the courtesy of a nice guy that Tosk knows, who owns and operates the Pilgrim Press which you see mentioned on our contents page every now and then).

Anyhow, that's the pitch: roughly 180-190 pages, almost certainly \$1.25 or \$1.50 and available at PittCon with any luck. It looks like a Big Year, friends...

The Plow Confounded: Tucker did it again. In his "To the Tombaugh Station" (F & S F, July), I was too busy digging for the fannish allusions to be able to evaluate the story as such. Let's compare notes. I find five fans mentioned by name (including a nickname and a pseudonym); including one who is tagged fanhistorically in most wry fashion. Three fanzine-titles show, plus two (at least) famous fannish locales and one World Convention. There's a possible outre reference to another fan who made the papers in unusual fashion awhile back. And with all this, I'm suspicious of several things I can't rightly pin down. "Great Smith!" and "Jimmy Cross" may be the softly-lobbed allusions they appear to be, but what of "Irvin Webb", a recurrently-mentioned "bank in Omaha", and a "South Bend JB-9"? I tell you, the man has me looking under the backing-sheet, for clues, by now. Anyhow, I hope the author was only kidding in some respects: like, finally; I am immortalized in a Tucker opus. And how? By first being told to Shut Up. He's kidding, of course? He is, isn't he? Ulp... oh, well.

Look, Ma, No Brains: Every now and then, some recipient of a CRY finds blank or missing pages; these things happen. Mostly, these folks write and ask for the pages or for a complete copy. But now and then some idiot mails his imperfect copy back to us along with the request/demand for recompense. Why enrich the Post Awful, fellas? Why bug us any more than we are already? Go Thou And Sin No More, like. -- RP/fmb.

Walt Willis probably expressed the feelings of British fen most succinctly with the cartoon on the bacover of the last HYPHEN. It showed a search party in a boat setting out past the Hyphen lighthouse, bearing a banner reading "Britcon Search Party." Little did he know the final blow that fate would deal. Just as everyone was preparing to call it the Sandycon, the Sandringham Hotel cancelled our bookings, two days before the con was due to start. Outraged, Ella Parker set off for an all-day trip, finally ending up being assisted by the Paddington Chamber of Commerce who, disgusted at the Hotel's behaviour, found us a haven at the Kingsley Hotel in Bloomsbury. These were no "little back rooms"--these were fully-fledged expensive rooms but the manager reduced the prices in order to help us in our difficulty. We were, I must admit, luckier than we should have been at the Sandringham. There was a far better hall, a bar, night porters and lounges, none of which would have been obtainable at the Sandringham. So the Sandycon became the Kingcon to our rather relieved hotel-hunter's delight. A hasty newsletter was sent out: instructions were left at the other hotel to forward callers on to the Kingsley--which a rather shamefaced man did. The Manageress, who pulled the boom on us, is, I understand, being tackled by the Chamber of Commerce.

We arrived at the hotel Friday night in Ron & Daphne Buckmaster's company and car. Ina Shorrocks and John Roles were doing the registration and we gleefully renewed old acquaintance. It was a quiet evening at first but later, in one of the lounges, Don Ford, Ted Carnell, Brian Aldiss, Sandy, Ron Buckmaster and I had a wonderful reminiscing conversation on the old days--s.f., War Aces, the lot. Figures drifted in and out, enjoying this as much as we did. S.F. is SO discussed these days.

About two in the morning Ron & Daphne, who were staying at Inchmery, drove me home: Sandy had registered in the hotel for two nights, so we left him to go to bed--which he did! But then, so had most of the others as they all wanted to get their strength up for the next day. We had received the programme booklets that evening, but it wasn't due to start till 2:30 pm on Saturday, so we had plenty of time.

Saturday was the day I was going to book in, while Vin decided to stay home and look after Nicki. He came up in the car however with Nicki, who was going to stay in the nursery overnight. Things got very complicated with movements to and from the hotel and Inchmery, with Nicki present and Nicki not present, Vin present and not present, Nicki needing feeding and nappy-changing, and Ron providing car service to and from Inchmery, so you can guess that we might have missed a few items.

However, we saw the main part of the programme and we did manage to meet fans we see only at cons, so in all, from our point of view, it was successful.

We arrived in the middle of Doc Weir's opening speech on the Saturday. Owing to a little confusion we didn't catch what he was saying, but it must somehow have been derogatory to London because afterwards, the then editor of VECTOR came up and apologised to Vin for what Doc Weir had said. I'm dying with curiosity to read other people's conreps to find out what it was. He then introduced the two Guests of Honour, Ted (E. J.) Carnell of Nova Publications and Don Ford, the American TAFF Delegate. Don, with brilliant foresight, brought with him a present from the Cincinnati Group. Knowing that Ted was a 'person who had everything' they decided to get him the one thing he didn't have--a belly-button brush. This was received with delight by Ted and rapturous acclaim by the audience. The presentation was followed by a short break, after which everyone re-assembled for Ted Carnell's speech. Before he began however, the doors to the hall were flung wide and surprise! surprise! who should be introduced but Dave Kyle. A few short words from Dave were received with puzzlement. He claimed he had already given his speech and received no applause. "At the Sandringham" he explained to laughter. Ted's speech was on what seems to be developing into a regular con-item--"Whither s.f.?" The speech was good, the questions pertinent, but not nearly enough time had been set aside for what could have developed into an excellent debate. It is time programme organisers realise that people are really troubled by the s.f. slump and give attendees time to discuss this in debate, instead of cutting down on the time-allowance.

After the tea-break, the TAFF Candidates Panel was presented. This fell down badly. Doc Weir had prepared a long screed of questions more suited to those who specialise in

in answering straight S.F. questions, instead of fan questions. The audience suffered for about 15 minutes before Atom had the sense to send a demand to the M.C. that he change to fan-questions. Eric Jones, who acted as question master on this panel, presented his back to Sandy during almost the whole of this panel. It would have been far better had he been at the end of the table, with the three candidates in front of him. Marks were being counted during the Doc Weir questions but the results were not announced. However, I was keeping score at the same time and these came out approximately as follows: Sandy 3-3/4, Eric 2-1/2, Mal 1-1/2. With the fan questions--such as "What do you think is the most outstanding contribution to fandom by the other two candidates?"--these three came into their own. They kept their end up much more happily and the audience at last was being entertained. Even counting for my own bias in Sandy's favour, I must say that I believe Sandy was the most fluent in replies, with Eric the more humorous. Mal had been thrown off balance by the earlier questions and was only just recovering when, once again, time was called and the audience felt the let-down.

The next item however was everything a con-item should be. It was colourful, interesting, it dealt with fan personalities and places, and kept the attention of the fans for--heavens I've no idea how long but it just wasn't long enough--probably an hour and a half. It was the best item in the whole weekend and it was entirely due to Don Ford that we were able to enjoy it. It was the presentation of Don's colour slides. From the very first slide shown, the attention of the audience was riveted on the screen. Those who knew anything about photography were stunned. It is my own opinion, as an ex-exhibition photographer, that no professional in Britain could touch Don for brilliance of composition, reproduction of colour, and general artistry throughout. His night shots were wonderful; his commentary just right.

With a delightful touch he had taken photos of his trip starting in Ohio and ending in London. This called from the audience the comment: "Don, have you got a shot of yourself standing by the screen telling us about these?" Only one question was in poor taste and that was put by the local troublemaker and is best forgotten.

Finally, when we had all recovered from the overwhelming effect of these slides the fancy dress ball went on. Unfortunately, there were less than a dozen costumes. Almost from the start the obvious winners were two of the Witches of Karres--Ethel Lindsay and Ina Shorrocks. Over here we have a milk advertisement which reads "DRINKA PINTA MILKA DAY" and no, that is not irrelevant. On the back of Ethel's cloak was embroidered "DRINKA PINTA BLOODA DAY." The high crowned hats and, in Ina's case, the fake lank locks depending from it, were the perfect touch. They deserved their first prize--books from Ken Slater's stand.

Sunday's programme started in the morning with the B.S.F.A. business meeting. Skillfully chairwomaned by Bobbie Gray, this went through without over-much unnecessary chatter and the important decisions taken at that meeting were as follows:

- a) A solicitor's letter should be sent to the Sandringham.
- b) Fees, from 1st January 1961, for the BSFA should be reduced to 15/- a year with a 5/- entrance fee payable on joining.
- c) The new officials--Ella Parker as Secretary, Archie still Treasurer though refusing to carry on a further year, James Groves as Editor of Vector and Ina Shorrocks as Chairman. It was decided to elect a Present and Brian Aldiss was chosen.

A short note to Ina from us brought forth the expected response. "How do you like being 'taken over' by Inchmery?" it read. With a broad grin, she replied, "That'll be the Day!" (Special in-group joke for those who realise that Inchmery took over the London Circle by forming the SFCoL of which Ella is Chairman and Jim Groves Secretary).

After lunch "THIS IS YOUR FAN LIFE" was produced. Although it was only a very short item, it was excellently done. The protagonists had been told it was Terry Jeeves. Unfortunately for Norman Shorrocks's happy faith in fan nature, it wasn't. The expression on Norman's face as the truth came out was bliss to see. Norman's life was built up in true TV style--with Doc Weir as his old schoolmaster, John Roles and Ina, and others, acting out other parts of his life and Eric Jones master-minding the superb tape-recording. One item on this tape was so brilliant that all the recording fans swarmed to Eric on completion of the show--"How did you do it?" they wanted to know. "It" was a recording of a 1,000 strong choir chanting a paean of praise to Harrison against swelling organ music in a

cathedral. "Harrison, O Harrison" is probably the fan music of today.

Unfortunately, I missed most of Doc Weir's talk on Karel Capek as Nicki had to be changed. The start was excellent; I can only assume it would not have got poorer as it went along. I returned in time for the TAFF Auction with Ron Bennett whipping up enthusiasm. The highest price paid for any item was 70/- (about \$10) for a Brian Lewis New Worlds cover painting which Gunther Loth, a young fan from Germany, acquired. In all, TAFF made £15. But it was tragic to see some of the old (sorry oooooold) prozines going for a mere bob or two each.

In the evening, we started off with "The Day the Earth Stood Still"--the film version of "Farewell to the Master." Two amusing episodes broke up the back rows. At one instance a man dashes across the street frantically waving his arms and screaming "The spaceship's landed....the spaceship's landed!" Vinç murmured, "He's found his sense of wonder." Later one of the characters says "Good night." Her Royal Highness Nicki the First promptly gets into the game..."Ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta," she chanted for the next minute.

After this, amateur films were shown. I was embarrassed for Dave Kyle. His films were not up to the amateur standard we in Britain are used to, and the films jumped the sprocket continually, mainly I think because of bad splicing. He had guts though--he stood up there and took it; me, I'd have died.

This really ended the con. People drifted off: there was no official closing down. Room parties were going on and rapturously we received a BSS ticket for Don's party which was a very good one with hundreds crammed into one small room. We had a small OMPA meeting beforehand, but nothing of importance came up and really all we did was to welcome Don and have a small drink.

On Saturday, Sandy and I attended Ken Slater's room party--really a half-dozen conversationalists batting the ball around while sipping drinks--not what one would term an orgy but essentially pleasant and very stimulating. Phil Rogers, Jill Adams, Ken, we two and Ron Buckmaster were there and we even received a phone call from a fake Don Ford. Later, however, we contacted the real one and he joined us too.

Don had gone out at the end of the Saturday programme to take London night shots, so Americans are in for some fascinating pictures at the next con.

On Monday, we had threatened to take Don to Trafalgar Square to meet the Aldermaston 'Ban-the Bomb' Marchers. A new con started: without those already in the march--Paul Hammett, Shivaji Lal (both doctors) and the Brunners--there were a total of 20 fans on the steps of St. Martins-in-the-Fields and half of them arrived back at Inchmery, along with Don. Don's tale of woe caused great delight. He had been moved on by police and protected by the public; lost his place and had it restored to him by the public pushing his usurper out; wandered around feeling he should have worn a 'press' badge. Later we showed a film made by Ted Carnell of the 1957 London Worldcon, and a film made by Les Crouch of some early 1950's Cons and Don pointed out the various names. It was a good evening and made up the slight sense of 'loss' at the indefinite programme arrangements.

I have several strong criticisms of the con organisation. The TAFF panel was scheduled for early afternoon. Anyone could have told Sandra ((Hall?))--and probably did--that Eric Bentcliffe is seldom able to get away in time for such an item, as he has to work Saturday mornings. The programme was not circulated early enough--you had to wait until you got to the con hall before you received it. Consequently no possible arrangements could be worked out in advance. Insufficient time was allowed for many of the items, and this in spite of continuous advice by Bobbie who had learnt all the necessary lessons when working on the Worldcon. Sandra received praise for work she hadn't done; Ella Parker didn't receive enough for the work she had done. Finally, I cannot understand the howl to change the Con from Whitsun to Easter. There was a programme for only two days and most fans/^{there} could have reached the hotel in time for the opening item had it been held at Whitsun, and still have been able to get home on the Monday. After all the fuss that was kicked up when it was first decided to hold the Con at Whit, I cannot see why more was not made of the opportunity when it was finally held at Easter. I think for the benefit of those who simply cannot get to a con at Easter for religious or other reasons, it would be politic to hold one at Whitsun once more. They were always successful when they were held at Whitsun other years.

I have strong praise for some though. Bobbie Gray did a most excellent job at the

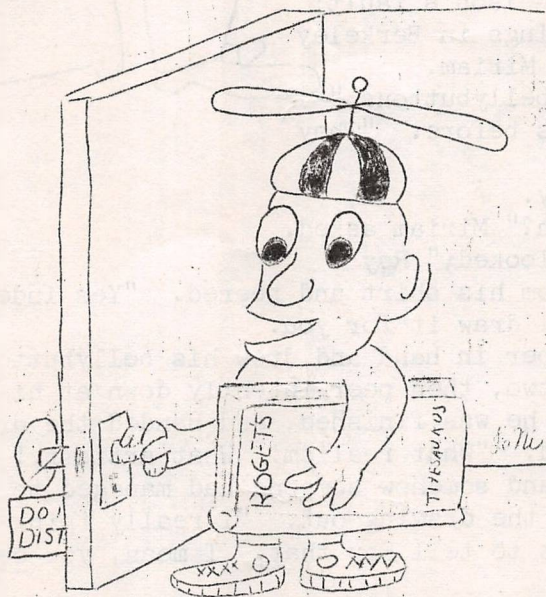
Business Meeting--halfway through she was forced into pulling the discussion together and acting as chairman, although previously someone else was supposed to be doing that. She did it with skill and grace and prevented many protracted discussions of unnecessary stuff. I also must praise Don Ford for saving the show with his slides.

There was not nearly enough time for anyone to really get to know Don. About all there was time for was the exchange of a few polite phrases. Even at his party he had to circulate amongst us and, though we probably were with Don more than many of the out-of-town fans, we found the time factor extremely limiting.

On the whole the con was a vague affair! as with the 1954 Mancon, fans made their own amusement most of the time, visiting with other fans and generally chewing the fat. Sandra should have taken more notice of advice given her by those who'd run earlier cons--Bobbie, Ella, Ethel, the Liverpool Group, Eric Bentcliffe and so on. But she didn't, and the programme fell down because she wouldn't take advice. However, the BSFA is already planning next year's convention; they have a programme sub-committee already meeting and I am sure that it will be a 100% improvement over this one.

No one should blame the BSFA for any faults of this con: too much was handed over at too late a date too often for them to carry the can back. I think they deserve praise for having done so well under such difficult circumstances. Here's to the next one.

--Joy Clarke



"Now I DON'T WANT ANYONE
TO BOTHER ME FOR THE NEXT
COUPLE OF HOURS 'CAUSE I
GOTTA ANSWER A LETTER FROM
DEAN GRENNELL."

"My ambition," said Ray Nelson, "is to do a full-color oil painting of my bellybutton for a fanzine cover."

We were sitting in the livingroom of the Carr residence, Bourgeois House, after a Golden Gate Futurian Society meeting. In the kitchen a game of poker was in full swing, next to us Dave Rike was turning off his tape-recorder on which we'd just played a correspondence tape from the WSFA, and in the bedroom some fans were calling longdistance to the Disclave to send greetings. I hoisted my beer, feeling vaguely like Morgan Botts, and said, "Do you think the world is ready for your bellybutton?"

"Maybe not," he said. "Maybe the world isn't ready, at that. But fandom is. Fandom is always ready for anything."

I reflected that with people like Ray Nelson around it was a fortunate thing that fans had a certain amount of elasticity in their lives. Actually, of course, this bit about bellybuttons wasn't all Nelson's fault; like so many of the sillier things in Berkeley fandom, it had been started by Miriam.

"I have this thing about bellybuttons," she had told Ray a few evenings before. "They fascinate me."

"Oh?" Ray had said vaguely.

"Do you have a bellybutton?" Miriam asked.

"Well...yes, last time I looked," Ray replied. He undid a button from his shirt and peered. "Yes indeed, I do have a bellybutton," he said at length. "I'll draw it for you."

And he took pencil and paper in hand and drew his bellybutton from life. It was quite a sight. He'd draw a line or two, then peer intently down at his navel, then draw another line or two. In a few minutes he was finished, and handed the drawing to Miriam.

"Good ghod!" she exclaimed. "What realism! What artistry! What feeling!"

Ray had smiled modestly, and somehow someone had managed to change the subject. And the next day Miriam had thrown the drawing out. "I really think it's an awful drawing," she told me, "but I didn't want to tell Ray that. I mean, you can't just go around insulting people's bellybuttons."

But when Ray had come to the GGFS meeting he'd noticed that his drawing was gone.

"I thought you'd have it framed!" he'd said.

And Miriam had had to tell him that she'd thrown it out. "I mean, bellybuttons are very nice, Ray, but you drew yours so big."

And that was why we were sitting there in the midst of a fangathering talking about bellybuttons.

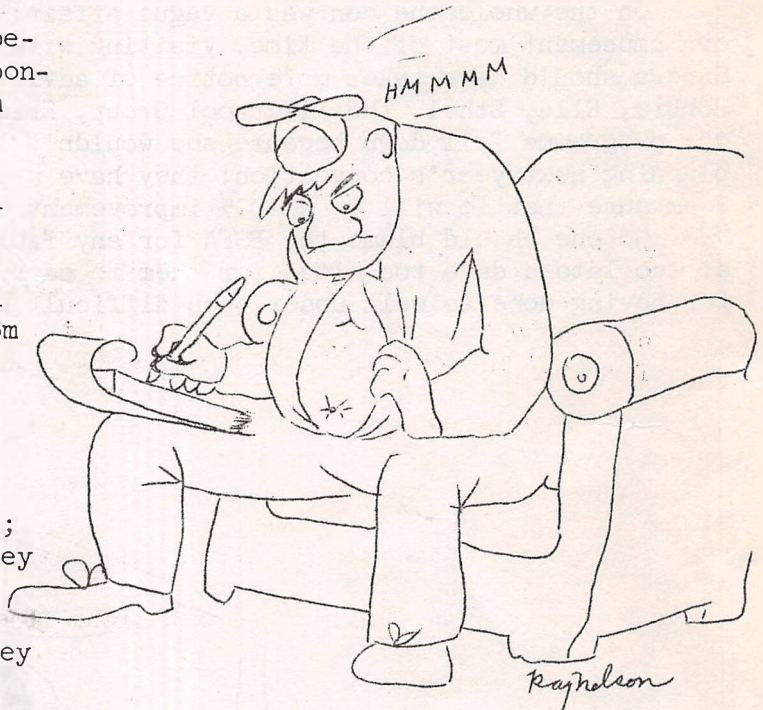
"She shouldn't have thrown it out," Ray said to me. "I had great plans for that drawing. It was to be the first of a series."

"A series?" I said.

"Yes. I was going to do a series of drawings of fans' bellybuttons. It was a great idea!"

Dave Rike looked up from the taper. "A thought-variant type thing!" he exclaimed. "Maybe you could sell the series to Campbell!"

"That was in the '40's," I said. "He probably wouldn't be interested today, unless you went around discovering fans' bellybuttons with a dowsing rod."



"Well, I could do that," said Ray.

"Sure," said Dave. "If Campbell can print articles about thiotimoline, he can certainly print a piece on bellybuttons."

"You could call it Great Bellybuttons of Western Man," I said.

And at that point Bill Donaho came over and said he had some more illos he wanted me to stencil for HABAKKUK, and gave me a sheaf of Atom illos. I looked through them and stopped snort.

"Miriam!" I said. "My ghod, come here and look at this Atom illo!"

She came over and looked at the illo I held up. It was a little cartoon of a bem, complete with the usual Atombem bellybutton. Only this one was different.

"It's got hair!" Miriam exclaimed. "Good lord, it's the hairiest bellybutton I've ever seen!"

Ray peered over my shoulder quizzically. "Well, that really is something!" he said. "A whole new concept--hirsute bellybuttons!"

And for the rest of the night Ray Nelson could think of nothing but bellybuttons and the limitless artistic vistas that had opened up for him. I think now he wants to do a bellybutton mural. With hair, of course.

You see the sort of thing that Miriam starts around here? She's incorrigible.

I wrote an article about her for NOMAD No. 3, called "Miriam Carr, Enfant Terrible of Fandom." It was about how wacky she is. ("Mad and Sexy" is the correct phrase, actually.) Everybody seemed to like it; for a month after it was published people were coming up to me and congratulating me on it.

"Don't congratulate me!" I said. "I just wrote down some actual, true happenings. Miriam really did those things."

"Did she really want to serve the salad in ashtrays?" Honey Wood asked me.

"Clean ashtrays," I pointed out. "Sure, she did that."

"Terry, you're being unfair!" Miriam objected. "I showed those ashtrays to Karen Anderson, and she said that if she had them she'd serve baked fish in them!"

I didn't know what to say to that.

Anyhow, that article started a few things in Berkeley fandom. Just a couple of weeks ago, at a party at Bill Donaho and Dan Curran's place, a roomful of fans spent an hour discussing who was sillier, Trina or Miriam.

"When Miriam is being silly, she knows it," said Bill. "But Trina doesn't seem to know when she's being silly, sometimes."

"That's because I am silly," shed Trina. "It's an inherent part of me. I Am The Only True Silly!"

"Before Trina was, I am," said Miriam.

And the practise of lying has become widespread around here since that article appeared, too. I don't mean vicious lying, or really dishonest lying. As I explained in NOMAD, the idea is to say something absolutely preposterous in such a natural, dead-pan manner that you'll be believed.

A good example of this occurred just three days ago, when we were visiting Lou and Cynthia Goldstone. For some reason we got to talking about fan-artists, and Miriam said, "Ralph Rayburn Phillips really does draw with a severed rat's tail, you know."



Lou's head jerked around, and he said, "Really?"

And Miriam admitted she'd been lying. That's part of the code--you have to admit the lie promptly. After all, the whole point of the game is getting that wonderful shocked reaction, that brief moment of belief. That's what makes it all worthwhile.

Well, Miri and I aren't the only ones who lie like that anymore. All of Berkeley fandom seems to have adopted the game.

Several weeks ago, for example, Miriam was kidding Ron Ellick about his weight. We do this constantly, usually just to be kidding and sometimes for the very important reason that Miri's made a cake or a batch of cookies and we want to eat it all ourselves. Ron is goodnatured about it (though he's adamant about getting his share of the goodies), but sometimes he strikes back.

"How much do you weigh, Ron?" Miriam asked him.

"A hundred and seventy pounds, naked," said Ron.

"Oh," said Miriam. Then she thought a minute, and said, "But how do you know how much you weigh? You don't have a bathroom scale at your place."

"No," said Ron. "But I weigh myself on the scale at the drugstore on the corner."

"Oh," said Miriam. "...What? A hundred and seventy pounds, naked? At the corner drugstore?"

"You should have known that was a lie," Ron said mildly. "There is no drugstore on the corner."

Another time, one Sunday morning, Miri was out shopping at the market and I was going through the drawers of our desk for some reason. In the process, I came across twenty-five ditto master-units that we hadn't even known we had.

"Oh my ghod," I said disgustedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Ron, who was visiting. "You find a batch of masters, like manna from heaven, and you act like it was a calamity or something."

"Well, it's just that Miriam's been wanting to start mastering up her next fanzine for weeks," I said. "I've been telling her she couldn't, because we were completely out of masters and didn't have the extra cash to buy any more for awhile. And now I find we've had a big bunch of them all along."

"Yeah, Miriam's going to be disgusted with you all right," said Ron.

I wandered around kicking myself for awhile, and then I had an idea. "Ron," I said, "I'm not going to tell her we've had those masters all along."

"Then where'll you say you got them?" he asked. "There aren't any office-supply stores open today."

"Well, I'll think of something," I said. "You just be ready to back up anything I say." And I promptly forgot about the whole thing.

A bit later, Miriam came back from the store. I'd left the masters on the table, and she saw them. "Where did these come from?" she asked.

"Oh, er..." I said, "the funniest thing happened while you were out!"

"What happened?"

"I was just sitting here, and somebody rang the doorbell and sold me all these masters."

"Was it Dave Rike?" she asked.

"No no, it wasn't a fan. He worked in a stationery store, and he said he needed money."

"What do you mean? Was he a door-to-door salesman?"

"No, it was just that he was flat broke and needed carfare home. He was at this wild party last night, and passed out. He woke up before anybody else did, and left. Then he got to the bus stop and discovered he didn't have any money. Anyway, he had some samples from the store in his briefcase, so he sold them to me."

"How odd!" said Miriam. "I guess you meet all kinds. But I'm glad, anyway; I do need the masters." And she put a pot of coffee on the stove and started fixing lunch, humming softly to herself.

Five minutes later I couldn't stand it any longer, and I said, "Miriam, I'm lying!" And Ron, who had sat very deliberately absorbed in a book, broke up laughing. After I'd explained to her what had really happened, Miri said, "Well, I only believed you because it was so fantastic. Who'd make up a story like that?" And that precisely sums up the technique. If you tell a big enough lie, people will believe you. Berkeley fandom is busily perfecting the technique these days.

That will have to end this month's column. I have to write some news for FANAC now.

A few of you have been good enough to express curiosity as to what my title means. Sorry, fellas--I had every intention of satisfying your curiosity if any curiosity should be expressed, but unfortunately I loaned "The Book of the Three Dragons" to Mark Walsted, and I do not at present remember the definition with sufficient precision.

Mark Walsted is a really passionate fan of juvenile fantasy, and has been for a long time. When I first met him in 1953 he told me all about "The Hobbit", which he had been wildly enthusiastic about for quite a while. It didn't sound too good to me--the concept of little people living in holes in the ground and whisking out of sight when big people approach--it didn't appeal. It sounded all too probably whimsical. It was all too probably whimsical--but it wasn't whimsical. If you dig me. It's a proof of Tolkien's genius that he could write of little people (yes, and of elves, too) and utterly avoid and abjure whimsy.

But the 'Mordor in '64' slogan is no tribute to Tolkien's genius. I cannot believe that Professor Tolkien himself would think well of that slogan, or feel himself much complimented by it. I should think he would feel a bit mortified that Mordor should be suggested as a place for fun and games. John Trimble has, I believe, suggested that Mordor is suitable as being "the site of ultimate victory over evil". To me this sounds like utter sophistry. But I've griped about the slogan before, and it hasn't done any good, and I'm griping about it now, and I don't expect it to do any good, and I don't plan to gripe about it in the future. It's occurred to me that if my griping against the slogan were so successful that they dropped it I'd be morally committed to support LA in '64. & heck, I don't know who I might want to support in 1964. 1964 is a long, long time from now. Four years! Two or three fandoms could rise and fall in four whole years.

We might not even be ALIVE four years from now. Last night I dreamt that Miri Carr had a premonition that on June 13th a cataclysm unprecedented in the world's history was to occur. So, if the world comes to an end on June 13th, remember folks, you read it here first. And if the world doesn't come to an end, remember that although it was my dream, it was Miri Carr's premonition.

And now that I've unkindly reminded you of what you would perhaps prefer to forget--namely, that we (like elves, ents and hobbits) live in the shadow of doom, I'd like to know whether anybody imagines it would have been much more fun to live at an earlier time. Take 150 years ago, just for an example. I've been reading a biography of Jane Austen, and the author (an Elizabeth Jenkins) points out that in Jane Austen's day everything was beautiful--the architecture was lovely, and the furniture, and the dishes, and the silverware; and the reason why was because all these things were for a very few rich and educated people, people of taste. The vast majority of the people had nothing: no education, no money with which to buy anything or do anything. They scrunched along from day to day, and when times were bad they starved to death. If one were fortunate enough to be born into a family of wealth and education, still the existence of the submerged majority must have been a weight upon one's spirits. You know how depressing it is to, when thumbing through a magazine, come across the picture of a little child, starving, perhaps mutilated, living in India or Greece or Italy. If the existence of such children thousands of miles away is saddening, think what it must have been to know that there were hundreds of them close at hand for whom one could do very little. Religion would comfort, and habit callous one. But, however one might accustom oneself to the misfortunes of the poor, in one's own family death would be a constant visitor. Look at Jane Austen's family. Her parents must have been folk of great luck and vigor, because all their eight children lived to grow up. But three of Jane Austen's sisters-in-law died early--two in childbirth--and both Jane and her older sister Cassandra lost by sudden illness the men they loved, and remained spinsters because of it. Another thing--we all know that poor people were subject to terrible legal injustices in those days. Rich people were no safer. Jane's aunt, a very wealthy woman, was accused of shoplifting, and imprisoned for eight months--no possibility of bail--before her trial came up. She was found innocent; if she had been found guilty, she could have been hung, for a little piece of lace.

Let's face it. The world is a dangerous place, and it always has been. The thing to strive for is the courage to live cheerfully and with good will.

M I N U T E S

by your honorable SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MAY 8, 1960:

The May 8, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was brought to a semblance of order by President Jim Webbert at 8:12 p.m., which is fantastically early for a Nameless meeting to be brought to order. This is an indication of increased interest in club activities by the membership. In other words, the members were not anxious to be actively clubbed over the head by husky, energetic Jim Webbert.

Strangely enough, the minutes were approved again. This new administration has definitely been a pleasure for the SEC-Treas to work ~~o~~ with.

The first item of business to be brought up was suggested by Flora Jones, who seems to be one of the few members who ever have any business at the meetings. ((Note from the SEC-Treas: please send a new gag, as even I am tired of using this one.)) This time she suggested that a sign be made for posting near the entrance to direct newcomers to the meeting room. Ed Wyman mentioned that without directions, an eager young neofan could easily wander into another room where, say, the church board might be meeting, and there would be no telling how many meetings of the church board would go by before the youngster would discover he wasn't attending meetings of the Nameless Ones. The thought of another religious fanzine originating from Seattle fairly stampeded the members into passing a motion that such a sign be made. In order that a note of bitter irony be added, the motion included the requirement that the sign be made by the lady who brought up the plan in the first place.

Flora doesn't learn easily, however, for she immediately followed up with a query as to whether there would be a motor caravan going to the BOYCON. It is quite possible that if Ed Wyman hadn't sidetracked the conversation, Flora would have found herself faced with the prospect of renting a bus and driving the whole club to the BOYCON in July.

Ordinarily nobody listens to Ed Wyman when he is sidetracking a conversation, but this time he acquired the undivided attention of all by saying the magic word, "LASFS," which isn't the easiest word in the world to say once you see it in print with all those S's jammed up around that F like that, but now we're getting sidetracked, which just goes to show how Ed Wyman's talent can spread. At any rate, it turned out that Ed Wyman was planning to visit a LASFS meeting during his trip to, or possibly from, a convention of his Cave-Crawling Comrads. (Quick, everyone send 20¢ to John Trimble at the SHAGGY editorial office, 980-1/2 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California, and request the issue where Jack Harness will describe how Ed Wyman sidetracks a LASFS meeting.)

Ed Wyman also announced that he would be unable to make the trip to the Pittcon, much as he would like to sidetrack another convention. But he admitted he had at one time lived in Pittsburgh and he could recommend the Carnegie Museum as an exsiding sidelight to the convention itself. He even made use of a map that had been mailed out with the Pittcon Progress Report number one to point out the location of the Carnegie Museum. Appropriately enough, it's location did not show up on the map itself, but was presumed to be about an inch beyond the border on one side.

By some freak accident of conversation, the subject of a club picnic came up. After the usual reminiscing about how the last club picnic showed a fabulous \$16 or so profit, the group finally came to grips with the problem of holding another such profitable affair. Evidently everyone hated to discuss the actual details, because the discussion wandered so far afield that eventually the President himself made a motion that the previous five minutes of conversation be left out of the minutes. The SEC-Treas read over his notes of the previous five minutes, turned the color of sick hecto jelly, and seconded the motion at once. The motion was passed unanimously with great enthusiasm, and the whole incident was blotted from the minds of the members. Now there was a mess, blotting all those minds! The problem of planning the picnic was promptly solved after that by dumping the whole program on Jerry Frahm, after first learning that Jerry had access to an oven capable of containing a monstrous turkey.

It was an easy step from there to learn that (JIM CAUGHRAN, TAKE NOTE, THIS IS FOR YOU) Jerry Frahm's parents have been to Hong Kong. Jim Webbert became so wild with enthusiasm over this information that he promptly knocked down all but two of the busts of famous musicians that are forever gazing down upon meetings of the Nameless.

About this time the Sec-TREAS reported \$19.33 in the treasury, and the question of rent came up again. Jerry Frahm decided that instead of having the Nameless buy a THALIA member for the rent, he would donate his brother instead. This seemed like an excellent idea and Jerry was congratulated. Then Wally Gonser found a list of THALIA members and raised an interesting question about it. Why, he wondered, was Wally Weber (whose dues are supposedly not being paid by the club) on the list, while Flora Jones and Geneva Wyman (whose dues are supposedly being paid by the club) not on the list. The Sec-TREAS hastily said he would "write a letter" to find out, and then changed the subject to something else.

At 9:09 p.m. the meeting moved down to the kitchen, and there is just no telling what went on while the President and Sec-TREAS went out shoplifting for refreshments. Upon the return of the two major officers of the club -- they having successfully eluded the minor officers of the law who never think of looking inside the church -- Jerry Frahm was leading a discussion on his favorite subject, money. While everyone's attention was held by this fascinating discussion, the Sec-TREAS collected \$2.25 from the membership.

Ed Wyman took pictures of everyone, possibly to threaten LASFS with, and the meeting officially adjourned at 9:35 p.m. with surprisingly little violence.

SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MAY 22, 1960:

The May 22, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones didn't exactly happen, but as long as there is all this space at the bottom of this page there is going to be minutes of it anyway.

If anyone was to blame for there not being a meeting, it was probably Charles Murrell and Varda Murrell. After all, it was their idea to marry each other, rent a log cabin in the wilderness, and invite all the Nameless members to see the place on a meeting night.

The address was 19428 73rd Place W., Lynnwood, Washington, and we (Flora Jones, Elsie Holdefer, and your adventurous SEC-Treas) had never been there before, but we were trusting our destinies to a map we had. Varda had drawn the map, by the way. Talk about a trusting trio...

We set out north from Seattle on Highway 99. Varda hadn't indicated on the map which way was north, but since all the streets around her area had been listed as "Southwest" on her map, and knowing Varda as we did, we reasoned that we should head north.

We had a lovely drive through the north end of Seattle, the northern suburbs of Seattle, and the northern part of King County. According to the map we were supposed to turn left at an Albertson's supermarket sometime before we got to Canada, but we were beginning to wonder. It was Flora's Psi-power that finally suggested we make a U-turn and investigate a vacant lot we had just passed. Sure enough, when the vacant lot was approached going south, it became an Albertson's supermarket. It was only a few blocks to go from there, and we only got lost three more times.

When we reached the place, we were welcomed with enthusiasm, potato chips, and a fantastic cake. This cake -- well, it was beyond description, but it was built like a house, completely equipped with licorice rafters. The roof had been pretty much eaten up by the termites that had preceded us, but it was still a sight to behold and marvel.

The tour of the house and grounds revealed many things of interest; the duckless duck pond, the convention of ghost in the back yard, the indoor sky, the mad scientist's laboratory, the blue frog, the collapsible shelves (that never collapsed), and those crazy crazy people who rented the place.

After having filled ourselves with food, hospitality, and senses of wonder, the three of us returned to our mundane, drab Seattle with vague plans to hold the club picnic in the Murrell back yard, providing the ghosts didn't mind.

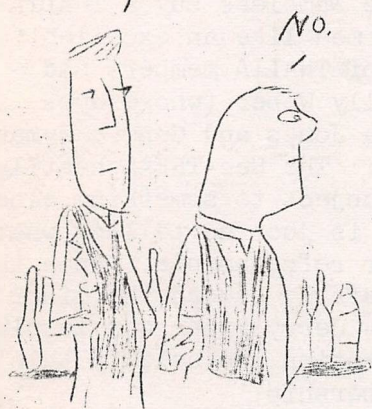
Rumor has it that F. M. Busby, Elinor Busby, Jim Webbert, Wally Gonser, and Jerry Frahm attended the non-existent meeting later, and if Ed Wyman ever made connections with his bus as planned, he, too, saw the wonder of it all.

SEC-Treas, Honest Wally Weber

WHAT ABOUT THE BIG
BLONDE ON THE COUCH?

HOW ABOUT THE ONE
WITH THE BLACK
STOCKINGS, OVER THERE?

SEE ANYTHING
GOOD?



NAW, TOO BEAT
LOOKING, BESIDES,
SHE'S WITH DONAHUE.



NAW, BUR-
BEE'S TELLING
HER HIS WATER-
MELON STORY.



THERE'S ONE.

NO! SHE'S MARRIED.
DESIDES, AL ASHLEY
CALLED HER A
BASTARD, & SHE THOT
IT WAS A GAS!



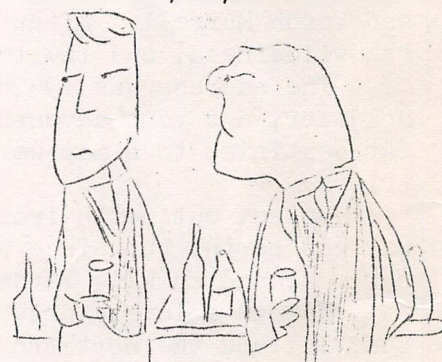
HOW ABOUT
SIZE 44
OVER THERE?

NAW, SHE'S TOO
BUSY BEING
DRAWN ON BY
KOTSLER



THE ONE WITH
THE PINK SHOES?

ARE YOU NUTS?
SHE'S ONLY
15 YRS. OLD.



THIS IS A DRAG.
LET'S PACK THIS
SCENE IN.

YEH. THE
GIN'S ALL
GONE ANYHOW.



BOY, LASFS HAS
SURE TURNED INTO
A DRAG, SINCE
BJO GOT ENGAGED

YEH



J Les Piper

CARL BRANDON
LINES!!CRY of the
readersMAL ASHWORTH FOR TAFF NOW
14, Westgate, Eccleshill,
Bradford.2., England

Dear Buz and all:

This letter is being
typed now, but it may not
be sent until later. Some-
how there just didn't seem to

be any time but Now to type it;
it's a peculiar thing but anything
that I start to do always seems to
get done Now. I never seem to be able
to sit down and do a job Then. They do
say that there's no time like the present,
but I wouldn't know. I never get to see any
other time to compare it with. It doesn't seem
to matter how hard I resolve not to do something

Now, but to do it instead either one day last week or
one day next week, I always end up doing it Now. It's a

habit I have tried to break but to no effect; how anyone can maintain that Man has Free
Will and is the Captain of His Fate and all that stuff when the only time he can ever do
anything is Now, I just don't know. It can get odious after a while, by jings.

Anyway, what I really started out to say was that this letter is being written now
(ugh! that word again), after which it will be put into an envelope where it will patiently
await an article joining it. When the article joins it, the whole lot will be mailed to
Seattle. Huzzahs! Oh well.

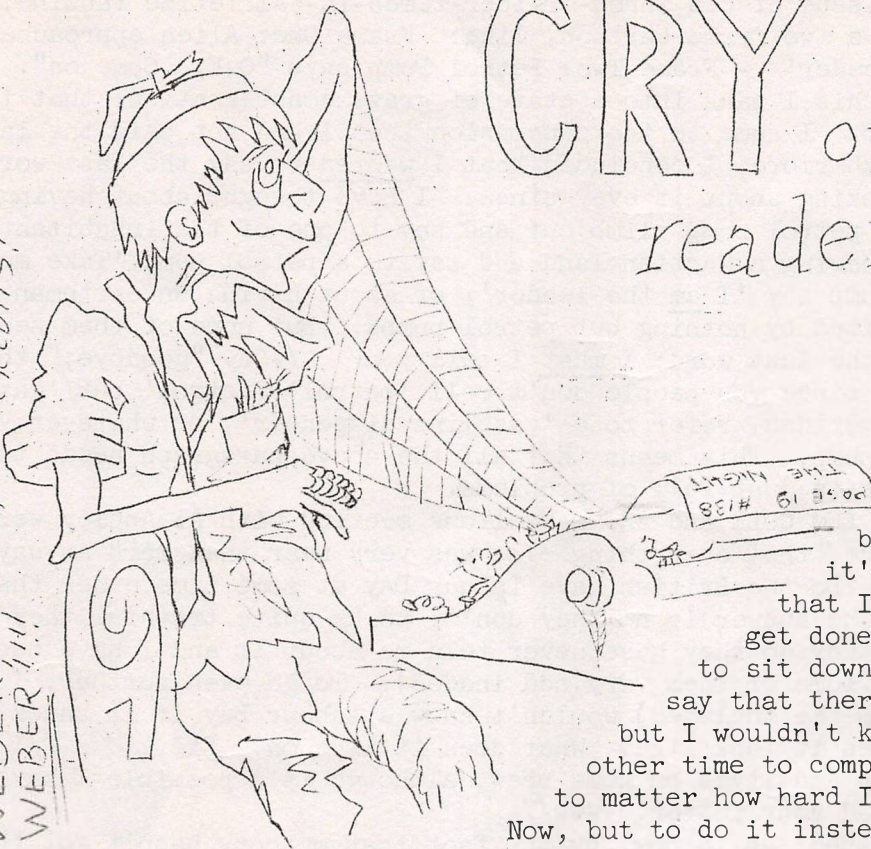
The main reason for this roundabout procedure and this long, heart-searching explana-
tion is that I have on the table here CRY No. 137 and CRY No. 138, which I just can't bring
myself to put away until I have said something appreciative about. (That sounds kind of
w-r-o-n-g, somehow.)

First of all I wanted to ask you about your Article Squasher which, I have no doubt at
all, you keep locked in the Secret Room, behind the Hidden Door. I know how the vile appa-
ratus works, of course. I send you an article 146 pages long and you, casting apprehensive
glances over your shoulders (both at once) unlock the Hidden Door, sneak into the Secret
Room, feed my article into this Device, and it comes out of the other end squashed into two
lines, without having had any words deleted, and commas missed out, or any full-stops
dropped. Then back you sneak out of the Secret Room, locking the Hidden Door behind you
and put my article in CRY. I know now that any effort on my part would be quite useless;
even if I hired a string (a stable? a gaggle?) of a thousand writers to sit here churning
out ream after ream of article, your Article Squasher would crunch the finished product
contemptuously into a couple of lines. We have an old saying over here - 'You can't win'.
What I wanted to ask you then was - 'Does it work by steam or gasoline?' //Home brew.-ww//

Now then about this monstrous CRY 137. About THE GOON GOES WEST consider all the
usual things said, adding up to 'It's good, very good'. About this 'Take Me To Your Leader'
business; I note that in the lettercol of CRY 138 (I never did have a one-track mind) some-
one expresses the hope that in my article I said the last word on the subject. I had ra-
ther hoped that way myself; but it is not so. Since my article saw the light of day Ken

PAGE 3 LIES AGAIN! DOWN
WITH FRAUDULENT ART
CREDITS!DAMMIT,
WEBER!!!
WEBER!!!

ADAMS-



Potter has published another issue of his three-or-four-times-in-a-lifetime fanzine, BRENNSCHLUSS. In it there is a two frame cartoon, like: Frame One: Alien approaches petrol pump, says 'Take Me To Your Leader' - Frame Two: Petrol Pump says "O.K. Come on". After I got over my convulsions at this I sank into a state of grave consternation; that is to say I thought about the matter. I came to the conclusion that I had not said the last word on the subject after all; furthermore, I concluded that I wanted to say the last work on the subject. I have been thinking about it ever since. I have thought about having a flying saucer land on Mars and a petrol pump climb out and say to one of the inhabitants 'Take me to your leader'; or about having a Martian land and say to a petrol pump 'Take me to your leader' and the petrol pump say 'I am the leader'; or about having an earthman land on Mars and find the place inhabited by nothing but petrol pumps. But none of them seems quite right, somehow. I must have the last word; I must I tell you. //Say "goodbye," then. ww//

I just realised too that since you people don't call 'petrol' 'petrol' but 'gasoline' you can't, without being un-American, refer to a 'gasoline dispenser', or whatever you do call the things, as a petrol pump. This means that all the above paragraph needs translating into your language. Life is just full of problems.

I think THE GAFIATION OF LEM COLE and the marvellous meeting with Al Ashley were about the finest things in that issue, tho' everything else was very near that mark anyway. Then there was Boyd Raeburn asking "Do the British have Labour Day at some time other than the first monday in September?" The answer is no they don't; to be quite truthful they don't have Labour Day; at least if they do they have never told me about it and I have been around here for 26 odd years (some of them very odd indeed). To go even further, I have to admit that quite a lot of them (me included) wouldn't know a Labour Day if it snuck up and bit them in the leg. What does it look like? What does it live on? Etc.? //I believe it looks like a petroline pump and lives on home brew, although it's possible I have been confused a bit from having read your letter. -www//

CRY No. 138 is distinguished, up to now, by the fact that my copy hasn't got the Burbee article in; I trust this unbearable state of affairs is going to be remedied. I don't care even if you were just pulling a hoax and didn't have a Burbee article at all. I demand my Burbee article anyway. So there.

Berry's account was - er - ulp - word, word, come on - er - like, good, you know. And now comes a bitter moment that shows just what happens to people who don't manage to read their CRYs the minute they get them. After going on about "Take me to your Leader" and whatnot and all that up there, I come upon Nick Falasca's scintillating little piece (though just who I am to call his a little piece when it took up two whole pages and mine, by courtesy of your fiendish Article Squasher, took up only 1-1/2 I would like to know.) I'm going to admit that the ending was lost on me, but nevertheless it was a lovely piece and tickled me no end. I just loved old J. Edgar's characterisation. Outlandish name that alien had, though - M'laswrth; I never heard anything like it before.

George Locke's piece was possibly the best thing of his that I have yet seen. You just don't seem able to get hold of any bad material; I'm afraid you're not trying hard enough. (Still, I must admit I'm doing my little bit to help you in that direction). I see that George Locke has started to give you the lowdown on Ella Parker; this was fine as far as it went, its only trouble being that it didn't go quite low enough down. We must remember who it is we are dealing with. And lest you feel inclined to doubt my qualifications for adding my two bitsworth about this remarkable living female example of the law of evolution in reverse, allow me to say that I have spent the night at Ella Parker's flat (after which, of course, I could look the House of Usher in the face on an empty stomach any day). Yes, indeed, I have spent the night at Ella Parker's flat; I have drunk Ella Parker's whisky and eaten Ella Parker's potato crisps and peanuts, and lounged on Ella Parker's bed, and downed a couple of dozen cups of Ella Parker's tea and coffee, so I reckon I am as well qualified as any of the other eighteen or nineteen people who were there at the time (sorry to disappoint you and all that) to write my chapter of the "Ella Parker; Confidential" saga. The truth of the matter is that this ridiculous story that has been going the rounds about Ella Parker being a Stupid Clod of a Woman of 65, is a laughably inaccurate rumour; she is a Stupid Clod of a Woman of 64. Every bit as inaccurate is the fantastic idea that sweet, little, rose-growing old Ella is a jackbooted, nail-chewing stevedore who knocks prize

fighters out of her way in her frequent dashes to the nearest bar. This is just absurd. Ella wears clogs, chews railway lines and carries the prize fighters right along with her. We got along fine right from our first meeting, with Ella settling for calling me a 'hard-hearted baaaastard', Sheila (my wife) a 'lazy bitch' and us settling for calling her Ella Parker (after all, you couldn't call a person anything more awful than that, could you?) So let's have no more of this nonsense of people insulting my friend, Ella Parker. //Mal, have you forgotten that this is the lettercol Ella takes to bed with her? You'll have to win TAFF now, and in a hurry, to get out of the country before Ella gets out of that bed! --www//

Yours at great length,

Mal

WALT WILLIS AND THE DISAPPEARING FANZINES

170, Upper N'Ards Rd., Belfast 4, N. Ireland

Dear Buz,

I had a foreboding something dreadful would happen to me when I didn't comment on the Cry annish, but the form which retribution took is particularly fiendish. Pages are starting to disappear from my fanzines! It started with Hobgoblin, where an illuminating comparison between TGGW and THS broke off with a blank sheet just as it was getting interesting. Then there was the Fannish, worse still: three pages missing from the end so that I still don't know whether I figured in either the Fan Face or Fugghead Polls. But today was the worse...four pages missing from CRY! It looks as if the Ghods mean business. I shall have to do something before my fanzines vanish entirely except for the back cover, and then don't arrive at all when even that goes. In fact it may already have happened, because I can't lay my hands on Cry 136. The only comfort is that, painfully reconstructing the issue from later readers' letters, I seem to have read it. Perhaps James has borrowed it to ingest at leisure some egoboo about one of his stories. And incidentally if the missing pages in Cry 138 contained any reference to his work, he, too, would be grateful if they could be dug out of the overrun. These pros, you know, they're starved for egoboo. We fans don't know how lucky we are -- imagine, only getting money for all the work you put into writing. How horrible.

It's a long time since the annish arrived, but still clearly visible in the yellowing margins is an urgent admonition to myself to say something about the Hal Lynch piece. Well, I'll say something. I think this is the funniest thing I've read in years and probably the best thing you've ever published, which is saying quite a lot. Of course I have a weakness for this type of thing as you probably have noticed from The Raybin Story in INNUENDO, but damnit it was wonderful, wonderful. May I ask formal permission now to reprint it in some later Hyphen when everyone but me has forgotten it. //Hal, we forgot to get the foreign reprint rights from you, so you'll have to answer Walt. -www//

Specially appreciated in 137 were John on ducks and on American accents. One of the byproducts of my own trip to the States, as well as an appreciation of American B pictures, is an aversion to British versions of American plays on TV. The fake American accents used by British actors give me almost the same nausea as Stage Irishism.

For somebody with an English accent, Boyd Raeburn seems singularly ignorant about British customs. Labour Day is not celebrated over here at all. May 1st is known as Labour Day by the leftwing element but is by no means a public holiday.

This ignorance extends to Donald Franson if he really doesn't understand "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide". Incidentally there is now a BRE of Mad and some of the shifts to which they are driven to make the gags intelligible to English readers are fantastic, but they gave up on that one and just let everybody wonder why they put in something so intelligible. Of course they could publish an explanatory footnote, but they seldom attain their objective. Like the anthology of Bairnsfeather cartoons the Germans were said to have published once. The one of Ol' Bill sitting in a shellhole (Caption: "What made this hole." "Mice.") is said to have been annotated, "It was not mice, it was a shell."

Locke was good, a very fast-improving writer this. Ashworth's formal, well you know what I mean, articles are fine, but the Cry readers haven't met the real Mal yet. Wait till he gets going boys, he's just feeling his way. Piper was more than ordinarily wonderful this time.

All this belated egoboo for THS! I must bribe someone to write another Enchanted Duplicator. Actually though I think probably comparisons are inappropriate because in spite of what Harry said I think we are two very different types of writers, and were writing about two very different things. For one thing I wrote most of the postcon section of THS a long time later without any notes at all, so that I had to make the most of the isolated incidents and impressions which I remembered. This necessarily gave the account a more reflective and objective tone. There was also the point that I was under no obligation to many of the people I wrote about, like Korshak, Gernsback and so on and was able either to say exactly what I thought about them or to make fun of them. John on the other hand was still intimately involved with his characters at the time of writing and all the details were fresh in his mind and it would have been very difficult for him to write his account in any other way. It awes me that he was able to do it so well, or even come to that, at all. It was months after I got back before I was able to write anything. As far as I remember the conreport section wasn't done until December.

No room for more except to apologise for the silence. It's been general here with me ...I mean I haven't been writing to anyone...silence is the last thing we've been having here what with falling ceilings and demolition works. Tell you all about it when the dust settles.

Best,

WAW

HARRY WARNER, JR., AND THE TWARTED POSTAL INSPECTORS 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.
Dear ~~Bob~~ CRYs:

I looked at this cover time after time, tried to find hidden significances or concealed satire, and failed. I still can't believe that Art drew one of the oldest cliches in fan art for his subject matter. It's well done, of course, but it's almost as if Willis wrote an article on why there should be more science in science fiction (or more fiction in science fiction). //I'd probably enjoy the article, too, I'm such a slob. -www//

This section of the Berry travelogue brings things full circle in an odd way for me. When Les Gerber told me about this typewriter project, the very first thing I did was to tell him that he'd better find out about customs: whether it would cost John much to get it into Ireland, how much special tariff might exist covering typewriters, what about the effect that the added weight would have on his return trip baggage. I'm glad that things worked out as well as they did, since this was apparently the only inconvenience resulting from the gift.

Fandom Harvest is the most daring predicting that I've ever seen in fanzines, because of its specific statements about individuals in place of the generalization about trends that such articles normally limit themselves to. Everyone is bemoaning the decline of fan features in the prozines, but I have the impression that there is more new blood in fandom within the past year than in any year for a long time. It isn't so apparent in the fandom with which I'm in direct contact, but it seems to consist mostly of newcomers who have their own subgroups, complete with favorite fanzines and bnf's who are little known in established fandom. It is also important to remember that fandom started and thrived pretty well during a decade before the first fan-slanted feature appeared in a prozine. Up to the Science Fiction League's establishment, none of the prozines offered any recruitment grounds more specific than the letter columns. But one thing that Terry seems to have overlooked is the effect that the decline in United States prozines might have on worldwide science fiction. With comparatively little published material from which to pirate, will the foreign lands that have depended largely on reprints of dubious legality be able to find enough native stuff and pay for it?

The extra-long letter column was much fun to read. It is encouraging to notice that some readers didn't even half-guess the truth about the missing pages in the April issue, as I did. To Donald Franson I would suggest that the only thing that can be done to make science fiction magazines succeed is to utilize the same system that every other segment of the publishing field is forced to use these days: substantial revenue from advertising. The present cost of material and paper and distribution make it impossible for any magazine or newspaper to survive solely on the income from the price of the publication. And I wonder if Art Thomson deliberately made it ambiguous, when he said that Ella is 38ish without

without indicating whether he referred to chronology or dimensions or both.

Mal Ashworth's item was the best of those that I haven't mentioned. Is there any particular reason why such pleasures should be eked out a page or two per month, though? (Mal's output will probably increase considerably when he has a TAFF trip to report. -ww))

I understand that I no longer need fear interference with my mail. Three postal inspectors went back to Washington, admitting inability to pry loose the binding staples on this Cry and asking for some easier kind of work.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

DONALD FRANSON DEFINES FAN

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Peccable But Lovable CRY Editors,

Number 139 was a good issue with a nice ATom cover. Orange and blue contrast is pleasing, as is the arrangement.

Thanks for apologizing for cutting my item, but you didn't cut it, you added 13 lines.

I wonder how John Berry would have explained fandom to the belligerent customs inspector? #George Horace Wells' bit was good. #Elinor, that's a hwyll of a name for a column. But, hwyll, it's about fantasy, so what the hwyll. I believe that a slow start is characteristic, not of fantasy, but of British authors, and of older stories. #Art Rapp made a good story out of his letter of protest.

Terry Carr says in effect that fans (his own definition) are interested in fandom (his own definition), and will be more so in the future. "Fandom is becoming primarily a social and journalistic group" is a rather ambiguous statement; at first sight it seems to say that fans nowadays are only interested in parties and small-talk fanzines; but when taken as a general, broader statement, it can't be argued with, as hasn't fandom always been a social and journalistic group, even in the days of The Scienceers and THE TIME TRAVELLER? What is implied, and what can be argued with, is that, while writing and talking, fans prefer non-sf or mundane subjects, and those who are bored with all this are not fans. Obviously, with all these "non-fans" ruled out, all "fans" will naturally agree with his viewpoint.

It depends on what your definition of "fan" is. It is agreed, I trust, that "fan" in this instance means "science fiction fan", not "baseball fan" or "Elvis Presley fan." Then it follows that, "fan" being short for "fanatic", a "fan" is interested in science fiction (or fantasy, also covered by the definition) to the extent of being unreasonable about it. If he is a mere casual reader, and doesn't prefer it fanatically to something else, he is not a fan (science fiction fan.) Okay?

So when Terry is talking about the present and future of fandom, he is talking about a different definition of "fan", including non(science fiction)fans, and ignoring science fiction fans who are not interested in amateur journalism or other things which have become associated with "fan" in the broader (and narrower) sense. For this reason, though the article was well-written, the future of "fandom" sounded rather dull to me.

The Plow That Not Often Enough was good. #Though I am not a natter fan, Mal Ashworth is always worth reading for his excellent humor. #Dept. of Bicycle Policemen: you are dead right, FMB, but watch it. There is no outraged vindictiveness like that of a criminal caught in the act. Fandom is right in ignoring the bad apples, and charging the losses up to experience. There are plenty of nice fans and honest ones. For example, Johnny Bowles, after folding FANVIEW, has returned my sub money. #Nirenberg is the ~~North American~~ North American Mal Ashworth; this item is funny.

The lettercol is nice, and I appreciate that cutting down the answers to mere grunts leaves more space for the letters, but I like answers. (Sorry, but I prefer letters.-ww)) Answer, dammit, unless you don't know the answer, such as to the question, "Who sawed Burbee's bit?"

What we may see in FANCYCLOPEDIA III:

"Pages 19 to 22." A reference to the missing pages in CRY OF THE NEAMELESS #138, which were purported to contain a Burbee article, but which were never seen by anyone. No explanation was ever given by the CRY editors, to their dying day, which was very soon afterward.

Bob Lichtman has a good idea, to stencil his own letter. Better yet, send run-off pages, like FANAC riders. ((How about just mailing out a complete CRY, huh? - www))

I'll vote for CRY for the Hugo, because it is the fanzine I most look forward to receiving, and because my mind is completely rotted by two years of reading it.

Loyally,

Donald Franson

BILL DONAHO ON FANTASY AND ETHICS

1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

On Elinor's question of why so much fantasy takes a while to get into, I don't think that the openings are particularly slow. I agree that since each good fantasy creates a world of its own (that is its chief charm) it is necessary "that the background be well laid out and thoroughly understood", but it is possible to do this and at the same time start the story and action off immediately. I think the slow-movingness is often an illusion on the part of the reader. He is struggling to absorb the background (and perhaps even resisting it) and is thus much more consciously aware of many details that thus suggest the action is proceeding more slowly than it is. I was well into the second volume of Tolkein before I was completely in the background, mood and atmosphere of his world, but upon rereading the series a couple of years later I found that the action started off immediately.

I also found E. R. Eddison extremely dull. I think I didn't like Eddison because I don't like the world he creates, but I don't think the setting on Mercury had anything to do with that. I was repelled by the, to my mind, inappropriate use of the evocative names of goblin, witch, demon, but I could have surmounted that. It wasn't the story either; the plot and characters were very good. I was repelled by the style and the atmosphere which the style created. I found it turgid, ponderous, exceedingly inappropriate to the type of story he was telling. Eddison moves slowly, carefully polishing each glowing jewel of style; I don't like either the jewels or the method of polishing. For example I think the names he gives his characters, places etc. mostly harsh, if not mere conglomerations of syllables. But enough of that.

On to ethics. I've been doing some soul searching, too. I'm pretty much in agreement with Buz, but there is a difference in emphasis and I would draw the line in a different place than he does. I think that few people are ethical because of religion; that is, for love of God on the one hand or fear of going to hell on the other. Conventional ethics are taught to children at the same time that conventional religion is. If conventional religion sticks, conventional ethics will, too, but in many, many cases conventional ethics stick and conventional religion doesn't. ((Agreed. --FMB)) Also, of course, many people are able to discard part of the ethics they have been taught and/or to modify them in accordance with their intellectual beliefs. In many cases this modification is of such nature that an entirely new set of ethics is formed, particularly with genuine beat and bohemian people (not the phonies).

If a person does have a different set of ethics which he lives by it is possible to respect and get along with him even if he does many things that you do not approve of (using your own standards). Undoubtedly you will do many things he doesn't approve of either. Fundamental of course is that he does have ethics to which he lives up to. Many people have conventional ethics but don't live up to them. (("Profess", not "have". --FMB)) They are as bad as the people with no ethics. And many people say that they have different ethics when actually they have none and are merely using this as a screen. One must have a respect for the rights of others and basic consideration for other people, but there may be disagreement about the precise application of this rule.

Anyone who steals from friends is a no good bastard and beyond the pale. Even stealing from people in general is pretty bad and I personally think that anyone who does it has inadequate ethics if he does have any ethics at all. I am not so concerned about shoplifting from department stores and supermarkets, however. I don't approve of it, but I know people who I think are damned ethical who think that it is all right. I disapprove of this, but as long as I can count on their ethical behavior in other instances I don't think it is any of my business. I think Buz's example of how some nogoodnik stealing from a supermarket sent up his food bill is wrong. He is disapproving on moral, not practical ground. ((On both,

surely. --FMB)) In the first place it is unlikely that he would be trading at the same store. Secondly, while shoplifting in general might send his food bill up, certainly the depredations of one person wouldn't. ((I was talking about the general case, one at a time. --FMB)) Also, I read an article recently which said that shoplifting by the public in food stores was a minor nuisance and well under control. The big problem in inventory shrinkage was clerks taking items home.

Of course, general acceptance of this sort of thing would lead to a different picture, but this is hardly something I worry about when I make up my mind whether or not to associate with particular people.

I am afraid though that Buz greatly exaggerates the strictness of mundane standards and that we already are at a stage of general acceptance of some sorts of dishonesty. The Quiz Show and payola scandals and particularly the surveys taken of how people in general feel about them are completely revealing along this line. The general attitude of "Stealing is all right as long as you don't hurt anyone" is very prevalent. ((Exactly. But let's don't confuse "standards" with prevalence of departure from same. Sorry if I read like GMC here. --FMB)) One report even gave this example of a typical attitude: "It's all right to steal from the supermarket, but you shouldn't steal from the corner grocer. He's got to make a living, too." And people do make these distinctions and live by them; they aren't rationalizations. ((The hell they aren't; I've done the same sort of thing in the past, rationalizing like mad all the while. Try again. --FMB))

Of course, most stealing is done by people without ethics and I certainly don't mean to imply that all or even the majority of genuine beats or bohemians go in for this sort of thing.

Of the five examples Buz gave of present fannish unethical behavior I join with him in condemning the three examples of abuse of personal trust and friends. I'm not particularly concerned about the fraudulent charge accounts and my attitude towards the shoplifter would depend upon whom he shoplifted from. ((So would mine--but that only proves that maybe I should tag up before I lead off, too. --FMB))

As for not having these people I disapprove of in my house, I agree with Karen's attitude in a somewhat similar situation: "I didn't invite them, but I'm not going to throw them out, either." This is mostly due to lack of guts and general desire to avoid unpleasantness rather than any principle, however, and I damn well keep an eye on the silver while they are there. ((Well, Bill, the ones I have in mind, I don't intend to let in! --FMB))

As for the fannish aspect, I think we have always been proud of fandom as an open society and don't/didn't quite know how to cope with those among us who were destroying from within. Destroying isn't too strong a word either; without faith, confidence, and mutual trust, fandom as we know it couldn't exist. Well, we learned to cope with crackpots and psychopaths who write anonymous letters; we can handle thieves, too.

Best,

Bill Donaho

BOB LICHTMAN, FRUSTRATED CRY-TAKER-OVERER
Well,

6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Cal.

How come, Wally, you only used on of my stencils, and eliminated all that deathless stuff on the rear stencil to those few lines at the bottom of the stencil? Is this any way to let me Take Over The CRY, is it? And Buz, you didn't even give me my stencilling credit on Page Three--sheesh! What does a ~~respectable~~ Take Over The CRYer have to do these days to Take Over The CRY? (If we knew, we'd sure tell you. The reason you didn't get stencil credits was because Buz goofed, and the reason only one of your stencils was run was because I didn't goof. -www))

Who's the Ghughist up there? Who's responsible for the phurple ink on the cover and the heading for the lettercol? Seriously, that's a lovely ATom cover. My only gripe for this particular sort of work is that Art does not draw good planets in the sky. But the rest is lovely.

It's Total-Up-The-CRY's-Size Time: we must needs discount those Four Pages That Weren't There from the #138 page count, bringing the previous summing-up to a new total of 259 pages up to and including #138. Now, add 47 pages for #139 and we come up with a new subtotal for CRY₁₉₆₀ of 306 pages. Tune in next month..

I fair croggle at this episode of TGGW with its description of that customs inspector. This was one of the most enjoyable spots in the narrative for a couple of issues...excellent, excellent.

"The Hellbound Fan"---aw, come on now, people! This is just too too awful.

Hwyll, hwyll, here's Elinor's column back again. Elinor, I disagree with you rather emphatically when you say that the first part of The Hobbit is "a bit dull". But I'll have to go along with you when you say the first part of Fellowship of the Ring is dull -- it is, unfortunately, but I suppose it couldn't be helped. Tolkien had to explain much of the stuff that was related in The Hobbit so that his readers would have some idea of what was coming off. Now why not tell us who your favourite character in the Books is? Mine is Gandalf, but also ranking high are Bilbo and Samwise. Curiously, one of the more interesting characters in the set is the arch-villain, Smeagol-Gollum, who is a magnificent bit of characterization, don't you think?

Heavens, Art Rapp fiction outside of SAPS again! And it's almost as good as if it had been in SAPS, although whoever put that choice line about Wrai Ballard below rather stole the thunder on this page, not to mention the thing below that!

The subject Terry has taken up in Fandom Harvest was extremely interesting. One thing, I plan to be active in 1965 outside of the stuff Terry outlines and I'd like permission now to reprint this in the Spring 1965 issue of whatever fanzine I'm publishing at the time. Granted? (Don't ask us; the CRY will be folded in 1965, remember? -www)

I see Buz and I agree down the line on this business of the various Crud's we happen to have picked up in our microcosmos. Why do we tolerate this sort of thing? One thing to consider is the more types like these we get in fandom the more Home-like fandom appears to others of the same gen.

The Letter from the Future is real fun. This sort of stf mixed with fannishness might be an Answer to various gripings I've heard lately about there being too much emphasis on fannishness without enough on stf. A happy combination, like. Fun.

And, well, that's about it for this time. Guess I'll let you type this out yourself from now on -- fewer typoses, like.

Best,

Bob

a/3c RICHARD W. BROWN FROM HIS NEW ADDRESS Box 1136, 4756th A&E Sqdn, Tyndall AFB,
Dear Nameless Annonimi (plural, obviously, for Anonimus); Fla.

The Atom cover is prob'ly the best thing he's done on CRY to date; I think this bit particularly superb.

Berry's account of his plane trip invariably reminds me of Shelly Berman's account of much the same thing (and anyone who doesn't have either INSIDE or OUTSIDE SHELLY BERMAN is obviously not a True Fan). I still find myself living every word, right along with John; every once in a while I find myself peeking over the top of my CRY to see what the clergyman is reading, to take a peep at the coming mainland, to scowl at the customs official, and to reflect on how girls can say "Daddy's home." ..Of course, on that latter, perhaps my experience can be taken an entirely different way..

"Hwyll" I like, mostly, except the way Elinor chooses to pronounce it. The bit about CRY being #2 fanzine and all -- I can still remember a letter from Buz which said something like "Tho we appreciate your enthusiasm for the CRY, rich, by it's very nature it'll never become a Top Fanzine." I gloated last year, when CRY copped #7 (I believe?) ((Depends on which time-world you exist. -www)) position, and I'm still flaunting it -- and this year, when CRY wins the Hugo and claims the #1 position, I'll print the darned thing, showing how Buz never realized the full extent to which the CRY controlled him.

No, I don't think fantasy belongs here on the good old earth. Not necessarily. But from what I've read, I'd say that it generally turns out better if it is.

In answer to the next to last line in Rapp's piece, I have two very short stories to tell: 1) Bjo had no idea that one of her art brushes were alive, until it opened its bristles and stared at her. Bjo, poor girl, had it in her hand, and when she saw this her first reaction was to start banging it's "head" against a near-by table. "Stop it!" cried the Art Brush, Rapping furiously. 2) John Berry neglected to mention one little

episode, while visiting Ballard. The toilet facilities, unfortunately, during Berry's stay, refused to function properly. However, after Berry left, Wrai notices something very unusual; the toilet facilities began at once to work in exactly the opposite manner, ie, they flushed continuously. Finally, the noise caused by this caused him to take the ~~toilet/vt~~ ~~the/vt~~ bull by the horns and try to do something about this equally unhappy state of affairs. "Stop it!" cried Wrai Ballard, flushing Berrylessly.

Terry is interesting in his fannish extensions, tho I find a few things that I disagree with. I dunno what fanzines Terry gets from England, or how the ones I get compare with Terry's, but from what I've seen I feel that British fandom will fare better than us. The accent there (it seems) is on 1) Humor, 2) Personality, in that order, while here it is (or seems to be) on 1) Personalities (and the clashing thereof) and 2) Humor, plus 3) The Betterment Of Stf And Other Like-Wow Things. Too, I can't exactly fore-see a future without a CRY. If you (Terry) mean CRY-As-We-Know-It then I would agree with you. CRY does change quite considerably, I've found after having hung around now for nearly 50 issues.

Nice to see the Plow making furrows. I really hate to say it, but having read Bloch's "A Way Of Life," I honestly can't see how it got printed. It was a good piece of faaan-fiction, yet I honestly felt there wasn't anything to the story unless you knew the esoterisms referred to.

If it's at all of interest to anyone, after reading "Legends of Lancaster Layabouts," I sent my Money off to Madle...voting M*A*L A*S*I*W*X*R*I*H F*X*R T*A*T*F! May I suggest that thou (you with the grubby little paws, reading this) go and do likewise??

Franson's piece is so magnificent it's a wonder I didn't think of it first.

Busby, With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle provides some interesting food for comment. I think all this bit is due to uncertain morals (or do I mean mores, Elinor?) of the day. Not that I'm condoning illegal activities; just that, at this stage of the game, it's rather hard for people to balance what the church says with how others think they should act and do the things they want to do without being hypocritical to themselves. I'm still not too hip on biblical morality; like, a lot of Sins are my idea of Fun; and there's no dividing line, it seems. What I mean by that last, is, for instance, there's nothing to show which is lesser of any two evils; so because I've maybe told a lie about somebody I'm as surely doomed to Hell as if I'd shot somebody in cold-blooded murder -- right?

CRY OF THE READERS: My, it's surprising how many pipples fell for your hoax. All things considered (the fishy way Buz's column started, the fact that CRY came out near April 1, and the fact that it was a Burbee article that was missing) the little hoax came off quite good. You pipples are to be congratulated. ((More likely, we'll all go to Hell as surely as if we'd shot somebody in cold-blooded murder. -www-))

Ken Hedberg: Indeed, you should be mordored, if thou ist bored with The Lord Of The Rings. Anduin it will be, I'm not exactly Shire. In fact, the only thing I'm Shire about is, once you're Mordored, we won't see any Moria. Seriously, I suggest you get, and read, The Hobbit. It provides a lot of useful information valuable to the reading enjoyment of The Lord Of The Rings. And it is good reading.

Les Nirenberg: Oh, my ghod. My dear, dear ghod. I've just had a most frightening thot. It's in the form of a mental picture: I sort of picture you coming down to Seattle, say, just to prove your existence to the Busby's & the Seattle crowd, and you meet this other Leslie and get married. Ghod. Think of the confusion! "I would like you to meet Leslie Nirenberg and Leslie Nirenberg." And then... and then...even tho I've met him, I start thinking maybe Les Norris is a 13-year-old-girl and Leslie Gerber comes out from New York...and...and....oh, ghod.....no.....

Don Franson: The only thing wrong with your TAFF plan, or most anyone's TAFF plan, is that everybody talks about TAFF, but nobody ever does anything about it. # Snif! Somebody lifted (or I lost -- I'm not sure) my wallet about a month ago. The \$4.00, Important Government Papers & Etc., I could stand to lose..but, sniffle, NOT my CRY letterhack card. All I've got left is a Cosmic Mind -- Now what do I do?? ((Think, man, THINK!! -www-))

Ella Parker: Last thing I got from you was..lemme see, it was a Christmas card. Have no idea where the ORIONS are bouncing around. And, as you'll prob'ly note, I've got a new address again -- they switched mail-boxes on us. # Sigh. Some day we must hold a letterhack convention, so we can all get together and reminisce..reminiss..reminess??..oh, hell; takl..oh, ghod dAmn it! We'll talk (theeeeere we go) about the Good Old Days, and figure out some devilish plan so we can really and truely Take Over The CRY. MFFYF!, rich brown

BOYD RAE BURN COMMENTS ON CRY 138 & 139

89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ont., Canada

It is the evening of May 23, and out in the dark there is much banging and hissing of fireworks for in our quaint Canadian way we are holding the holiday of May 24 on May 23, for May 23 is a Monday, and a much more convenient time to have a holiday.

Nirenberg's J. Les Piper cartoons are going from strength to strength. The one is #138 was very fine, but the one in #139 is an utter gas. (And am I wrong in the impression I get from the letter column that a number of readers don't know that "J. Les Piper" is Les Nirenberg?) (You're probably correct; some of the readers won't even believe Nirenberg is Nirenberg. --www))

These last two episodes of TGGW show a marked increase in quality over some of the earlier episodes, wherein a heavier editorial hand could have been applied to some effect.

Terry Carr's forecast as to the state of fandom in 1965 is very entertaining. I suggest that CRY in 1965 (OF COURSE it will still be coming out then) reprint the item, so that we all may have a large laugh, or nod our heads sagely and say: "Ah, that Carr knew whereof he wrote" and equally profound things. Bob Silverberg out of FAPA in 1965? Don't be absurd. A BAS still around in 1965? Yeah, I guess it's possible. I certainly hope that Hyphen and Oopsla are still around then, and Yandro of course will continue to come out once a month for the next twenty years. The Coulsons have been doing it so regularly for so long, it will be easier for them to keep on publishing than to break the habit.

Ashworth was entertaining. Franson's Fannish Music Festival was dull, with just a couple of bright spots.

Mike Deckinger says "J. Les Piper has got to learn that too much of one thing isn't very good.." Why isn't it, Mike? If Feiffer can come out with the stuff every month in Playboy, why can't Nirenberg have the same sort of thing every month in CRY, particularly in view of the fact that Les's cartoons lately have been funnier than Feiffer's. "...all the 'sick' cartoons he's been giving," says Deckinger. "Deckinger is an idiot," says Raeburn. If Deckinger does not agree that Deckinger is an idiot, will Deckinger please state what he means by "sick" (keeping it within a sense fairly widely accepted, and not his own personal definition twisted to fit the case) and then explain why he thinks the "Piper" cartoons fall under this heading. Bah, I bet Deckinger even calls Shelley Berman a "sick" comedian because he read it in Time or some such magazine. Ha, but I see that Deckinger is a fan of the Huckleberry Hound series... he can't be all bad.

Certainly, Ted Forsyth, I was being a little pedantic, but you are being incoherent. This is the second howling fuggheadism I've caught you in. Three and you're out. (Raeburn the Villain of Cry rides again.) Walter Breen: go read again what I said, and THINK. And a snarl at George Locke. Here I was all set to translate "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide" and show what superior linguists we Canadians are, and he beat me to it. Oh well. Here's a new one for the CRYhacks to worry a bit: "The grouse sheila with the joker in the groppy mocker was crook on the plonk"

Regards,

Boyd

WILLIAM HANLON WRITES HIS FIRST AND LAST CRY-LETTER
Dear CRY staff,

1107 Amador Ave., Berkeley 7, Calif.

Having read my first copy of CRY (#139) I can't help thinking that you're all a little nuts; and I'm glad about it since it probably helped you put such a fine zine together.

To Elinor Busby: You're darn right about THE VIRGIN AND THE SWINE being difficult to find. I've been looking for a copy for the last two years, ever since the ARKHAM HOUSE book WITCH HOUSE, came my way.

Enjoyed all the items except Fannish Music Festival, which I just didn't follow. Also special congratulations to F M Busby for his editorializing in With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle.

Looking back over this letter with its weird sentence structure and lousy spelling and sloppy typing I think I'll not write again.

Yours,

William Hanlon

HAL LYNCH, SON OF SOGGY OOF
Dear Weeds of Crym

McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23rd St., New York 11, N.Y.

WWW, I am joyful that Betty Kujawa has exposed you for what you are: a chipmunk, albeit the world's tallest chipmunk. Outside of the trifling miscalculations she made in your dimensions - you are of the lofty, narrow, breed, her description of you was apt. And when I recalled the well-known nut-hoarder of California, I suddenly realized I had stumbled upon one of fandom's best-kept secrets. Fandom is being slowly but surely taken over by Giant Rodentoids....

(Dept. of Exciting Controversial Fansubjects) I can't understand why no fans as yet have made any comments on the recently published theory of a British anthropologist about the seashore-splashing apes. You know the one, about how Man has descended from a race of primates that were forced (for food) to take up a life wading into the oceans or lakes to grab fish and shellfish. Over a million or so years their semi-submerged life lost them their body hair (tho they retained the skull-hair as a sun-shade) they developed erect posture since the water supported their bodies, developed long legs for swimming, and finally learned to use tools by picking up rocks to break open clams, etc. Explains a lot about us - and with all the SF "prehistoric" tales published through the years, do any fans know of any stories where Oof and Aag were depicted as beachcombers? I can't think of a one.
heygonserstraightenemout

Hal Lynch

BETTY KUJAWA WRITES CRY ON FRIDAY THE 13TH
Dear Vunderful Vally;

2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dolling did I tell you that the population of our town hasn't changed for over 150 years??????? Every time a baby is born someone leaves town. (Just goes to prove that sex and stf don't mix. -www)

WAIL OF THE BURPLESS was a lil darb but I have to rate it in second place in The Sweet Revenge Dept. as Rich Brown's imaginary CRY review took the ever-lovin' cake. He even had me confused till I got to--"Really! Toskey? To be married?" ---then I knew. Have read the darn thing thru three times now and it grows on you. (excellent place here for a Weberwisecrack). (Uh...er...ummm...Did you know Seattle's population hasn't changed in 150 years? -www)

Just went and reread HARP STATESIDE -- my opinion still stands.

And now to CRY 139. I really liked that Atom cover. Very very classy.

Are we never to know the explanation for those missing pages??????? (No! Never! -www) Never???? (Well...hardly ever. -www)

Happy-happy to see Elinor's column. I agree, I agree most definitely with her---the 'fantasy world' does belong right here on Earth. For my money anyway. There must be some tie with reality--or locale--or folk memory to stir the heart or the imagination. Yes.

I found Terry Carr's FANDOM HARVEST extremely interesting this time--predictions always get me. And some of this made sense--some was frightening----no CRY??? Englishfandom falling away??? Locke completely out of Fandom???? YANDRO an irregular???? Tell me you jest, Terry, tell me you jest.

Renfrew's PLOW I have a crying need for--and I'm gonna order the FU Omnibus. This sort of dept. is a great help to me--don't stop it.

Mal Ashworth I enjoyed. J. Les Piper--hmnnnnnnnnnn right up to that last cartoon I was expecting a MUCH different punch-line. (So was J. Les Piper. -www)

Ghod that FANNISH MUSIC FESTIVAL announcement was really clever---that should be pubed in other zines all over the place--cute, funny, witty and deserving of the widest audience possible. A hilarious way to plug TAFF. (ERIC BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFF---in case you didn't know...) (You mean he'll run again after Mal beats him this time? -www)

About F.M. and his KEEN BLUE EYES-----I heartily agree with my Republican comrade. Seriously now, he said things that needed to be said on that deal of some fans and their lack of scruples. About time such capers were viewed in the proper perspective. Y'know, even if 98% of fans pulled such pranks it STILL wouldn't make it 'right'.

I relished Les'es letter from the future, too. Lots of lil touches in there about the centuries ahead that were quite choice---geeeee all these witty clever fans we have.

CRYOTHEADERS was better than ever what with all the cries, howls, demands and what-

have-you over those missing pages. Was reading it in bed last night while Gene was trying to watch a war movie on the telly. Infuriated him no end with my out-loud-laughter. But who could help laughing--how you'll ever top this I dunno!!

Harry Warner: Would god it had been the Kujawas that had bought your newspaper---you may not care for your new owner---the family is a friend of our family and they are VERY stiffish as to demon rum and like that. No doubt their policy with your paper will be as it has been with us, lo these many years-----no liquor adverts--everything WCTU forever. Yes indeed whatta glorious fanzine it might have been!

Ella Parker: what constitutes an alien appearance??? Why that's easy--something that is 6 feet tall, built like a gorilla and blushes furiously. Right, Wally??? ({...-www})
But enough---- Bye----

Betty

BOB SMITH BELIEVE IN WEBER

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA.

Dear Cry Eds:

Some comments on Cry 138. Not a bad sort of cover that, but nothing outstanding. The Berry Saga (sob) is drawing to it's close by the looks of "The White Fury." The Goon didn't send me quite so much this time, but the man has done pretty well for some 130 pages in six issues of Cry (see, Bob Lichtman: I'm a good total-upper, too!), so who am I to whine now? Good on yer, John! George Locke's piece was humorous in places, but George is a traitor to his country: suggesting that the sun does not warm that fair land of his. Shame, George. Before I left England we used to glory in the Summer months -- mainly, trying to bet on which day the sun would shine that year. The Nick Falasca whatsit didn't mean much to me; not knowing who Daddy Warbucks is, or being clued up on White House types. I wonder how long it'd take an alien to reach Mr. K in Russia; or get into Buckingham Palace; or get to see the Emperor in Tokyo? As I mentioned in a letter back in Cry 128, aliens who dig up fanzines will get a damn queer picture of Homo Sap... Mal Ashworth has obviously pursued this to it's mind-rotting conclusion! Nothing original in this, or his effort in Cry 137, but entertaining. J. Les Piper funny, as usual.

Letter-col: Ted Forsyth: I never used to believe in the Weber, but look: no horrible puns in the letter-col! Only a humane human could do this to us Cry fen when we pleads with him. Betty Kujawa: FU is (was) pretty terrible, wasn't it? The first issue ever hit the stands here in Australia recently; will no doubt be the last if the zine has folded. It looked like an old pulp, felt like one, smelt like one, and as you say, the material was awful. Was somewhat of a shock to me because the last ish I saw of FU was a 1955 one, and the mag was pretty good then. Ted Forsyth: Eh! Watsis? Twice in one letter-col! Looks like them London charlies are about to Take Over Cry's letter-col...I must cultivate a friendship with the charming Ella Parker, or all will be lost. Ella Parker: I still don't see how you can comment on one ish of Cry and make it into the next with said letter. Bhoy! That's telling that Weber, who insults such a wonderful person as yourself...remember me when you Take Over, won't you... George Locke: How about fanzine editors who 'tamper' with the contributor's material? Would you consider them a menace also, as I do? This is currently being thrashed out in a certain Australian fanzine by a certain editor and numerous letterhacks, after said editor did just that. Boyd Raeburn: According to S. J. Perelman cockroaches are put there by hotel managers to make people feel at home. Care to comment? Heard the latest Aussie disc: "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Mate"?

Before I go, a tearful plea to other Australian fans: I'm getting sick and tired and lonely by myself in the Cry letter-column; how about spending a measly 'ole 10d on an aerogramme and writing a letter? Certain fans in the U.S. and England find it hard to believe Australian Fandom exists, and I'm beginning to wonder myself.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

LEN MOFFATT SMILES AGAIN

10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Dear Buz,

May as well make a few comments on CRY #139:

Berry was in many respects just as interesting and entertaining in telling of his return home as he was in other parts of the saga. More cynical fen might sneer or even psneer

at that last line (... "Daddy's home.") but I must admit to a small lump in my throat when I read it.

I agree with Elinor that earth-bound fantasies are more convincing and satisfying. I should say earth-located rather than earth-bound. After all, in some fantasies the weird critters do come from unearthly places but the reader can get into the tale much easier if most of the action is in familiar places.

Terry's crystal balling was quite interesting and amusing, and a clever way of sticking out one's neck. That is, I'm sure his tongue was in his cheek as he extended his neck in each prediction, and if someone does pounce on him five years from now with some such comment as "Hah! You were wrong about LA fandom!" or whatever, he will merely smile and shrug. (I predict Bill Donaho will do the pouncing and Terry will never smile again.-www))

Good Ashworth this time, too, and sure hope he wins TAFF, yes indeedy.

Franson was only mildly amusing this time, but smile provoking none the less.

Got a kick out of the way most of us fell for the Burbee article bit, and an even bigger kick out of those who "knew it all the time". Anyway, it would be a real kick now to have Burb write an article under that title and send it to CRY for actual publication....

Love and Best Wishes to you and Elinor from Anna and me, and Give Same for us to rest of the CRYgang, and, of course, Keep Smiling!

Len

E. E. GREENLEAF, Jr. EXPOSES LETTERCOL EDITOR

1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Dear Sergeant Saturn:

It took years, but I found you! I figured that you would have to end up riding herd on a letter column and a bunch of letterhacks, because you were qualified to do that above all else. Put it bluntly: you don't know how to do anything else. But what decided me was the mutilated #138. Either that is one of your April Fool gags from the Good Old Days, or else you and your crew (Snaggle-Tooth, Wart-Ears, and Frog-Eyes) have been at the Xeno jug again. (You Lunar-legged pee-lot, any more back-blast from you or the rest of the kiwi-crowd and I'll have Snaggie bottle the batch of you space-scummed, fleebie-fanged orbit-botchers in Xeno sediment and...and... Eh, heh-heh-heh, er, just going along with the gag, y'know. eheh. eh. hhhhg...-www))

Terry's column was most interesting. I don't think that the prozines will ever die out completely. What will happen is that the casual reader who prefers to watch Gunsmoke will drift away from the magazines, leaving the people who like to read. Perhaps with most of the yuttish population being exhorted to sniff their armpits while they laugh at Milton Berle, the magazines will be able to concentrate on pleasing the literate minority.

The Music Festival sounds like a Good Idea. Too bad I missed it. I think the orchestral selections should have included DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION by Tucker.

Buz, your comments re: the more unsavory characters which slip into fandom now and then are deserving of thought. I, myself, have been lucky enough to avoid contact with out-and-out dishonest or undesirable individuals. But I have invited a few fans to my home who turned out to lack even elementary training in the social graces. It is most embarrassing to introduce someone to your family and have said person completely ignore the introduction. Thank Ghu there are more than enough refined people in fandom to counter-balance them!

I got my CRY Letterhack card in the same mail with your April Fool issue. Currently I am carrying it in my wallet. I pray to Ghu that I'm not in an accident, and people have to root through my wallet in search of identification. They'd probably leave me to die.

If Ella wants to know what is more horrible than an octopus, I could tell her. I saw it wandering around at Detroit. It was wearing a beanie with three propellers. (Y'know, if I really thought you were referring to me, I'd arrange an accident at which it would be necessary for people to search your wallet for identification. -www))

Don Anderson says that to be really in fandom you must have been bitched at by Ted White. I'm crushed and disillusioned. Stan Woolston tried to choke me to death. Randall Garrett tried to set me on fire. Lynn Hickman has called me a jinx. I thought I had been accepted. But I see that I have yet to pass my final exam. Ted, bitch at me, please.

Since I can't think of anything else insulting to say to Weber, I'll close for now.

Emile

H. P. SANDERSON FOR TAFF (some other time) "Inchmery" 236 Queens Road, New Cross,
Dear CRY Gang: London SE 14. England

I appear to have started a collection of pieces of pasteboard covered with strange devices, and I guess it's about time I tried to get one reading "certified CRY letterhack."

CRY 138 is in front of me at this moment (you really should do something about starting volume 2, you know. It makes me shudder every time I see a three figure number spread over your cover. It's obscene, almost) and for once I can't say I care greatly for the cover. It's vaguely Dave Englishish -- okay, so I've used D.E. myself -- maybe it's the vagueness of this that makes me dislike it?

Berry, of course, is marvellous.

I'm really pleased to see old George Locke spreading himself around in more and more fanzines. He's going to be like Berry, you know.

((Sandy, you forgot to send me page 2 of your letter! And page 3 starts out, "but I insisted you were pretty broad-minded so I don't think anyone need worry about it."!!!-ww))

But back to the letters. You can't know how happy it makes me to see my plans coming to fruition. First, think of all the scheming and subterfuge that has been used. Right back there in 1956 I said to myself that I had to take over CRY because one day it would be voted the best fanzine in the world. So I took over Inchmery Fandom and then Inchmery gradually took over the London Circle and made it into the SFCoL. The SFCoL has now taken over the BSFA and CRY -- at least I can see no other reason behind the fact that Ella and Jim Groves are the new Secretary and Editor respectively of the BSFA, and the fact that you have been forced to publish this endless streams of letters from Patrizio, Forsyth, Groves, Locke, Parker et al. Success is mine!

Oh well, I like CRY, so I think I'll let you carry on as normal.

Ys

Sandy

D. B. WHITTIER WILL PUBLISH MISSING PAGES!!!

Arlington, Texas

Lieber CRY readers,

The time has come to revolt! Too Long have we suffered the vile machinations of the current CRY staff. The wholesale deletion of pages 19-22 in CRY 138 is a warning we should take to heart. We should militantly protest this unfeeling action and should show that we are not only prepared, but willing to take over the CRY.

I gather that through an oversight, one or more copies that got out still had the vital pages left in. To show that we mean business I propose that any recipient of those four pages copy them out, or trust me with them - they'll be returned without fail - and send them to me. I shall then indite them on stencils and include them in the next issue of UR which will then be furnished to any CRY readers who request it.. Then, unless the administration watches its step and behaves in the future, we'll request that all contributions which were to be sent to that discreditable group be sent to us and we shall start publishing our beloved CRY.

Kudos to the courageous British fen and B. Kujawa who slyly gave the administration a taste of their own medicine.

Despite the dereliction in CRY 138, 139 was received gratefully and met the previous high standards. This issue of CRY had some nicely serious articles as well as M'lashworth, and once again Buz's Keen Blue Eyes have spotted Something Which Needs Attention. The problem of ethics and morality is not confined to fandom. The concept that whatever one can get away with is legal is heartily to be deCRYed.

Yrs,

Dorcas

((When you get the four missing pages run off, will you please send copies to us? -www))

BILL MALLARDI SENDS LETTUCE

214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio

DEAR KWAIING "FLAWLESS WALLESS",

I'M FORCED TO COMMENT ON CRY#139, SINCE MY SUB HAD SPEEDILY EXPIRED. BUT JUST IN CASE, ENCLOSED MIT DIS IS TWO PIECES OF LETTUCE TO RENEW MY SUB FOR ANOTHER YEAR. (DO CHIPMONKS LIKE LETTUCE???) ((This chipmonk likes the brand you sent. More! -www))

THE COVER BY ATOM WUZ VERY GOOD, BUT 'OW IN 'ELL DID ATOM KNOW THOSE ROOSSIAN'S WERE GONNA PUT THAT SHIP INTO SPACE??? IT MITE BE PROPHEPIC, TOO, ATOM SHOWING THE SPACESHIP

WRECKED LIKE THAT.

"TGW": THIS TIME I ESPECIALLY GOT A KICK OUT OF THE "CLERGYMAN EPISODE". BUT THEN HIS (BERRY'S) EXPERIENCE WITH THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL AFFECTED ME JUST THE OPPOSITE. I WUZ SO MAD THAT I WISHED I COULD'VE BEEN THERE TO KA-BONG THAT NASTY CUSTOMS MAN!

GLAD TO SEE ELINOR'S GOT A COL, HOPE IT'S A PERMANENT THING. BUT THAT NAME!?

RAPP'S "WAIL OF THE ETC.." WAS FUNNY. BUT DOES TOSK REALLY TALK LIKE THAT ALLA TIME? (Not at all. When he's eating, his words are slightly muffled, and once he had laryngitis and had to just listen for a whole day. -www-)

TERRY'S SERIOUS "FH" WUZ ALSO ENJOYED. HOPE I'M AROUND IN 5 YEARS TO SEE IF TERRY'S PREDICTIONS COME TRUE.

MAL'S PIECE WAS DIFFERENT, & ALSO INTERESTING. AM FEVERISHLY WAITING TO SEE NEXT-ISH.

THE "F M F" WUZ DOWNRIGHT HILARIOUS!! GOOD WORK, FRANSON, BUT YOU SHOULDA HAD "THE NUTCRACKER SUITE" BY ELLIK & WEBER!!!!HAH!?

BUZ'S ARTICLE WUZ SHARP & TO THE POINT. I WORK(?) INNA GROCERY STORE AND LET ME TELL YOU THAT THE SHOPLIFTERS DO AFFECT THE PRICES, A'RITE. AND MOST STORES DON'T WANT TO FILE CHARGES AGAINST THE PERSON CAUGHT FOR FEAR OF LOSING HIM & POSSIBLY HIS NEIGHBORS AS CUSTOMERS.

"WTHDATIM" (WHUT THE HELL DOES ALL THOSE INITIALS MEAN?????)

BEMMICALLY,

Bill (Bem)

ETHEL LINDSAY, ABASHED OR SOMETHING
Dear Wally,

Courage House, 6, Langley Ave., Surbiton. Surrey
England.

Gee! I got promoted..first letter in the Cry letter column..I am all abashed. or something.

Cry 139. Enjoyed John's tale of his travels. It is funny when you think of it though, here he has been seen by dozens of American fans, and he hasn't been once over to Britain, so much nearer at hand. Do you think we should complain that we are neglected?

Poo, I don't like the name Elinor chose for her column. I like her column though, even if it is too short.

While Terry's reading of his private crystal ball was interesting, I think he is quite off the beam with many of them. Ompa a purely USA apa. Never! And the London Circle healthy and flourishing, I should live to see the day...

Frankly I envy Mal his courage in attempting to put Irene and Ken Potter on paper. He has made a good job of it alright, though naturally he cannot present them fully as they are. I have yet to introduce Irene to my Fez readers, and I have been thinking that only a moving picture could do her full justice. What she says is often witty and funny, but she really should have been an actress, for the faces she pulls while she says it, has me in stitches.

Maybe I am nuts, but I would dearly love to hear that concert that Donald Franson set up.

Was rendered very thoughtful by Buz's remarks on fan ethics. It is difficult to know where to draw the line. I judge it best this way..what I consider 'going too far' for myself, I think is a fair way to assess other people.

All in all, a jolly good Cry and well calculated to keep it high in the lists of 'best zine'. May this long continue.

bestest,

Ethel

N. THOMPSON, TENDERFOOT CRYHACK
Greetings:

3616 Panola, Ft. Worth 3; Texas

No, I'm not the draft board. Just a brand new fan with a few comments.

First off, is that guy on the cover looking for his watch crystal or doing a special penance or what? (He's the idiot postman who was supposed to deliver 4 pages of CRY138.)

Tell Buz not to complain about more pages in Cry. Work builds character, I hear tell.

I like Berry's style very much. Elinor is swell, too. "Fandom Harvest" all but lost me on abbreviations, but I did try saying "Balderdash!" a couple of times and it is a gorgeous word. For the rest, I enjoyed especially the "Legends of Lancaster Layabouts."

So -- on to the letter column. I have a gripe. It seems, suh, that I detect in one or two places, a charge of inefficiency against Uncle Sam's P.O., which gives me my pin money now and anon. Such charges I deeply resent. I don't deny 'em but I do resent 'em.

Hooray! My first copy of Cry came after the one with pages missing. This one had all its pages and I truly enjoyed every one of them. I am looking forward with delicious shivers to the next ish.

Regards and things,

Tex

JOE PATRIZIO DELIGHTED BY BURBEE ARTICLE

72 Glenvarloch Cres. EDINBURGH 9 Scotland

Dear Wally,

You can imagine my delight when I saw on the contents page of CRY #138 -- "The Night Laney Blushed" by Charles E. Burbee. But what happens? You can insert an ad in CRY, like, "Fan with gaping hole in fmz. would like to meet another, with four extra pages".

Now to more pleasant things--like the cover? I'm afraid I didn't like it very much. Well, you don't expect me to rave about everything in CRY, do you? (But so far this issue you haven't raved about anything. -www)) TGGW, although good, didn't seem to have the sparkle that the earlier episodes had. That was a pretty good idea by George Locke, and he developed it well, too.

Buz airs a couple of good points about Ted Johnstone's Tolkien Club. I agree entirely with his ideas about Associate Members. One other thing, what happens when people run out of subjects for original papers on the trilogy? (You should know fans well enough to be able to answer that. Even before such subjects are exhausted, fans will be writting papers on other fans' papers. -www))

The fact that what the ending to Mal Ashworth's story would be was pretty obvious from the beginning didn't make it any less readable. This was good Mal Ashworth, so no more need be said.

"The Well-Adjusted Fan" in thish was just about the best I have seen of this series -- no, I'll go further, it was the best (at least I thot so).

Rich Brown. Maybe if I'm lucky rich brown won't tell me what the Sturgeon Postulate is.

Well, that's all for now, and remember, keep your gab steekit when you kenna your company. (Locke! Raeburn! Halp!! -www))

Best,

Joe

MIKE DECKINGER FOOLS US HERE

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey

Dear CRY editors (hah! fooled you there),

Berry's battle with the customs official was interesting as usual, but maybe it would have been wiser if John had stated right away that his profession was a smuggler.

The advent of Elinor's column seems like a good thing. I don't particularly think that fantasy has to be confined to good ol' Mother Earth to make it worthwhile, though. Look, what about Leigh Brackett, who used Venus as setting for some of her pseudo sf tales. Then there's SHAMBLEAU, and Bradbury's "THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES."

Rapp's little pseudo article was most amusing. Actually, in my case it was different, you see I got pages 19-22 of CRY 138, but I'm MISSING ALL THE OTHER PAGES.

Terry Carr contributed one of his most worthwhile and interesting FANDOM HARVESTs that he's done in a long time. I can't wait till 1965 rolls around to see just how (in)accurate he was.

I got a copy of the FU OMNIBUS from the publishers too. This volume can't do any good to FU, now that it's folded, but perhaps it will sell by itself. Frankly, I was disappointed in several items there. The William Tenn story about the girl who was a vampire was carried out very poorly; I know Tenn could have done better. Asimov's "FIRST LAW" had a strained punchline, which just did not seem right, even though it was supposed to.

Say, did you see the John Berry story in the latest F&SF? I hope every CRY-fan read it, even if he isn't the same Berry.

Pemby should have dissected (literally) the Beacon sf novels, which have done more to set sf back twenty years than anything else. They are purely sex for sex's sake stories, and have practically no literary value at all.

I really got a laugh out of Franson's FANNISH MUSIC FESTIVAL. How about "I AINT GOT NOBODY" sung by Leslie Nirenberg and "HAPPY TALK" done by Ted White. And you can't omit "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES" sung by Jon Lackey. Oh, the possibilities are infinite.

Now, anent your keen blue eyes remarks about morality and ethics and all that. You make an issue that the 5 people involved were fans, and seem to expect fans to act above "normal" people. I wouldn't expect a desperate person who was terribly in need of something not to steal it just because he was a fan. Thefts and other such misdemeanors are partially the fault of society itself, and the blame does not rest fully on the shoulders of the guilty person. There are thefts because there is a need to steal things. Would you say a starving man who stole a loaf of bread is guilty? (Shucks, any fool can tell the guy is innocent. It's the fellow who paid money for the bread at the supermarket who is guilty. -www)) Laws are made by human beings, and their very existence proves that such guilty acts can and will be committed. So Buz, please don't appeal to anyone's fanish sense of ethics to be a good person--it just doesn't exist. As with the fans sleeping in other rooms at con hotels, this is carried on purely for economic reasons. (Just like bank robberies, huh? -www)) Money is dear to many people. Sure, it's against the hotel's rules, but murder is against the law, too, but do you think that's stopped anybody? (You got me there, Mike; in fact I'm gonna get some sort of murder weapon tomorrow the first chance I get to steal one. -www))

By the way, the CotR seemed distinguished this issue, because you went out of your way to show that I wasn't the only one who was robbed last issue. But tell me, you never offered an explanation to the ploy, and what of all of us who sent in stamps, etc. etc. for the missing pages? (Oh yeah. Thanks, fellas, for all the stamps etc. -www)) If Garcone ate the pages with the Burbee article then it's apparent what he was looking for, though I should think that EX-LAX would work just as well.

I think Bratmon's wrong about Burbee not liking to cut stencils. I'm sure Burb takes a scissors to them at every opportunity he can get.

In my opinion, an alien appearance on a being would be anything that doesn't resemble a normal human. For instance, a being with 4 arms would be properly alien, while one with 6 fingers could just as well be a human. (Typing this page, I just noticed I have ten thumbs. How does that rate me? -www))

FISFF

SIN cerely,
Mike Deckinger

NORM BETCALF WITH ANOTHER CHANGE OF ADDRESS
Dear Wally,

Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

ATom's cover is one of the most spectacular in recent issues.

So we were all wrong, there is more to "TGGW". So the concluding chapter will come when Berry returns from his TAFF trip. So this will never end and the mag will change it's title to Cry of Berry.

Elinor: As far as I'm concerned fantasy can take place anywhere. For your example of The Worm Ouroboros we're told that Lessingham is on Mercury and then Lessingham disappears from the scene leaving with a straight adventure story laid on a world which definitely is not Mercury and just as definitely isn't anywhere but in the mind of Eddison. To me the Worm is quite effective even though the setting isn't on earth. But it took Eddison many scores of pages to achieve this sense of reality. So I begin to perceive what you're driving at. Within the length of the average fantasy story there isn't room to create another world and build up a fantasy on it. A further example of this is Jay Williams' Solomon and Sheba. Williams has a greater problem here than in his sf stories, for the story mustn't go beyond the Bible or he'll lose part of his readership, yet it must go beyond the Biblical account or he won't have any story to tell. Portions of the Psalms are used, as well as parts of "The Song of Solomon" and fitted into the narrative for use in characterization. So we see that Williams is using part of the familiar to bolster the unfamiliar. This is in line with Fletcher Pratt's dictum to use only one fantastic element in a story.

Carr has hit the nail on the head with regards to N'APA. There are quite a few people joining the NFFF only for N'APA.

Piper and Franson are quite good, but then they usually are.
Time to get some sleep, that precious commodity.

Best,

Norm

DICK SCHULTZ AND TWENTY-TWO PAGES OF LETTERS!

19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

Dear Wallace W. Weber, Esq.; (Das unaussprechlichen alte Herran;)

There's a major defect in the copy of CRY #138 that I received, so I'm returning it to you. Phooey on fan-eds who weed out typos and leave out whole pages at the same time.

Before I wade into CRY #138, I'll like to make a few comments about Project Art Show. First off, BJO is Dictator-in-charge. A formal club has been all but set up already with dues (artists, \$3.00 per year, non-artist members \$4.00) about four officers, and hopes of making PAS a continuing yearly project.

All art for the Pittcon is being securely packaged and insured and sent to Joni Cornell, who lives near Pittsburgh. Return postage should be included. (Particularly if you address your package to "near Pittsburgh." -www) There will be no insurance at the Con, but the art will be guarded. The art will be divided into two sections; for sale and not for sale. Put your suggested price on the back if you're willing for it to be sold. If you don't know what it's worth, just ask the PAS staff and they'll price it. For further info, write Bjo Wells.

Now to that beast laying before me, CRY #138. When I first saw it, I immediately ran for my bayonet. Not to defend myself. To pull the staples out. Then, I saw the cover and immediately reached for my bayonet. No, not to pull staples; to defend myself.

Isn't it marvelous to see old, virtually retired fen crawl from der voodvork out whenever they get a TAFF nomination? Which pretty well sums up my reasons for not voting for Mal. Eric the Bent is the man. It was a painful decision, because Sandy Sanderson is also just as good a choice, in my opinion. (Glad to see you teaming up with everyone but Mal. That should cinch an Ashworth victory if anything will. -www) In any event, Mal, Sandy or Eric -- the first drink's on me! See ye at the PittCon. --if I make it.

IT'S LIES! ALL LIES! I'm the official cry-page-total-upper! Bob Lichtman is nothing but a dirty un-principled thief!

I like Shirmen and the Muster of Rohan the best of your proposed titles for the Ring Trilogy buffs. They sound more medieval than the others. Sort of "strange-sounding-name-ish, if you read me five by five.

(And now on to your second letter, just to cheat you out of one free issue. -www) G*****T! WHERE'S MY COMPLETE CRY #138? G*****T! WHY DIDN'T YOU PRINT SOME OF THAT 11-PAGE LETTER OF MINE? (It was just an impulse, I guess. -www)

Anyways, on to happier things. Like my C*O*M*P*L*E*T*E CRY #139.

As Bob is continuing to usurp my position as the First Original Real and True CRY page-counter-upper, I guess I might as well let him do so, if it gifts his puny childish mind enjoyment. The total so far, by the way, is now 307.

Bob's got nothing on me. A quick glance at Ron Bennett's Fan Directory will give any one a sense of loss and befuddlement. Dozens of the peeples within I've never even heard of. And Don Ford says that he has a map of the U.S. showing the geographic location of some 2000 fen. Eich, and such like, like I'm lost, I be.

Speaking of Don Ford: Banjo and Terry would certainly have done heaps to counteract the numbing effect of having a hotel pulled out from under ye, but it took Don's slides to really put the Con over until the shell shock wore off.

True, fmz politicing can't influence the Con site bids too much. It seems to be something about fmz fen. For some reason, they just don't seem to have the stick-to-itiveness necessary to gairn, and put on a WorldCon. How many cons were put on by fmz fen, before the SoLACon? I guess you might throw in the LonWorldCon, but over there the distinction is hazy. Now, it's pretty certain who's going to get the '61 WorldCon. And that's by fmz fen. But who else is bidding? (Frankly, I can't sleep nights for wondering. -www)

Don't let Stiles and Betty rile ye, Wally. I'll NEVER say that you look like a chipmunk. True, you do look like a rodent, but not a chipmunk. More like a rat.

See youse...

Dick

This has to stop someplace, so ye lettercol-ed will now mention that...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM (Very Private) GEORGE W. LOCKE, who accuses me of being Leslie Nirenberg, and wants to get on the SAPS waiting list. George, and anyone else interested in joining SAPS, should contact Richard Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia. JOHN BOSTON says, "Neofans are not worth 20¢! I'm one myself, so I know!" BRIAN JORDAN sends us a mimeod "Letter pre-supplement" in which he relates how difficult it is to buy Gestetner supplies from the Gestetner dealer. TEDD BEEGLE explains that he didn't grouch about 4 missing pages in #138 because he knew we would make up for it, and then he goes on to say, "And I was right! You included two copies of page 23-24! Thanks loads." JEFF WANSHEL taunts us with, "Hoog! Now that I've made Hyphen, the CRY means nothing in the slightest to me," and later on relates how fandom nearly lost its Fuzzlehead when he jestingly informed a Cuban customs official that his trumpet case contained a machine-gun. ARCHIE MERCER wants pages 19-23 to add to his copy of #138, and seems to think the only possible title for the Fellowship of the Ring organisation would be, "The Shire." KEN HEDBERG gleefully writes, "Congrats! You were the first to print one of my letters. I predict Cry will fold within three issues." ED LUDWIG wants to know what sort of material we would like to receive from the NFFF Manuscript Bureau -- a tough question to answer. BRUCE HENSTELL reluctantly allowed his classmates to read his CRY letter, and he reports, "They read it and din't understand it and now concenter me somewhat 'different'." EDMUND R. MESKYS sends a postcard full of threats because of 4 missing pages from one of his CRYs and then follows up with a letter containing money and the following question, "How could Tosk get a PhD & be in SAPS! Measly old N'apa & a Master's are locked in mortal combat over my exhausted body!" I have forwarded this question to the University of Washington, but they haven't answered my letters, they hang up on me on the phone, and the guards have instructions now to keep me off the campus, so I can only attribute Toskey's PhD to the man's indomitable will. DONALD W. ANDERSON enjoyed Rapp's article, and queries, "I wonder what a CRY put out by sober publishers would look like?" I have no real way of knowing, but I suspect it would look something like pages 19-23 of #138. TED FORSYTH puts us at ease with the information that, "Since Ella has so much work to do she will not be writing," but follows this news with a warning to expect ORION. STEVE STILES uses a typewriter this time, and writes, "Ella Parker has decided to make you into a giraffe; this is ridiculous, where am I going to get a critter like that to skin?" The USS JOHN TRIBLE informs us that he's found Franson out. "Yes! Donald Subliminal Franson works for Jolly Time Popcorn." GEORGE WELLS describes Gerber, White, Meskys, Wanshell, Stiles, Reiss, Breen, Garrett, and Silverberg for us, and confesses that, "I would like to know what their impression of me was, but I don't dare ask." MARTIN LEVINE wants to know, "How come the April CRY came with 7-1/2 centsworth of stamps, and the four-page-shorter May issue with 8-1/2?" And I want to know why everyone is asking such hard questions this issue? IAN McAULAY and KLAUS EYLMANN tell us they haven't been getting the CRYs they ordered, REV. C. M. MOORHEAD, MIKE F. DOMINA, and CRAIG COCHRAN subscribe for themselves, and SETH A. JOHNSON subs for STURE SEDOLIN. And, gosh, here's two letters from JOHN BERRY I should have printed in which he says he entered the photo Tosk took at Mount Rainier in a photographic competition, and tells us he's all set to start sending articles in time for the August issue, which means you and you and you out there will not want to let your subs lapse just because TGGW can be had in one glorious chunk. Thas all for now. See you at the BOYCON??? -WwW

TAFF votes and contributions must reach Bob Madle or Ron Bennett by June 15, 1960, if you wish to influence the choice as well as to insure that a TAFFman makes it to PITCon. Mal Ashworth for TAFF!, say we with a fond glance back at pages 13-15 of this issue. But regardless of which of the three worthy candidates (Mal, Sandy Sanderson, or Eric Bentcliffe) wins the nod, the important thing is to make sure that funds are on hand to bring the winner's victory to fruition at PITCon. So vote if you can, but contribute, regardless, and be a winner in your own right! Good deal.

A WesterCon Rotation Plan, the product of much cogitation between Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, myself, and others, will be presented to the assembled multitudes at Boise. If the consensus is favorable, it is hoped that the '61 WesterCon Committee will circulate ballots (we'll print 'em) to the WesterCon-going general public for decision. The Plan is absolutely rife with safeguards and precautions... -FMB.

PITTCON PUBLICITY RELEASE....May 1, 1960

The second Progress Report is complete and will be distributed in May. Included with it will be the final ballot for the Hugo Awards.

A balanced program of both fan and professional events is in the final stages of preparation. Bob Pavlat will be moderator of a panel entitled "The Science Fiction Fan Club, Form and Function". The Chicago fans will present the play, "Requiem for a Fake Fan". Don Ford, TAFF representative to England, will give an account of his trip. Lynn Hickman will preside over the "Fanzine Editors Panel". Philip Jose Farmer will talk on "Is the Science Fiction Fan a Victorian?" The title of James Blish's speech is "A Question of Content". By the way, Blish has broken into the Ziff-Davis twins and thus rendered obsolete a portion of the write-up about him in the first Progress Report. Earl Kemp has lined up what we feel will be one of the stellar events at the convention but we'll tease you by keeping it secret a while longer.

Bjo Wells is heading the Fan Art Exhibit; an event unique to the PITTCON, which should amply demonstrate the artistic talents developed in science fiction fandom.

Along with the above will the traditional convention events--auction, masquerade, Hugo awards, banquet, etc.

The PITTCON Committee has as its single aim to provide an interesting, entertaining, and enjoyable 18th World Science Fiction Convention. It needs the cooperation and assistance of all science fiction adherents. Above all, your presence at the convention is needed to make it complete.

GENERAL NEWS: We have just heard that Damon Knight is the principal speaker at Eastern Michigan University's annual Book Fair, July 14-15.

((So get your Registration Fees in to PITTCON, 1453 Barnsdale Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania. Make checks payable to P Schuyler Miller; OK???)

Dirce Archer, Chairman
PITTCON

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