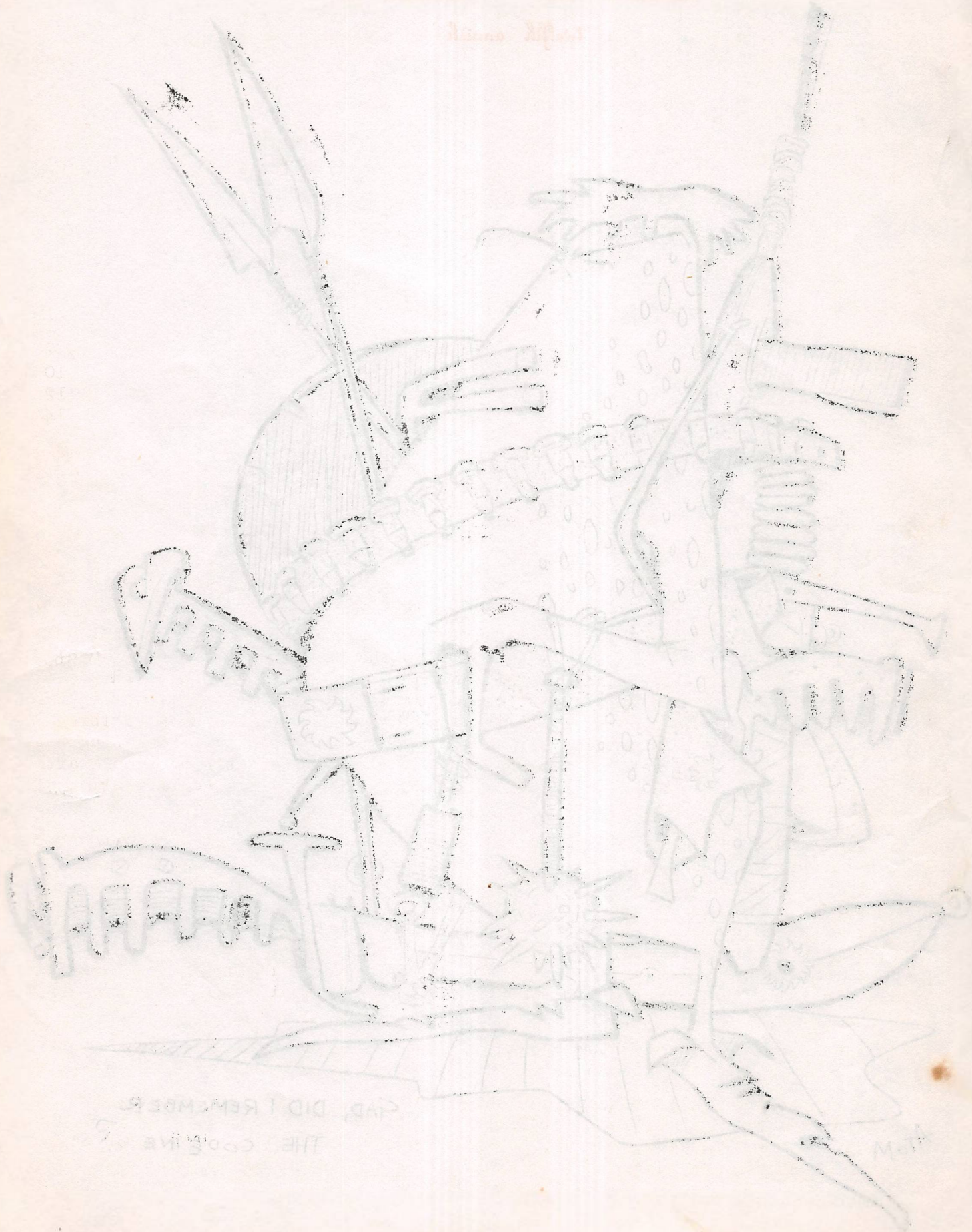




GAD, DID I REMEMBER
THE CODEINE ?

CRY
TANTALUS 1923 NUMBER 10
Lafayette



THE COOLIDGE
AND DID I REMEMBER

1923

P a g e T h r e e of CRY 156, January 1962,

the Winds of Time having made it the 12th Annish.
Twelve years-- that's not too many. Close, though.

I need a rubber-stamp for this next stuff. Address: Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Checks payable to Elinor Busby. UK agent John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N Ireland. Subscription rates: \$2 or 14/- for 12 issues; \$1 or 7/- for 5; 25¢ or 1/9 per single. Free to contributors who make the grade anywhere within, trades at the Elinorial whim, or maybe you just lucked out. Published mostly-monthly on the Sunday nearest the first of given month, but don't hold your breath waiting for July or September issues; they likely won't exist.

Publication date for CRY 157 (Feb 1962): Sunday, February 4, 1962.

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Illustrative credits: ATom 1 7 16, Wanshel 20, Havagud 62.

Stencillers cut like: Weber 18, Elinor 13, Buz 4.

Predicted staff: Jim Webbert and/or Toskey at the crank, Weber and Busbys in the throng, Gonser with the collator, and you never can tell until it's too late...

**If the actual contents of this zine differ from the above listing it is because someone not excluding myself failed to stick to the script, such as a 3 a m Special Delivery "Fandom Harvest" that is short enough to last-minute-stencil and too timely to hold over-- or a pagecounting that missed my little toe because it was turned under. But in any case, this Page is for once being done up the night before CRY-day the thirty-oneth of December 1961, because it has come to be a real drag waiting until everything is all set and then having to try to do this bit onstencil after the gang has shown up and is understandably yakking happily and (only incidentally) at full blast into my distractable ear. I mean, hell, I'm only superhuman, y'know.

Public Service Dep't: all you people know that ChiconIII comes off around the 1962 Labor Day weekend, and the LA Westercon around the 4th of July. You know all about TAFF and the Willis Fund and Project Art Show, and you might well have heard of Southern Fandom and the Fund to Ruin Raeburn's Stomach Expensively. Now we are not taking sides on this Page; however, if you have been sitting on your fannish duff with respect to some of these enterprises that have your sympathies and have given you their addresses enough times so that it would be redundant to include them here, this is in the nature of a nudge or reminder or downright gross armtwist. Yes.

I would like to say a few well-chosen words about Fallout Shelters, but unluckily our teleport-delivery system is as yet unperfected so that this issue still has to go through the US mails. So I will say no words at all about Fallout Shelters.

You've heard of this teenage game of "Chicken", played with automobiles? We have a variant which is called "Get Bill Evans to his Train". Elinor points out that perhaps from Bill's viewpoint, he has an equivalent called "Trust Buz to Get Me to the Train"! I'm afraid to ask Bill what his version really is.

An dhow issue emir accrues mustn't Ahab anew, your! Deafen Attlee. -- Buz.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF HOMO ELVIS
(or ELFRIDIS)

Marion Zimmer Bradley

Ever since my early days in fandom -- the days of the letter-columns, when a fan's delight was to pick to pieces the scientific background -- or lack of it -- of the various stories -- it's been a habit of mine to work out the scientific possibility of various creatures of fantasy. Of course the example par excellence of this arose from my favorite fantasy novel, Kuttner's "Dark World," where he explains a werewolf as possible:

"But the bones? Specialized osseous tissues, capable under certain conditions of spontaneous alteration....part of it was hypnotism, of course. Matholch was not as wolfish as he seemed. Yet he did change his shape..."

This sort of thing has always delighted me. I still remember the thrill I got when, after carefully investigating the conditions under which a woman might bear "a litter" of six or eight children, as shown in Sturgeon's "The Golden Helix," I received a letter from Sturgeon himself saying in effect, "I just thought it up, without working out the details--and whaddya know, it works!"

Obviously the world of Middle Earth, with its races of -- no, not nonhumans, but quasi-humans, protohumans as it were, co-existing with mankind -- offered a vast field for this biological speculation and inquiry into why the orcs, dwarves, hobbits and elves all developed along their particular lines.

Since a paper on the orcs and hobbits is under progress by another fan, for eventual printing in I PALANTIR, I will not now enter that province, except to remark that the hobbits must have had an abnormally high metabolism -- their huge appetites compared with their size, and their tremendous fertility.

To me, there are several intriguing points about the biology and the psychology of the elves; and this article will be concerned mostly with these points.

First, it seems fairly obvious that the elves and men evolved from a single racial stock, simian in nature. Their cross-fertility would indicate that men and elves are no further apart than the lion and tiger; and since the offspring of men and elves was not a sterile hybrid but an enduring crossbreed with characteristics of both races, they must have been even nearer. The elves, then, can without hesitation be assigned to the genus homo; and for convenience I intend to designate them, in this study, as homo elvis, as distinguished from homo sapiens.

Should any dedicated Tolkien fan feel that I am taking liberties with the Sacred Writings, I reply that the elves do not belong to Tolkien alone, but appear in the mythology of Irish and Nordic peoples, usually displaying those characteristics assigned to them by Dr. Tolkien, and thus indicating the persistence of legendry of a similar race -- which Poul Anderson has explored in "Interloper" -- co-existing with homo sapiens but different in many ways. However, if it makes these 104% fans feel better, they may realize that in homo elvis I am discussing also the chieri, or wood-people, of the Merdinian/Darkover mythos. I cite examples from Tolkien only because Arwen and Galadriel are more familiar than Linnea and Yvante.

I believe the species homo elvis to have descended, perhaps, from a strain of primates somewhat different from that which evolved into homo sapiens; and for various reasons, I would assign this ancestor to be the class of tarsiers. Their dexterity, their light weight compared to their size, and their comparatively more discriminating eyesight already show how homo elvis will differentiate from sapiens.

ANATOMY: Since no specimens are currently available for inspection, far less dissection, we must confine ourselves to superficial observation. The major anatomical difference is that of the structural weight of the bones, which (like those of arboreal animals, or birds) are narrower, hollower and far lighter than those of the relatively heavy sapiens. Such frail bones could not, of course, support any great weight of flesh,

so that obesity was an anti-survival trait bred out of the race at an early stage in development (who ever heard of a fat elf?) and the typical habitus is tall and by human standards, excessively slender.

This gave to them an exceedingly deceptive characteristic of apparent fragility; for in reality they were hardier than mankind. This hardihood was due to a remarkable strength of sinew and muscle, a tensile quality of the connective tissue which prevented ordinary degenerative diseases. This, in part, accounted for their longevity; they seem, as well, to have had some ability to throw off fatigue poisons and thus they did not age noticeably to human eyes.

A fully developed adult male -- the apparent size of a tall man -- would possibly stand 67 inches tall and weigh, perhaps, between fifty and sixty pounds. The women were commonly as tall as the men.

It is a curious fact that grey or very light blue eyes tend to be far-sighted; the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN once printed a study of jet-flyers, who of course must have eyesight of unusual quality -- very far-sighted, capable of distinguishing distant planes traveling at the speed of sound in time to evade them within split seconds, and capable of unusually fast reactions. Normal eyesight is imperfect for a jet flyer. Of the fifty (I think) studied, all but one had light grey eyes. Can we deduce one lingering trait from a single elvis ancestor, millenia ago? The keen eyesight of the elves is obviously linked to their eye color.

Examination of any monkey-house will show a wide variety of ear patterns. Human hearing, though acute, is not as keen as the animal; and the peculiarly curved shell-type ears of the elves must make their hearing trebly acute, which in turn would be so acutely painful that a pleasing voice would be, quite literally, a survival characteristic in homo elvis. This would also explain why rare musical geniuses seem to hear sounds not natural to homo sapiens; the elvish strain again, perhaps, these rare atavisms from those "changelings" which all mythologies mention? An imperfect elvish child, perhaps, placed with humans? And from such a changeling, a heritage of abnormally perfect eyesight or hearing, recessive for generations and appearing in a jet flyer or a musician -- or an athlete, tireless and abnormally co-ordinated?

Their arboreal ancestry and the habit of mimicking would also develop a natural manner of expressing themselves in song; a way of concealing their presence, which would also account for their quality of absolutely noiseless movement in necessity. (This is the condition which has been vulgarized in the joke about "Nobody here but us chickens"; in the early days of the race, it might have been necessary to convince marauders that there was nobody in these trees but a few birds.)

The brain centers are highly organized, with somewhat more cerebral but less medullar activity (the high foreheads of homo elvis) which would make for somewhat inferior instinctive actions but a greater reliance on reason. This would also account (the highly developed language centers) for their "gift of tongues."

GROWTH AND MATURATION: The newly born, like many species of primates, are minute; and because of their slower maturity are less developed at birth than the lesser species. The newborn foal can walk; the newborn kitten is blind but can suck; the newborn human is virtually helpless except for a grasping reflex and a crying reflex; the newborn homo elvis must then be considerably less developed, probably covered with fine downy hair and somewhat monkeylike in appearance. They are exceptionally delicate in contrast to the hardness of the mature species, which is one of the reasons why they do not increase rapidly in numbers. After the first expansion of the lungs the infants do not cry; and they develop vision more quickly than the young of homo sapiens. Also, because of the unusual lightness of their bones, they walk alone at an early age, but they are slower to develop other habits of maturity.

REPRODUCTION: Secondary sex characteristics among homo elvis are minimal; the voices of both male and female are musical but undifferentiated by pitch as is the way among sapiens; a male may speak or sing in what humans would call soprano, or an elf-woman in a pitch relatively deeper than any normal human female. The women are more slender than is common among sapiens, and except when they have unweaned children are not conspicuously mammalian in the fashion of the human female. Both sexes have finer hair than human; the males do not have facial or body hair in the manner of sapiens. A bearded elf is seldom

seen; or possibly they develop beards only in extreme old age.

Despite their extreme longevity, they did not increase in numbers. Unlike the short-lived *homo sapiens*, which only a tremendous sex urge and reproductive drive saved from extinction, such drive would have been anti-survival, rather than pro, in *homo elvis*. Sex drive normally was low, and in some individuals nonexistent; and there is some evidence that it was being bred out of the race altogether. This fact, of course, profoundly affected their psychology; the herd instinct rather than the sex instinct was predominant, so that their overpowering emotions were directed toward their kind in general rather than to one individual; this overflowed in such group activities as their characteristic social patterns of song and their excessive exclusiveness and avoidance of other races. Also, as with some birds and higher primates, they mate for life; they are psychologically monogamous, though probably not physically incapable of a less limited breeding. This alone, however, would not account for their decline in numbers, so we are forced to conclude that the fertility of both sexes was highly erratic and limited; that a woman might be capable of bearing for a total of perhaps three hundred years out of four or five thousand in the lifespan, and that in relatively short periods spaced perhaps fifty to a hundred years apart. The ingrained monogamy would also move against any specific possibility of this kind; for if the fertility of the males was as erratic as that of the females, the mathematically slight possibility of both parents being capable of reproduction simultaneously would almost put each child in the category of a fortunate accident to be greeted with rejoicing. This tendency seems to have been counteracted slightly by the birth of occasional twins; but this alone could not avoid their slow diminishing.

CROSS-FERTILITY WITH HUMANS: That such unions were fertile we have ample evidence. We are informed that in the records of Middle Earth there were only three unions of the High-Elves and men; Lúthien and Beren, Idril and Tuor, and Arwen and Aragorn. We know that in at least two of these cases, (Lúthien and Arwen) the elf-woman lost her immortality and died comparatively young. There is some evidence that this was a matter of choice; but I prefer to discard this as superstition and look with a strictly scientific view at the facts.

We should also note; the survival of an elvish strain in the house of Dol Amroth, among others (see Legolas' greeting to Prince Imrahil) indicates that there must have been several such unions between the other elvish peoples -- the wood-elves, who seem to have been a lesser strain, are most likely -- and *homo sapiens*. (One hobbit family, the Took, had a "fairy" -- i.e., an elvish -- strain.)

It seems to me logical to conclude that bearing the child of a *homo sapiens* is the crucial experience which would result in a loss of her immortality for the elf-woman. It is barely possible that the two races, despite their cross-fertility, contained, in the chemistry of their blood, some mutually antagonistic element which, in placental interchange, might build up antibodies in the mother's blood -- and possibly lessen the peculiar resistance to time and the chemical process of aging. That this is a chemical process transmissible through the genes is shown by the lengthened lifespan of the Halfelven, which gradually lessened as the line of the Kings of Gondor grew further from the elvish strain. Aragorn appears to have been an atavism in many ways, for his lifespan, although not comparable with that of the earliest kings of Gondor who chose to remain mortal, was immensely longer than that of his nearest kin.

Perhaps this is the place to mention that the immense reverence in which the elves were held by mankind, in the early days of the race, might account for the reason why mankind has adopted the monogamous ideal so ill suited to its bio-physical and psychological drives. The elves, well-meaning though they were, occasionally showed a lack of discrimination in their educative processes, as when they taught trees to talk; they may have made a similar mistake when they imposed their monogamous ideal -- or at least demonstrated it -- to a subrace not suited to it.

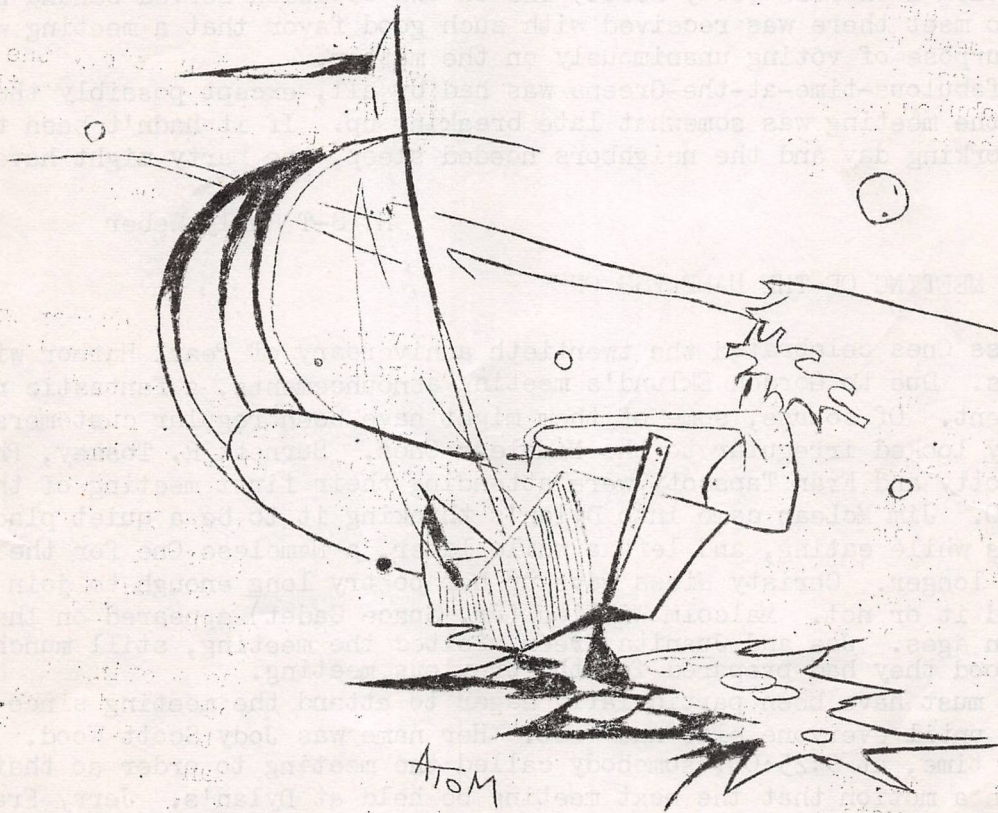
This ideal, however, also demonstrates why Arwen and Aragorn were capable of a lengthy engagement of some sixty-odd years; once having chosen, this was for Arwen normal behavior, and Aragorn, brought up in an elvish household, would find their mores quite comprehensible, although the difference might account for the sublimatory fervor with

which he plunged into battles, explorations and wanderings in disguise!

One more point must be made, however. If the plight of an elvish woman married to a mortal man was tragic, in the light of her lost immortality (although we might consider that it was almost a psychic necessity) the plight of an elvish man who chose a mortal woman would be grievous indeed. They were not constituted for promiscuity, so that such liaisons would not be carelessly contracted; yet the brevity of a mortal woman's lifespan would be heartbreakingly short for her elvish lover; he would be forced to see her age and die, yet there is no evidence that this would affect his lifespan in any way. Since such a choice was for life, he would be doomed to an inconceivable loneliness without consolation -- and might well consider that the woman who could choose to alter her sense of time to that of a mortal was fortunate. Such an elf-man might indeed die of grief; and after a few cases, I think such unions would become very rare indeed....

But this is a subject not for full development in the space at my disposal.

--Marion Zimmer Bradley



M I N U T E S

a Wally Weber tru-life adventure

NOVEMBER 30, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The November 30, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at the home of Joe and Juanita Green. Having shrewdly refrained from sending out meeting notices, the loyal Sec-Treas foiled the Greens' mad plan to feed the members an evening snack; all the members, except for the thoughtful Sec-Treas, had eaten sometime or another during the day, and were not up to coping with all seven courses of the typical snack-for-guests-at-the-Greens'. Millions of people are starving in the world today and now we know why; Juanita has prepared all the available food for guests who are already, except for the slim Sec-Treas, among the overfed population.

The big moment of the evening occurred when Wallys Weber and Gonser were awarded Joe Green's "Big Head" award in recognition of the two-headedness of the awardees. The exact form of the award will not be revealed here, this being a family magazine, although one can't resist pointing out that if the excitement had caused anyone to flush, the presentation would have turned into a terrible tragedy.

During the course of the conversations, the subject of holding another meeting on December 7 came up. The suggestion was made that the club meet at Dylans, a restaurant in the University District of Seattle. The restaurant is the only place in town managed by a science fiction authoress (Jody Scott) and on one occasion served banana split soup. The suggestion to meet there was received with such good favor that a meeting was called for the single purpose of voting unanimously on the matter.

The usual fabulous-time-at-the-Greens was had by all, except possibly the Greens themselves, and the meeting was somewhat late breaking up. If it hadn't been that the next day was a working day and the neighbors needed sleep, the party might have lasted forever.

H. S-T Wally Weber

DECEMBER 7, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The Nameless Ones celebrated the twentieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor with a sneak attack on Dylan's. Due to Gordon Eklund's meeting announcements, a fantastic number of people were present. Of course, some of them might have been regular customers of Dylan's, but they looked irregular to the Nameless Ones. Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, DP was present. Scotty and Fran Tapscott were attending their first meeting of the Nameless since November 30. Jim McLean came into Dylan's thinking it to be a quiet place to read his Tolkien books while eating, and left a while later, a Nameless One for the rest of his life, if not longer. Christy Wiess gave up her poetry long enough to join the club whether she liked it or not. Malcolm Willits (Jr. Space Cadet) appeared on the scene for the first time in ages. Joe and Juanita Green visited the meeting, still munching leftovers from the food they had prepared for the previous meeting.

One member must have been particularly eager to attend the meeting since she came early and stayed until everyone else had left. Her name was Jody Scott Wood.

After some time, at 9:25:00, somebody called the meeting to order so that Jerry Miller could make a motion that the next meeting be held at Dylan's. Jerry Frahm seconded the motion, and everyone else, including a few of Dylan's other customers, voted in favor. Jody took it rather well, though.

The meeting adjourned at 9:25:30, although nobody left.

The high spot of the meeting, however, was at 10:10:10 when the beloved Secretary-Treasurer arrived and ordered the taste treat of the century, a Dylan's custom-made banana split lunch. This fantastic creation contained some of everything edible in the place and was intended to serve the entire group. However, between the time the order was taken and the order was served, all the members departed hurriedly except Ed Wyman

and the beloved Sec-Treas. Ed Wyman wasn't hungry, but the capable Sec-Treas did his usual excellent job and finished off the magnificent meal single-stomached.

Honible Sec-Treas W. Weber

DECEMBER 21, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The December 21, 1961 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place, as you might have expected if you had been paying attention, at Dylan's. Malcolm Willits (Jr. Space Cadet) was there to talk about old moth-eaten cars. Some expert that Malcolm Willits is -- he doesn't even know where his own car is garaged!

Charles Jackson was attending his first meeting of the Nameless Ones, so to impress him we thought we would talk about science fiction. So we pulled out the latest issue of Analog from somewhere, and we all exchanged stories about traffic tickets we had received.

Wally Weber showed off his new beanie with the red light on top that operated from a cleverly concealed switch in his shirt pocket. He then ordered a Dylan's custom-made banana split lunch, had a little too much, and began to get unruly. The Webberts (Jim and Doreen) had to take him out and put him on a train, banana-split-stained beanie and all, and get him out of town to sober up over the holidays.

Most Hon. Sec-Treas Wally Weber

JANUARY 4, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The January 4, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order at 8:00:00 p.m. by President John Rundorf. The president apologized for not having made it to the previous several meetings, but explained that as president of the Nameless Ones, his position in local, national, and international politics had become so vital to the future of our planet that he had been unable to attend, and besides he was having some difficulties with the sweater he was knitting for himself.

He requested that the minutes of the previous meeting be read, and the Secretary-Treasurer complied. The minutes proved to be so excellently written that they were immediately approved by a unanimous vote of the eighty-three members attending the meeting. George C. Willick, who was attending his first meeting of the Nameless Ones, announced that the minutes were so good he was having a special fan award trophy designed by a Swiss watchmaking specialist to be presented at the Chicon. There was a short pause while Jim Webbert threw two magazine editors and a motion picture director who were distracting the Secretary-Treasurer from his notes with their pleas out into the alley.

John asked for Old Business and somebody, probably Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, D.P., suggested that the vacant office of Official Bem be filled before the club broke up due to lack of leadership. John asked for suggestions, and Burnett nominated L. Garcone. L. Garcone seconded the nomination. Since there were no other nominations, John asked for votes in favor and opposed. The vote came out 40 to 40, so the President ordered a revote. This time it came out 40 to 39 in favor of L. Garcone. L. Garcone burped appreciatively and ordered a bromo from Jody.

Since no more Old Business seemed forthcoming -- G. M. Carr had indicated before the meeting she had some Old Business, but nobody had seen her since the first vote on L. Garcone for Official Bem -- President John asked for New Business. F. M. Busby moved that we sponsor a regional Northwest Science Fiction Convention. Elinor quickly seconded the motion and the motion was passed with a unanimous vote. Buz volunteered to be chairman of the convention. His proposed plan for staging a Broadway musical on the program and having President Kennedy for Guest of Honor so enthralled the club that they approved his appointment as chairman.

The President adjourned the meeting at 8:15:00 so that everyone could talk about science fiction. Gordon Eklund agreed to send out meeting notices for the next meeting, which will be held in the Olympic Hotel Ballroom.

Hn. SctyTrsr Wally Weber

Elinor Busby

* * * * * Last week Buz and I had quite a lot of fun discussing "Must You Conform?" by Robert Lindner. It's a Grove Press paperback, and is a collection of essays which form a fairly congruent whole. His thesis is that man should not conform--that the essence of mankind is rebellion--and furthermore, that man is not capable of conforming without great stress, to be taken out internally in neurosis or psychosomatic ills, or externally, as do psychopaths.

Believing mankind a species of rebels, Lindner divides rebellion into two kinds: positive and negative. Positive rebellion is against nature, against man's own limitations, or against death. Such things as psychopathy, homosexuality, or non-conformity for the sake of non-conformity are evidences of negative rebellion. Though all men must rebel, only mature individuals are capable of positive rebellion. Lindner lists six attributes of the positively rebellious, or mature, individual: awareness, identity, skepticism, responsibility, employment, and tension.

"Awareness has to do with the enlargement of consciousness and the extension of cortical control in our lives," says Lindner. Identity is one's sense of self, "a personal and highly integrated concept of individuality." Lindner regards identity as quite rare in contemporary society, and a strong ego as essential to the security of the individual and the society he inhabits. Skepticism is, of course, the habit of questioning, of not accepting anything on the basis of faith or authority. Responsibility is on two levels: personal and social. The mature person takes responsibility for his actions as they affect himself, and as they affect his fellows. Lindner believes that each human is indeed his brother's keeper "by virtue of his possession of a humanoid type of brain." Employment does not refer to necessarily productive labor. "In my view the world is not, as some seem to think, a basket-weaving class, and I have little respect for philosophies which suggest that we are here to keep busy." By employment, Lindner means "an attitude of affirmative dedication to existence, of profound and complete participation in living." By tension, he means an alertness to the gap between what is and what can and should be, a discontent coupled with a determination to promote change.

"Must You Conform?" is a thought-provoking book, and I hope you will all rush right out and buy a copy and read it. It is not flawless--in at least one place Lindner uses a term he has apparently made up himself, and never defines it. Also, he's not terribly objective. Lindner is opposed to homosexuality because it is negative rebellion, but claims that society's reason for being opposed to homosexuality is that society is anti-sex. Why should he give himself a good reason and society a bad? Furthermore, it's clear that Lindner was a dirty athiest like Woolholm (surely a mature individual may be skeptical even of the need for skepticism?), but in general, the book's virtues far outweigh its faults.

From reading this book, I think that all measures society takes to prevent juvenile delinquency are foredoomed to failure, since all appear to be attempts to promote conformity, and juvenile delinquency, according to Lindner, is a mutiny against conformity. So what do you juvenile delinquents have to say about this?

COTRY 155:

Avram Davidson: Congratulations on your new job. We are looking forward to some truly spellbinding issues of F&SF.

Betty Kujawa: Okay, okay, you and Ethel Lindsay have convinced me that 'anyhoo' is semi-legitimate as a part of the spoken language. --A CRY reader in a dnq letter of comment (don't you think it's fantastic of people to write dnq letters of comment on CRY) said that in his opinion 'anyhoo' was not nearly so loathsome as Buz' and my habit of interjecting 'like' in the middle of things. So--I've decided I was pretty well bored with that anyhow.

Steve Stiles: Perhaps we didn't notice you were gone, but we're nonetheless pleased to see you back.

Steve, and oh! Harry, Ella, Tom--how I wish we'd been at the Philcon! Oh well. The future is full of glorious cons.

Ed Meskys: I know I should be in CRY of the Readers, but then Wally would have still another stencil to type. Does that seem fair? Well--perhaps. We'll see.

Bob Lichtman: You guessed right about the Helen Hendrickson cover--it will indeed appear on the next FLAB. Helen Hendrickson is, or was, an art student at U.W. I believe. She had some very nice material in the fan art show at Seacon, but I've never met her, nor has anyone except Toskey. We would like to have some more material from her--something that could be stencilled.

Nancy Shriner: I was keen on bullfights during the spring of 1951, and watched a total of 18 bulls artistically slaughtered, six of them by Carlos A*R*R*U*Z*A. Then I bought "Death in the Afternoon" by Ernest Hemingway and read it from cover to cover twice, and bought a recording of "La Virgen de la Macarena" and thrilled many times to its stirring notes. But I loaned the record to a friend and she left it in the sun and it warped, and I haven't opened "Death in the Afternoon" for oh! years now, and I am ten years and two thousand miles from any brave bulls. And where are the snows of yesteryear?

Roy Tackett: "...it might be well for the con committee to issue a final report which would list where the various speeches, etc., were to be reprinted," you say. Roy, this is an excellent idea. When you put on your convention I am sure that you will do just that, and I, for one, will be very grateful to you.

Phil Jaskar and John Howald: Well, I haven't read much porno, but you don't have to read much to know what it's like, do you?

Phil Harrell: I sympathize with you re Phil Jaskar. I remember how I felt about Elinor Poland!

George C. Willick: You say, re fan awards, "But if you can't be reasonable about it for Christ's sake be human." Apply that to your own behavior, George, and we'll all like you better. So far as I know, no one has any strong objection to Fan awards as such, but only to the methods you've used in pushing them. (I hate all this hint, hint, hint stuff--but when you're told things under dnq that you shouldn't refer to and can't help but react to--what do you do?)

Donald Franson: You confuse self-confidence with pride and conceit. I don't believe they are particularly correlated. One can have great conceit and no real self-confidence. One can have great self-confidence and real delight in one's own talents, and at the same time be always fully aware that one did not create one's own talents. Self-confidence is an asset and not a failing because it makes accomplishment easier; if talents are given us to be used, anything that facilitates their use must be good. Self-confidence is an asset in another way: a person with true self-confidence has no need to rationalize or justify his behavior, and rationalization, justification, form one of the worst barriers in relationships. A person with true self-confidence can afford to be misunderstood, to have made mistakes, and can even afford to look silly.

It's very easy to confuse self-confidence with conceit, and I suspect that many parents and teachers, by warring against the latter, gravely handicap their charges by damaging the former. It's something that's worth being very thoughtful and careful about.

End of sermon. And in the mail today received the end of TETRAHEDRON. Oh, Donald! Well--long live Donald Franson, CRY Letterhack First Class.

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF: I certainly agree with the man you know who says that the spread of humanitarianism is greater now than ever before. There's still plenty of inhumanity about, no one can deny, but I think there used to be much more.

No Seacon report from we-uns, Ethel. We don't even REMEMBER the con, except as a few brief episodes surrounded by a golden glow. Sorry.

Fred Parker: Good to hear from you. We hope you do write again.

***** The fan lit a cigar, puffed a smoke ring, watched it drift away,
 * STRIKE ONE * and then blew a long feeler of smoke through the ring, watched the
 * John Berry * smoke intermingle and swoop upwards and disappear through the small
 ***** grating on top of the far wall....

He looked at the letter again.

It was from the British Museum.

They offered five hundred pounds for the first fifty issues of his fanzine INCUBUS....
 That was a laugh....

Take the first ten issues....hell....take the first issue. That was typed onto carbon, with a redrawn ATom illo from an old ORION.

Issues 2 to 10....

The fan grinned, took a lungful of cigar smoke and exhaled deeply. They were done on a flatbed....many of the pages were illegible, as letters of comment and reviews had stressed rather unkindly..... Then, in 1962, he'd gotten the tenth hand Gestetner.....

Issues 11 to 14 had been sort of rough, until he'd ironed out the idiosyncrasies of the duper with cello tape and gum arabic and string. From then on, to issue number 50, it looked better and better. His schedule gave writers faith in seeing their works published, and he'd gotten to the stage where he was able to pay artists....and issues 40 to 50 were, hell, he had to admit it, SUPERB....in appearance, in artwork, and in contents.

In 1967 he read in the newspaper that an old publishing office was for sale....he'd gone around....it was little more than a shack, with a few tired old men sitting on upturned wooden boxes....he'd got credit from the bank, and his magazine....er....his fanzine had been put on a professional basis. Gradually, he'd slanted away from fandom and science fiction....he still had a love for it, and indeed, he'd commissioned work from some of fandom's leading writers, but fanzines specializing in humour....er....magazines specializing in humour were few and far between. PUNCH had folded, and to his surprise, INCUBUS had taken its place. It wasn't even that it was all humour. Up to the minute commentaries on current affairs....gardening..travel, etc....(although he tried to get a humorous slant in them all) had made it a magazine that everyone wanted, and his weekly circulation was now well over 250,000....

What had been a shack was now a whole block....over a hundred on the payroll....and what a staff he had....

He put down the letter from the British Museum. The fools....he put it away in the Filing basket.

He picked up the next letter. Offer to sell his publishing concern for....hell..a take-over bid for INCUBUS..a quarter of a million pounds....

He dumped that in the Filing basket too.

He got up, walked over the yellow pile carpet and looked through his observation window into the shop. What a staff....

Every Christmas he gave them an extra week's wages.... Every August payday, he gave them a month's wages for holiday pay....

It came off his surtax....but that wasn't his gimmick. His staff of workers backed him to the hilt. Other firms went on strike. His didn't....he knew everyone by their Christian names, and he'd even gotten them to call him by his Christian name, and even the errand boy called him Sam....

He knew he'd got the drive....he knew that the few major decisions he'd made had been the right ones....well....OK, so it had been luck, as they said in the city....but they had been RIGHT....THE DECISIONS HAD BEEN RIGHT.

Maybe..maybe next August he'd given them all two months' pay..they didn't require the incentive, they were all for him....but that blasted surtax....

One big happy family....

The printers' strike started in Manchester.....

It was unofficial..... Later, it became official.....

But his workers didn't falter.

His 25th Anniversary issue was due..500 pages....and he'd promised double-time for the extra hours they had to work..after all..a forward by the Prime Minister....

"Sam."

"Yes, Gerry?"

"They're all out."

"WHAT?"

He got up, rushed across to the window. The shop was deserted..Christ..the Prime Minister had written a forward for INCUBUS, and now....

"How the hell could they?"

"None of them wanted to, Sam. But the union gave them no alternative. There was rumour in the shop yesterday of a take-over bid..and a union rep held a meeting in the car park at lunch time, when you were with the Prime Minister. Believe me, Sam, none of them wanted it. They all look up to you. But what with the rumour..and the union's demand..and..you know?....that union man should be selling insurance. He said theirs was the only shop in the country which wasn't out on strike, and they were letting hundreds of thousands down...."

"OK, Gerry....thanks...."

The fan sat back in his chair..for an hour he didn't move..then he crossed to the mahogany bookshelf..pulled out the INCUBUS file..the first 50....he flicked over the pages nostalgically.

"The staff want to see you, Sam."

"Oh? All right, coming now, Gerry."

Faces looked down first of all. Then he smiled, and they all smiled too....at the back of the shop someone applauded, and they all took it up....a standing ovation the fan thought..although of course they'd been standing already.

"Mr. Clarke....er....Sam," said Gerry, the Manager, "the staff wish me to say that they hope you'll understand why they went on strike. They didn't want to, because you've always been so good to them. But it was the union. They didn't want to be expelled from the union, not with the take-over bid rumour....but most of them came back this morning as soon as the strike was called off....it's only been three days, and we can still get INCUBUS out on time....well, it'll only be a day or two behind schedule....is it all right for them to carry on?"

"Surely," grinned the fan. "Glad to see you back. Carry on."

"Er...Miss Johnston, get me file M stroke 23 stroke 74 will you please."

His secretary gave it to him.

"Thanks, I'll send for you in a few moments."

The fan dialled the number on the letter.

"Scriptural Publications Ltd? Put me through to the boss.....yes Mr. Cragston?..... Clarke here....Sam Clarke....INCUBUS....uh huh....I'm interested....quarter of a million.... uh huh....that'll do me fine....two hundred thousand....send the cheque to my bank, will you....Lloyds....uh huh....er..how much staff do you require....fifty....got some good ones for you to choose from....uh?....you can come over now and take charge if you want.... some mighty good equipment....the latest....uh huh....oh, that's how I like to do business."

He pressed the bell for Miss Johnston....

She came in and sat opposite him.

"Take a note will you, dear?.....to the British Museum...."

Down the street a little later, Sam Clarke found himself looking in a shop window at second hand Gestetners.....

John Berry
1961

. . . T O L E A V E A L I T T L E W O R L D

rich brown

Intrologo

In fandom
I have sought too little
And too much;
I have loved too little
And too well
This thing we call the
Microcosm.

Now...

There are only shadows left;
The beauty of it is tattered--
Torn, ragged,
In garments dream-embossed.

There is no more of me in it,
Nor more of it in me--
I've untied myself from the mimeo
And fan activity.

And so...
I say good-bye
And in the fannish vein
I die.

i

This is The Song, the birthless, deathless
tune;

A song of many notes, built rune-on-rune,
Built with blood, sweat, tears and ink;
Built zine-on-crud-filled-zine, I think.

This is a glorious song!

This is The Song, of fans, of fandom,
Many words spilt out at random,
Built on misery and depression
Built on futile self-expression.

This is a glorious song!

I came unto this land

How long ago?

There are not sufficient tears
To weep for what I wasted here.

If you really want to know....

I stole the sun
From the gold-strewed tapestry
Of endless
Black space;
I turned its face
Toward every written page
('Twas not my fault,
Or perhaps it was,
That every time I did
The clouds were out)

...I stole the sun
To try to show
The clear unruffled function
Of a brain in sharp bright focus
As it weighs and differentiates
The tangled webs of Microcosm.
I stole ol' Sol,
Trying to cause
Fannishness to unfold
From purple ink-stained pages
To the multiple dimensions
Of your fine high-type minds.

Yes,

I stole ol' Sol
From the mundane dark-spawned chaos
To light the fannish world
That is
And can be
Such a place of wonder...

ii

But wonder soon must pass away
As wonder is made of crystal and
Glass. One seed of doubt may
Shatter it beyond repair, leaving
Only distant memories
As disillusion takes us.

We all must travel
Down the same secluded path--
All too soon
The fannish days are ours no more.
The nights are cold
And we are led astray...

So we stumble down

The Gold Brick Road

Until our hearts must break

And we are fans--no more?

Do you comprehend?

If not, look:

The blackened logs upon my hearth are cold,
While close beside them stands my empty
chair;

A table, a zine or two, a rack that used
to hold

My typer--it is, of course, no longer there.
My dupering materials were once part of this
room;

The turning of a mimeo once helped dispel
the gloom.

They are no more.

They are no more.

I have no feelings for these missing things;
 I cry but daily and twice a night--
 They were once so dear to me;
 They are not here
 I do not care
 And because I do not care
 I weep more tears than human eyes can hold.

iii

Things were much different
 In the beginning
 When the fannish Gods
 Smiled upon fandom
 And called it good--
 Tho artists are notoriously
 Poor judges of their works
 And I suspect,
 These Days,
 They've done much better
 Elsewhere....
 I pause to wonder
 Of fandom's worth to me
 Right now...
 Ah, fandom...
 Fair, fair fandom
 With all its sacred
 Sweet idiocy--
 It is gone from me.

Where goes this land of my youthful dreams?
 Where do its people go, and who deems
 It necessary that it must vanish so?
 Where has it gone? Will it come again?
 If it pass me by, will I see it then?
 Or shall I merely shrug and let it go?

iv

Fans of fandom,
 Tell me,
 Why are your faces different now?
 Or is it the poor light in this
 Convention room
 Making strangers of a very
 Friendly crew?
 I wonder...
 Who set up this sea of ghostly faces
 Sailing down the current of indifference?
 A frown, a laugh, a jeer, a sneer...
 Oh, anything would be preferable
 To your silent apathy...
 The editors of zines both fan and pro
 See you there--

Over their desks the fannish Words fly
 Under their pens the neofans die,
 Under their feet all fandom crashes,
 Strong in each mouth is the taste of
 ashes;
 Deep in each heart is a poison flint

That blots the words they dare not
 print--

See you there
 The editors of zines both fan and pro?
 Do not pass go!
 Beware!
 Beware!
 Do not pass go!

v

You drink warm beer
 And try to hear
 The saintly words of yon BNF.
 It does no good
 He's misunderstood
 Over the din that drives you deaf...

His words are lost within the clatter
 That sounds his march down Gold Brick street:
 His voice seems mute--why should it matter
 If he's crowned by dunces at his feet?
 So attuned to their inane prattle
 (A trade-mark of this world of the mad)
 That the sickly sound of his death rattle
 Only vaguely makes him sad.

The fannish world will leave him, or he it:
 It matters not to him how fandom goes--
 A bang, a whimper, he does not care.
 And yet, this vague strange sadness shows!
 For oh-too-long now he has known
 That he is truly all alone--
 Despite his cries of "damn" and "fout"
 He is Burnt Out.

God damn it all to hell.

vi

His name--
 Forget his name.
 It doesn't really matter now--
 Only his pure tears
 And the nervous
 Trembling
 Clumsy
 Love he had--
 Of words,
 Of fandom,
 Of a fair and fannish femme
 (To her he gave what words he could,
 While knowing words were no damned good:
 'To you who reckoned these most fannish
 chains
 As not a fence to bar my soul apart,
 But soothed with Love a multitude of pains,
 You have my tears, you have my fading heart.')
 It does not really matter now
 And yet...

He spoke of many
 Things he knew;
 He wove his dreams
 In fantasies
 As rare as jade and sandalwood;
 In articles
 Stitched with gleams
 Of night-moth wings
 And starlight solitude;
 In fiction
 Fannish humour pouring
 From his mind;
 Fannish poems
 Bold in measured metric grace;
 In thoughts
 That blazed in meteoric flight;
 In words and deeds
 That set back the night with light.
 In words
 ...all in words..

How bright his candle burned!
 How short the flame
 That sent, upon its tip, his
 Words to fannish fame!

vii

I walk alone, along convention corridors
 And see a fan but seldom as I walk;
 I dream of fandom as I knew it once--
 All zines and beers and neofannish talk.

I creep alone
 Along convention corridors--
 The thin cracked walls
 Quiver as I go.

It's all a goddamn paper cut-out--
 I can really see it now.
 I see some BNF's thin and swaying name
 Dying sure and slow:
 A testament to fandom's little trick;
 How it's repaid with interest
 For each fan's short-lived fame.

And yet: alas! And Woe!
 This is the world from which I go...
 This is the world I loved--
 This is the world I leave--
 And not with a bang,
 No, not with a bang.

finale

("la commedia e finita"--
 I Pagliacci)

What have I learned?
 What have I gained?
 What good has fandom done for me?
 Well now...let me see...

I have learned to dig for meaning
 I have learned to search for love
 And now I hold my head above

The herds:

I have learned to look for depth
 I have learned to watch for hatred
 And now I know the emptiness
 Of words.

rich brown



. . . with keen blue eyes and a bicycle . . .

Congratulations to ace-CRYletterhack Avram Davidson on his new position as editor of F & S F -- now I ask you -- when a prozine editor is a strong contender for Best New Fan of the Year, what price faannishness-vs-stefnism, hey? Hoo boy.

Of course, Avram hasn't yet topped Doc Lowndes' record of three letters in the same issue of CRY. But give him time; give the man time. He'll learn.

Joe Gibson leads off Shaggy 58 with an article on creeps-&-mooches-- Joe has it that fandom is being overrun with predators, that this is especially dangerous because most fans are soft touches, and that it's time for fandom to Clean House.

I tend to disagree/^{quantitatively} with the overall outlook of that article. Oh, Joe knows whereof he speaks in citing specific cases (though he says "Name names!" and then doesn't, himself), but I feel he's exaggerating the whole bit, for effect perhaps.

Oh sure. There will be a certain proportion of creeps-&-mooches in any group of any size at all, fannish or mundane. The general routine is that these jokers eventually tip their hands; the word gets around; they are served a few cold cuts off the shoulder; they drift away (or are flung out), and somehow they aren't heard from very much afterward. This happens in mundane and it happens in fandom; we all live in both worlds. If you're a sucker in mundane you'll probably be a sucker in fandom also (but in this case the mundane sharpies already cleaned you out so you're pretty safe by now, here in the microcosm-- or as safe as anywhere). The only unique danger I can see is the old old one (lambasted from here to breakfast by disillusioned fans since Before Laney) of extending exceptional and unwarranted faith and trust to some guy you never heard of before, just because he says he's a "fan". OK, I think this one point does bear repeating. And Joe has done so.

The essence of actifandom being communication, any active fan who preys on his fellow-hobbyists will very promptly be tagged as a mooch and given the deep-freeze. In this sense, fandom's house is pretty well self-cleaning. Fanhistorically, your worst creeps are among (a minority among, let us add quickly) the fringe-types and chance-met characters who move into the edges of fandom (Con, club, or what have you) by latching onto some fan who then proceeds to "recruit" the guy. Well, this should be obvious-- that the/^{fannish} recruiting process is subject to the same hazards as any other. However, if you're sharpie-resistant in daily life, what's the problem? Just don't go overboard in the sacred name of the fannish mystique and you're OK, aren't you?

Joe says you aren't, that he is an exception to the general run of fans in not being a soft touch. Well, heck, that makes two of us right there-- and I rather suspect that many (if not most) of the readership know your way around OK, also.

I don't have Joe's 20 years of fan-experience; my first club-&-Con contacts go back only a little more than 11 years, with "active" status running somewhere about 5 or maybe 7 years depending on what is being counted-in. But by and large we have found fans to be pretty good sorts. Our hospitality has seldom been abused and then only in minor and possibly-unintentional fashion. A lot of fans have been here at one time and another, practically all by prearrangement and all without exception previously known to us; they've been a great bunch. No, we haven't had the bit of some utter stranger coming up with two suitcases and expecting to spend the night on his claim to be a "fan"-- and we'd better not have it, either, because we won't buy it. I know of the classic cases of this sort; maybe Joe does see a major resurgence of moocherism that hasn't hit this area as yet. I sympathize with the intent of Joe's article (like, sound the alarms!) in any case; it's just that I don't think it's a 3-alarm fire, and would hate to see a lot of unnecessary wariness & suspicion generated. A friend is a friend and a mooch is a mooch, fannish or mundane.

And I always like the double-take down at the office when I tell 'em "Had some company last night, fella from back East-- good friend of ours we hadn't met before"!

Reference back to the first paragraph of this page: Elinor points out that it is actually Don Wollheim and not Avram Davidson who is really the ACE CRYletterhack. So much for my limited vocabulary and one-track mind. Actually I am a little gloopy today; neighbor's dog took up nonstop barking and howling last night at 3 or 4 a m and stuck with it until after daylight. So a few words were spoken; we'll see...

Y'know, the entire question of "naming names" can be a tough one. I'm all for doing so in preference to the bit of making vague accusations against unspecified parties such that innocent-but-sensitive types come down with a bad case of conscience. In fact, I'm for naming names, where possible, any time it is worthwhile publicizing any individual beef at all. Oh, there are exceptions; sometimes the intent can be to head off a tendency but why make a horrible example out of anyone. Perhaps it all depends on what you are trying to accomplish by airing the beef, and very possibly we all (or many of us) tend to gripe with no clear end in view at times.

Going from one cheerful topic to the next, I wonder how the latest NY lawsuit-threat is coming out? (The AXE advice to print NOTHING about this came a little too late here, as you'll recall; however, having tried to give a fair treatment of the deal, I'll stand on it.) Which brings up the question: when, if ever, is legal action justified in fandom? I think the answer is very simple-- the circumstances justifying or requiring legal action are exactly the same in fandom as elsewhere. For instance, I have filed suit just once in my life-- on a personal-injury claim against a gyppo insurance outfit that otherwise refused to pay for the negligence of its policy-holders. This sort of thing is unlikely to turn up in fandom so as require suit against individuals, I would say.

I truly cannot think of an example that would justify civil suit on the basis of fannish writings in zines or letters. Criminal proceedings, perhaps, in some cases (which of course are subject to objective statutory evaluation, unlike the nebulous situation with regard to civil liability): nice thing there is that it doesn't cost the injured party all those furshluggin' legal fees!

Having thus launched a new era in fanfeuding, we can now leave the subject. So breathe easily, unless of course you have been writing threatening letters in violation of the Federal statutes pertaining to extortion...

:::: I always carry a loaded subpoena-- it makes me so much more polite... ::::

BILL EVANS dropped in here yesterday afternoon just before that interlineation. Among other things, we were discussing the Care and Feeding of WorldCons, and it was very interesting to learn of the extensive work and planning already accomplished toward "DC in '63!" The actual Working Committee consists of Bill, Dick Eney, Bob Pavlat, George Scithers (chairman), Bob Madle, and Chick Derry-- six Committeemen, that's ~~not too many~~ just about the ideal number.

The DC crew have sifted down the available hotels, picked a reasonable outfit with a good layout for the purpose, and are negotiating what sounds like a good favorable agreement (boy, there's the part of this Con-job that takes the decade off your life!). They're in a fine advantageous situation with regard to publishing the PRs and Program Book; planning on this point is very sound and thorough-- also nicely-planned are some highly-efficient methods of taming the Paper Jungle (all that drudgery of lists and addresses and cards and filing and what-all) that make us drip green with envy in retrospect at all that unnecessary sweat we put out on those.

Bill was going to do us a page for this issue and maybe tell you some of this himself, but somehow we all never stopped talking long enough for him to do so... In fact, we just barely got him to the train as the porters were picking up their tin stepping-stools. At least that's an improvement from last year, when we had to chase the train for 30 miles and put him on it at the next station! (Hi, Bill!)

One reason I'm glad to have the latest live info on "DC in '63!" is to be able to capsulize it here to reassure any who were worried about any lack of goshwow "DC" plugs in fanzines, etc, of late (hi, Ted Pauls!). Be assured that the DC gang is on the stick-- 4 of the 6 Committeemen were here for SeaCon, and they (especially George Scithers) were like unto a pack of wolves when it came to searching questions ("OK, now how did you handle this?", "What were your problems on this?", etc)-- and they were giving the Detroit Mob representatives the business, also. So if we are not bombarded with fanzine-blurbs just now, it might be considered that this gang is currently wound up in taking care of some of the Tough Ones ahead of time, besides each and all holding down a time-consuming mundane breadwinning steady job. OK?

Come to think of it, I believe Ted Pauls has been the foremost proponent of the warning that the lack of up-to-the-wire competition in bidding for a Consite the past couple of years indicates a waning enthusiasm and a growing danger of running out of Consites altogether. And now Philly has pulled out, leaving the field clear for "DC in '63!" Now I cannot of course speak for the future, but I can state that the '61-2-3 Con-situation is no cause for alarm. To wit...

Frantic and lavish last-minute competition may be a Good Show for the onlookers, but it is hellish expensive for the competitors; win or lose, it comes out of the personal pockets of the active few who are pushing the bids. So after the dramatic spectacles of the 1958 and 1959 campaigns, a reaction set in. These things go in cycles, and the fashion right now is to avoid throwing a lot of good loot down the drain to no purpose. I am personally somewhat "to blame" for this trend, and glad of it, if it comes to that which it just now did. Next round coming up... which is to say that it probably won't be too many years until full-fledged campaigns rear their costly heads once again. I mean, history never stops in one place, for long.

A recent fine FAPAzine was largely dedicated to the personal (and fannish) history of all the automobiles that had been owned by the editor of the zine. It was a good writeup with lots of fannish history, but frustrated me on two counts: there was a stimulus to write up the history of one's own vehicles, and (1) I've had too many of 'em to cover in the number of pages I'd have time to write, and (2) only my last couple-three cars have had any fannish experience whatsoever. T*S*K*!

But one line of that zine stuck in my mind (it would!)-- something about how "red convertibles really work, though not on girls in pink dresses". And one morning at breakfast, stemming out of a conversation which is not relevant even if I could remember it, came a crogging conclusion which might net me a goodly sum for a testimonial to a certain motorcar company, if I could just figure a printable angle.

You know how these auto ads feature a sexy doll and an unstated implication? You have any idea just what it would be worth to an auto manufacturer to be able to augment that implication with testimonials? Something equivalent to (but of course stated much less clearly than) "You MAKE OUT in a Loveboat 8!" ...millions in it!

The statistical approach would be invaluable, and indeed it is the statistical view that brought this idea so sharply into focus.

You see, during my days as a single youth (meaning unmarried; I haven't twinned or anything of that sort) I owned 17 different automobiles, which are certainly enough to give a rough base for the beginning of a statistical survey.

These consisted of nine Fords, four Studebakers, and one each Nash, Chevrolet, Plymouth, and Willys. (For the minuteia-minded, ages ranged from new to 19 years, prices from \$3,000 to \$1.50, top speed from 55mph through 102 to I chickened out.)

Now let us delicately set up categories for these vehicles with respect to shall we say Romance; let there be Romance Attempted (RA) & Romance Successful (RS).

Very well. Under RA we have 6 Fords, 4 Studebakers, 1 Plymouth, 1 Willys (all the rest of the vehicles are disqualified entirely under some aspect of bad luck). 6 Fords, 4 Studebakers, 1 each Plymouth and Willys; still an adequate sample, no?

Under RS (a category not concerned at all with extra-vehicular developments) we have: four Studebakers, no others. A surprising result, which gives one to think.

Four Studebakers total, four RS: BA, 1.000. 13 others total, zero RS: BA 0.000. The figures are a helluva lot more significant than anything Dr. Rhine ever gets, you'll have to admit. Although perhaps he has never tried Studebakers; who knows?

You can see the problem. Data of this sort would be invaluable to the Sales Dep't of Studebaker-Packard Corp, if it could but be amassed in greater and thence more significant quantities. But S-P can hardly launch a research program of this nature (even though the company president is an open-minded cuss if he hasn't changed too awfully much since the year we were both sweating out a physics course in college and he won the Li'l Abner contest at the Sadie Hawkins Day Ball). So data is what is needed, data in terms of cars tested and cars successful (skip that 37-24-36 stuff).

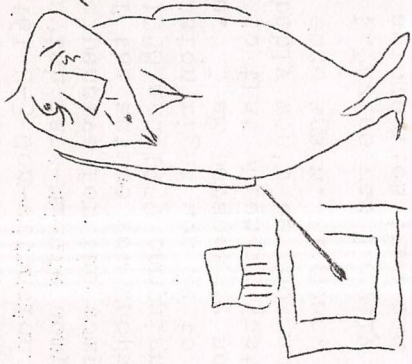
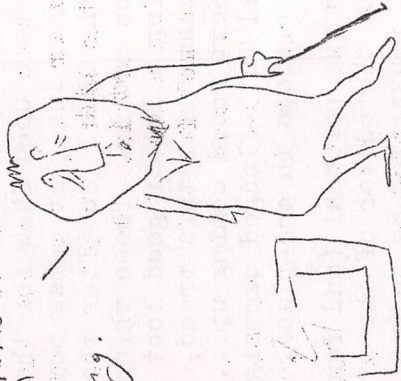
But we are pretty busy around here these days, as usual. You had better send this data directly to Studebaker-Packard Corporation, Sales Department.

I'm sure it will brighten their whole day.

--Buz

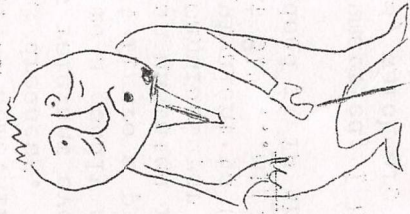
EVIALVILLE

Most Fein
are of the opinion
that Jules Feiffer
invented this
style of
cartooning.

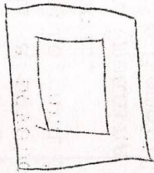


Nothing
could be
further from
the TRUTH.

This style
was really
invented
by Les
Nirenberg
in CRYU
#133.

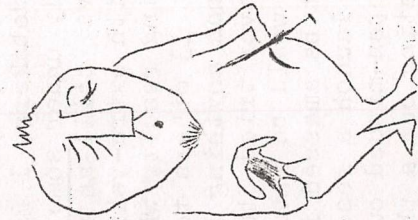


The Feiffers
were mundane
parodies. they
came second.
Nirenberg was
first. It was
all a HOAX!

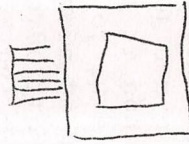


And the
hoax
was
successful.
But now
I'll tell
you—

Les Nirenberg
is a hoax! And
his creator
is a hoax!



It's all part
of a great
MASTER
PLAN.



WANSHEL

CRY OF THE READERS

WWWeber, conductor

[The opinions expressed in this letter column are not necessarily the opinions of this fanzine or of any member of the staff. And that goes for the opinion just expressed, too. --www]

NANCY SHRINER CATCHES COLT

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma

15Dec61

Wally, dearest lamb,

5 a.m. Just in time to catch the Pony Express Rider.

[Ba-a-a-ah, Humbug! --www]

#155 Cover: Wonderful, wonderful, absolutely fabulous, diabolically clever, much praise for the immortal ATom, I like it.

Berry: Surprise! You did publish all three parts. Wonder how many fans really had the end figured. I couldn't imagine, myself. I did have an idea how it wouldn't end. J. Berry never needs to resort to the obvious. Best since TGGW, agreed?

Piper is back! So LesNi was just joshin' after all. Well, thank heavens. It would be too bad for him to disappear just when I have decided that he is actually a clever sort. Remember back when I couldn't understand why everyone thought him so great? I do, very well.

Congrats to the new Dirty Pros. Wish I wuz one. One these days tho--

The minnits sparkled as usual, Wally. I should like to volunteer our humble abode for a future meeting. (Bob isn't home, so he has nothing to say about it.) Any time you all happen to be down here and need a meeting place, well, we'll just be more than pleased to see you. [What you mean, we, paleface? --Bob]

Fandom Harvest: Really good, TCarr. Best in some time, I think.

HWYL: Yes, I thot so. Part 2, then part 1. Okay. I think I'll take up sf again, too. Soon as I can find the library in this clunkin' pueblo. If it has one. Thank you for explaining hyperspace, Elinor. Speaking of Oz, did I ever tell you that I never read the book and left in the middle of the movie? I had nightmares about it for weeks afterward. So I really didn't know that the wicked witch turned into wet gingerbread. You are the neo's only hope in these mad circles. When the neo asks a question, you give a serious answer. You don't try to confuse him, (like some people do, named Wally Weber).

COTR: Avram Davidson has taken over. First letter in the colyum, and more than two pages of it at that. Not that I'm overly astounded. Dear my uncle, kin I really come an' ruffle your whiskers? (May-day, may-day. How does one ruffle whiskers? Grab a handful? Smooth them the wrong way, as one does a cat's fur? How?) We don't live in a parallel universe. It's this new mail system we got. Years ahead of its time. Goes by the name of the Pony Express. Every morning at 5:19 on the button, here comes this funny-lookin' little man on a funnier-lookin' pony tearing down the street. I have bribed him to stop by for at least 12 seconds, to deliver my mail and pick up letters. So you see, that's how it's done. I'm glad that you are a nice man. I shall feel perfectly safe walking up and ruffling your whiskers. When I learn how. It doesn't seem like the sort of thing one plunges into. (That seems strange, now that I look at it. Say rather, it doesn't seem like the sort of thing one rushes into cold. Worse and worse. Skip it, okay?)

MSGT Tackett: Someone, an ish or two past, thought it would be nice to gather up all A. Davidson's letters and ~~xxx~~ collectivize them. I think some one should collect your letters. Most entertaining.

Don Franson: What's the matter with being sure of oneself? You seem to have the mistaken notion that a great writer must be a quivering, complex-ridden gob of mush inside. Or perhaps its the lack of humility implied that you object to. I'll go along with that. Still it seems to me that one can be sure of oneself without being arrogant.

Can any of you fans pick up Denver radio station KOA? We listen to it every Friday nite, and it is mad, mad, MAD. You might be interested to know that they are doing Jules Verne's From the Earth to the Moon in weekly installments. It goes by the name of the Wayward Barker Show, beaming in at 10:30 p.m. Denver Time.

Cloppity-cloppity-cloppity....here he is now. Goodbye.

Nancy

rich brown GAFGAFIA

box 1136, tyndall afb, florida

All you Nameless Pipple:

19 Dec 61

I have found Olympus barren: having found it so, I return...I know that sounds literary as all hell (I think I must have read it somewhere), but that's the way I feel, is all. It's not every day that I go gafia and then make a Gallant Return. No. It takes me at least five or six days to Get Prepared, a day or so to go Gafia, and a good three hours for me to return again. While I realize that this causes great consternation on the part of people like Boyd Raeburn (who doesn't keep in fandom long enough to know whether I am currently coming or going, as the case may be), I am certainly not going to consider it. You see, it's all a matter of Image, as some BNF said not so long ago. Ted White is currently in the process of changing his Image, while I am in the process of building mine -- rich brown, the Yo-Yo of Fandom.

I am going to comment on CRY #155, make all sorts witty remarks, become Name To Be Reckoned With Tho Basically Fine Fella (remember that, you bastards), and make plenty money.

I know the last of those three probably doesn't make any sense to you pipple. You probably vaguely wonder how I intend to make money, and strongly wonder why, if such a method is available with The CRY, why you, as members of the CRY staff, have not come up with the idea yourselves.

I shall elucidate. (I might even explain it to you.) As you know, everyone wants to Take Over The CRY. I cannot say for certain, but I would be willing to bet that this inane feeling has even manifested itself in members of the CRY staff. Now, no one knows why people want to Take Over The CRY -- it might be some secret chemical in the paper, or the ink, or merely some strange inexplicable aura that pervades this living, breathing, completely existing, vershlagen mess we commonly call The CRY. /How about the Urge to Suffer that is so essential to a Fan? --www/ It might be. Or it might be something else. But whatever it is, it is certainly there.

Since I am the only non-Seattle human bean what has ever actually and truly tasted of the Power and Glory of Taking Over The Cry, I have a commodity that is -- in fandom, at least -- easily saleable. I am not, you see, the selfish glutton that some of my contemporaries would say I am, because while I was Taking Over The CRY I saved some of the Power and Glory -- there was actually quite a lot -- and I am now offering it for sale at \$2.00 per half-pint bottle, so that others might taste it as well. I must plead a limited supply -- no more than ten to a customer -- and pray that those who take advantage of this offer ~~don't~~ ~~forget~~ ~~the~~ have the good faith not to be deceived by the label (which may, at times, say anything from Sunny Brook to White Lightning) but know that, on my honor as the Biggest Name Fan in fandom, it is actually and truly the Power And Glory of Taking Over the CRY.

Be sure not to fail to miss this outstanding offer if you can.

Now that I am finished with my plug, I can comment on The CRY.

I think The CRY is Pretty Utterly.

What is more, I say so, you see. People tend to look at me from behind estranged veiled eyes as I meander down the twisted alley-ways of Panama City mumbling such things as, "The CRY is pretty utterly," and "Wow, I like The Interlopers, jeez, wow, I like it, I like it," and "Who sought Courtney's Boat?" and "Whither Burnett R. Toskey, PhD?"

Just wait, though, Just wait. One of these days I'll zotz! this cotton-pickin' town right off the map. I swear to FooFoo I will.

Buz, you goofed there on page three: 1960 had 12 issues of CRY, not eleven, and 600 pages, not 596. Tch. Too, also, as well, to add to your thing about Ted White and the Moskowitz's (I hate redundancy because I don't like to say the same thing over and over again without saying something new) -- I don't think there's too much danger. Ted printed a retraction -- oh, what a beautiful (also damning) retraction! -- and can always press counter-charges if it comes to that. As far as the action has gone now, the Moskowitz's have made themselves out to be bigger asses than Ted, at the height of his Bitchyness, could have ever hoped to convey. That's how I see the situation, anyway.

I haven't seen Tosk's book myself, you understand, so I won't attempt to judge it by what you have said of it here -- I realize, after all, that there are a lot of factors to consider, not to mention actually getting to the roots of what Tosk is driving at. But I

am -- how do you say? -- quite anxiously to see it. [That's a good sign. --www/ Argh!
Well, I'm glad to see myself starting a new paragraph, thus derailing that train of thought..

This installment of Fandom Harvest, with but a few minor changes, should have sold to a Playboy-type magazine. If anybody in fandom is Talent with a capital T, it is capital T, Terry, capital C, Carr. He should be getting paid for this sort of thing. I can't help but wonder why so many cruds are being published professionally whereas Talents like Terry Carr haven't been.

Elinor, poor Donald Wollheim doesn't yet realize that CRY is immortal -- sort of like God, you might say. And we all come into Its holy temple (Cry Of The Readers) to worship every month. Our battle-CRY is: "Only the CRY is wHoly (and we have moth-eaten back issues to prove it) And There Ain't No Damn Profit." But as Don continues to receive and comment, we can trust that his mind and soul will be eventually infolded within that lovely Cosmic All, The CRY. He shall be converted. Worry thyself not, our Elinor, if he seem to tarry on his way; 'Tis but the Divine Will of The CRY -- It is now as It was in the beginning and ever shall be, dust unto dust and ashes unto ashes, world without end. Amen.

Someone (I can't remember who, and I've just read the CRY for the the third time trying to find out) asked Avram Davidson what a mixture of Scotch and Grapefruit juice is called. While my name is not Avram Davidson, and while I do not know if there be a Real Name for such a drink, I do know what I would call it. A waste of Good Scotch. Or Bad Scotch, for that matter.

Avram Davidson: I've just read this letter of yours for the seven millionth time, and I have to admit that I am certainly spellbunbled.

You speak of fan-publishers. Why don't you become one yourself? A fanzine that is 100% Avram Davidson -- ah, there is a thing most devoutly to be wished! This is only a suggestion you understand -- an idea that germinates from the cortex of my high-type mind and wings its way unerringly to you -- and I give it to you at no charge whatsoever. Absolutely free to do with as you wish.

Harry Warner: I believe that the right to bear arms is the right to be free, but from personal observation I would also say that the right not to bear them is the right to be a bit costly. I have no fire-arms of my own; like you, I fear my own temper. To be truthful, I actually fear my cowardliness -- should the opportunity ever arise to use the thing, I would probably become frantic trying to get my hands on the little equalizer and shoot off my left..uh..toe. (I tole you 'bout drawin' from the belt, Pete...) Besides which, I reason, what if the other fellow has a gun, too? Then I have all that weight I have to carry on the run -- in such instances where speed and lightning-fast dodging reactions are necessary, I feel I would prefer to remain unburdened with such trivia.

Bob Lichtman: That last line of yours, the burbeeism: "That's not too many..." I am getting sick, sick, sick! of that line. It's driving me bats. I just got a FAPA mailing and I started counting every time somebody used it. I didn't want to count them; it was just that I had to. It was a ghuddam compulsion, for CRYsakes. It was used 32 times in that FAPA mailing. Mighod! And your use of it here makes 33.

That's not too many...

Roy Tackett: Jean Paul Sartre says that we make up all of our problems, just to justify our existance; that, actually, none of it makes any difference. Even if you accept this (and I find it hard not to) you must admit that the non-square not only justifies his existance more creatively, but he also developes his brain -- that thing which makes more than an animal of man; that which makes him but one-third animal, two-thirds God. The unexamined life is not worth living and neither is the life without value. Values are self-created, ergo the most creative mind creates the better values, ergo the creative non-square has a life worth living (if he will but go ahead and live it) whereas our square bretheren do not. Unfortunately, our square bretheren cannot see this -- for a very good reason: because they do not have a creative imagination. We try and try -- God knows we rry -- but it doesn't work (we should know that by now); they see only what they want to see. Twenty-one inches of Universe. If that's sad, good, because that's what it's supposed to be; that's the way the world turns and the cookie crumbles

and the flag runs up the flagpole. Perhaps if the world were not based on the concept of Self-Sacrefice, and if the men of intelligence would quit sacrificing themselves to the common man, it would not be so. But that, friend, is the way it goes -- no one, as yet, has ever been able to change it, and a hell of a lot have tried. ...oh, Hell, don't look to me for Answers; I don't have any. Only questions. /Then who is grading the papers, for CRYsake? --www/

Phil Harrell: Yes. I am, as soon as I finish this letter, writing to Warner and Purdom, to try to get them to change their fannish names to Phil with me. From now on, if I get their co-operation, it will be Phil Purdom, Phil Brown, and Phil Warner. If nothing else, it will teach ye to beware the things you prophesize, lest they really come true; every Tom, Dick and Harry changing their names to Phil, indeed!

George C. Willick: You tell us that the only reason we do these fannish things is because we want to. Quite true, quite true. But that is not enough reason to provide a reason for your fan awards; you're telling fandom that it wants them, while it's quite obvious that several fans don't want them or find them necessary to their enjoyment of fandom, and yet others who don't care one way or the other. I'm not against your old fan awards -- but I would suggest that you calm down, let fans talk it out and, in their own good time, come to a conclusion as to whether they want them or not. If they do, then will be the time to take action, while you have enthusiastic participants. To do otherwise -- as you may have noticed by now -- tends to turn the undecided and neutral against you.

Ah weel. Thank you, CRY pippie, for your wonderful fanzine.

deploribus gafia,

rich brown

PHIL JASKAR & JOHN HOWALD KNOW TAXES

8624 Haviland Ave. SW, Tacoma 99, Washington

Dear Wall-eyed Weber,

Dec. X-2 (for Christians)

Besides having the strict booze laws so apparent at the Seacon (strict to we minors, anyway), various pressure groups are trying to fill the cavities in the rotten teeth of our Sacred, Revered, and Flouted 1909 Blue Laws -- WATCH OUT CRYSTAFF!!!! We've put the Loyalty Checkers, Thought Police, and Gobble-uns on your trail for pubbing on Sunday, Dec. 31!

Roy ~~744444~~ Tack-it takes us to task for our interpretation of the cover illo of #153, inferring that we have never heard of Income, Taxes. Sure, we have -- Income is about 30 miles south of Galveston.

Adding music to www's creative proofreading is harder than is sounds, and not all of it comes out calypso. The Minutes, remarkably, turn out to have definitely classical overtones. /Those were minuets. --www/

ATTENTION PHONEPHANDOM: If you want the correct Pacific Standard Time (to the nearest hour) -- Area code 206, JU 8-3115, for John Howald's taped announcements; Area code 206, JU 8-4588, for Phil Jaskar's live-on-tape Pacific Daylight Time beeps. DO NOT REVERSE THE CHARGES OR CALL BEFORE 0000 GMT!

As for Busby's critique on the new Analog SF bridge SF logo, we feel that black on white is quite distinct, much more distinct than the purple on white of Cry.

Fill Harrell -- Let us be PHILosophical about this; the world is philled with Phils. It's philled with philth, too. I didn't philch my name, but believe you were named after the famous philibusterer, Milliard Fillmore. If you continue to advance your crackpot ideas, we will be forced to sign:

Phil,

The Howalding BEM

PHIL HARRELL GIVES WILLICK CREDIT

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia

MERRRRRRY CHRISTMAS....Cards,

December 21, '61

Norfolk is right back in there battling with the Blue Law. Seems they've forbidden Santa to work on ~~744444~~ (Freudian slip) Sunday this year so he must start off at the crack of Midnight. I mean to tell you.... First they say it's alright to sell Christmas ~~744444~~ ~~744444~~ (keep trying) Trees on Sunday; then they Turn around and issue summonses to everyone doing it. Sneaky eh wot? They arrested one Guy for Giving the Trees away and

collecting donations for them (to be given to the Church yet.) Then they took one guy into court for selling a lady a light bulb so she could read her bible, but it's perfectly legal to sell all the liquor you want on Sunday....must be a moral there somewhere. (And guess why they put the blue law into effect anyway? Yep, because The Churchmen complained....Revenge is sweet isn't it?)

Man, wasn't that cover a Gass tho? Love that ATom.

The Interloper ended almost as wonderful as it started; by that I mean it didn't have me mentioned in the last part, but then the wonder of even being mentioned in the first part hasn't worn off yet.

I see you didn't pub my illos this time Wally....Chicken! Well, I figured with the price of eggs being so high, I'd be better off this way. --www/

Terry Carr's FH reminds me vividly of a time I tried to find out about my clock radio I had taken in for repairs at Sears & Roebuck. I phoned and got a "Mrs. Clark" who transfered me to new accounts, who transfered me to customer service, who transfered me to repair service, who transfered me to Complaints, who transfered me to The Adjustments, who transfered me to "Mrs. Clark" what said, "OH NO! NOT YOU AGAIN!" and hung up. I sat staring at the phone for 30 seconds before I realized what had happened. As far as I know the radio is still in the repair shop. I haven't had the nerve to go thru that again.

I've been wondering why that ol' Foggy Foo wally has been so passive in the letter column lately, and where all his spicy comments were. Now I know he's been reading letters from George C. Willick and trying to edit around the dirty words and still have a letter left. That's well nigh onto impossible. It must have been a terrific effort for him to write a letter this clean. Well, I guess you've got to give George credit, he's trying....VERY trying. I like just two things about him -- his faces. I know mistakes will happen, but must he give them so much help? If he has a minute sometime get him to tell you all he knows, if it takes that long. A letter from him in my mail box always climaxed an already dull day. He has a very mechanical mind....too bad some of the screws are loose. Well, George, it's your turn now, and be sure and use your head; it's the little things that count.

Don't worry about the above wally, George C.W. and I have this personal Hate association going on and we try to see who can insult the other the most without repeating themselves. With George it's easy. I've been insulting him for years now and I've yet to run out of things to say. Also he is the type that if I had an eraser, I'd rub him out. Speaking of George C. Willick, one thing I have to say, he's a good sport. Which is more than we can say about some fen. GCW & I have been insulting each other for years and have yet to even think about a lawyer.

A most Hearty and Heart-Felt congratulations to Avram Davidson on becoming Exective Editor of F&SF.

And Bless you Nancy Shriner, I think you're infectious, too. BHOY what a contagious time we could have together.

GAD! but the J. Les Piper had the bitter sting of truth to it. I finally had someone ask, "Who the hell is Phil Harrell?" Not to me but in a letter someone else got and sent on to me. I must live in an Alternate Universe. You know who I am, don't you wally ol' best buddy that you are, don't you? I'll bite; who the hell are you? -w/w/w/ Doesn't anybody know who I am?

Best. (let's face it I'm still as "Insecure as hell." but why let everybody know it, or did you read LYDDITE#1?)

Phil

GREGG CALKINS TOO JOBBED TO WRITE
Dear Buz & Elinor & All:

1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah
17th day of December 1961

I've been working at the traditional student's Xmas job since last Wednesday and tomorrow my Post Office job is due to begin...my other job is for a geophysical company... so it looks like beginning at 8 a.m. tomorrow I'm about to have two jobs. Hence the brief card to the effect that the latest CRY was quite readable under that beautiful Atom cover ...and thanks for the phone numbers. One of these days when we're not too broke to pay

our regular phone bill we'll give you a ring. DDD, too. To repay the favor, our area code is 801 and the number is HU 7-7227. And until you hear otherwise, Merry Christmas to all of you from both of us.

Gregg & Jo Ann

PS: Please say hello and congratulations to good old Joe Green for me, hmmm...sort of a "remember the Chicon II" for me.

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM TELLS DAVIDSON TO STOP MUMBLING
Dear CRYbabies:

66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74
New York Dec. 20, 1961

I don't really want CRY to die... Just spreading light and happiness in my usual morbid manner. You see, already someone has handed The Nameless a copy of The Book OAHSP. Follow up on that and you'll really be starting something! I wrote to some nut about two years ago connected with the Oahspe gang, to buy a copy of this strange rejected "bible" and have been on the nut mailing list ever since. They're the wildest--and what's more, you folks live right plunk in the center of their stamping grounds. The latest advice from them is that they have contacted a guardian angel circling the Earth regularly in a special cosmic satellite to watch us--said guardian angel being no less than Christopher Columbus himself.

I foresee some fascinating seances for you...

Tell Davidson to stop mumbling in his beard as to why Ace doesn't bring out a collection of the short stories he never bothers to gather together and submit. I never buy things that are never submitted to me. Wrong space-time continuum. But if Avram will gather together about 40,000 words of his priceless prose and toddle them down to Ace's office, we'll maybe put a price on them and publish them in an Ace edition. A little less talk, a little more action, there, boy.

I am not an atheist, I am a GhuGhuist.

Terry Carr's article was delightful, typical phone company history.... I approve of Elinor's occupation -- by all means read Ace Books and skimp on CRY -- just so long as you say so.... Don Franson is quite right about the meaning of "Donald". I've known it for many years....

I don't know why everybody's so down on Willick's fan award statues. I think they're exactly in line with most fan thoughts artwise -- I think the statues would be cute as hell -- and if they were made of solid lead they could be used by the winners to beat in the heads of angry parents. As for the coming of a Second Degler, I sense that Fandom is entering what Speer would call an interregnum period -- and that's when you gotta look out! I think I may have accidentally been in on the beginning of it. A week ago the phone rings just after supper (your damn phone fandom's first neo!) and a greyish youngish exactifying voice plods vocally on for 3/4 hour, asking slow questions, expressing exact but ignorant opinions, developing slowly into the admission that he was 15 years old, already an expert on computing machines, did not consider himself a fan because he thought fans would be just crackpots, admitted to being in the habit of calling up anybody and everybody anywhere in the world when he felt like it, and gave his name as something or other Silverberg (but not Bob). To get rid of him I finally urged he get in touch with the Dietzes and attend the Lunarians. After the act, I may have made a fatal mistake. All we need is a thinking Degler, with money, and unlimited phone, and the mind of an IBM computer. He may be it.

By 1964 we will all be punched cards in his control machine.

Your cover is probably prophetic. I've just finished writing the fifth MIKE MARS book (adv.) which describes the DynaSoar glider (being built in Seattle by Boeing), the project that follows the Mercury operations -- and the space glider very strongly resembles a paper dart in conformation! It's even launched like one.

Hoping you are the same, I remain,

Cordially,

Don Wollheim

/We're having trouble at Boeing with the design, though. None of our astronauts are flat enough to fit inside the thing. --www/

HARRY WARNER, JR. SUSPECTS PHILCON OF TAKING OVER

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Crystians:

December 20, 1961

Do you realize that you devoted three or four times the space in Cry to the Philcon that you gave to the Seacon? [We figured Ella could tell you about SEACON. --www] The only explanation is the fact that the Philcon is Taking Over Fandom. Julie Harris is in Philadelphia almost every other fall, sometimes at the same time as the Philcon. Ella Parker runs the risk of the Atlantic freezing up before she can get home, so she can attend the Philcon. The Philcon has Jim Blish a year before the Trichicon. The fan awards fail to receive official consideration at the Philcon, just as they did at the Seacon. And to think that people are still arguing over the proper date for the annual world convention, when it's already set by tradition as a weekend in November.

The Interloper ended well, but I had almost forgotten the first portions of it by the time this issue arrived. I question the usefulness of stretching fanzine material out into serial form when some instalments are so short. Of course, it's an excellent way to preserve John's unbroken Cry appearance record.

I was very sorry to see Ted White get sued but I think that it was inevitable that someone would have recourse to the law, with someone or other as the victim, in view of the violent terms that have been appearing in many fanzines. It wouldn't be bad if the brilliance of the writing increased with the emotional temperature, but the opposite usually results, and the more heated arguments sound like a couple of neighbor women squabbling over the backyard fence, most of the time. Other lawsuits will be inevitable, if fans don't learn to keep their tempers with their fingers on the keyboard. To make things worse, nobody who gets sued for libel in fandom ever wants to talk about it later. One complete account of all the agony involved as a defendant might be the most effective way to convince fans that the game isn't worth the candle, when one vindictive remark about an enemy's personal life or activities can cost you peace of mind and large sums of cash for months or years.

Fandom Harvest is another excellent example of why I'd never want to live in a big city. Even in a town the size of Hagerstown, which is larger than suits me, practically all the customers know either the manager or some other major official of the business office, from high school days or lodge associations. When you have telephone troubles of one kind or another, you mention it casually to your friend and he looks into it the next day, and that's all there is to it.

The best surprise in the letter column was Bob Lichtman's return to his old address, which even tops the amazement that Ella Parker is likely to be back at her old one. On this thing of putting one's life into fanzines: the future is the thing that prevents me from being too frank. I still have a brief interval of manhood before sinking into second childhood. If I take advantage of this opportunity to get married, wife or child might some day see things they shouldn't see, if I tell all. Or I might make a violent enemy five years from now who will collect, pack up and ship off to my employers all my writing referring to my job, which is why I don't tell the truth about it. Fanzines are so permanent.

It is a nice question of fannish ethics, the one about permission to publish convention speeches. If tickets of admission are not rigidly required for the convention session, I suspect that any fan has the legal right to publish the speech. A court might also decide that the listener who is allowed to operate his tape recorder can't be deprived of the right to use what he gets on it. The present custom of doling out speeches by the speakers to whichever fan asks first or prettiest makes it impossible to get them all published in one place for a year or more after the convention, under present mores. It would take a lawyer or a judge to decide what happens if a fan publishes a speech without authority to do so and thereby wrecks the plan of the speaker to turn it into an article for sale to a professional publication. [Legal or not, it's thoughtful to ask, and despite the progress made by the U.S. Post Office, it's still fairly easy to write a speaker for permission. Probably anyone who really wanted to publish all the speeches together could obtain such permission easily. Publishing a speech without sanction from the speaker could possibly make obtaining his services at future conventions more difficult. Considering the fact that speakers at science fiction conventions still haven't wised up

to the fact that they deserve pay for all the work they are donating, I wouldn't care to be the one to rock the boat. I'd tell you more, but right now the suds are getting pretty thick in the box I'm standing on, so I'd best get busy cleaning up the rest of the letter column here. --www/

If the fan awards are dead, it's a pity. FAPA gave laureate awards for years. A fan gets a Hugo every year. Project Art Show gives prizes and money to the individuals who take part in it. Los Angeles fandom throws a banquet each year to some fan who has earned ten or fifteen bucks by making a professional sale and spasmodically provides a big heart award to someone just on general principles. Yet GW (who reminds me more of George Washington than George Wetzel) is treated as if he were reviving the Cosmic Circle, for continuing a fine fannish tradition in slightly different form. I think he stirred up this opposition because he's new in fandom and veteran fans objected to a newcomer doing something they sensed should have been done by themselves long ago.

((Seriously, Harry, he really worked at arousing opposition. See DNQac for details.))

I suspect that what the mailman brought wasn't the only reason the unnamed East German got into trouble with authorities. I'm currently corresponding with an East German, Herbert Häussler, who shows no evidence of a situation where "literature of that sort is strictly forbidden". I'll try to remember to ask him about this situation.

Fred Parker sounds like a remarkably interesting letter writer. I hope that you will keep someone in Seattle trained in the obsolete art of deciphering longhand, so that he needn't worry with the typewriter and yet may make regular appearances in Cry.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BETTY KUJAWA BERATES UNKIND GODS

Wally-baby;

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Tuesday, December 19, 1775.

If the Gods had been kind I'd have been round Berkely this week petting and spoiling all the Donaho and Gibson cats and having a big big time for myself----- alas, the Gods were not so disposed so here I am with the snow falling outside doing a loc to CRY.

A fatal illness in the family of our La Jolla hosts meant a postponement. You know Betty was to navigate...read the air-maps and tune in the proper OMNI beacon signals. Chances were we might have ended up spending Christmas with Roy Tackett and the Japanese CRYfen!!

Been doing a lot of local tripping...remember the postcard from Chicago? Well at the night club I mentioned (the one with the belly dancers) on Saturday nights they have an audience participation contest, see, and I was thinkin' if perhaps during the Chicon you, Avram and myself couldn't go over for that....like I mean I'd hold your coats while youse guys get up and show 'em how its really done....okay, Wally? /For once you are right. We couldn't go over for that. --www/

I am so beholden to Avram Davidson these days...one night of that Chi weekend we were with some veddy intellectual sorts...egg-head chit chat and the subject turned to humor in writing...in an aside to Gene I said I would take the works of Avram Davidson... there was a silence, heads swung my way. One chap said.."Avram Davidson?? You mean T*H*E Avram Davidson who wrote THE KAPPA NU NEXUS in the s-f magazine?" "Yes" said I, "that very same darling boy."

"You know Avram Davidson??" the people asked. "Yes," said Betty hamming it up like all get out, "and to know him is to love him." And on and on it went with many questions as to what one A.D. is really like ...A sort of Jewish Greek God I explained (this went over well with the ladies). So anyway for the rest of the night I was a VIP because I knew Avram...you'd a thunk I had announced I was Tom Wolfe's bastard daughter or Hemmingway's last mistress at least. So thank you, Avram Davidson, for being you...and I didn't really take your name too much in vain. I just said all good and impossible to live up to things about you.

Tomorrow Gene and I will have been married fifteen happy years..we spent our honeymoon round Gulfport and New Orleans -- hence if the weather allows flying we shall fly down to New Orleans the day after Christmas Day. We hope to take in Dallas and Houston,

too. But New Orleans, home of Emile Greenleaf and Jan Penny, is my target as of now. Also Gene, besides the skeet shooting stuff, wants to inspect the New Orleans Playboy Key Club...ever since I got him that membership he has this affinity for bunnyrabbits... strange.

Am not sending out any proper Christmas cards this season..and, sigh, I've been receiving such lovely ones from all the good-fen. Instead have given to the United Negro College Fund..so all good buddies out there may feel that some part of that donation is given for you. Okay, gang? [Okay. But I wonder what the United Negro College Fund folks thought when they got all those Christmas cards from you. --www/

Darlin' ATOM illo on Cry 155 cover, bless him. Like Elinor I am plugging for Ethel Lindsay for TAFF (and believe you me tis a hard thing to have two such fine candidates to choose from; Eddie Jones will be equally welcome in my home if he should win; a superb artist is Eddie and a fine guy from what they tell me) -- but Ethel was the very first femme fan across the Pond that I knew and a good and loyal friend she has been ever since -- with a strong sense of responsibility and loyalty...other words a real Scot. When Ella was here did I tell you her piteous dismay to find we not only didn't have egg cups (barbarians, was the way I think she put it) but also I didn't have even one album of scottish bagpipe music!! Oh heresy for a daughter of a Kennedy and the grand daughter of a MacDonald and the great-grand-daughter of a Campbell. So best I remedy this treason before next Labor Day.

Heard from Ella yesterday..saddens me knowing that she really has left the country. Leave us get some strong cables and winches or what ever and start dragging the entire British Isles (including the Shetlands and Fred Hunter) over our way till they are about 5 miles off of Cape Cod -- a far far better project than a tower of bheer cans to the moon, right?

The ending of the Berry-tale was a slight let-down but am glad he used this type of an ending just when we all kinda figured he'd have the spy see the light and become an American and a tru-fan. This story could have been padded out more and made into a pro-novel, I feel. I thought it one of his best.

J. Les, Nirenberg said, was a goner, but here is another of his delicious cartoon pages (backlog one, kids?)...I hope maybe from time to time Les will revive Piper -- or perhaps someday an anthology of them all would be pubbed? Huh?

Golly look at all the dirty pros we've got now! Green, Toskey, Webbert --- good-o fer yew, fellows..though I hope Toskey won't feel hurt if I don't read his book with avid fascination -- husband Gene is well equipped to though. Let's leave it at that.

Oh that Terry Carr article had me in stitches cause I, too, have been through the equal of it here. Oh, how true, Terry --- I have had the wildest experiences along this line---and having a name like Kujawa to even more confuse the issue does not help.

Avram takes the ever lovin' cake for CRYhack of the year bar none. As good old Ed Meskys says, perhaps we should name Avram as "Best New Fan of the Year"! I am developing this maaad passion for the boy (Davidson, not Ed, by the way) and I may just ditch my long suffering husband and throw myself at Mr. D....and getting hit with a 40-30-40 five foot ten dame really isn't the kindest thing to do to such a sweet feller -- I'd better grab holt of myself and stifle the impulse. I don't blame Alma at all for sending him the socks--I'd knit him a tie, but who would ever see it? A little knitted cap, perhaps... I'm best at embroidered pillow cases and samplers with slurpy sweet quotations, though. But in Hebrew I don't think I'd do it quite right. Ah weel.

Am mighty glad to see that Bob Lichtman has cleared things up and is home and I sincerely hope all will be well with him and his.

But Bob, I have to disagree with one thing in your letter--on the Gibson-SHAGGY article where you term it "ill-starred". I differ on that---if there are fans of that ilk I feel it is much better if we are all forewarned and thusly able to protect ourselves ---I, assuredly, want to know just who to avoid...as I'm sure you do too, Bob. Take the fen who are married and have wives/husbands and young children (or as often in my own case have a seriously invalided parent staying at times in my home)--none of us want obnoxious types capable of abusing our wives or kids by action or words showing up any old time nor do we want to find valuable or cherished items stolen from our homes, and on and on like that. If names can be named then we can all be protected from predatory trash..and

fandom's name will not get more besmirched by these Lunatic Fringers than it is right now.

Unfortunately as of now I (and others like me) do not know which fen to avoid (perhaps now that I think of it, this may be your complaint about the article, Bob??) and many innocent fen may suffer...naturally this is not good either. I, for one, would like to know..I feel there may be many many others like me in this respect.

Now I see there is one other thing I disagree with you on, Bob. Rather with Buz, I should say. This coat and tie thing at the Chicon banquet..one night out of a year I feel that isn't asking too much. I suspect (after seeing snaps of the PITTCO and the SEACON) the Chi-group would like to see a banquet attended by folk attired with some degree of grooming. I wouldn't much care for going to said banquet dressed as passably as I can and bathed and with hair in place to find myself at dinner across from some ill-kempt messily groomed and garbed individualistic person whose appearance makes me lose all desire to eat.

It's fine to express ones self through attire et al but when this becomes really offensive to the eye (and stomach) of those around you then it ceases to be something worthy and becomes a case of bad manners and lack of consideration for people who are supposedly your friends. Don't think me anti-beard or anti sports clothes --- no femmefan hates girdles, hose and heels more than I and I've tried to interest Gene in growing a beard ever since I saw a snapshot of the one Buz used to sport so sexily (that one really got me). And please, I am NOT denying you or anyone the right to abstain from attending the banquet.

Say Weber, where IS WRR?? Like weren't youse guys gonna have a Willis issue? Didn't I send in money?? SO??? /So Willis hasn't shown up yet to do the issue. I've been considerate enough to wait until he gets over here on his vacation, when he'll have lots of time to put out a good issue. The least you could do is be a little patient. --www/

Congrats to new-groom Joe Patrizio---and to the future Story Editor of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction, Mr. Avram Davidson, Esq. And may you improve that zine by leaps and bounds, honey. These last two issues I haven't finished readin--believe me they NEED you there badly.

Tis a fine thing indeed to see a letter from Brother Fred Parker in the CRY!! And to read how he is reading up on things fannish, may he indeed "write again someday".. and soon.

Your...

Betty

BOB LICHTMAN READMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION

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

Dear CRY:

26 December 1961

I had an interesting letter from the University of California the other day. I am readmitted to UCLA beginning with the spring 1962 semester. Soon I must get in touch with their Medical Centre and make an appointment for a physical examination. This is, of course, where you are marched in the nude through a mile and a half of linoleum-floored corridors and while your feet slowly take on an icy chill you are poked, prodded, felt and photographed from three certain angles. Oh well... /Hoo boy, wait'll you see our next photocover! --www/

The cover on this December issue was nice, but one might have wished for something along more Christmasy lines. I wonder who stencilled it? The work around the back of the space helmet--that dark area--was a bit sloppy. ((Do not pass GO. Do not collect \$200. EB)) I wish I could have had a chance to do up this cover on a ditto master. It would have turned out much better in colour. But then this is just a prejudice of mine: you know I'm more partial to ditto than to even good mimeo.

The ending for John's story was good, but I wish it could have been longer. I enjoyed what John was doing with the basic plot and wish he could have carried it further before bringing it to a conclusion. A full-length novelette wouldn't have been unappreciated in this case.

Pleased to see Piper cartoons returning to the pages of CRY again; and agree with Buz's remarks on fan lawsuits, particularly in the case of Moskowitz vs White. Also agree with the brief remarks about George C. Willick. The Minutes were dandy, as usual, and Terry's

column was the sort of delightful dialogue thing that Terry does so well.

Damn, you know, everything in CRY is so predictable, and I find myself lumping things together in one large paragraph of comment rather than making lots of small paragraphs, that maybe I ought to duplicate a couple years worth of CRY form Letters Of Comment. Heck, I could pick up some loose change sending them out in year-lots to CRYhacks. Just think of what a simplified COTR it would make when you got a whole month of these in return for the CRYs you sent out. You could just have a one page graph fitting the format of the form letter, and you could give each responding CRYhack a column in which you would record--in code, of course--his reactions to the previous month's CRY. You could pick up a bit of change on the side, yourself, by selling to the non-letterhacking subscribers mimeographed sheets explaining the code. Why, I can see it all now! It would be revolutionary, and it would certainly be a wonderful thing. Wouldn't it? ((Old CRY joke -- we almost WAHF you. --FMB))

And here we come to the lettercol, and here's where CRY is no longer predictable. I don't know if it's really Worth It to be an old guard anymore. Look at all these very neofen who have come in to crowd against me. Avram Davidson (whom I think is Es Adams in a clever plastic disguise, because they write letters a lot alike), Betty Kujawa (pronounced with an obscene bark), Harry Warner, Ella Parker, Tom Purdom, Nancy Shriner (nee Thompson), Phil Jaskar & John Howald, George C. Willick, and like that. I tell you, if it weren't for Don Franson and me, this CRY lettercol would have no Ties To The Past. How depressing! ((It certainly is a wonderful thing. --FMB))

I'm a bit bechuckled to see Steve Stiles' mention of Yandro-type artwork, on account of I've been stretching this sort of thing further to include Fanoclast-type artwork (as in Void, Lighthouse, Axe, and Xero, for instance), Shaggy-type artwork (see most LASFS zines), and so forth. It's true, though; Yandro's artwork is Different. That's not to say that some of it isn't good, but some of it is pretty odd.

Mike Deckinger was at the PhilCon??!! I coggle. I thought that Mike Deckinger was gafia. After all, it's been a+g+e+s since I've seen a Mike Deckinger article or Feghoot story in a fanzine. ~~(Thank/Ed!)~~ And, geewhiz, there's even a Mike Deckinger letter in CRY this time! Mike, I wish you would make up your mind about this gafia business. Is you is o' is you ain't an old fan, and dead? Or do you still want us to send you a loaf of bread?

You know what, I don't think I want to say anything to these young upstarts crowding all the space in the letter column this time. They're of another fandom, after all, and one must keep up one's position, mustn't one? When Jim Moran, Stony Barnes, P.F. Skeberdis, and Rich Brown come back to the lettercol, I will talk again.

Til next issue,

Bob

RICHARD BERGERON BREAKS GAFIA WITH US

110 Bank St., New York City 14, New York

Dear Weeping Ones:

I wonder if a letter to CRY will serve as a good sharp edge against which to break one's gafia. I find myself in the position of having to produce a promised article for Ted Pauls while still on the outskirts of Who Gives A Damn. If I manage to get through this letter you may find the rest of the body in KIPPLE.

CRY #155 beckons with its lovely Atom cover silently attempting to refute the contention in "The Interloper" that "the sparkle of genius has gone from his cartoons of late." Do I detect the fine hand of the stencil cutter in the interjection that this is an "((alternate universe story))"? Actually "The Interloper" is an alternate universe story but the remark about the quality of current Atom cartooning isn't the point that gives it away. After all, that's a matter of opinion and not easily resolved by citing examples. The example that gives away the nature of the story appears elsewhere -- and a rather distorted alternate universe it must be, too. The spacewarp ought to be pierced by a letter from Avram Davidson any day now pointing this out, but I'll still note that the dead giveaway is on page 7. I know what that tingling sensation Elmer Lansing had in his scalp felt like. I had it too when I mentally followed him "along Fifth Avenue" and with horror watched him turn "down East Fourteenth towards the Hudson River side of

Manhattan." Fifth Avenue, of course, divides Manhattan into East and West (I believe the Moskowitz' are thinking of building a wall along the traffic line) and everything West of that Avenue, romantic places like New Jersey and California, is beyond the Hudson River. Everything East, like the UN, Long Island, and the Atlantic Ocean, is in the other direction. A moot point but one which a spy in our universe couldn't do without knowing.

Otherwise there doesn't seem to be too much of a controversial nature in this issue. I should mention that "...With Keen Blue Eyes And A Bicycle" is beautifully argued and wish you all S*E*A*S*O*N*S G*R*E*E*T*I*N*G*S.

dick

POUL ANDERSON SENDS PRECIOUS LINES

3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California

Dear Busbys (Busbies? Busbii?),

14 December 1961

A stiffly polite little zero after my name reminds me that I'd better renew my subscription. It wouldn't do to miss such goodies as Avram's letters or that commentator who travels around on his eyes and a bicycle or Hwyl, even though I wonder what it is a Hwyl. Therefore enclosed find five typewritten lines' worth of subscription. That's assuming all you good people tell JWC mine was the best in the issue; if you don't, I'll have to consider that I'm sending you seven lines' worth of money and shall expect my subscription to be lengthened accordingly.

No, Avram, I have not been "pouring over those translations." Not even Olympia Beer have I been pouring over them. Reminds me of a bicycle trip (with bleary blue eyes) that my brother and I undertook these many summers ago. He was writing home and I happened to see some such line as "Today we peddled from Chester to Llangollen." Ah, those were the days. Even at the height of our peddling career, though, we never quite got up the nerve to proclaim ourselves ironmongers --- like, you know, a pushcart full of iron is heavy and those hills are steep --- and certainly not fruiterers. I have subsequently, however, seen myself described as a writer, which I take to be a professional process server, though possibly it is just one of the more obscure Anglo-Saxon social rankings.

"Spellbingling" is indeed a noble word. I must remember it, along with such as "nastard," "barf!" and "knanve." You too can have a more powerful vocabulary....

If this seems disjointed, blame it on the wine last night. You see, I was all tense anyway after a difficult day's work, so went out of dis joint and saw an Italo-Japanese film version of Madame Butterfly and, well, Cio-Cio-San's little boy had curly reddish gold hair and keen blue eyes. I needed wine afterward. Even so, I recommend the film. Not in a class with the movie versions of, say, Boris Godunov or Tales of Hoffmann; but definitely attractive, and the gal playing the title role is very slurpsome indeed.

Cheers,

Poul

TOM PURDOM HAS AN EXPERIENCE WITH A PHONE

3317 Baring Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.

Dear Everybody:

December 17, 1961

I, too, had an experience with the phone. It rang when I was having Thanksgiving dinner at the home of my parents. "It's for you," my mother said. Wondering who would be calling me at my parents', I started for the phone. "It's some woman with a funny accent," my mother says. ELLA! And it was. She wanted to tape record my voice for English fandom. I did not rise to the occasion. My tape recorded voice will go down in the history of England babbling "Hello, England. Hello, Atom. Hello, Ajax." Etc. Etc. I got mike fright. Really. Poor Ella. And she'd called George Heap to get our (unlisted) number here at Baring Street and then had to get the number of my parents from our landlady. And that's what she got. Hello, folks. Hello, England.

Then we came home in the evening. Our landlady is my wife's best friend and has been since college days, and since she doesn't go home to Indiana to visit her mother, she invites a lot of foreign students and other people alone in the city and cooks dinner for them. Well, in the group were two friends of Diana's latest boy friend, a couple from Chestnut Hill. I started to ask them if they'd seen Ella, since she stayed in Chestnut Hill. Then I thought. They couldn't have. Chestnut Hill's a big place and even a wild Scoaw in a polka dotted raincoat might not be noticed. Then I started telling about my

phone call. "Do you know Ella Parker?" asks the lady from Chestnut Hill in a quiet English voice. It seems Ella and Jock Root spent the weekend with them. What do you think of that, Ella?

Since I spend the whole day talking to people on the phone, I don't enjoy phone conversations. Also I like to talk with my hands. And I like companionable silence. So the phone and I aren't very good friends. You might say we're not on speaking terms, if I may try to avram.

In his complaint about being asked to appear on the panel at the last minute, Meskys didn't mention he did a first-rate job.

Now on this military service question. I have grown tired of hearing people tell other people what their duty is and have resolved to avoid doing so as much as possible. I can say what I think my duty is. I can express my gratitude to those men who have defended my liberty. But if a man feels he has to dodge the draft, I have nothing to say to him, especially if he's a peace time draft dodger. And I have a great liking for all conscientious objectors, peace marchers, pacifists, etc., especially those who go to jail or just stand up in public and let people know what they think. They're closer to being combat veterans than I am.

Two facts make it hard for me to sneer at draft dodgers. One is the nature of the United States Army, which seems skillfully designed to eliminate any sense of social responsibility, patriotism, desire to defend his liberty, a man may have. A man who has the love of freedom in his bones is bound to resist at least half the professional soldiers he meets in the Army, and resisting the Army will subdue whatever desire he has to defend the Bill of Right. It takes a great act of will and intelligence to remind yourself that the United States Army does have a purpose and a fairly decent purpose at that. Most men lack that intelligence and will. Even those who submit to the draft usually do so because it's easier than resisting. A peacetime draftee is mainly a janitor and dishwasher for the regular army men; if a man dodges that, I find it hard to have contempt for him. The other fact is the fundamental injustice of the present draft laws. Less than one third of all American males serve in the armed forces. The other two thirds can get off scot free and spend the rest of their lives hooting at those who complain about being drafted, or gripe about getting called up a second time, or use shadier draft dodging methods than are built into the present law.

On the other hand criticizing draft dodgers is a good way to get men in the Army. Eliminate the sense of shame and the social pressure and I might not have the freedom to write what I please, because many necessary men might not have been present on certain battle fields. The trouble is I'm not really qualified to comment on these matters. Ever since I got the idea it would be nice to win the Nobel Prize for literature, I've tried to subject myself to certain literary disciplines. One of these is trying to see the world through the other man's eyes. A good writer, and that's what I want to be, a good writer, is a lawyer for the defense. He'll defend the condemned man and then he'll turn around and defend the judge and the executioner. It's a vice and its basis is a dislike of suicide. But it makes you a spectator and soft hearted, which is okay as long as you don't have too much responsibility. See the dilemma? Nuts to you, Busby, for raising such topics in a zine like Cry.

For real controversy, how many angels can get lost in Avram's beard? Is it safe now to say what we really think of Ella? Has anybody written I.F. Wertlieb?

Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. God bless you, one and all. You, too, Wee Wally.

[Same to you, fellah! --www/]

Tom

EDMUND R. MESKYS ALMOST SENDS A BOMB
Grrr, you fiendish beast!

723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, New York
19 Dec, 1961

Here I was 1/3 of the way thru Fellowship of the Ring (which is only 1/10 of the way thru Lord) when your lousy Cry comes plonking into my mailbox yesterday. Do you realize that I had to delay reading LotR TWO WHOLE HOURS on your account?

Right off I turned to my missive in CotR to see how you chopped me this time, and I almost sent you a bomb. But then I checked my carbon and found that I HAD typed Mauritania instead of Sylvania as the Scoaw's boat. This is beginning to make me wonder -- maybe she

hasn't been deported yet but only hypnotized the 3 of us into believing that we had placed her on the ship. This would put you off guard, and then she could pounce on you when you least expect it! Wally, you've had more experience with her than I have -- tell me, is she capable of such a fiendish plot? [Of course not. You haven't a thing to worry about so far as Ella is concerned. I was planning to change my address anyway. --www]

Congratulation to John Berry -- "The Interloper" certainly read well and didn't have the expected ending (the "hero's" conversion to the Western "way of life"). For unity of plot, etc., tho, the introduction of an entirely new character to bring about his downfall was a shortcoming.

One other gripe I got is the whole idea of the story -- using some 2 dozen numbers hidden in fmz illos to carry information. It seems rather inefficient -- do you realize how little info can get carried in only that many digits? Especially when an alphabet of only 10 symbols is used -- now if he had used some 40 or 50 symbol "alphabet" detection would have been still more unlikely and considerably more info could have been carried. [But maybe the spy's homeland already had an alphabet and they were trying to steal some other secret, like how we count for instance. --www]

Terry was interesting and amusing as he often is. Now that he's in NY I hope I'll meet him some day. Did talk to him on the phone once, tho -- accidentally. Called Ted White to get Jock Root's phone number and address, and Terry answered. Couldn't think of anything to say so I just asked him for the number. [See, it was a number you wanted, not some stupid ten-digit alphabet. --www]

Scientifictionally yours,
Ed Meskys

DON FITCH SAYS CARR WASN'T THINKING SERIOUSLY

3908 Frijo, Covina, California

Dear www:

19 Dec 61

What have you done with/to Terry Carr, erstwhile literary and publishing giant? He's always written on inconsequential topics (almost always, that is, in Fandom Harvest) but he invariably said something significant or important, even though only in passing, or at least left the reader with the uneasy impression that there was something terribly wrong with the universe. It was always a mark of his skill that he did do this, producing an effect entirely out of proportion to that which one would expect.

But in CRY #155 (when will #200 come out? [Between numbers 199 and 201 if we keep to our present schedule. --www]) the renowned T.C. appears to be carefully avoiding not only the impression of being serious (he almost always does that) but actually to be avoiding thinking seriously. This is not the Terry Carr we all know and love, and it would be sad to see him adopt this attitude of avoidance as a permanent philosophy. [You think the loss of an entire telephone exchange isn't serious? What do you want, the sun to go nova? --www]

Bob Lichtman wonders how some people know so much about his personal life, and why they are so interested. The younger fans, of course, want to find out how he resolved The Problem which faces them, and the older ones like to tell how they did it, or feel they should have done it. Fans write in such a highly personal manner that, after reading their fanzine for a year or so, and meeting them often in COTR and other lettercolumns, we (other fans) feel that we know them, that we are friends, and can offer what we consider helpful advice or needed sympathy. My sense of wonder is shaken when I discover that this is an illusion, that most fans don't really give a tinker's damn about most other fans (one may gafia violently or quietly and no one ever seems to ask "what ever happened to good old so-and-so?"), and that these fanzine friendships are a mere sham or facade, hollow and without meaning.

AVRAM DAVIDSON for Best New Fan of the Year.

Sincerely,

Don

P.S. Aw, cummon, make 1962 a 1,000 page Cry year. one-hundred copies of a ten-page Cry, doesn't it? --www]

[Okay. That amounts to

SETH A. JOHNSON SUGGESTS FANDOM ENLIST HAMS

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey
December 16, 1961

Dear Cry;

That's not a bad idea listing the dial numbers for phoning CRY staff. If for some reason I get left sitting in phone office as I did once when protesting some charge or other I might just give Buz a ring. Funny how the spirit of larceny pervades all of fandom. Or all of humanity for that matter. /Yeah. I laugh and laugh. --www/

There is a ham operator in Vaux Hall who would send and receive messages on my behalf. The name is Ben Reczko, 251 Indiana St., Union, N.J., and the call letters are W2JZD. This might be a great deal cheaper than using telephone to contact and gossip with fans.

Why not start a drive to enlist hams in ham fanac? You might suggest a particular time and wavelength for fannish messages. Might start something you can't finish this way.

John Berry's story was pretty good at that. Seems to me the ending was something of a letdown, though. He could have run that thing on and on and on.

What was said about OAHSP, incidentally? Read the book some time ago and would be interested to know what was said. /So far as I know, nothing was said. --www/

Must hand it to Terry Carr. Anyone who can make a dispute with Bell Telephone sound interesting must be remarkably talented writer indeed. If only that guy could be induced to write about Science Fiction and Fantasy in this same amusing style, what an asset he would be to CRY.

Get a kick out of Deckinger's supercilious attitude to N3F. I can remember when he joined N3F and was literally begging to be included in robins and was introduced to fandom through having his articles printed in N3F zines. Got most of his art, poetry and articles for HOCUS from N3F members and directly through introductions through Round Robins of N3F. If not for N3F, Mike would not be in fangdom today. ((".....!!"))

And now wishing all the CRY gang a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I remain;
Fanatically yours

Seth A. Johnson

DONALD W. ANDERSON NAMES NANCY'S DRINK

141 Shady Creek Road, Rochester 23, New York

Dear wwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww (damn electric typer!!!)

It has been some time since I have been moved to CRYhack a loc, but a startling statement by Nancy Shriner has caused the blood to flow once more.

In her letter in #155 she mentioned mixing a drink consisting of half lemonade, half Scotch whiskey, and wants to know a name for it. Well, by the blood of my Ross Clan ancestors, I've got one---"BLASPHEMY"!!!!!! Oh that the result of the blood, sweat, and tears of so many small Scots distilleries should be thus traeted. Sob. In fact, sob, sob.

My God, woman, if you MUST mix lemonade with something, mix it with Jack Daniels, or Capt. Morgan's Black Label, or some other plebian drink, but not with the precious dew of the heather. Oog!!!!

Despite the fact that The Interloper is probably the best Berry since TGCW, I was just a trifle unhappy over the ending. With the magnificent detail in earlier installments, the "lucked-out" and scanty ending seems to be quite a let down. Almost as if John suddenly became just a little tired of the whole thing.

HWYL--Ah, Elinor, the Ultimate Compliment. "You may not be beautiful, Dear, but you have nice bones". I must try that one on my wife. Will you underwrite the hospital bills?

Luck,

Don

J. R. SIEGER, BOHEMIAN

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

Dear Bad Boys:

December 14, 1961

There seems to be less zip in #155, probably because the Kujawa-Weber love affair is waning, and Avram Davidson's getting senile. He says so himself.

Davidson: I've been prodding that dirty atheiss editor for a Davidson collection, too. But he's more interested in Making Money than in publishing literary masterpieces..... but he once said he's waiting for a novel to back it with, hint, hint.

Madam Kujawa: by all means, somebody define "square" before we all get het up. For months now I've been having arguments with that stodgy old hayseed Coulson, denouncing him

as a wicked bohemian whilst he calls me a prude. Then what? Just now he gives his definition of bohemian, and by his definition I'm a bohemian, too! Oh, the shame of it all....

Yrs,

J.R.S.

DICK KUCZEK COMPLAINS ABOUT STAPLES

2808 S.E. 154, Portland 36, Oregon

Dear CRY people,

I have just read CRY #155, and thought it was excellent. This means, naturally, that my letter will start out with a complaint department.

Complaint Department: What happened to the results of the CRY Poll? Several issues back we were promised the results; so far, no results. /You must have missed our Sept. issue. --www/ Are you so cheap that you can't afford to buy proper sized staples? Every time the mailman hands me my CRY, the last four or five pages fall off. I have a super small, handy-dandy, pocket-size stapler that staples a CRY with ease. Can't you afford the dollar it costs to buy one? /Nope. We're barely making the payments on the thirty-ton model we have now. --www/

The Interloper: Fabulous. Unlike many people can, I couldn't predict the ending. I am at a complete loss just trying to figure out how he held it down to such a short length. It easily could have been three times its length. /Not in CRY it couldn't!-ww/

Fandom Harvest: For some reason I enjoy everthing Terry Carr writes. Could it be he is a good writer? Or maybe I just have a low level of appreciation. It must be the former.

Fannishly yours,

Dick Kuczek

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

BOB McCAGUE ("sample copy"? -- must be outta his mind!), HENRY E. STINE (sorry, no copies of issue are available), TOM & SARA PURDOM (you any relation to that Purdom who writes us letters and articles? Best Holiday wishes to you, too.), RICHARD SCHULTZ (lovely money you had there), BRIAN JORDAN (and a Happy new 1962 to you.), THE PHYSICS LABORATORIES - Home of Sidney Coleman (fascinating, that note you sent), and BERNARD A. ZUBER (you're welcome, and we can hardly wait to start cutting your letters.).

It's GAFIA time again, chillun, and this time I really mean it. I'm not going to do another lettercolumn for the rest of the year. (Get that? "...for the rest of the year." See it's December 30th today and... oh, never mind. You wanted your letter in next issue's WAHF column anyway, didn't you? -----www)

from C R Y

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Postman: you will get your revenge for all your Christmas rush work if you deliver this to...