

# CRY

157

FEBRUARY 1962



Atom

" YOU MEAN YOU RECOGNISE HIM AS THAT WELL KNOWN  
NEW YORK FAN AVRAM DAVIDSON BY THE SEXY GREY  
ELASTIC NYLON SOX HE'S WEARING! "



CRY

127

FEBRUARY 1963



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VERILY, this which now assaults your own two or three eyes is

P a g e   T h r e e

of C R Y (#157, for February 1962), from Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash.

CRY got custody of Wally Weber, way back in 1951; shortly thereafter, it obtained possession of Burnett R Toskey, not then a Ph.D. In 1955 it picked up both F.M. and Elinor Busby (at a discount, it claims). Since then it has toyed with many and kept several; CRY is a Jealous Master but not omnipotent: Wally Gonser, and Jim & Doreen Webbert are still somewhat under the Influence, but Otto Pfeifer and Steve Tolliver got away clean. The lightning strikes once a month, on a Sunday, but atmospheric conditions now negate CRY's powers in July and September; aren't you glad?

John Berry (31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N.Ireland) accepts that crazy non-decimal stuff they use for money over there at the ratio of one issue for 1/9, 5 for 7/-, or 12 for 14/- (Colonial equivalents are 25¢, \$1, and \$2 respectively)

Contributors, successful letterhacks, some faned-traders, and other people who probably can't help it, occasionally turn up with free issues. Some of these folks are still trying to explain this miracle to their skeptical friends and neighbors, but they might as well forget it-- there is no reason; it's just our policy!

In this issue, we happen to have some C o n t e n t s:

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Like Art Credits: ATom 1 13 25, Weber 14 23, Watt 4.

Ghod knows who will be turning the crank; I might even have a shot at it myself. Otherwise the credits all go to people like Jim and Tosk as listed upside the page.

Stencils cut by the following: Weber 15, Elinor 7, Buz 3.

By the time you have worked on through to the back of this thing, it may have struck you that this is an unusually skinny issue. That makes two of us; it is an unusually skinny issue. I'm not griping, mind you; this issue delights me, bringing back the halcyon days when we gloated over having achieved a 30-page zine on the way up, for size. We ran too big, for too long; this issue is calm and pleasurable.

Of course I'm joking, a little bit. This time Weber came up several pages shorter than expected with the lettercol; Terry Special Delivery Carr did not make any delivery at all, Special or otherwise; and Avram got work; you can't win 'em all. Oh, we have other material at hand-- in fact, I'm faced with the sad task of writing notes explaining just why we did not use several contributions.

There is also the distinct possibility that several usable contributions have been somehow mislaid; I know of one one-page cartoon item that's somewhere nearby.

(Yes, "there must be a pony in here, somewhere!")

But, BE BRAVE. After all, you managed to put up with the 60-page issues when we were trying to get down to 40 pages, didn't you? So now it's like OUR turn...

But WHERE ARE YOU, AVRAM??

(& on CRYday itself): as it happened, I went out to the FenDen and started cranking, this morning. Tosk came over with the Multigraphed covers, and now we have this thing nearly all run off except for Weber's Minutes which are yet absent along with their author. Seems odd to be nearly done with this mess around noontime...

Let's skip the Dep't of Plugs this time: you fine people already know all about TAFF and TAWF and ChiConIII and WesterCon and TGGW and many many other fine fannish activities; I trust you are supporting your favorites & will continue to do so.

Next CRYday will be Sunday, March 4, 1962. Hear that, TCarr?? --Buz.



M I N U T E S

Adventures in Nameless Ones meeting in 1962 as reported by Wally Weber, Hon. Sec-Treas

JANUARY 4, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES REVISITED:

Due to the unexcuseable lack of cooperation by the club, the minutes of the January 4 meeting as reported in the previous CRY were not entirely accurate. Although the differences were actually quite minor, it is the opinion of the management that in the interests of maintaining the strict policy of reliability for which these Minutes are world famous, the Minutes should be rewritten.

To begin with, the JANUARY 4, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones never opened officially. Gordon Eklund, the ranking officer at the meeting, was provided with all the equipment required to run an official meeting, but he chose to ignore his responsibility and, instead, indulge in his usual vile practice of allowing the other members to louse up the meeting in their own unique ways.

Wally Gonser, one of the few conscientious officers left in the club since its total break-up after the Seacon, tended to his duties as Official Coffee-Maker by providing coffee for those members of the organization who could not survive long without partaking of the hideous narcotic. Since the meeting -- gathering would probably be a better term -- was taking place at Dyllan's, the restaurant of the future, providing the coffee consisted of stealing one of the containers of freshly made coffee when the waitress was not looking.

Strangely enough, the subject of conversation turned to the matter of stealing drinks, and one Chuck Jackson revealed a sure-fire method of obtaining alcoholic beverages if you are not old enough to buy any yourself. You take them away from your younger brother.

The subject of Gordon Eklund's inept handling of the meeting was not actually brought up in open conversation, but pointed questions were asked about what had ever become of the For-Real President of the Nameless Ones, John Rundorff. Ed Wyman suggested that he had probably "runned orf." If the LASFS fail to fine him for this breach of good taste, the matter will have to be turned over to his wife, Geneva, who witnessed the whole thing.

Malcolm Willits mentioned that he was considering teaching somewhere in California, and it was his fond hope that some California school could be induced to consider the matter. There ensued a debate concerning the virtues and lack of same of California. Dr. Toskey thought that Paul Stansberry should be allowed a part in the debate on his home state, so the club chipped in a dime for Dr. Toskey to invest in a telephone with which to call Paul. That was the last we saw of Dr. Toskey for quite a while. When the mathematician finally deemed he had got the club's dimes worth, he returned to inform us that Paul was tied up with a phone call from Dyllan's restaurant and couldn't make it to the meeting.

Jerry Pournelle brought up the subject of science fiction (I think) with his announcement of a rejection from Campbell. He had written this piece of fiction dealing, not altogether kindly, with labor unions. Campbell had rejected it not on account of any flaw in style, but with the excuse that no union typesetter would consent to set up such a story.

One of Dyllan's specialties is hot spiced cider, and some of the club members were pretty well into their cups by the time sex reared its non-stfnal head. Three rather attractive girls had chosen that moment to bust in, so to speak, and Malcolm Willits, ever conscious as all Nameless members must be of Dr. Toskey's deplorable lack of marital problems, called Dr. Toskey's attention to the girls. "There's your chance," Malcolm informed the world-famous mathematician who at one time added up successfully, if not accurately, the page totals of four consecutive SAPS mailings. "I haven't been introduced," Toskey protested, keeping his high-planed mind on figures. "If everybody waited for a proper introduction, there would be no birth rate problem in this country," Malcolm argued.

Ed Wyman offered to show color slides of the Baycon and Seacon at the January 18 meeting and Jerry Pournelle offered his place as a meeting site. Although there was no



formal meeting by which the club could take advantage of these two generous offers, the club took advantage of these two generous offers anyway.

The evening was ended with conversations about hamsters, midget frogs, banana splits, obtaining land by conquest, censoring postage stamps, automobile accidents, traffic tickets, a Campbell editorial, pecan pie, banana splits, and rehabilitation of criminals.

Honorable Secretary-Treasurer Wally Weber

#### JANUARY 18, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The January 18, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at 4314 Roosevelt Way, the address of the Jerry Pournelle residence. More accurately, the lack of a meeting of the Nameless Ones took place at that address, since once again Gordon Eklund, who by some quirk of injustice is considered to outrank the glorious and honorable Secretary-Treasurer, shirked his duty, allowing the members to wander about aimlessly conversing instead of wandering aimlessly meeting like they should.

Carrying on the terrible vice acquired at Dyllan's, the members swilled hot cider provided by the host and, after cleaning out his supply, brought in additional quantities to feed their insatiable addiction.

Jerry Frahm displayed his veeblefetzter which had been acquired for Malcolm's fabulous automobile, but was unable to determine if it was a right-handed veeblefetzter or a left-handed veeblefetzter.

Several members discussed the fearful asteroid bomb, and some members debated the value of fall-in shelters as protection against the weapon.

Jerry Miller described his experiences in a strange little bookstore where he had ordered some Russian science-fiction, thinking it was better to be read than dead.

A projector and screen were set up and the club members were set down so that Ed Wyman could show his color slides of the Baycon and Seacon. The slides focused quite well even through the cider fumes and good times were had by all, with the possible momentary exceptions for those who happened to be up and therefor required to pour cider for the others.

Somehow, after practically everyone had left, it was decided to hold the next meeting at Dyllan's restaurant again.

H.S-T.Wally Weber

#### FEBRUARY 1, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The February 1, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order by the honest-to-goodness-for-real President of the Nameless Ones, John Rundorff at 10:16:18 p.m. The first item of business to be brought up by the President was, "When does my term of office end?" He was informed that it didn't much matter since re-elections were quite common.

Jim Webbert said that since the Secretary-Treasurer had moved, he would move that the club move its next (February 15) meeting to 3924 South 117th, since that was where the Sec-Treas had moved. Wally Weber seconded this, but the motion was passed anyway.

The President requested that the Sec-Treas give some sort of an account of the activities at the last meeting. This was done quickly, efficiently, and without violence in deference to new member Mary Gregory and returned-after-long-absence Rose Stark. The President asked if we were certain his term of office wasn't up yet.

Doreen Webbert described the spine-tingling experience of a person making a left turn off of Aurora. John Rundorff advised everybody to watch channel 9 at 7:30 on Tuesday nights, there was some discussion of what if anything Scotchmen wore under their kilts, and the announcement was made that the Knights of Columbus had to cancel their banquet celebrating the opening of Century-21 because it happened to fall on Good Friday.

The President had been asking all along for New Business, but finally gave up and adjourned the meeting at 10:52:45 p.m.

It was later learned that Gordon Eklund did not attend the meeting because nobody had been able to wake up Wally Gonser. So much for feeble excuses.

Most Honorable Secretary-Treasurer, Wally Weber



With Keen  
Blue Eyes  
and  
A Bicycle

Our very Dirtiest new local Pro (that is, "Dirtiest" means that he is selling the most) just hit the jackpot in still another field: the Sex Novel. Our friend dug up a decade-old ms and sent it off just for kicks; what should come back to him but a \$175 "advance" check? In case Joe Green does not want this book tied to him in

the fannish public eye, I shall omit the name of the publisher (Big Deal, that omission, since I don't even know the title or pseudo that will appear on the cover).

However, this gave me to think: must there not be a couple of my old clunkers lying around the place that might find a market, with a few sex scenes added? Aha, I said, and dragged out a 1948-model "mystery" from the files: this one has killing and chases and fights and a bank-robbery and a reasonable number of Wimmen; surely, I said to me, it could easily be expanded and updated and enSexed for the current paperback market. So I read the first page, and decided that nothing could help my self-conscious 1948-model prose. I refiled it for sentimental reasons only...

So Elinor and Wally and I were discussing the problems of converting one sort (or another) of writing, for a different market (such as SexBook publishers). It would not, for instance, be too difficult for a resurrected F Towner Laney to redo "Ah, Sweet Idiocy" for Nightstand Books (it's too high-type for Vega, Novel, or Fabian). And I'm sure you can all see the possibilities in "Harp Stateside", "The Goon Goes West", or just about any TAFF report. Weber's "Minutes", with a very little souping-up, would make a fine book of short stories for Regency...

But why stop there? How about Dr. Toskey's "Modern Algebra"? Suppose that the first problem at the end of Chapter 3 reads something like this:

1. On August 17th, Oswald Parmelee bids a fond (very fond) farewell to his wife Armalee as he prepares to leave on an extended business trip. On August 18th, the lovely Mrs. Parmalee has a romantic interlude with "A" in the back seat of her pink Cadillac. On August 19th, Armalee has a romantic interlude with "B" in the front seat of the Cadillac. On August 20th, she entertains "C" in the trunk. Now if the family doctor ("D") tells Armalee Parmalee to show up at the hospital with her knitting on June 13th next:

- (a) How much alimony will Armalee be awarded?
- (b) Who gets custody of the Cadillac?
- (c) Who is the gink what finked?

A new era has opened in American literature. Your move, Dr. Toskey!

Prospects for the New York lawsuit are flashing on and off like turn-signals, which I sincerely wish they were; someone surely needs to veer a little in that one. I still say it's farfetched to claim that any professional reputation could be jarred by a layman's comments (in a limited-circulation fanzine) on the professional's remarks in another fanzine. Aside from TWhite's unfortunate failure to state the obvious qualification that he was referring to fanzine-articles only, any claim to damage at his hands by the specific comments on the specific articles could fairly well be thrown out on this evidence: 1. Ted was not the first to jump on those peyote articles; several others did at the time and some at much greater length; Dr. haLevy did the definitive critique, of course; 2. None of these previous dissenters were sued or challenged to duels or anything of the sort. The difference is that these previous more-extensive arguments were not part of an interpersonal vendetta such as has recently sent up a few blasts of flame in FAPA. QED, or so it seems from here.

The subject of feuds, of fannish denunciations, of the terms in which such denunciations are couched, of the exposure of abuses and the extent of same, and of "naming names" in such cases-- this gross amorphous intertwined subject, then -- is a tough one for coping. Seth Johnson, in this issue's lettercol, pinpoints one very bad aspect of the Vague General Gripe: that it inspires feelings of anxiety-&-possible-guilt in all the innocent types. I agree fully, and would add that in most cases the real offender won't recognize himself and will go happily on his offensive way (so you see, if you felt guilty, you are probably innocent-- a new principle of fannish jurisprudence which I just now made up all by myself-- aren't you GLAD?)...



On the same general subject, I am pleased to hear that it looks as if Geo Willick has simmered down into a better Image. And I've been no happier about the cryptic-hint bit than you are, Steve Schultheis; I'd much prefer either to have no info at all, or a full story and a free hand with it (in which case things would have been quite different; quicker, mostly). And in case anyone is wondering; no, I am not opposing George's "Fan Awards". I think they could have used another year of buildup before trying to produce 'em in actuality, but for that very reason I'd urge anyone who (let's make that "all who") are interested in a Fan Awards setup to make with the ballots and donations. Back your inclinations with action, yes. And, even though I am fairly neutral on 'em, I intend to vote-and-donate; fair play & all.

And thank you, Steve, for firming up one decision: I have just now got out of the business of extending helping-hands unless first the handcuffs are removed.

She made the martinis with clam-juice instead of vermouth! ...you've seen the cartoon, I suspect? Everyone clutching throats and going "Aaagghh!" Martinis are a strange and esoteric phenomenon; it is difficult to discover how and why a one-sixth portion of dry vermouth and a stuffed olive on a stick can impart such grandeur and dignity to a hooker of gin, but it sure does. The vermouth people try to tell you that  $2/3$  gin and  $1/3$  vermouth is proper, but anyone who has researched the delicate area between 5-to-1 and  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -to-1 knows better than that. We will not at this stage pursue the "Naked Martini" which is the Schenley-people's bid to put the vermouth-people out of business. But this afternoon, now... I ordered a fifth of gin at the liquor store; Elinor said as how she would like to try some dry sherry (cream sherry is an old favorite of hers); I had just told the clerk that no, I did not need anything else just now as the vermouth was highly durable around our place. So he said, and I quote: "Have you ever tried martinis with dry sherry instead of vermouth?" I said, "You mean like with clam juice?" He said, "No, no, it's good!"

And maybe it is; it seemed a little odd, but one trial isn't enough to go by. But my problem is this. If you substitute any ingredient in a martini, the name changes. Vodka for gin makes a vodka martini (and why, I'll never know). Onion in place of olive changes a martini to a Gibson. So what in the name of Gallagher do you call a 5-to-1 gin-over-dry-sherry with olives?? A Marterry? I'll wait...

I see where the astrologers are expecting the world to come to an end this next few days. So if this issue is a little late, at least we have a good excuse. But speaking of catastrophes (as do Velikovsky, Ivan Sanderson, and others), I am surprised to see all these eminent doom-cryers overlooking a perfectly handy agent for periodic catastrophe-- one requiring absolutely no abridgement of natural law or the current state of scientific knowledge. It is the old-old saw of the Invader Planet that raises hob with planetary equilibria-- except that a very little math shows that such is entirely possible! Here's the kicker...

Around a given primary (like Ol' Sol) the major axis of an elliptical orbit governs the time of one orbital tour (time is proportional to the  $3/2$  power of the distance: multiplying distance by 4 multiplies time by 8; 100 and 1000 also fit). A long narrow orbit is highly eccentric; feasible orbits vary between the limits of the circle and the parabola (and the ratio of closest-approach velocities of these limiting orbits varies only as one to square-root-of-two).

We know that comets run in highly-eccentric orbits of fairly long periods. There is absolutely no evidence against the possibility of the existence of large (that is, planetary-size) objects in similar but much-larger (and longer-period) paths. A planet with an orbit 40,000 times the length of Earth's (about a light-year-and-a-half) would have a period of 8 million years. Or we could have one that went out a mere 167,000,000,000 miles to sulk for 27,000 years between its fast passes through this inner-planet region where we hang out. I dunno-- all these fellas dream up such tricky theories to account for the inexplicable quick-changes that are indicated in geology's Fossil Showcase-- it seems to me that they are overlooking a very obvious and entirely feasible candidate for the "honors". But don't worry-- as I said, the peak velocities aren't much over 1.4 times our own. If such a neighbor is due for a visit, we'll have at least 20 or 30 years warning, if and when.

--Buz.



Larry Mitchell stopped breathing. The black ball was a foot from the top pocket, he was at the opposite side of the table, the white ball a couple of inches from the cushion. His break was 57, the highest he'd ever achieved. A 64 was a possibility.. a distinct possibility, because it was his night..one of those rare occasions when everything went just right.

Hell. There was a pound note on the game, so he stood up again and chalked his cue..

Again he stopped breathing. It was like aiming at a man with a sniper's rifle from several hundred yards..he'd done it. You gripped the rifle tightly, if you had time it was a help to wind the sling around you; you didn't just pull the trigger, you squeezed your right hand and you stopped breathing and squeezed a fraction more. He regarded the black ball as though it were a target..Kubijec in the Carribean, for example..and then you.....

"Q wants you, sir."

The voice came in mid stroke. The white ball missed the black, rebounded from two cushions and dropped neatly in the middle right pocket.

So. His 51 break seven years ago was still his record.

He felt like breaking the cue over the messenger's head..thought better of it and broke it across his own right leg.

He dropped the pieces on the floor, said a very nasty word to the white-faced messenger and strode out of the room.

Whilst climbing the stairs, he pondered....why say "Q"....it was taking security too far..there he was, in Whitehall..every one in the building checked and double checked.. why not say "The Brigadier wants to see you.." or even "Lee-Forsythe wants you"..or even "Him." Why "Q"....it was just daft....

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The Brigadier, as usual, was surrounded by files. So O.K., he was good..four years in Germany during World War II, disguised (if you like to put it that way) as a Swedish ball-bearing manufacturer's representative..and now..a job for Mitchell so soon?

"Morning, sir," said Mitchell. Did no harm to be polite sometimes.....

"Mornin', Mitchell..little job for you. It's like this, you see, Russian Embassy Clerk, Grade III, nice chap, very obliging, you know?....well, he's in our embassy in Havana, but we can't get him out. We want him here, political asylum and all that, but if we even get him on the door step he'll be nabbed. Twenty four hour watch and all that sort of thing. But we want him here for next Thursday..he's lots to tell us..fix it, will you, Mitchell, like a good chap. Trubeshaw will help you. This file will tell you all about it. Good morning."

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Trubeshaw was a code name. Always code names, would it never end? Castro liked Trubeshaw..Trubeshaw liked money..the British Government paid more, and Trubeshaw was trying like mad to keep over forty taxis on the road. Trubeshaw had organised an anti-Castro riot, Castro didn't know this, but the British Government had documentary proof. Q.E.D. Everyone was happy with the deal except Mitchell. He'd seen similar set-ups before. It was quite on the cards that Castro had organised an anti-Castro riot and slipped the British Secret Service the documents so that they would sort of blackmail Trubeshaw who would in fact be working for Castro. That's the way it went sometimes. But it wasn't really Mitchell's worry..he had his own infallible system. Leastwise, it wasn't exactly infallible..he'd two stab wounds and a bullet through the shoulder for his trouble, but at least he wasn't decorating a marble slab....

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Right enough, Trubeshaw was shifty. He didn't look shifty, that's what worried Mitchell. There was nothing quite so suspicious (to him) as wide open eyes and firm (if sweaty) handshakes.

"How do you do, old chap," said Mitchell. He tried to look a mite foppish..a subtle hint of affectation in his voice and manner which didn't actually classify him as effeminate but made him look sort of simple. Foreigners expected it, and Mitchell liked to oblige...."I'm springing the Russian from our embassy tomorrow. All I want you to do is



to charter a plane for me for Thursday morning, say 7:45 am. Thank you so much, dear fellow. No thanks, I don't touch whiskey so early. Bye bye....."

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Mitchell got out of the taxi outside the British Embassy. He grabbed the two suitcases off the driver, flashed a handsome tip, and hurried through the door.

Upstairs, he gave the Russian clerk, Grade III, the once over. Hmmm. Nicely, thank you. He grinned at the Ambassador, and crossed to the wide window, looked across the road. There was no attempt at concealment. Two big men leaning against the wall opposite.. He did a quick tour of the building..front door..padlocked back door..eight ground floor windows. Nice....nice....

"Would you parade your staff, sir," he ordered.

He looked at the ten men. He told the tall one and the short one to go back again, and he looked closely at the rest. Four Englishmen..a Scotsman and three dusky types..polite..clean..and one who didn't look the least bit shifty or nervous. There we go again, he thought..ten to one he was working for Castro..but what did it matter to him...

He addressed them(so he thought) with dignity and aplomb.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I am now about to..er..if you'll pardon the expression, spring our friend here."

Suitable gasps of amazement, and the suggestion of a smirk from the non-shifty one.

"Er, Mr. Ambassador, would you kindly leave, please..protocol and all that...."

The Ambassador looked rather pleased about it..he had turned various shades of red, denoting heart trouble, and Mitchell thought his coming actions would perchance bring on an attack.

"Gentlemen," said Mitchell, "I want you to strip off and dress in these garments please."

He opened his two suitcases and took out twelve pairs of striped trousers, twelve lounge suits (black) and twelve bowler hats.

"Sorry I forgot the spats and umbrellas, gents," he smiled.

No one smiled back. He threw out twelve light grey ties as an afterthought.

They sorted through the clothes warily. There was a tenseness..undefinable but definitely there.....

Mitchell stripped off to his blue-spotted shorts and dressed himself with some deliberation. The Russian clerk looked as bewildered as his stolid features were capable of permitting.. Mitchell kicked an outfit over to him, too.....

Mitchell lined up the eleven of them. He worked his way down the swaying rank, adjusting a tie here, a button there. He stood back, and looked at them..nodded..then crossed to the telephone, looking at his watch before making a number of calls.

"Adjust your watches, gentlemen....it is now 1:37....."

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Four men were guarding the British Embassy. Four experienced men. Besides possessing an enthusiasm for their jobs, anyway..they weren't anxious for a one way trip to Siberia. Their instructions were simplicity itself..if the runaway clerk left the Embassy and they didn't stop him, it was going to be rough..for them. If possible the clerk was wanted as near whole as the situation warranted..and being in Cuba they weren't to worry at all about an international incident. Indeed, it had been planned to actually break into the Embassy and re-capture him, but, well, suppose there was retaliation..after all, with such precautions the clerk couldn't leave the Embassy and escape. At least, that was the theory, and the men were very experienced....

At 1:56 pm the senior of the four Russian agents frowned. Instinctively, he looked at his watch..1:57 almost....he always looked at his watch when anything out of routine happened..and this was definitely out of routine..there seemed to be a lot of taxis parked outside the British Embassy, and not only that.....

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"It is now 1:54, gentlemen." Mitchell handed them each a pair of dark glasses, watched them put them on. "At 1:57 I want the mass evacuation to start, and move as quickly as you can..to your rooms..MOVE.."

Some of them were grinning now (though not the non-shifty one, he saw) and seemed to suddenly enter into the spirit of the thing. They'd thought him an idiot at first, but



now, after he had explained his scheme, things looked interesting, to say the least.

Mitchell stopped the Russian clerk who had defected..Mitchell spoke Russian, not well, but enough to tell the clerk that he had a twelve to one chance of getting clear.. to go to the METROPOLIS and wait in room 77J..then he ushered the Russian to the ground floor, looked at his watch, saw it was 1:57..and he climbed out of the second storey window and shinned down the drain pipe....

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Perhaps the resulting spectacle cannot be summed up better than quoting from the statement made by the senior Russian agent at his court martial..Mitchell got hold of a copy a year later...

'...and I looked at my watch at 1:56, because I noticed twelve taxis pull up outside the British Embassy, three at each gable. At 1:57, before I had time to alert my men, there was a mass breakout from the Embassy, from doors and windows, one individual actually leaving via a second story window. Of course, I actually knew Petrov, who had been at the Embassy for some years, but there is no doubt that it was impossible to distinguish him from a dozen others. All were attired in identical garments similar to the attire I saw worn in London when I was stationed at the Embassy there in '53. My men acted magnificently. They rushed for a taxi each, and struggled to get the doors open. I myself intercepted St.Clair, our own agent in the Embassy. He had no idea which taxi Petrov was in. It was an incredible sight to see a dozen taxis racing along in every direction, and well-dressed men with dark glasses sitting behind the drivers, looking straight to the front. I telephoned for reinforcements, and within half an hour we'd traced every taxi to its destination. Most of the taxis did a tour of central Havana before returning to the Embassy. Our information had been that the attempted break was due the following day, and it was intimated that it was doomed to failure from the start. Certainly I've never known such a surprise move....I would venture to suggest...?'

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It would also vouchsafe authenticity to this narrative to quote the pertinent section from Mitchell's own report to the Brigadier:

'I entered the METROPOLIS via the back entrance, went to Petrov's room and we changed into typical Havana attire, still with dark glasses. I drove my own hired car to the coast, hired a small sailing boat, and was picked up by H.M.S. Centaur at the agreed rendezvous.

ITEM. I would suggest a thorough security check of our agents and Embassy staff in Havana. It would perhaps be advisable to serve Trubeshaw with false information...'

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Mitchell's break was 36. His luck had continued. He had all the colours to pot and they were all well placed. He sank the yellow, green and brown, and was a foot from the blue, which was balanced precariously on the edge of a pocket.

He chalked the cue, and heard a quiet "Ahem" at his elbow.

"Q wants to see you, sir."

He pondered how the messenger would look with a polished wooden necktie.

Slowly, he placed the cue in the rest by the wall. He climbed the stairs once more. Well..this time he knew that the Brigadier would be terribly pleased with his operation....

He smiled knowingly at the Brigadier, and bowed his head modestly, awaiting the praise....

"Listen, Mitchell, I'm sending you to the psychiatrist for a check-up. I've just got this complaint from the Mess Officer. You deliberately broke a billiard cue in a fit of temper. That'll be a two pounds fine, and please, Mitchell, control yourself in front of the Other Ranks....."

John Berry  
1962



\*

H W Y L

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Elinor Busby \*\*\*\*\*

Well, I found last month's lettercol as sparkling as ever, but it doesn't trigger much comment. To Betty Kujawa I lament that we do and did have egg cups, but Ella never discovered our worthiness in this respect. We lacked a proper tea pot and tea kettle (both deficiencies have since been remedied, so now British fans can stay with us with confidence) but we did have egg cups, and Ella never knew! (We find egg cups quite useful for keeping toothpicks and collar stays in.)

To Tom Purdom I would like to quote John Myers Myers' line: "Who would willingly forfeit any experience which is neither shameful nor crippling?" Army service in peacetime is neither; evasion of service is, to however slight an extent, both. For example, a man who convinces an Army psychiatrist that he is unsuited to army life and would be unable to make the adjustment, has to some extent lessened himself, diminished his potential, by doing so. Perhaps he regards himself as cool and hip; perhaps he's a sincere weakling. In either case he's not the person that a man is who, like you, Tom, takes it, lives through it, and comes out the other side.

Buz was in the Army twice and hated it both times. I asked him whether he would willingly forfeit the experience and he said he couldn't answer that right offhand. Pretty soon he came back and said that it had been an invaluable toughening up experience. He said that in the army you get guff thrown at you (he didn't use that term) by experts, and for the rest of your life you don't have to take anything from amateurs.

I liked your line, Tom, that "a good writer is a lawyer for the defence." I suppose a bad writer is a prosecution attorney, like Julia Ward Howe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But she probably considered herself a lawyer for the defence, too. In writing, Tom, how can you tell the difference between a lawyer for the defense and the D.A.? Hmmm.... Either the defense attorney or the prosecution attorney slants his presentation, whereas surely a good writer examines motivation as carefully and honestly as he knows how. It was a lovely line, Tom, but perhaps it won't hold water.

Don Fitch--let me quote you. "Fans write in such a highly personal manner that ... we ... feel that we know them, that we are friends... My sense of wonder is shaken when I discover that this is an illusion, ... and that these fanzine friendships are a mere sham or facade, hollow and without meaning." Yes. Some of these friendships are very real, others are not. Some are real enough, but are short-term, as one's friendship might be for a congenial but temporary neighbor. This is quite legitimate; one cannot hang on to everybody for ever, and many fans are transients in fandom. Some fan friendships are real and permanent, some are real but temporary, some are -- unreal. How does one distinguish? One goes by one's own feelings, and hopes not to goof too badly. So much for CRY of the Readers.

Now let me tell you about the pocketbook I got at the grocery store a couple weeks ago. "American Notes," by Charles Dickens, 50¢, Fawcett Publications. Charles Dickens came to America in 1842. He came, he saw, he conquered. But he was not altogether conquered in return--his impressions of America were mixed--and well worth any thoughtful person's attention.

I particularly liked his account of his visit to the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston. There he met Laura Bridgman, who through severe, prolonged illness in babyhood lost her sight, hearing, and most of her sense of smell. At the age of eight a Dr. Howe had her taken to the Asylum, where he eventually managed to teach her to read. At first she was like a dog learning tricks, but suddenly she realized she was learning a means of communication! He said, "I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome..." What a glorious moment that must have been for him!

Laura Bridgman was an intelligent child, and could quickly assess the intelligence of others. Otherwise amiable, she treated the unintelligent with contempt. Left to herself, she would soliloquize in the finger language, and it's interesting to note that she also used the finger language in her sleep when she dreamed. I wonder what eventually happened to her? Probably nothing at all. It was Laura Bridgman's case that inspired Helen Keller's training; Helen Keller has been everywhere, met every notable. But Laura Bridgman lived in a younger world.



I was much interested in Dickens' account of his visit to the factories in Lowell, Mass. Women worked at these mills, and he was delighted to see that all were well-dressed and healthy-looking. Of these girls, 978 had savings accounts, averaging a little over \$100. Dickens says, "I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much ... [They] will exclaim, with one voice, "How very preposterous! ... These things are above their station." The three facts are: (1) Many of the boarding houses where the girls lived had joint-stock pianos. (2) Almost all the girls subscribed to circulating libraries. (3) They put out a periodical called THE LOWELL OFFERING, "a repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills." A fanzine, no less! You will be glad to hear that Dickens defends these preposterous young women. He says they work hard, twelve hours a day, and that these spare-time pursuits are humanizing and laudable. He spends a page and a half defending the Lowell mill girls, and it tells us a lot about early Victorian England that he thought it necessary to do so!

It was less than a generation later that southerners were defending slavery by claiming that wage-slaves in the factories of the north were worse-treated. Conditions may have worsened much by then, but the Lowell mill workers of 1842 seem, by Dickens' account, to have been happy enough. Conditions undoubtedly did worsen; Dickens does not compare the factories of Lowell to those of England, though the contrast would be between Good and Evil, because the comparison would not be just since "many of the circumstances whose strong influence has been at work for years in our manufacturing towns have not arisen here..." I think they did arise later. One such circumstance was the presence of a manufacturing population. In 1842 the girls were farmers' daughters who would come to Lowell, work a few years and save some money, and then go home for good. The huge waves of immigration in the 1850's undoubtedly changed the picture completely.

In 1842, pigs roamed the streets of New York. Imagine a party of six or eight pigs trotting up Broadway!

In Philadelphia there was a prison, called the Eastern Penitentiary, where all the prisoners were kept in solitary confinement. "He never hears of wife or children; home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison officers, but, with that exception, he never looks upon a human countenance or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive ... His name, and crime, and term of suffering are unknown, even to the officer who delivers him his daily food..." Dickens was horrified at the cruelty of this punishment, and said "It is my fixed opinion that those who have undergone this punishment MUST pass into society morally unhealthy and diseased." He said that this punishment makes the senses dull and impairs the bodily faculties, and is unequal in that it affects the worst men least.

On the steamboat going from Cincinnati to Louisville, Pitchlynn, a chief of the Choctaw Indians, sent in his card, and he and Dickens had a long conversation. Pitchlynn was a remarkably handsome man, stately, and with a pleasant sense of humor. Although he had learned English as a grown man, he spoke it very well and had read many books, being particularly fond of Scott's poetry. He was unhappy about the condition of his people. He said their numbers were decreasing every day, and that their only hope was to become assimilated, to learn what the whites knew. Alas, the poor Indians! If they gave up their culture their genes might survive, but what does the survival of one's genes really mean in a culture which is abhorrent to one? And no one can suppose that white civilization was very attractive to many Indians.

Dickens' chapter on Slavery has made an Abolitionist of me. Slavery was a most fantastic institution, and it is incredible to me that we stood it as long as we did. Our ancestors must have been nuts! I can only suppose that they deliberately closed their eyes to the fact that the Negroes were human beings.

Dickens thought the Americans as a people had many good qualities, but he thought we had some very serious faults. One was Universal Distrust. He said that if a man attains a high place in America he may be smeared, and if he is smeared the smears will be believed, and the people will congratulate themselves on their sagacity even though they realize that some of the worthiest men will not run for public office because of Universal Distrust.

Another fault was, he thought, a love of "smart" dealing. He felt that the American



tendency to love cleverness better than honesty had impaired public credit and crippled public resources. (These two faults are obviously related.)

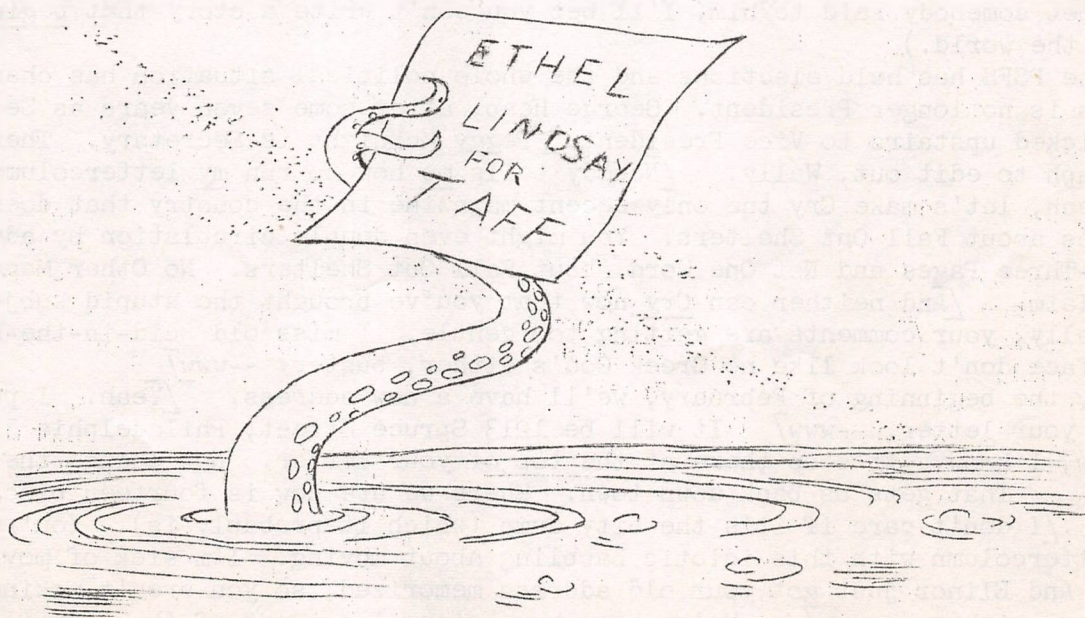
And he thought that Americans were afflicted with an excessive love of trade.

This is history from the inside. For history from the outside I care very little. "The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars and pestilences on every page; the men all so good for nothing, and hardly any women at all, it is very tiresome..." But books like "American Notes" give one the feel of a specific time, and specific places.

Wally and Buz and I were just talking about the post office dept.'s vile plan to raise the postal rate. We object. We are not in favor of having our postage raised. We feel that something should be done. I suggested Do-It-Yourself letters. I could write letters to Buz from all his favorite correspondents and he could write letters to me from all of mine. We could even have delivery on Sundays and holidays. Buz said this was good as far as it went, but how about Do-It-Yourself fandom? Each fan would just draw and type up one copy. There would be no stencilling, no duplication, no trips to the post office. Then, when you felt it had been too long since you'd seen a VOID, you could do up a Bhub Stewart cover, and write an editorial by Ted White, an editorial by Greg Benford, an editorial by Peter Graham, and an editorial by Terry Carr. Heck, maybe you could even write a Guest Editorial by Dick Lupoff! And all of CRY's readers could do their own CRYs: draw an ATom cover, write a Berry story, a HWYL, a BICYCLE, Minutes, perhaps a FANDOM HARVEST or a J. Les Piper, and a lettercol. And every lettercol could have a spellbinding letter from Avram Davidson, even if he is too proud to write now he's got work! And if we ever wanted to fold, we wouldn't have to refund subscription money! How marvellous. This could be carried into the apas, too, and Christine Moskowitz could at last have an issue of NULL-F that she would find really satisfying. Do-It-Yourself Fandom. It certainly would be a wonderful thing.

Very sensible, too.

Elinor Busby





# Cry of the Readers

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR THE  
TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND  
DONATE TO THE TRANS-ATLANTIC  
WILLIS FUND  
DIRECT CURRENT IN 1963

CONDUCTED BY

Wally  
Weber



I never  
abbreviate!

TOM PURDOM SEARCHES FOR GALAXY  
Dear Gang:

1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania  
January 17, 1961

It's getting late in the month, so I guess I'd better send my CRY letter off before Wally consigns me to the WAHF column. Will Jenkins tells me that on one of those year end news roundups on TV, they had a short section on important people who had died and Ernest Hemingway was in the group whose pictures were flashed on quickly while the narrator chatted about other things. If that can happen to Pappa, then there's no telling what can happen to me-- and I'd hate to see a number after my name.

There was no letter from Ella this month. And no letter from Avram. I feel cheated. I wonder how Avram feels, being an editor now. Will Donal Wollheim start hinting he has some short stories which are ideal for F&SF? (Come to think of it, Avram, my agent has some stories circulating which...) Will F&SF discontinue its series on interstellar priests and start a new series on interstellar rabbis? Anyway, congratulations, AD. I, too, am looking for F&SF to regain some of the charm and atmosphere and quality of its Golden Age.

Is there a new Galaxy on sale anywhere in the country? I can't find one in Philadelphia and it's long overdue and -- most important -- I'd like to see the end of the Anderson serial. Look, if Galaxy's folded, why don't you give Anderson a lifetime subscription in return for the mimeograph rights to Chapter II of The Day After Doomsday? (I'll bet somebody said to him, I'll bet you can't write a story that begins with the end of the world.)

The PSFS has held elections and the whole political situation has changed. Will Jenkins is no longer President. George Heap, after some seven years as Secretary, has been kicked upstairs to Vice President. Peggy McKnight is Secretary. There's a good paragraph to edit out, Wally. Nobody tells me how to run my lettercolumn! www

Yeah, let's make Cry the only decent magazine in the country that doesn't have articles about Fall Out Shelters. You might even double circulation by advertising. Thirty-Three Pages and Not One Word About Fall Out Shelters. No Other Magazine can make that claim. And neither can Cry now that you've brought the stupid subject up. www

Wally, your comments are getting too gentle. I miss old Acid-in-the-Face Weber. Your face don't look like no Greek God's either, buster. --www

By the beginning of February, we'll have a new address. Yeah. I put it at the top of your letter. --www It will be 1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa., Elinor. I know, I know. It's up there at the top of your letter. Now change the blasted subject. --www

That gets us back down town. Where we are now is fourteen blocks from City Hall. I don't care if it's the city dump (which it probably is). You're holding up the lettercolumn with this idiotic babbling about moving. I'm sick of moving, do you hear? And Elinor just got your old address memorized, so you aren't making any points with her, either. --www We've been here since I got out of the Army in July and I've had as much of this suburban living as I can stand. One more word on this subject, just one more mind you, and you'll be done with living completely. Unnerstand? Okay. --www



Things like this law suit deal make me glad I'm strictly a fringe fan, confining my activities to reading Cry and Warhoon, plus whatever else I'm sent, and maybe going to a con now and then. /You coward. Stop talking about lawsuits and fight like a man. --www/

I remember the last great lawsuit hassle in the New York area. I believe it had something to do with the 1956 Worldcon. Will Jenkins now and then would show me a fanzine containing an article on this subject and I would shake my head in wonder that so much paper and brain power and rhetoric should have been spent arguing a question of so little importance. Somehow, the Cry gang don't seem like law suit types. /Right you are. We settle our disputes fair and in person. You got any gripes? Then leave your lawyers out of this and settle it in a fair fight, us against you. --www/

Tom

STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS CLAIMS FANCLUBS SURVIVE CONS 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara,  
Dear Elinor and Buz, California 20 Jan 62

I've just been reading (or rereading, as the case may be) the last three CRYs, and enjoying the fun and frolic of the CRYgang's magnificent publication once more. I would have reread the last eight CRYs -- Why didn't I? /Because we didn't send you numbers 149 thru 153. Nyah! -- www/

Look people, end the suspense. I've been agonizing ever since August over these CRYs I've been missing, gnawing my finger-bones to the humerus, and not finding it very. /Beg, blast you. Down on your knees and grovel, I say. Ha! That's better. --www/ Iffin you can't or won't send pitiful, weebegone, li'l ol' me (a little sad music on the pianola, maestro) CRYs #149-153, just say so and I'll go off in a corner and quietly blow my brains out. (It's been getting too musty up there, anyway.)

Speaking of the letter col of #154, what's with dear ol' Wollheim? "No fanclub has quite survived its big convention," indeed! Don has, on several occasions, given me the impression that he feels, now that he has noticed fandom again, that nothing has happened therein since before World War II. Then, in the next letter, Bill Mallardi drives Wollheim's knife home. "Pull a Clevcon bit and go gafia." Now that really bugs me! In the first place, it was the Clevcon, and don't you forget it, Bill Mallardi! In the second place, the Terrans gained little but certainly lost nothing in membership or activity after the con. There were small regional gatherings (the Octocons) and frequent visits with the Detroit and Cincy crowds. It was three years later that the club died of the dwindles. If this was con induced gafia, it was the longest, most active spasm on record. Let's face it, darn few s-f clubs have survived continuously over the years. Most of them have their brief span of glory and either fade away or mutate. To credit each World Convention with such a natural demise is gross misuse of the concept of cause and effect. Name more than three instances since W.W.II where a World Con was directly responsible for the demise of a club. Gwan, I dare ya! /Hey, I just noticed, you aren't on your knees anymore; you've lost your grovel. Here now, calm yourself. --www/ No fair counting groups that worked together only to put on a con. That eliminates several of them, and counting in these temporary groups may well have contributed to the myth. I don't think the coalitions that put on the Chicon II, the SFCon, and the Newyorkon expected to continue after their cons. The Lasfs, Philly, Cincy, Cleveland, London, Detroit, and Pittsburgh crowds survived their ordeals of fire, though the London and Cleveland clubs drifted apart later. Only New Orleans, and perhaps Toronto and Portland (I'm not sure about them), have gone gafia right after their con (counting only since W.W.II). The kiss of death from 3 out of 16 cons? That's not too many. It certainly doesn't justify the myth of post-con gafia. (You can give Wally his daily series of transfusions now.) /Oh Gawhd, not another tube of Gestetner ink!!! -- www/

Marion's article on elves was most instructive. I had always thought that elves were of less than human height, that they were one of the races of 'little people,' in fact. And her mention that they are commonly beardless and always very slender brought to mind that the most famous elf of all is quite short, rotund, and well known for his luxuriant beard -- the exact antithesis of Marion's description. "Who ever heard of a fat elf?" indeed! Who hasn't? I refer, of course, to that "right jolly old elf," St. Nicholas. Of course, we have only Clement Moore's word for it that he is an elf. Could



it be -- do you suppose? -- that Santa Clause is really a dwarf?

Betty's last letter makes a point that has bothered me for some time now. All this coy hinting and dnqing is creating an intolerable situation. And you are one of the most diabolical offenders, Buz. Hint! Hint! Hint! There are low-lives in our midst! Willick is plotting terrible things! Sure I can see why those in the know are reluctant to go into detail. But, goddamnit, think of the effect on those of us who don't know what's going on. These loud alarums do us no good. Instead, they tend to make us suspect the worst, tend to make us distrust the innocent, and tend us toward violent reaction where (in all probability) none is warrented. Joe Gibson says to name names (though he refrains from doing so himself). More and more of us second that motion, not only to protect the innocent, but to clear the air. In Roscoe's sweet name, people, either give out with the details or shut up about it! And I'm 100% with you on that, Steve. In fact, I happen to know a fan -- a very good friend of yours, in fact, -- who deliberately uses that very technique of hinting without naming to cause trouble for fans. This fan's current bit of maliciousness is something we've all heard about quite recently and it's really ruining the reputation of a couple of fans (who are well known to all of us), and none of it has any basis in fact! With a little careful thought, Steve, you'll have a good idea what fan I'm referring to and be able to steer clear of that fan from now on. Don't bother to thank me, because I'm only doing my duty in this crusade of mine to stamp out this awful business of not naming names. -- www

Poddon me for getting worked up. I'd like to comment on John's serial, but I never read serials until I have all the parts (he said self-righteously) and I don't have part I of "The Interloper." Sob!

Which brings me neatly full circle to the problem with which this letter started.

Pathetically,

Steve

VIRGINIA SCHULTHEIS ADDS....

Hi!

Just thought I'd write a brief LoC myself. I had been pretty gafia, as far as reading SF and fanzines goes, for about a year now. (Don't ask me why.) Stop that! If you can't come right out and say it, I won't have your malicious hinting in my letter-column. --www Suddenly I'm snapped out of it by having a CRY cleverly left lying around to tempt me, and I realize what I've been missing all this time.

I must say, I'm enjoying this new contributor to your letter column. I find Avram Davidson's letters just about the high spot of more and more fanzines. He surely does tickle my funny bone, maybe because I picture him saying it spontaneously, rather than writing it. He cheats; he writes all his letters first draft without revisions.--www Please keep sending CRY to Avram so that he'll keep on writing such good LoC's. And please keep on sending CRY to Steve so I can read them.

Virginia

DOREEN WEBBERT'S FRIEND HAS HEAD ON BACKWARDS

Dear WWW !

January 3, 1962

It just seemed too good, not to write a letter to CRY (I finally read a copy) and you on your own typer. I found it sitting here on my living room floor. It must have fallen out of my shirt pocket last time I was over. -- www

I enjoyed the minute of the Jan. 4th meeting more than I did the meeting, since I had to work, along with the president. Work is such a drag.

This section of the Dirty Pros (meaning me) is really starting in. I somehow got the neat little JOB of indexing this little book, and the page proofs arrived today, and my work starts tomorrow. Sniff. (Your typer is sick. What you do, put the ribbon on wrong?) That's the ribbon I use for cutting stencils. -- www

But the entire reason I started this letter was to tell you the story of HERMAN.

As you know, HERMAN arrived some time ago, but due to lack of time and people that knew "HOW" to hook HERMAN up, and just plain laziness, nothing was really done till last night. Oh, people came over and looked at him, and he was shoved into the little bedroom during Christmas (he didn't even get to see the tree) but last night Jim took a couple of screw drivers, a wrench and the two instruction books and went to work. This was all fine,



but the instruction books didn't really show how to put him together, just how he should be run, and this I know.

After Jim got the sides off and we looked at all these gears, belts etc., (did you know that your margin release make the Capital key engage? - hoo, boy what a kookie typer, no wonder you left it over here! /Don't complain; it was your idea to let the margin loose. -- www/ ) we discovered that we had a couple of belts that didn't seem to have anything near them to attach the opposite end of the belt too. Sheesh.... So we read the books some more and looked and gave up and watched some TV. And then back to the books and looking some more. Then all of a sudden, Jim said that he knew what was wrong. AHA and like that. It would seem that when Arturo (fellow I used to work with) had taken the belts off etc., he put the top of the machine on backwards. YEP. So we picked HERMAN'S top up, turned him around and put him back together. Attached the belts (we could now) and flipped the switch. And golly, he worked, just like always. SIGH....

Oh, I forgot, not everyone that reads CRY knows about HERMAN. HERMAN is a #50 Multigraph offset press.

Anyhoo, we have masters (thanks to Wally G) and all sorts of GO juice (Thanks to Wally G) and tomorrow, I'm going to take what little courage (or the next day or even later) I have left and run a couple of masters and see if I can still remember how it's done and see if HERMAN stood the trip from Florida without too much harm.

Now WWW when are you going to write the letter for me? /I can't write a letter without my typewriter, and you just admitted you were using it to type this letter. --www/

Doreen

HARRY WARNER, JR., READS CRY ON A DOGGY BUS 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland  
Dear Scribes: January 18, 1962

This issue of Cry was the first that I have read through from one end to tother without hearing the telephone ring, without being aware that someone was trying to give me a news story, without wondering if this is the day that the telephone company will get really angry about that unpaid bill, without stepping out the door to go for a walk around the bus. I must remember to read Cry more often while aboard a Greyhound bus. Wonder what the teenager thought who was squinting over my shoulder at an article by Marion Zimmer Bradley in which the appearance of Mr. Presley must have seemed interminably delayed?

My failure to have read Tolkien may cause me to miss some vital point, but I think that Marion must be wrong about the height of adult elves. A man standing 67 inches tall would have been just about normal in height as recently as three or four centuries ago in much or all of Europe and elves of that height would not have gone down in legend as small individuals. It was not until the invention of basketball became a matter of centuries away that nature hastened to breed taller humans in order to permit the sport to be played skilfully. Unconnectedly with Marion's topic, I wonder at the absence of anything in the Tolkien articles about pronunciation. The consonants and vowels look to be mainly self-explanatory but I can't decide where the accents should fall. Frodo sounds much better to me with the accent on the last syllable, even though it's natural to put it on the penultimate because we're used to the English language's habits.

I do not intend to read Lindner's book about conformity, because he apparently uses positive and negative to define attitudes or actions, and I have had a bellyful of these terms in contexts where it is obvious that the writer was just saving himself the trouble of finding accurate and specific words. Just in the past decade, the words have been turned into heavily emotional, loaded terms and pretty soon the average American will be afraid to say no or decline in any circumstance for fear of being considered neurotic. If Lindner means that positive rebellion is useful rebellion or logical rebellion, he should say so and let his readers know why he thinks that these particular types of rebellion are his favorites.

John Berry's two-pager seemed vaguely familiar. It wasn't until I was on the bus coming home that I realized that it fit in with a little fancy that had occurred to me, when I read that one of the creators of Superman had been hunted by someone who wanted to give him a big check and couldn't find a current address. I wondered if maybe this old-time fan hadn't changed address, name and past, and was even now publishing a crudzine



just slightly better than the one he put out before getting Superman started.

I would like to subscribe to the opinion that fans shouldn't start libel or slander suits. But I remember how close I came to doing it myself, a dozen or more years ago, and this causes me to realize that I had better not risk contradicting myself, in case I should get good and angry again. I resisted the previous temptation, but it was touch and go for a time. I have never had any other incentive to sic the mad dogs of the lawr onto any fan, in the course of having perhaps 50 fans in my home and meeting a few more in the office and venturing out onto the streets with many of these. Wetzel and Degler did nothing particularly unpleasant while they were in Hagerstown; the fan who irritated me most for his conduct while in my home was one whose reputation as a guest was spotless to the best of my knowledge throughout fandom, so I must have encountered him on a bad day.

Still on the eyes and bike, I am extremely happy that there are not large quantities of DC in '63 cluttering up fanzines: I detest the practice of advertising-by-repetition in fanzines, even when it's in a perfectly good cause, because it takes up space that could be used for other material and comes straight from Madison Avenue. The same messages neatly typed in two or three spare lines at the bottom of not-quite-full pages will be seen just as readily as if they occupy a half-page and are inscribed with lettering guides.

In the letter section: Does anyone know exactly where "That's not too many" was first used. [Our research department, name of Buz Busby, is this very instant paging through "The Incompleat Burbee" where he believes the line can be found. Progress has been slow due to the irrisistable temptation to reread the whole book, but the announcement has just now been made that the source has been found. On page 32 and 33 appears "Wings Over Whittier" reprinted from Masque combined with Burblings #1, May 1953, the last part of said article being reprinted below, without permission of any kind, as a special service to you, Harry.

As I stood in the piano repairman's loaded garage---he conducts his business at his home---a trucker drove up to get a piano for delivery to a customer who'd been keeping the phone hot all day demanding delivery of his player. As the truck drove off, the "player piano specialist" said to me, "That customer has fifty pianos in his house but he has to have that one for tomorrow."

"Fifty pianos?" I said. "You mean he's a dealer?"

"No, he just collects them."

"You mean he has a private collection of fifty pianos?"

"Fifty or sixty."

"All players?"

"All players."

I mulled this over for a minute. "Well," I said. "Fifty pianos... that's not too many."

The line has also been ascribed to Aristotle, although our own research department bases his doubts of the validity of this rumor on his unshakable belief that the player piano did not become popular until after it was invented, several years after Aristotle's demise. Any other little thing you'd care to know, Harry? -- www c/w fmb/

I agree that it isn't too deadly a thing to be forced to wear a coat and tie for attending the convention banquet, but wonder if the whole question isn't academic: most of the good hotels I've been in wouldn't serve even a paying guest without these amenities for a banquet. Luncheons, yes, but banquets seem to be governed by pretty much the same rules as the hotel's best dining room, in my experience. Maybe I'm just sensitive about such things, though, since the night I suffered through evensong at a very snooty Episcopal church, wearing only the cheapest of washpants, shoes, socks, and a wilted sportshirt as far as visible garb was concerned; I had to cover a bishop's talk without the slightest forewarning.

I should have mentioned the ATom cover first of all, because it was among his most magnificent. I think that there have been nearly enough good ATom illustrations lately to provide the contents of another anthology.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry



MIKE DECKINGER INSTRUCTS ON WHIXKER RUFFLING  
Dear CRY-Gang,

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey  
Jan. 20, 1961

Too bad that Nancy Shriner had to leave the "Wizard of Oz" in the middle. If she hadn't it would have shown her, for one thing, that the wicked old witch was not turned into wet gingerbread at the end. She was not even turned into dry gingerbread. Instead, she pulled sort of a shrinking/disappearing act, a la The Thing, after Dorothy tossed a bucket of water on her by mistake (she was aiming for the scarecrow, if that's any better).

To ruffle one's whiskers, one first flexes and unflexes the hand muscles for twenty minutes to get them in shape, stealthily sneaks up to the be-whiskered person, and then plunges his (or her) hands through the expansive set of chin-spinach, racing them back and forth as if you were kneading dough. This advice is directed specifically towards Mrs. Shriner in the event she should encounter Avram some day.

While I can't get Denver radio station KOA on my refurbished crystal set I was listening to Lester Del Rey on the Long John show last night. Does anyone else ever listen to Long John?

I'm delighted to see that rich brown is back, in a letter full of words and punctuation marks, signifying nothing. And rich, don't forget something; you only took CRY over for one issue; think of Walter Breen; he took over FANAC for the rest of its publishing days. Can you do the same?

How can Phil Jaskar and John Howald say the booze laws at the SEACON deprived them of their natural rights (the right to get stewed is the right to be free)? According to the weird Seattle terminology I'm considered a minor myself, and yet I never had any difficulty in procuring the brew when I felt the need. In fact a number of times a loaded glass was just shoved into my hand and that was that. Unfortunately it doesn't work that way around here, but in New York I'm of legal drinking age, so I do get by.

As long as the blue laws permit the clergymen to work on Sundays I will consider them to be unconstitutional and unfair. When they say nobody works on Sundays they mean just that -- no one. Everyone stays at home and has a grand time with his neighbor's wife.

Glad to see Bob Lichtman back, too. His account of the indoctrination process they go through at UCLA reminds me of the ordeal I ran at camp several years back. Everyone strips down to the birthday suit and we are told to march single file down a long corridor and into a door at the end where a doctor is patiently waiting, with a nurse, to find out just what makes us tick. Of course it later developed this nurse was a real Florence Nightmare type, about fifty years old with thick horn rim glasses and an even thicker German accent (the whole check-up was somewhat reminiscent of a going-over at Dachau).

No Bob Lichtman, I haven't gafiated. Went to the SEACON, PHILCON, and for some reason I've even been going to ESFA meetings pretty regularly, too. But as long as you've brought it up; yes, I do need the loaves of bread. I've still been making periodic withdrawals from the orphanages, but oddly enough I've ignored all the bread. I've been absconding with the orphans. (Hoo boy, those Congo soldiers know what they're doing.)

Gee, I'm really sorry that Seth Johnson had to go and let my secret out. Yessir the N3F certainly did a lot for me; if I hadn't joined it I might have gotten involved in fandom at least three years earlier.

But seriously, I think it's a fine club for those who like it, and it does serve its purpose if you happen to like writing letters and writing letters and writing letters. In some respects the N3F is good, and in others it's bad; and I'll let my opinions lie. And let's see Seth dispute that statement.

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

Boy, did I ever fix your letter. I cut it so that I would have lots of room for snide remarks about it here at the bottom of the page, and now I don't even have anything to say. So I'm gonna waste six lines of space that could have been used for more of your deathful prose! Cackle cackle cackle! In case you wonder what I do with the parts of your letters that never get printed, I'll tell you; each night after cutting CRY letters I take the scraps home and put them in a little room. Anytime the world gets to be too much for me, I go into the little room, ruffle the scraps, and laugh wildly. Since I've started doing that, I've been able to give up my blanket and sucking my thumb. --www/



SETH A. JOHNSON WANTS BANANA SOUP RECIPE

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey

Dear Wally;

January 17, 1962

Shades of the Elves Gnomes Leprechauns and Little Mens Marching and Chowder Society, but Marion Zimmer Bradley had done real scientific research into Elves and their sex mores, customs biology and breeding habits. I certainly hope she will find time to do many more like that for CRY in the future. Now if you were to inveigle her to do one on sex habits of ghouls and vampires and whether they mate with each other and the like you might really have another thriller. Is it true a couple of Vampires have opened blood bank in down town Seattle? I understand one of them attended the SEACON. [The rumor about a blood bank attending the SEACON turned out to be unfounded. --www/

How about pubbing Jody Scott's recipe for banana soup. Sounds like typical far out fannish dish to me. [Well, actually it was banana split soup, and it consists of a plain, ordinary banana split served in a soup bowl on account of the regular banana split bowls being too small or unavailable or something complicated like that. It takes a little more technique to finish it since the soup bowl isn't as shallow as the regular banana split bowl, and if you don't lick the rim clean first you waste some of the banana split on your nose, cheeks and eyebrows when you're cleaning the bottom of the bowl.--www/

Strike One by John Berry was terrific. Just wonder if any fanned has ever gone professional insofar as making commercial production of his fanzine.

Never knew Rich Brown was the philosophical or poetic type before. Wish we had more poetry of the type he wrote in fandom. Something deeper than the usual trivia printed by average fan pubber.

Buz mentions Joe Gibson coming out with diatribe against fan moochers and free loaders. And for past year or so one scorching article after another has emanated from Fan Hill citing one abuse or another and painting fans as fuggheaded goons and the like. Frankly I don't think this type diatribe to be good human relations at all.

First place when people write things for publication of that sort every person who reads the thing begins to wonder if this applies to them. Tries to recall events they shared with the writer and quite possibly get their feelings hurt with no thought on part of writer that others than those the article was aimed at might take this personally.

So it seems to me that rather than curing the faults they wail about they only alienate a larger and larger percentage of their readers, for sooner or later every reader will find something of their own castigated or alluded to.

In other words this sort of thing is definitely negative thinking and does far more harm than good and in no way changes the nature of the persons they were aimed at in the first place. [Gee, who wants to go around changing natures? Alienation sounds ideal to me. -- www/

It would be far better idea to think of positive and objective things that could be done to eliminate these evils. Certainly it would be far better to seek out and praise the good things of fans than to merely downgrade, belittle and castigate. And this certainly would make fandom a far more pleasant state of being than the incessant criticizing, condemning and belittling that has emanated from Fan Hill over the past two years. [Weeell, all right if you say so, Seth. How about you starting the ball rolling? Set the example by praising the stuff that has emanated from Fan Hill over the past two years. -- www/

Re fan feuds. Wish all faneds could get together and form a policy of never ever publicizing fan feuds. Regardless of who is right or wrong or why the only result of printing and adding fuel to the flames has been to split fandom into warring factions to the detriment of all concerned. [Kinda fun, isn't it? No? Ya sure?? \*Gloom\* --www/

How about doing biography of Burbee in CRY. I'm getting most curious about this person indeed.

Well that about covers everything. Hoping this finds you and the CRY gang in the best of health and prosperous, I remain;

Fanatically yours,

Seth A Johnson



BOB LICHTMAN DREAMS ABOUT CRY

6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

Dear CRY:

Tuesday evening 23 January 1962

I dreamed, the other night, that I visited Seattle fandom ~~in my Maidenform bra~~ and went to a CRY publishing session and all that. Really, I did. All of a sudden I found myself knocking on the door at 2852 14th West and a bearded Buz answered and I was ushered inside and immediately tumbled over by an exuberant pair of ~~sausages~~ daschunds and met Elinor and was served a piece of the famous Chocolate Cake. I don't remember any of the continuity, but I remember things like being croggled at the sight of a red W.C. and meeting Helen Hendrickson (who was a tall, willowy redhead in my dream--what's she like For Real?) and setting multigraph type and stencilling a heading illustration for CRY and trying to out-drink Wally Weber--he drinking milk and me Buz's homebrew--and losing.

CRY #156 is here. I thought the cover was terrific. Even the stencilling was better than the usual CRY norm. (Hi, Elinor!) Actually, you know, this is only CRY's first annish. The first issue of CRY appeared in January 1961, following eleven solid years of another magazine entitled CRY OF THE NAMELESS. CRY can be distinguished from CRY OF THE NAMELESS by its schedule---the older zine did not knock off twice a year for conventions; only once towards the end of its rope. Now is everything Clear?

Marion's article develops some interesting theories and provides an interesting explanation for my physical makeup. I happen to be possessed of a very inactive thyroid, which not only proves Speer's theory that fans are Handicapped in Some Way but means that I should by all calculations be horribly overweight and rather lethargic. In actuality I am very underweight and am extremely nervous and intense much of the time. Particularly when the weather is a bit on the side of what most people call chilly. When it gets above 70 I start to fall asleep on the job and I lose most of what energy I have. I will be extremely interested in further developments of this article.

Interesting note this time in the Minutes about a Northwest Science Fiction Convention on a regional basis. Is this a Serious Proposal, or merely a Modest one? When would you hold it? Well, since the N.S.F. Convention is intended to supplement all other conventions, it is a 365 day annual affair beginning March 1 each year. We rest up on February 29. --www/

I don't quite understand Lindner's basis for saying that homosexuality is negative rebellion, Elinor. This seems to me to be downing all the people who are homosexuals because (a) they like having sex with their own sex or (b) they find it impossible for themselves to have sex heterosexually. Besides, I doubt that very many, if any, men who were so opposed to homosexuality that they couldn't stomach it would turn to it as a means of nonconforming. Unless they were sado-masochistic, it would be a pretty stiff self-sentence.

"Mutiny against conformity" is a pretty strange term to use in describing juvenile delinquency. I think that those who try to reform the JD make their basic mistake in assuming that he thinks what he is doing is wrong and that he secretly wants to Live Up To Society's Standards. Unless the "JD" is breaking some law, most likely his transgression is merely a matter of social nonconformity, and if he thinks it's all right, and if it suits his way of life, then there is little one can do to persuade him otherwise, until his own group changes its mind, en masse.

I didn't care much for John's story this issue, and rich's poetry (?) was mostly bad. Except for the last six lines...those contained a hell of a lot of good sense and wisdom, and the rest of the piffle was worth sorting through to come to that conclusion.

Though I appreciated Betty Kujawa's kind remarks about my return home, I was really gassed to read them. I mean, I've never exchanged a letter with Betty or even sent her a fanzine, so she really doesn't know me at all unless someone sends her occasional bundles of fanzines that includes some of my stuff.

Which sort of ties in with Don Fitch's comments about what he terms "fanzine friendships." I don't place as much truck in what I read about someone in a fanzine as I do in what I read from that person, Himself, in personal correspondence. Of course, personal contact is best of all, but that's usually improbable most of the year.

Later,

Bob



RUTH BERMAN SUSPECTS PHONE BOOTH OF BEING PHONEY

5620 Edgewater Boulevard,

Dear Wallaby,

January 16, 1961

Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

TCarr's description of phone trouble in the last CRY but the Annish over there is spellbinding. I have added it to the list (a small list; in fact, it's number 2, number 1 being Walt Willis' article about Soy Sauce fandom) of fan articles I want to read out loud next fall when I take Interpretive Reading, Prose. Of course, I read the article on a day when I was unusually ready to think such an article hysterical/tragic. That day, in the morning, I had tried to call a member of the Radio Guild to ask where he would be so's I could loan him a book. He wasn't in the Guild office, and he wasn't at the radio station, and he wasn't even at home. But I took the book to school with me, and decided to call his home after class.

Down, down to the depths of Folwell, the building where gargoyles and janitors leer. There in the depths was a phone booth. I walked into it (Had I But Known) and put a dime in the slot. No dial tone. Suddenly the machine began to tick at me. Tick....tick....tick....I scuttled out of the booth. A few feet away was another phone booth. I reached the Guild and arranged to leave the book at the radio station. As I walked towards the building door, I heard the seeming-phone booth ticking.

Don Fitch: I think you are misinterpreting fannish silence at the problems/gafiation /faiation of each other. Consider the last Shapa mailing but one. It occurred to me to wonder why Russ Chauvenet didn't appear. It did not occur to me to ask in the last mailing why he'd been gone. It wasn't my business. And if it were my business, it would have been my business in a letter, not in a magazine which goes to some people who are close friends of Russ' and more who are not. To my mind, silence in fanzines is respecting privacy, not showing disinterest. And as for personal letters, why I often ask you "Whatever happened to good ol' so-and-so," and what do you do? You send me a postcard saying "Well, he moved, but I can't find his new address." Don, Clean Up Your Desk! Well, But Try!

Snerely,

Ruth Berman

/I think silence in fanzines is pretty dull. --www/

PHIL HARRELL .... /Words fail me. --www/

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va.

January 18, '61 (Drat)(I've been doing that all year)

GREAT GALLOPINGHU! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

Greetings to All scrumjillion Phil's and Wally:

My life again being complete again (to be verbosely redundant) I shall again give forth with one of my sparkiling, Wonderful missives that are moist mounds moving messily moonwards..

I was working on doing a completely serious type letter, but a couple seven things stopped me. 1) My serious letters never get printed and I bore myself intolerably even writing them so what do I think it would to to our demon Faned of CotR? 2) Even if I had wanted to write a completely serious letter I couldn't say it one millionth as beautifully or as well as Rich Brown (or rich brown if you must) did in his magnificently moving piece of prose/poetry. To me that was the best thing in CRY #156. I've never read ANYTHING that said exactly in words how I feel. For me now Fandom IS CRY and an occasional issue of VOID. Maybe it's just that after two years I'm looking at fandom with jaundiced eye, at insipidness that is really not there. To me the only real thing that has not changed except to become better and more beautiful is CRY.

/Look, I'm printing your letter like I promised, Phil, but tone it down a little, willya? I think it's getting a little too obvious. --www/ CRY has never been less beautiful, and every issue is pure enchantment. There was a time when Fandom was the most beautiful thing in the world or out of it. When SHAGGY and CRY were without Peer, QUO VADIS SHAGGY? Where are the snows of yesterday that I built my crystal palaces in the air with? All melted with the hot passion of discontentment. /Phil, snap out of it. I'm printing your letter, see? You can stop now! --www/ Time changes all things and it has changed Fandom but never CRY. CRY is Immortality in paper and ink. CRY is the only zine I can look at in my collection without weeping at the Changes time has made in it. Look at my Beloved SHAGGY for example. Time was when it was as magnificent as CRY was/is. The sorrow is mine to



have come in at the end of a Golden Age, a Golden Age when all was Fabulous Fannishness. Ron Ellik & Terry Carr were in the Ghlorious pursuit of fanews, but now when I open up one of those elder day zines there drifts thru my mind a scent of sasperilla....

CRY is all the joys of that latterday rolled up into one, and is now all I have left of a greatness that was once fankind. [Halp! Somebody turn Phil off! You are partly responsible, rich brown, DO SOMETHING!! --www/ I'll never forget rich brown, as I'll always have my CRY to remember him by. rich is a great deal like me in ways, I still care what happens to fandom, tho not as much as I care what happens to CRY. [If rich brown is anything like you, he's the last one I should have asked for help. This calls for emergency measures. --www/ There are but a microfew zines I care about in fandom today...and some of them I still get but [Emergency surgery is all I can resort to now. The scissors didn't work. The bitcher knife even broke without so much as scarring the letter. Gotta get the (shudder) axe! --www/ there's one zine I care for above all, [Given to me by G.M.Carr when I took over the CRY. Never had to use it before, but this is desperate. --www/ and that one IF I ever left fandom, would be the only one I'd keep on writing to and if I couldn't get my letters published in it send money to, [Got to get it the first time....no telling what'll become of us if I only wound it. --www/ but a zine is only a zine unless you've got something in it. I think [Ready! --www/ that's probably the reason I feel the way [Aim!! --www/ I do about CRY which is the zine I was talki

Ugh! What a mess. But it was the only way... --www/

LES NIRENBERG OFFICIATES AT CRY COMMENTING  
Dearly Beloved....

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario  
Canada JANUARY NINE

We are gathered together to celebrate another Crycomment time. GRONK! there is a zero after my name on the baccover. This cannot be so. After all, are you not all my true blue friends and all that? Anyway, I know how you feel about freeloaders, creeps and mooches. I'm not really one of these (except when I disguise myself as a tin cup and take to the streets with my easily inflatable rubber moocher.)

My Ghod, doesn't that paragraph sound like a loc from some Britifan?

Anyway, I realize I owe you more, much more than a mere letter of comment, so I'll volunteer to do some offset covers for CRY. I have a funny feeling I've already volunteered to do some job or other like this. Have I? [Yes, but that's all right. We've been keeping track and figure you are obligated to do a cover for each time you volunteer. You'll trust our figures, of course? --www/

The cover thish is good, but I'd expect something jazzier for an Annish, or are you saving the big splash for CRY's bar mitzvah next year?

Jeff Wanshel could have done a little research on his pseudo-Piper cartoon, by looking up the original Feiffer strip from which to copy; after copying the second hand copy it becomes pretty ecchh.

I must agree with Rich Brown's bitch at burbeeisms. I'm sorry to say I don't find them all that funny. Some, yes, but most no. I mean most of these slogans seem to be of the same ilk as: "Wanna buy a duck?"

"Pow! Right in the kisser."

Jack Benny's "Well!" and the rest of tv's slogan comedy. They DO NOT depend on humour, but on constant repetition which makes the listener feel that he is IN. Now, I've never met Burbee, or heard his very funny fannish gems, but I'll suppose he's a funny guy. I'll concede that he is because everybody says so, but c'mon, he can't be THAT good. Maybe he cast some spell or hypnotizes his neo audiences to such a degree that they end up having burbeeisms on their backs.

With that a good nite to all. I'm getting too bitchy, and frankly I can't stand me when I get bitchy.

Have you heard Jimmy Dean's new record? It's called "Dear Ivan." Go to a record store and listen to it. It's pure sick humour...

Later,.....

les



MRS. ROBERT D. SHRINER HAS A SPELL  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma  
13 Jan '62

Wally, You Louse!,

(How's that? Do you feel more at home now? I just give up trying to be nice to you, since you don't appreciate it.) /Why should I appreciate you giving up being nice to me? You never appreciated it when I did the same for you. --www/

It pains me, dear hearts, to have to write this letter. Seems like #156 has slipped a bit. /You ain't seen nothin' yet. --www/ Did you get in too big a hurry? Even the letter column, which I usually find most entertaining, seemed rather -- well, I'm sorry, but "blah" is the only word.

Now that I have been harsh and ugly and gotten all the bitter things said, I'll say something nice.

I'm glad all you people liked "spellbingling." However, I have no illusions as to the reasons for its popularity. If it hadn't been for Avram Davidson's comment, the little word would have perished unsung. (Have I discovered a TRUTH?)

Betty Kujawa, are you really five foot ten? Well, I declare, that makes me feel better; I have been five-nine ever since I was in the eighth grade and always hated it. /I didn't care much for the eighth grade, either. --www/ Now I know of someone taller; I gratefully yield the crown.

Note to rich brown (it was lemonade) and Donald Anderson: Gee, you guys, I'm sorry! I didn't know Scotch was so precious. My education continues with every ish.

Phil Harrel: So you go for older women. Who knows? We might have an affair to rival the Kujawa-Weber thing. Or the Kujawa-Davidson thing, it might be now.

Gee, I'm in a terrible mood. Disposition all shot to hell. /You will mix lemonade with your Scotch! --www/ And besides no spellbingling letter from Mr. Davidson (sniff) (\*snif\*) Bye world,

Nancy

PS. Well, I find I can't sign off without saying something about rich brown's poem. I like it. I almost cried while reading it. No kidding.

Oh, and the learned article by MZ Bradley was very interesting. It's nice to see something serious like that every so often. Tell me, does this portend another Tolkien revival? Or is the revival in full-swing and I just don't know about it?

Well, that is all, lad.

17 Jan 62

Wally, lamb, love, loyal, trustworthy, upstanding Boy Scout;

Please ignore my letter of 13 Jan. You can print it if you wish, but it isn't indicative at all. I just had a spell of the mean reds, but I'm okay until this time next year.

Actually the main thing I want to say is the letter column is no longer blah. I read the whole thing over this morning and enjoyed all of it.

F'r instance: Hi rich brown. Please don't go off again. We like you.

Bob Lichtman: How long do you have to be in this outfit before you outgrow the term "neofan?" Isn't two years long enough?

Richard Bergeron: Are you the one who published a serious zine by the name of Warhoon? I read one and was very impressed. But something happened and I never could get another.

HWYL: Elinor, I have never seen a bullfight and now that I have read Death in the Afternoon, I'm almost afraid to. If I see a good one first time out, it may cause the others to look worse. If I don't, I may get disgusted. Who are the best matadors these days? But I guess you wouldn't know now, would you? Isn't there a Mexican paper dealing with la fiesta?

(I put this at the end, Wally, so you wouldn't have any trouble chopping it off.)

Bye,

Nancy



## ETHEL LINDSAY JOINS SECRETARIES

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue  
Surbiton. Surrey ENGLAND

Dear CryGang, 23.1.62

Cry 155 arrived safely; and as you didn't put anything about the weather this time, we had our usual lousy January cold and wet. However when I consider the effect that Cry's pronouncements has upon the weather I was more or less grateful. If Cry ignored the weather and announced none...it might have been the end of the world. And I'd like to see the end of this year at all events.

I gather Arthur sees a great future for paper aeroplane fandom.

I also admired Buz having fun in a legal way.. (What do you do with a cat that thinks your tapping typer keys is an invitation for him to play with your elbow?) I can't even be controversial with a cat...

The BERRY story finished up very neatly. I suppose you could say that fandom brainwashed the spy, since he was thinking of puns at the end.

I have listened (breathlessly) to that tape Elinor refers to in HWYL. I thought she and Buz sounded lovely and that, considering there is nothing more unnerving than to be told you're on tape and to 'say something', they did very well indeed. Like Elinor, I have been reading sf..maybe it will become a new fashion! -- and can recommend THE FOURTH'R' BY HAROLD MEAD, but not THE BROKEN SWORD BY POUL ANDERSON, which wasn't sf anyway but a mish-mash.

Apart from agreeing with all Buz had to say about the lawsuit business; I was glad he wrote it up so clearly, as I had got a little fogged about the details. Lawsuits are so silly though: what satisfaction could anyone possibly get out of it even if they won? I'd feel awful if it were me. I don't think Buz should print all that about dirty pros.. I have always looked upon CRY as a clean family-type zine..one you could show with a clear mind to little Ewen Peters. [? --www]

Fandom seems to be full of secretaries who write their minutes up just before the next meeting..I now join them having been ruthlessly deposed as the Chairman. So I am paying particular attention to Wally's style..

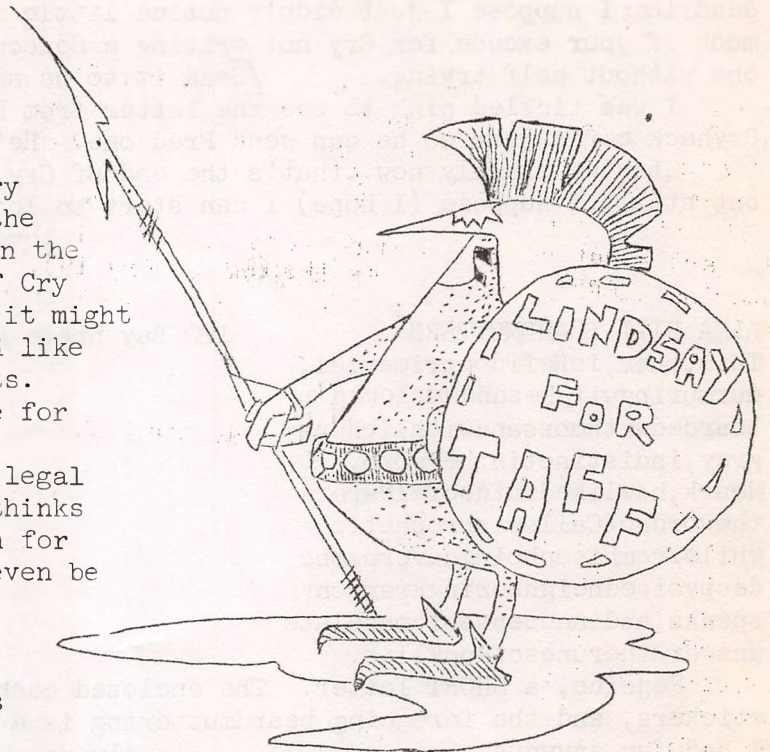
I followed Terry's battle with the telephone company with bated breath; glad to see he won, it was a toss-up wasn't it?

HWYL II has a piece of information of particular interest to me, when Elinor declares that Hyperspace is a Literary Device. In the Ompa serial THE WALL Bill Donaho has left me sprawled helpless in hyperspace with insects (ugh) running across my legs. How useful to know it is only a Literary Device. In fact that gives me an idea...

So to the Cryhacks..Avram's description of what he thought had happened to Poul Anderson made me chortle..though after his letters I feel slightly dazed at all the new things that can be done with those old ordinary words. It was the "roach in a Russian sugar-bun" that held my admiration most. What a wonderful description for Wally. [You mean you really think I'm like a sugar-bun? Aw gorsh... --www]

Say Ed Meskys has just mentioned that in New York there are three clubs! What's the third one then? [It's the one Sam Moskowitz had made for bashing in the heads of his wife's critics. --www]

I thought for a moment there I was going to be able to answer Nancy Chriner's question about a name for Scotch and lemonade. Only it's not lemonade I use; it's ginger beer. I once frequented a hotel lounge where they sold this with a chunk of ice and called it a Bramble. However I never found anywhere else that anyone knew what I was talking about when I asked for it. Still she can have that name if she likes..no charge.





I see I forgot to sign my last letter: carried away at the fear of missing the Cry deadline; I suppose I just didn't notice little details like that. Sniff: don't think much of your excuse for Cry not writing a Season report. Why! I could think up a better one without half-trying. /Send it to us and we'll gladly use it. --www/

I was tickled pink to see the letter from Fred Parker; and hope Donald makes some Cryhack cards just so he can send Fred one. He'd love that I think.

Staring blankly now..that's the end of Cry 155. All good things come to an end.. but still..I suppose (I hope) I can start to look forward to the next Cry.

love to one and all,

Ethel

ALMA HILL BEARDMUTTERS

120 Bay State Road, Boston 15, Mass.

This, the, is Neffdom primeval,  
murmuring witches and warlocks  
bearded with moss and with lichens  
grey, indistinct in the repro.  
Heark, how liked druids of old are  
the words of Callewis prophetic,  
while from his echoing cavern the  
deep voiced neighboring Franson  
speaks, and in accents of consulate  
answer the runes of Ron Ellik.

January 20, 1962

Rejoice, a SHORT letter. The enclosed cash is for some more numbers on the address stickers, and the foregoing beardmuttering is a bid for a spare. Ha, you don't like? So I had fun anyways.

As always,

Alma Hill

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JAMES R. SIEGER almost passed up MZ Bradley's article thinking it was on Rock-and-Roll. ED BRYANT keeps crying for the Poll results. We'll drive him sane yet. LENNIE KAYE (we think) sends 25¢ but no name or return address; he must think he's one of the Nameless Ones. GEORGE R. HEAP's new address is Box 1487, Rochester 3, New York. MIKE KURMAN wants us to trade with MIAFAN for some reason. Like he's probably nuts. JOHN FOYSTER wrote a letter in longhand, but I haven't puzzled out any more than his name so far. MINORU MAEDA sent us a Japanese Christmas/New Year's card. HAL LYNCH, KEVIN LANGDON, MARGARET GEMIGNARI, GARY "YACKAMURA" DEINDORFER, and KEN HEDBERG quietly sent money for CRY. BILL WOLFENBANGER, just to be different, sent money for GOON. And you wise guys who didn't believe the astrologers knew what they were talking about, here is your monthly (almost) catastrophe again.

See you next catastrophe. www

HELP STAMP OUT POSTAGE

from CRY

box 92

507 Third Ave.

Seattle 4, Wash.

U.S.A.

Printed Matter Only

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

And now we explain our little numbers game again. The one after your name is equal to the number of issues left on your sub (within the limits of scientific accuracy). The lack of a number after your name means you are somehow partly to blame for this issue and can suffer without additional charge.

Postman: please sneak this into the following party's mail ---