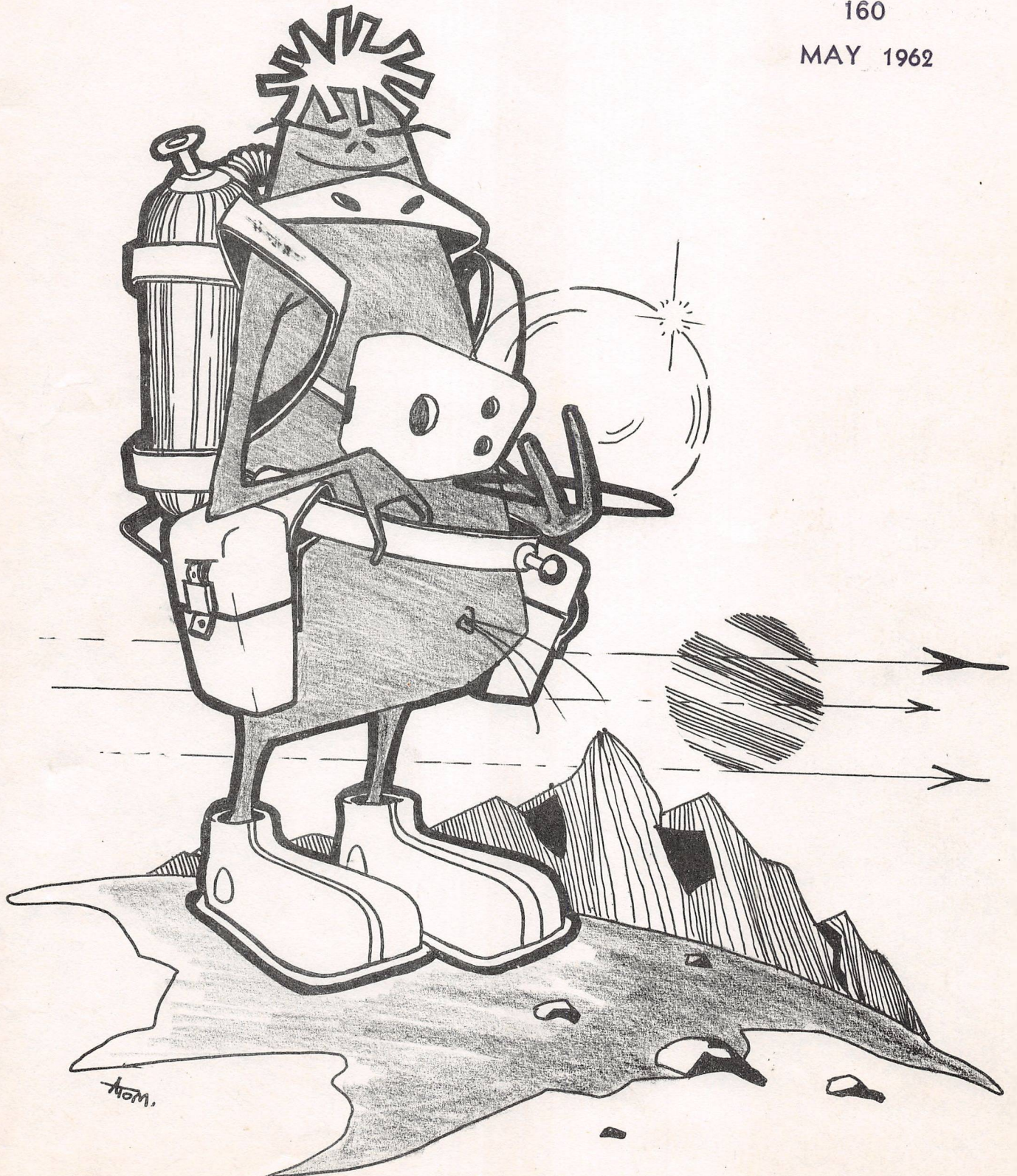


# CRY

160

MAY 1962





CRY

100

MAY 1982



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Gonser, Doreen Webbert. ((Toskey & Weber at hand as the crank starts turning; /stay tuned...../))

Circulation: Elinor Busby.

CRY is published on the Sunday nearest the first of each month except for July and September when we goof off and you are on your own. I believe that this is its 70th consecutive issue as a FenDen Publication, but now even that record is to be broken: the FenDen will be out of business this summer for reasons of storage, so the June and August CRYs will be produced under the auspices of Burnett R Toskey, Ph. D. and Good Man. By October the FenDen will be back in business, we hope...

CRY #161 will be published Sunday, June 3, 1962

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I didn't get my hooks onto the new typer for this CRY; we all goofed off until this very week, and every time I picked up a stencil someone was there ahead of me. Better luck next time, it says here; one of these days we'll be on the stick more.

TAFB-nominating time will soon be upon us again, ready or not. I wonder if any have been giving much thought to this, or even organizing great Grass Roots movements for upcoming candidates? Bob Tucker has been mentioned, and surely he would be an ideal delegate. And who else, I wonder? Harry Warner could do firsthand research on the UK side of the Fan History. Bob Pavlat. Ted White. Bill Donaho (let's get our money's worth outa those airlines!). Any previous candidates out after a rematch? Oh, there must be at least a dozen highly-eligible names that I am overlooking; what are your suggestions? Buck Coulson and Juanita (oops-- you'll have to get over that anti-ConReport bias first, Buck). Les Nirenberg. Who else?

Not that I want to nominate or get deeply involved, myself; I prefer to cheer from the sidelines these days, mostly; partisanship gets too nerve-racking, and frankly I don't see how the candidates themselves manage to stand the suspense, at all. But it seemed to be about time to stir the pot a little bit...

WorldCon Banquet Scene: "The award for Best Fanzine has been won by DNQac! Will --er --will the editor please come forward?" And a figure covered in a sheet, looking like something left over from the Ku Klux Klan, steps up to take the Hugo. I can just see it all now. But I'm not certain that it would be a wonderful thing.

I attended the Press Preview of the World's Fair by courtesy of Fred Pohl. As yet I do not have any suitable copy to send him in compensation, but I can say that apparently the world of the future will have a place in it for Girls, and that apparently a goodly portion of them will not be susceptible to chest colds. Too bad I wasted Terry's line on the preceding paragraph, isn't it? --Buz.



## M I N U T E S

by Wally Weber plus two

## MINUTES OF THE APRIL 5, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The April 5, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones was intimidated to order by President John Rundorff at 8:25:00 p.m. The reading of the minutes brought forth the objection that Wally Gonser had been crocheting, not knitting. The minutes, with the insignificant error corrected, were grudgingly accepted by a Rundorff-type unanimous vote.

Under guise of Old Business, the Sec-Treas reported his usual excellent progress on obtaining tickets for the oncoming Anna Russel Show. The Sec-Treas received his usual censuring.

The club was already well engaged in Monkey Business, which consisted of crawling around on the floor while constructing what some hoped and others feared would be an octa-hexa-flexagon. Due to lack of instructions and insufficient time for original research, not to mention the fact that it is probably impossible to construct an octa-hexa-flexagon, the project ended up and remains to this very day a coiling, seething arrangement of tape and cardboard triangles.

Still in flexible condition was the original Doreen-constructed hexa-hexa-flexagon, which Jerry Frahm flexed into a pretzel-like configuration that, he decided, could never be returned to its original shape, so he wore it on his head.

New Business consisted of deciding to meet again at Stumphouse, and electing officers.

Apparently deciding that Gordon Eklund was too quiet and sneaky to be outside the club's ever watchful bug eye, the members elected him president. As a consolation to the already consoling fact that he would not have to be president a second term, ex-President John Rundorff was committed to the office of Official Bem. Malcolm Willits, in addition to his already considerable misfortune including just having paid 21¢ postage due on his last CRY, having his automobile run for the Oregon State Legislature, and illustrating the faces of the proposed octa-hexa-flexagon, was elected Official Member. Ian Robertson was elected Vice President in acknowledgement of his scientific breakthrough evolving a technique for cutting cardboard triangles for flexagons with a paper cutter. What'sizname was elected Secretary Treasurer and was instructed, under threat of penalties too ghastly to remember, to report the occurrence just like that.

Having established its official officers for the next six months, more or less, the club once again grappled with the matter of the pun fund. Making sure that the coast was clear of any interfering motions, Wally Gonser moved that the pun fund be adopted. Jerry Frahm, having been too recently involved with Doreen's hexa-hexa-flexagon to be responsible for his actions, seconded the motion. The vote in favor of this deterrent to uncivilized forms of torture was unanimous in the John Rundorff manner. Doreen's motion that the cost per pun be set at 5¢ was subsequently approved. An attempt to ammend this to 50¢ per pun was thwarted by invoking Robert's Rules of Order. New Vice President Ian Robertson made the most ill-timed remark of the year by pointing out that he was Robert's-son, and won the distinction of being the first to pay the fine.

Convention movies were then shown so that Malcolm Willits could see one of his ancient automobiles participate in the SeaTaCon. The meeting adjourned at 11:17:50 p.m.

Honorable Secretary-Treasurer,  
What'sizname



## MINUTES OF THE APRIL 19, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES PLUS 2

The April 19, 1962 meeting was called to disorder by the beating of the foundling shinbone on a pillow, a very symbolic gesture which everyone seemed to recognize. This was at exactly 8:15 Tacoma Time. The minutes of the previous meeting were read with mixed gusto by the Hon. Sec., the distinct impression being that the Hon. Sec. couldn't read his own handwriting. The minutes were by Wally Gonser; that is, Wally Gonser moved that the minutes were, Wally Weber seconded, and a discussion arose. Finally, all but one member approved the motion, the general consensus being that if the motion was not approved, the minutes weren't, and a whole page of CRY would have been lost forever.

Meanwhile, back on the couch, Doreen was lost in the folds of a dodeca-hexa-flexagon which Phil had cunningly brought. She finally broke it, felt superior, and threw it back to Phil.

The absence of the Busbys was noticed and it was rumored that Buz was at Gracie Hansen's "Naughty But Nice" (The Prude Will Think It's Rude) Girlie Show on the C-21 grounds, on a press pass from Galaxy, yet!! Elinor was likely close by.

Old business was flashed by with a torrid exchange concerning the nonexistence of tickets to the Anna Russell Show coming in the future.

Warning to any who might attend a Nameless meeting: puns cost five cents each or three for 10¢. Our contributions to the conversation were accompanied by contributions to Prexy Gordon Eklund's wallet.

New business was the same old business.

The meeting broke up near nine. Everyone stayed 'til eleven anyway, having fun and games and raiding the ice box and little pranks concerning a handful of ice cream. Movies of Dr. Toskey were shown for Phil's benefit, as they will serve as an excellent blackmail source next September. Jim Webbert arrived during the movies, a not-unheard-of occurrence. Detailed instructions on the boot-legging of Mexican liquor were furnished by a nameless Nameless One. The club's flying saucer put in an appearance around midnight CST. Monster, the Webbert's electric Spinoza, was demonstrated chewing up paper.

The new members were shown the real, honest-to-goodness stump holding up Stumphouse, and departed with strange plans involving bug spray, fertilizer, and sundry other items. The whole night was not a total loss, as Phil managed to leave with a fistful of old Astoundings, and John still had some ice cream on his hand.

NAMELESSLY YOURS

Phil plus John

## ADDENDA TO THE MINUTES OF THE APRIL 19, 1962 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

The above account of the April 19, 1962 meeting of the Nameless Ones is remarkably factual and falls short of being almost acceptable minutes by the errors and omissions as follows.

The meeting was opened at 8:21:50 (8:25: Tacoma Time).

John Howald, experimenting with the subject of New Business, asked the members for suggestions for naming his new (and so far Nameless) kitten. The results were rather frightening.

Phil Jaskar brought a record to play at the meeting, but would not permit it to be fed to the Weber combination record player and saber saw.

John Howald abstained from voting on every item of club business, and was served ice cream in his bare hand as a sanitary measure since it takes several meetings/adjust to the Stumphouse dishware sterilization techniques.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:11:50 Wally Gonser time, 9:15 Tacoma time, 9:21 Wally Weber time, and 9:09 Doreen Webbert time.

honrbbl sssecrtry-trsr, Wally Weber



*First, an important announcement...*

The first instalment of Ella Parker's trip report should be out about now. <sup>(the whole report)</sup> This can be got by sending \$1.50 to Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana. You had better not poop around on this one; I don't think Ella plans to run off many more copies than she has advance orders for.

*If only it was Dell instead of Regency!!*

Last week we read "Fire and the Night," by Philip Jose Farmer, published by Regency Books. This invites comparison with Sturgeon's "Some of Your Blood" in that it's a mainstream novel by a science fiction writer dealing with a taboo subject which most fans will not find too shocking. Both books are very good, but do not have much else in common. Sturgeon's was a full-scope novel about a seriously maladjusted man. Farmer's is a novel-length short story about a fairly normal and decent man who is briefly involved in a weird situation and comes out of it very much as he went in--a bit more experienced and understanding, of course, but he was experienced and understanding to begin with.

This book is about the difficulties of Negro-white relationships on any level, and points up dramatically that there is at least as much tension and prejudice on the Negro's side as on the white's. A vivid example: a Negro at work, Big Jeff, is on friendly terms with the protagonist and thinks well of him. After an all-night drinking party one of the men relates a boyhood experience where he was very badly treated by a white boy for no apparent reason other than his race. Enraged, Big Jeff rises to his feet, declares he hates all whites and tries to kill the protagonist and another white man. In vino veritas, or at least, a part of the truth.

My one objection: when the protagonist meets Vashti, the other main character, he thinks that she reminds him of someone. I thought to myself, oh no, not Nefertiti! but sure enough, that's who she reminded him of. Why should every woman of exotic appearance resemble Nefertiti? Nature has more imagination than that; why shouldn't authors? However, this resemblance serves a subtle psychological purpose. The hero presents Vashti with the well-known bust of Nefertete and every Negro who sees it comments that she sure does look like Vashti, only Vashti of course is darker. Now, the bust doesn't show the color of Nefertete's skin, so skin color is completely irrelevant to the resemblance. But clearly, skin color is always relevant to the Negroes in this book.

Good story, highly recommended. You remember that Farmer has had story after story where the guy has sexual relations with an extra-terrestrial? At last he's on his own planet!

*The 1962 Renault...*

Knowing as I do that Mary Renault is one of my very favorite writers, it was very surprising to me that I knew of the existence of her latest a month or more before I bought it, and waited three weeks more before I read it. Why should this be? Why should I have this curious reluctance to read a book which I knew in advance would be very good, and continue a much-enjoyed story?

Today I realized why: "The King Must Die" has Theseus on the way up--learning, mastering, achieving. "The Bull from the Sea" starts with Theseus at the height of his power. Soon he has met, won and lost his love; from there on, it's downhill all the way. Theseus loses, is betrayed, fails, sickens, and finally goes away and dies. "The Bull from the Sea" is as masterfully written as "The King Must Die" but it is not as enjoyable. In the first book, Theseus' later griefs and self-reproach, remembered, are merely shadows enhancing bright scenes. They are what the second book is about.

Of course I heartily recommend "The Bull from the Sea." It wasn't until I read this book that I understood the first one. I thought that Theseus' later ill-luck came from his having broken his vow to King Minos, but I was mistaken. It came from his having defied the Goddess of the old religion, not once, but over and over and over again. He defied her not maliciously or childishly but because he was what he was. He was a Hellene, a worshipper of the Sky Gods. His beliefs, his character was his destiny. This is the



theme of "The Bull from the Sea," as the theme of "The King Must Die" is implicit in the title. And both books are about the conflict between the new religion and the old.

"King Jesus" by Robert Graves is another version of the same conflict: the new religion, the Jewish faith, vs. the old religion, the worship of the Goddess. In this novel, King Herod was an adherent of the Goddess, earnestly trying to bring back the old religion. Mary Magdalene was a witch, a priestess of the Goddess. Jesus, an adherent of the established religion, is an enemy of the Goddess and is ruined by witchcraft. In this book too, character is destiny. "King Jesus" and "The Bull from the Sea" are remarkably similar in theme, but the latter is by far the more interesting. "King Jesus" is a very clever book, but Graves has too much respect for his protagonist to quite bring him to life for us.

*Duck, Dickson!*

The day before yesterday we got our current SFBook Club selection: Gordon Dickson's "Necromancer." Well, it has some very good stuff in it--there this Chantry Guild, whose work is based on the Alternate Laws which are the laws behind all magic, parapsychology, and who knows what besides? and whose plan is to destroy technological civilization. There's this world, where everyone is so blissfully secure that they have marching societies, for whom the streets are cleared so that the marchers can vent their hysteria without damaging non-marchers. (This reminds me of blissfully secure socialist Sweden, where, according to Gore Vidal, every now and then the people start rioting for no known reason).

As I say, "Necromancer" has some very good stuff in it, however, it has a serious flaw. Two or three clearly identifiable plot elements are right out of Van Vogt's "World of Null A." Van Vogt certainly can't complain: there's not a quarter of the resemblance between "Necromancer" and "World of Null A" that there was between the Clane series and "I, Claudius." But I can and do complain. Gordy should give us credit for better memories than that.

*Quoted from DNQac #672:*

"I see where the Chicon committee solemnly joined the NFFF en masse out of respect to Ralph Holland; I suppose if GMC died, they'd all join the John Birch society. Or the Roman Catholic church. Or both. If I die, I damn well expect the Chicon committee to cut their throats and join me."

*"Seal Morning," by Rowena Farrer...*

Buz brought home this Ace Star book (Don, what's the difference between Ace Star and ordinary Ace [and while I'm talking to you, be assured that the light is duly burning in the window and our telephone number is At. 2-5927]) and I must say that we enjoyed it very much.

It's written by a young woman about her life between the ages of 10 and 17, with her aunt in a lonely little croft (what's a croft, anglofans?) in the north of Scotland in the county of Sutherland (How can Sutherland be in the north? It sounds south.) with a seal, a rat, two squirrels, two otters, a dog, deer, and pony. These people are so isolated that their nearest neighbor is seven miles away, and their other neighbor nine miles.

The deer is a villain, just as Albert Payson Terhune always said, and plays no large part in the story. The dog's story was tragic. The girl went for a walk, ordering the dog not to attend her. For the first time, he disobeyed her, and came anyhow. The girl got lost, amongst bogs, in a mist, and it grew late and she didn't have any wrap or food. The dog lead her home, perhaps saving her life. Shortly afterward they discovered that the dog had turned sheepkiller. He was immediately shot.

The actual heroine of this book is the seal, Lora, who plays the mouth organ, xylophone, trumpet, and also sings. She was almost unbearably musical, would have practised long hours if they had let her, and although normally a slug-a-bed, once rose at 5:30 to play her mouth organ. She was affectionate, independent, and intelligent, responding clearly to 35 words. --This book is immensely interesting, and is charmingly illustrated with multitudinous black & white sketches by Raymond Sheppard.

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"At least we have a Slan Shack." Frank Ebor was a neofan, and proved it every time he opened his mouth, which most of them thought was too damn often.

"I suppose you could call it that," muttered Cyril Beshaw, without much enthusiasm. He was the 'Willis' of the group, as it were, and the others were content to follow his leadership. "But what the hell are we going to do for a duplicator?"

"Must we have a duplicator?" whispered Georgina Higginbotham. She was what was known technically as a fugghead. She was a problem, right enough. She had no fannish talent. In fact, she had no talent at all, in any direction.....well, that was a mite presumptive, after all, there had to be some reason why Belshaw allowed her to the fan session.

"We want to publish a fanzine, therefore it stands to reason that unless we get it done locally and pay through the nose for it, we've got to get a blasted duper. Any suggestions?" Beshaw spoke again, with an air of authority which he felt hard to maintain because it was like being at the head of a platoon of soldiers without equipment, guns, uniform or food. So far, the members of the Lower Basingstoke Bird-Watching and Science Fiction Society were with him to a fan, so to speak, but he had to show some spark of leadership, of initiative, to lift them, as it were, fannishly upwards. There was no sign of mutiny as yet, but sometimes he thought that very little kept them from it. He'd had a letter from Terry Carr, true, and that was a rare bit of egoboo, but if only he could make the impact which his position as club BNF warranted. If only he could get a duper.....

"Where's Picasso tonight?" asked Georgina with a sneer. She arched her back as she spoke, so that they could all get an eyeful of her statistics.

"That's an idea," muttered Beshaw. "Those illos he did for us are great, aren't they? Leastways, I think they will be when we duper them. I reckon he'd make a great fan if only we could talk him into it. Shall we go over and see him? Huh?"

"Oh, no. Let me read out chapter 2 of "The Enchanted Duplicator." You promised." sniffed Ebor.

"Listen, nit," grotched Beshaw. "One of these days Picasso's going to sell one of his paintings, and if he's in our club, well, it stands to reason that he'll see us right, out of the proceeds. He's done these illos on stencil using the long pointed thing on his Boy Scout knife...."

"...the thing for getting pebbles out of horses' hooves?....."

"....for Crissake, Frank....er....yes, and it also stands to reason that he'll want to see how they look when duplicated. He says it's a potentially great art form. So if we can sign him on as a full time member of Lower Basingstoke Fandom, we're made."

"We're made if he sells one of his paintings, and it's a big If," smiled the femmie-fan. "He'll never sell one. Last time he held an open air exhibition in the main street the only one which he could have sold was mounted upsidedown....and when the prospective purchaser saw it the right way up, he backed down. He only wanted it to scare birds from his market garden, anyway."

"I've got to admit you're right, Georgy. Let's go over and see him, anyway."

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Cedric de Manderville (at least, that's what he said his name was) was known locally as Picasso. It was egoboo to him, but every one else used it as a term of abuse. He lived in a caravan to the south of Basingstoke. The three fans crossed the field (Georgina said she was frightened of the bulls, and held Beshaw's arm tightly) and stopped in amazement. Cedric stood at the door of his caravan, with a zap in each hand. He was poised in front of a sheet which was suspended between two poles. He looked as though he were going to do a Wyatt Earp.

"What the hell you doing, Picasso?" shouted Georgina.

"Glad you're here, boys," he smiled. He had a lisp, and some folks reckoned he was effeminate, but Georgina opined it was just the reverse. She'd visited his caravan once, to see his abstracts, and she said she was in a position to know. "Grab a zap, Georgy, and spray that canvas."



They stood side by side, and blasted the sheet with a light brown liquid.

"What gives, Picasso?" asked Beshaw.

"My new gimmick, deah fellow," the artist smiled. "It's a weak gum arabic. I'm gonna leave it for a few moments, to semi-harden. Then I'm going to put it in that meadow over yonder, and let all the little insects and butterflys and pollen and Old Man's Beard and grass seed and suchlike stick to it. It's a mural for Harvest Festival. It hasn't been commissioned, but I was going to offer it. What d'ya think?"

"Think what he'd be like as a TAFF rep," muttered the neofan.

"Hell, Picasso, it's a damn stupid idea, if you ask me. I was thinking," mused Beshaw. "Would you mind if I organised a one man show in this field. I mean, it's awful to see a chap with your talent being stuck in this flippin' crummy old field when you could be in town in an attic or a garret or whatever your arty chappies call it. Then you'd be able to come to our science fiction meetings every week.....supposing of course that you sold something. But I reckon you should, I mean, your work is original."

"I don't mind," grinned Cedric. "I've never sold yet, but if you think you can swing it, well, hold the exhibition. I'm game....."

"And, like," wheedled Georgina, holding his arm, "if you really did make a big sale, you could present the club with a Gestetner.....er.....couldn't you?"

"If the cheque was big enough, I would," he grinned. "Now, what the hell shall I do with this sheet?"

He laughed when Beshaw told him.

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It was a hot sunny day, which was just as well. Fifty of Cedric's paintings were stashed round the field, placed at an angle of 45 degrees against the hedgerows. Little wooden tags were stuck in the ground, giving the title of the painting, and the price.

Beshaw had the art critic of the Basingstoke Gazette in a firm grip, and dragged him round the field....

"And you see, sir, if you'd just say how good these paintings are, think what it would do for the town. Art connoisseurs would come from miles around, even from Europe, just to buy de Manderville's abstract work. Wonderful, aren't they?"

"You're putting it on a bit thick, aren't you?" whispered the neofan so loudly that even the cow in the next field looked round.

Beshaw kicked him on the shin, and led the bewildered critic to a square of canvas which looked as though a cow had relieved itself on it.

"How's that?" said Beshaw with a proudness which was hard to express. "Doesn't that really send you....."Monk with Anti-Celibacy Neurosis".....and only five guineas."

"Looks as though a cow just did something on it," remarked the art critic.

"Jesus, I didn't think he was looking," muttered the neofan.

".....and look at this dilly, only three guineas...."Weed Awaiting D.D.T."....just look at the expression on that weed's stamen....."

Georgina, in a light green sweater, held tightly to Mr. Onescu, the world-famous abstract art collector, who had benn the recipient of a telegram telling him of the delights of the de Manderville collection. He obviously didn't want to see the artwork, but Georgina was pressing against him, and she was only 17, and he was 65.....

"And here is de Manderville himself, cutiepie," she drawled, giving her retrousse nose the slightest uplift.....

Recognising Mr. Onescu, Cedric stood back from a canvas. He held his palette in front of him, ran the brush all over it, put it down, held the brush in his right thumb and forefinger, pulled the stem of it back with his left thumb and forefinger, and let fly.....and a series of multicolored dots covered the canvas. With a subtle grin to the bewildered Onescu, he nipped inside the caravan, came out with a tortoise, which he put in the middle of the canvas. Whilst the tortoise staggered about all over it, he continually scraped his brush over the palette, and jerked great blobs of paint over the canvas and the tortoise.....

"I'm calling this "Dipso Dinosaur," Mr. Onescu," he panted...."and I'll let you have it for a mere pittance.....only fifty guineas....."

"Please, Mr. Onescu," breathed Georgina, her warm breath in the old man's face.



He uncrossed his eyes, and reached for his cheque-book.....  
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The neofan wrapped up his thumb in a dirty handkerchief, and continued nailing the big red and white banner across the far end of the club room.....LOWER BASINGSTOKE BIRD WATCHER AND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY it proudly said...

Georgina was brewing the tea, and Beshaw, a proud figure, bore the anticipation which gives a fan his greatest moment, the advent of a brand new Gestetner. His heart almost burst as the door was kicked in, and Picasso stood there.

"Very heavy, deah chappies," he lisped, putting the shiny black container down.

They rushed forward, put it on the rickety table, and took the black lid off.....a new....a very new Gestetner #230.....almost pulsing with life....

"That's wonderful.....wonderful.."the fans breathed.

"And there's a van coming tomorrow with lots of stencils and ink and paper and other necessities.....I can't wait to see how my illos turn out...."

Georgina came round with the tea.

"As a matter of interest, Picasso, old boy," said Beshaw, his shoulders thrust proudly back, "which painting did you sell....?"

"Well, er.....I....."

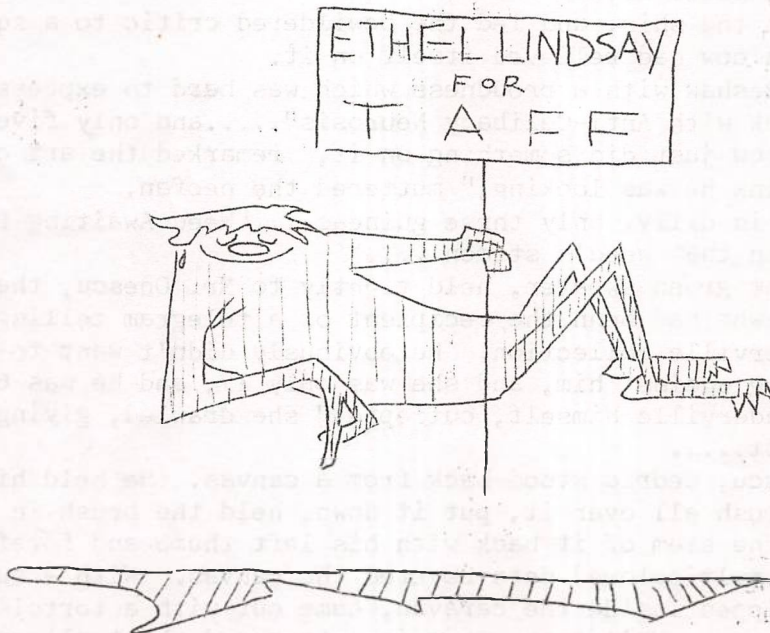
"Was it 'Rhubarb Fantasy'?" asked the neofan..."I thought it one of your best."

"Was it 'Frustrated Christmas Decoration'?" asked Georgina.

"I bet it was 'Virgin on the Ridiculous'?" asked Beshaw.

"Well, don't tell anyone," smiled Picasso, "but Onescu gave me 250 guineas for my palette....."

John Berry  
1962



Don't forget! Deadline is May 31, 1962. If you haven't voted yet, vote the minute you get your CRY!



Readers of this magazine may sometimes wonder how it is possible for us to find and bring to you these hidden classics from other languages. One of our most important staff members is translator Stanley Upflex, noted for his masterful translations from the French. Unfortunately this manuscript was not in French; Mr. Upflex says he is not sure just what language it was in. Nevertheless he has brought up this haunting story, which we are sure you will agree is indescribable...

castle would one day be hurled from its eminence (perhaps by the midnight "experiments" of my uncle the count) and smash the little village "as flat as a troll's footstool," as the village wits would have it. To my childish perception it seemed that the village existed only for the reluctant and sullen provision of the castle of my uncle the count. Reluctance was not out of reason: the villagers who delivered foodstuffs all too often missed a foothold and were dashed to their deaths; those who applied to become the house-servants of my uncle the count perhaps resented his tearing out of their tongues with redhot pincers before interviewing them for a position in his household. Particularly if it turned out that in some way they did not suit his requirements for the position. (I shall never forget the day I encountered my uncle the count with his favorite pair of redhot pincers and with his spectacles steamed over so that he laughably mistook me for a wouldbe stable-hand. Ah, but my rope and pitons stood me in good stead that day! But still, had I but known.....!)

The experiments of my uncle the count were not what one would choose to speak of in a lonely place or one with dim lighting, or in inclement weather. There are many things in the world and the overworlds and the underworlds which are not lightly to be tampered with, even by a madman. I have seen and heard, oh so many things--the shadows that talk but do not heed--the winds that blow from one point and in all directions, muttering and hissing nameless obscenities that must not be answered on pain of worse than any imaginable death--the vilely odorous greasy miasms that perversely lure the unwary to be caressed by them and then (ah, harsh betrayal!) burn and sting and corrode like the very fires of hell everlasting! And the fluxes and dysenteries that make it seem that all the world is only a [Two pages of the manuscript are missing at this point; the writer continues.] running as though the very Devil himself were after her, rather than only a sad-eyed little man with a redhot corkscrew (my uncle the count was often subject to severe depressions at the villagers' rebuffs of his attempts at camaraderie--"Frozen patterns of superstition," he would murmur sadly); she threw herself into space, landing a good fifty yards outside the Village Limits; my uncle the count shook his head sadly and returned to the cellars to pick up the threads of the ruined experiment. Ah, had I but known....!

A looming pall had hung over the castle of my uncle the count; terrible voices spoke in strange tongues; not the least of these was my aunt the countess but through long familiarity we did not fear her as we had the right to do. I was at the time in the first blush of manhood, dallying with a maidservant only to be discovered at an untimely moment by my uncle the count; however, she could be trusted to say nothing about the matter. But barely thereafter was the end of all, the horror of which I dare not speak: a placid pond stands where once stood the castle of my uncle the count, the village long since rubble, all the winds laid to rest, and I am of course quite mad.

Mon Dieu! There are things man is not meant to know!

\* \* \* \* \*

C o m i n g   N e x t   M o n t h

...no, I'm not going to tell you, after all. You'd just chew your finger-nails and sweat and suffer and send us telegrams and call us late at night to be sure we made the deadline. So you'll just have to wait and see for yourselves.



Well, now we've got the cheering section.

A couple of years ago Dr. Edward Teller, I think it was, was saying the American people ought to develop for scientific achievement the kind of fervent enthusiasm they show for football, baseball, and basketball. Fellow named John Campbell promptly pointed out that sports fans can be brutally cynical as well as adulatory--if the scientists wanted a gallery, they'd have to take the jeers with the cheers, the "Send 'im to the showers!" along with the "We're witcha, Casey!"

Since 1945 Americans have been generally aware of scientists, of their increasingly important place in our culture. Then the Russians shot up Sputnik, and then a guy named Yuri, and the boys in the bars began to catch wise that we were in another kind of World Series, a real big Rose Bowl game.

And on February 21, 1962, our team, coming up from behind, tossed a Great Big Forward Pass--completed, and we got a first down. So now we've got the cheering section Dr. Teller always wanted. We've got, too, a bit of what John Campbell asked for--an element of competitiveness, a sense of humor about it all--

A sudden national interest in--of all things!--space travel!

All the murmurs about "waste of money," and "let's solve the problems here at home first" have suddenly been stilled. Suddenly we're all of us in this thing, playing to win. Shades of D. D. Harriman!

The guy who has done it, a good-looking, slightly goofy ex-trumpet-playing Marine (about as typical of stereotypes of the Corps as Jonathan Winters or Ron Ellick) is a kind of PR man's dream. Even if, as I can't help suspecting, he is one half the creation of a legion of ghostwriters and legendmakers, the other half is more of a full-fleshed character than the science fiction writers have ever been able to make of the "first American into space." Only the name's the same--right out of Jack Williamson and Ed Hamilton and Murray Leinster and the Wonder Stories of the '30's--a hero named John Glenn.

He even charmed the Russians, who were not only the first to put men into orbit, but the first to bring them back in the form of matinee idols. Since we Americans invented Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart, it was inevitable and only fair that Gagarin and Titov should be outshucked by Glenn. When it comes to sheer heroic-sized modesty, us Yanks don't want to brag, but--

All the hoopla and the cheers could stop pretty quickly when Deak or Wally or one of the others now waiting, goes and doesn't make it back. It's not going to be all fun and games. Col. Glenn warned about that, and anyway you've all read enough SF to know what it'll be like. (And maybe he did, too. D'you recall that way back more than a year or so ago it was Glenn who admitted he occasionally read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?)

Will the American people, the cheering section, back down when it begins to get sticky? If we can allow the Wallendas to go on playing circus, we ought to accept the casualties in this big ball game without calling it. Is this starry minefield where we fight what they used to talk about years ago--"The moral equivalent of war?" It's as good a place as any.

Mountain-climbers used to say, when asked why they climbed a peak, "Because it is there." There's another answer. "Because something makes us struggle as high as we can into the great sea above us." There are those who deplore the fact that this climb is now taking place in a setting of rivalry, but it does add zest to the affair. (And I hope all those who comfortably reminded themselves to be proud that humanity put them up there are proud of humanity's latest feat!)

History may remember John Glenn, if at all, only as the man who followed two other men into orbit, in the primitive early days of space travel. In American History, at least, he might have a fitting, securer title.....as the man who sold the moon.



DIRCE ARCHER SAYS:

The following letter, dated April 5 and addressed to me, is given in full except for the writer's name.

"I read the letter written by you in Axe and comments and quotes from FM Busby concerning the matter.

"I can only say this. Your position is correct. I have been badly misquoted and even quoted when I said nothing. It is true that I have made insinuations both in print and privately. We all do things sometimes that are just a bit shaded and a [sic] just a bit wrong (at least, we tell ourselves this).

"I appreciate your position and can understand how heartsick you undoubtedly feel over incidents of this sort. As a matter of fact, you should try my position sometime....but that's off the subject.

"I am taking steps both privately and publicly to put a complete stop to this trash and I hope that you will act similarly.

"To give you an example of what is being said; you mentioned in your letter to Axe that Lynn Hickman was not in Pittsburgh prior to PITTCON and between us I assume the implication is that Lynn saw you throw out ballots or you told him you threw out ballots or any number of possibilities. Buz, on the other hand, repeated that his version was that I was in Pittsburgh and saw you throw out ballots. Needless to say I had never been in Pittsburgh prior to Pittcon and that these statements are libelous to you and to me.

"I have no idea who is circulating these rumours but it would be an interesting task to find out. Possibly, you are in a better position to find out than I. If Buz has one version and you another, it shouldn't be too hard to find the common source.

"Also, from your letter in Axe, it is obvious that I have been quoted as saying FANAC won the Hugo. That's another dilly. I didn't even know FANAC was first in the nominations. It might also be pertinent to know that I had been in fandom a colossal two months prior to attending the Pittcon and that was limited to a letter in Yandro and meeting Lynn Hickman who had graciously consented to publish my first issue. I may be foolish but I'll be damned if I'm so much of a fool as to say I had been someplace dealing with fandom before I was even in it.

"I do not feel as though we are odds on about this...simply because it has been proven to my satisfaction by yourself and Buz that someone is simply riding the Fan Awards thunder (let's not get into that) and trying to rub salt into my wounds. No need to air my suspicions even though I think such letters carry Cleveland postmarks.

"I meant to make this short and concise but...well, I find I have lot's to say. Please, if you feel any similar inclinations to clear this up, write. I would be glad to hear from you.

"Again, I am being misquoted if quoted at all. And I am sorry for any difficulties these things have caused."

TO WHOM IT DID CONCERN: Kindly do not "assume" anything "between us" concerning my published letter, for you would be making a mistake. It meant just what it said, and I would suggest you reread it. ALL of it.

I can only conclude from your admission that you have made "insinuations both in print and privately" and can "take steps...to put a complete stop to this trash" that your part is somewhat greater than admitted. It is also interesting to note that although you write you "have no idea who is circulating these rumors" you quickly jumped to the conclusion you were the "certain individual." I did not mention your name!

As you seem unable to speak or write without implications of some sort (your attempts to cast doubt upon Lynn Hickman and a "Cleveland address" are examples) I suggest any future communication be carried on through the pages of AXE or CRY, where your statements will be on record for fandom to note.

If we do not hear of further slander we intend to ignore this matter from now on.

Dirce S. Archer

Chairman, PITTCON

President, Pittsburgh Science  
Fiction Association



With Keen Blue Eyes and a Deancycle - - by F. M. Busby

It seems we were all looking in the wrong haystack, on this Dean Drive thing. About 2 years ago, you may recall, I dug into a couple of John Campbell's articles and into the Dean Patent itself, subjecting them to such analysis as could be done from memory and a good set of Math Tables, and came up with the following conclusions: (1) that such phrases as "rectified centrifugal force", "three-body problem", and "revolving around two centers-of-mass at once" didn't mean anything, and (2) that the Dean Drive could not possibly produce any externally-usable unbalanced force. That crunchy sound you hear is ME, chewing briskly on the packed-with-flavor-&-goodness words of Conclusion #2, which I'd like to revise to read as follows: as of this writing I have no idea whether Dean's gadget could produce an unbalanced force, or not. If it can, it's not for reasons discussed in 1960-61.

The May 1962 Analog carries "The Fourth Law of Motion", an article by Dr. William O Davis. Dr. Davis' credentials, as given, are very solid indeed, and a March 26 letter from Mr. Campbell states: "Dr. Davis' formal papers will be presented at the Washington meeting of the Am. Physical Soc., April 23, and a second at an Oak Ridge Nat. Labs. colloquium on theoretical mechanics, May 2, 3, & 4th. Reprints of those papers will be available." This one, fellas, must be taken straight.

Space as well as copyright considerations preclude any extensive summarizing or quoting of the Davis article; I hope that all interested types will read it in full. However, a few indicative highlights: the "4th Law" itself (I now quote) "is perhaps best expressed in these terms: The energy of a given system can only be changed in some finite length of time depending on the system, and never in zero time." Or, Reaction may be equal-and-opposite to Action, but is never simultaneously so; the treatment deals with changing accelerations (as are necessary at the moment of first application of any force) and the resultant equations bear a great resemblance to transmission-line theory in that both attenuation and phase-shift appear (or, "you don't get out as much as you put in, and the timing is off, too").

The Davis hypothesis is that the force necessary to produce a change of momentum is not merely " $F = Ma$ " but also includes an additive component that is proportional to the rate of change of acceleration and the response-time of the system in question (" $D$ "):  $F = M(a + D \cdot da/dt)$ . Dr. Davis then postulates that a system acting under vibratory forces along one dimension, and with differing times of response ("critical action times") for either direction, would indeed produce an unbalanced force from a closed system. Bootstraps, anyone? If the above equation is found to hold... well, could be! The effect would seem to be minor under (so far) ordinary circumstances. Consider the heat engine: it operates by following a closed cycle that takes in heat/energy at one (hi) temperature, ejects most of it at another (lo) temperature, and extracts as work that part of the difference that doesn't get lost in waste-effects such as friction; heat-engines live off the interest, not the principal. The analogy is pertinent in this respect: "critical action time" aside, it should be possible to set up a closed acceleration-displacement cycle similar to the heat-temperature cycle, to check this idea out for measurable results. More on this further on, perhaps (if anyone is still with me, that is).

It may seem strange that no one has caught this "flaw" in the Newtonian Laws (actually not a flaw, but an expansion, if it proves out) before Dr. Davis did it. To explain this, let's go back to the Dean Drive, which I and several others have soundly trounced in past writings; oh, we really did a job. If you think I feel personally foolish about this, you are very wrong indeed; I am only mildly chagrined at having succumbed to the weaknesses of my education, and am quite pleased to be shown the fallacies and to have the opportunity of sharing them with you.

Let's give John Campbell some credit: he did say something like "I don't think Dean knows how his gadget works" before cutting loose with such as "rectified centrifugal force" and all that stuff that did the Analyzer Corps no good at all in trying to figure out the Dean gizmo. I don't think he had any idea where the body was buried (though I'm open to correction on this); I think the man just had one hell of a good hunch, and played it with the cards available in his hand at the moment.



I do believe we were all holding pretty much the same cards. I had the undergraduate curricula in both Physics and Electrical Engineering, and Dr. Davis' piece spotlights two points on which these courses-of-study tend to brainwash everyone.

First, the matter of acceleration. Practically all physical problems are studied under conditions of constant velocity or constant acceleration; I clearly recall a great curiosity as to what happened under varying accelerations, but you can't mess around with those kookie notions and still keep up with the assignments. I recall one exception: the case of an object falling from infinity under gravitational (inverse-square) forces. Also one time out in the Aleutians I whiled away some nightshifts figuring variable accelerations produced by rockets with uniform fuel-burning with decreasing carrier-mass (the next step would have been to put the two cases together, but I took one look at the integral-equation and dropped it fast).

Second, there are "transient" and "steady-state" conditions, and 99.9% of one's studies are dedicated to the latter. "Transients" are rough to deal with; you only mess with them when you have to, and mainly you are out to alleviate their untoward effects. In the main you deal with "steady-state" conditions; these may be quite complicated and very difficult to deal with, but once you set them up, they stay put.

Now this is precisely where we all screwed up in trying to discuss Dean's item, if there is anything (and I think there is) to the Davis-dissents. As mentioned, I don't feel badly about this-- the Whatsitsnames-Labs did the same thing, and they got paid good money for it by the Air Force. All of us did a beautiful job of probing the steady-state aspects of Dean's doodad, and we each and all skimmed past the transient aspects as being unimportant. In other words, we did a really great job on the parts that don't matter worth a damn, because those were the only parts we were equipped to handle! The only thing that bugs me about the whole bit is that after all the hints were there all along but we were habitually disinclined to look.

If you'll recall, the Dean device sometimes "ran free", was sometimes clamped, and was forcibly shifted once per cycle: all the analyses including mine concentrated on the "free" and "clamped" states, passing over the clamping and shifting stages as best we could. And so, it turns out, these were the only parts of the cycle that had any bearing on whether or not the beast would pull anything. It happens...

The Dean device is not going to take anyone to Mars, by the way. Its importance lies in having thrown a clinker into the gears of "everybody knows" so as to throw up an attention-demanding cloud of fumes. In this, I think Campbell was R\*I\*G\*H\*T, to throw rocks until somebody paid attention (empirical judgment, of course, after the fact). The Dean device if it produces any effect at all does so from unbalance of transient phenomena and varying accelerations, if we credit Dr. Davis. But what say we work up some gadgets that maximize these effects, and do some testing on 'em? Being unbiased (it says here) we'll come up with all sorts of interesting data.

Davis suggests a one-dimensional system in which the response-time is greater in one direction than in the other. Easy, if you bob two unequal spring-connected weights back and forth by straight & equal mechanical means, pushing one weight one way and the other weight the other way, but it'll be one hell of a clatter-barrel.

It would appear that variable-acceleration cycles (as well as direction-differential response times) could be used to test the Davis hypotheses. I'd like to see some of this gang Shine Out in the scrabble-for-proof. OK, how do you set up a varying-acceleration cycle in a closed system? Good question. Hint: an eccentric orbit is a good example. OK, what are the things that can be put into vibratory longitudinal motion? Weights, springs, fluids, ions and other charged bodies, a gaggle of elastic or inelastic or composite items. Means for transmitting motion from one framework to another include cams, crankshafts, pistons, electrostatic and electromagnetic fields, fluid pressure, flow phenomena (including airblasts), and many unmentioned bits of gadgetry (how about a rod whose magnetic qualities vary from one end to the other, moving in a long magnetic field whose properties are subject to change in sections by way of cyclic switching?). I still like the eccentric-orbit idea, figuring that anything that occurs naturally can also be simulated in the lab to good effect. OK, I don't know for sure if it works or if so why it works, but I do think that the Davis presentation is a good place to start. So...?

Man, I'm sure gonna miss all those faanish & stefnist readers, though. --Buz.



## CRY OF THE READERS

featuring Wally W. Weber  
and his admiring friends

B. L. TAPSCOTT APPREHENDED BY COTR

Puget Sound Swamp & Eviction Co.,  
1147-1/2 Fairview Ave N., Seattle 9, Wn.  
April 3, Year of the Grulzak

Here come Boy. . .

Bearing words of comment and the like. This business of writing ~~lethargic~~ letters to Cry evokes deepest apprehensions in me. I hate to let you in on this, but there is somebody there in the factory with a strange name composed of vertical zigzags, and he is seriously downgrading the quality of your publication with his rotten comments. I suggest you do something about it . . . and let's hope that he doesn't get to this letter first. [If you're going to talk about Buz that way, I wish you'd come right out and say his name so the neos won't think you're talking about me. -www]

COVER: Oghod. I suppose -- at least, I fervently hope -- that that funny, blurry-type purple comes from the frozen ink you were telling me about, Buz. Let us pray. But frankly, it has all the earmarks of h-kto (and I wouldn't blame you a bit for censoring this out; it's a terrible word to use, even among a sophisticated and tolerant group such as Cry readers come on like.) [I'm not sure what you're talking about, but I thought the cover came out very well -- almost as though it had been HECTOGRAPHED. But then we only have a Gestetner. --www]

HWYL: I hate to sound like a Heminghaw acolyte, but bullfighting ain't all that great any more. At least you dig what it's about, though, which is more than can be said for most gringa BF-fans. Most of the neophytes (this doesn't apply to you either, I think) at the game think of it as some kindly of a contest pure and simple which it's not (though there is an element of competition in it... or used to be, at any rate.) But, to get real Romantic for a second, the corrida's real significance is tied not only to a foreign culture, but to a bygone age. It's a spectacle alright, but a savage spectacle (no tut-tuts here; I mean it as a straight descriptive term) all involved with Death and Blood and cojones and suchlike. At one time, not too recently passed, there was no doubt some significance in the willingness of a man to face a vicious critter like a fighting bull, to show his ability to master it intellectually and to kill it with his own two hands and a sword. Unfortunately (maybe) the time has passed when the goings-on in the arena can demonstrate whatever is being demonstrated. Not that the cojones, etc. are missing from bullfighting any more; it's just that they've been sterilized. The entire project is geared nowadays to the north-of-the-border faction. (This goes for Spain too, though Spain is definite second-runner in the BF game any more; all the decent breeding stock of bulls having been wiped out in Franco's rise to prominence.) The push nowadays is toward lighter bulls, flashier cape-work and a minimum of ugliness, all of which detract from the basic whatever-it-is that goes on (or originally went on) in the ring. The paying customers don't go to the ring to see a man dominate a bull; they go to see a Bullfight. Risk to the man is constantly being minimized, which makes a prettier show, but consequently turns the whole thing into just a show. And if it's just a show, then it doesn't differ from what the Romans sponsored way back then. You can't deny that bullfighting involves cruelty; pics and banderillas differ noticeably from the simple knock in the head that comes in the slaughterhouse. And if it is simply a spectacle involving cruelty, then you can have it. Another aspect of the move to pander to the tastes of the rich (!) gringo is the overplayed notion that the bull can be "reprieved" if he's extremely



brave, etc. This soothes some anglosaxon urge for "fair play", which has no place in the bull ring. According to those records which remain intact, between the 1840's and 1930 or so (faulty memory) exactly two bulls were reprieved in Mexico. During that period, and before, the business of allowing a bull to leave the ring on his own feet was strictly pragmatic and had nothing to do with his having "earned his life" or any of that gas. An excellent bull was reserved in hopes that he would father more excellent bulls. Nowadays they reprieve ten or twelve every season. End of sermon, and don't take it too seriously Elinor; I'm not trying to dictate your tastes. Just carrying on.

I suppose that many people are gratified to realize that Muck Deckinger hasn't gafiated. I myself was rather amazed about it. You'd think his head would run dry after a while.

By the way, I happened to be standing by at the Seacon at the famous moment When Deckinger Croggled Raeburn, and the crogglement didn't come from Deckinger's drinking straight gin, no (though that by itself is pretty croggly). The episode began with the Hero of the tale standing roughly erect in the midst of the room and shouting "Anybody seen by gin and vodka?" Raeburn paled visibly, even through his dapper tan, and gave a semi-croggle.

"your WOT?" he asked.

"Gin and vodka," said our Hero, waving his glass about under the Dapper One's nose. "See?"

It was at this point that Raeburn Croggled Utterly. And so did I.

Joe Gibson was straining at a gnat if he stayed up all night just to think up a proper adjective for Bedlam #2. I'd have called it 'muck' and dropped the subject.

Buz: *The new ibm does a right purty job c' stencil-cutting, don't it? I was impressed. The typeface used on the first seven pages seems to come through the best, and was most attractive to my jaundiced eye. But if I were you, I'd steer clear o' that script. It looks sort o'... well, you know...*

Charmingly

Scott

DICK KUCZEK REPORTS PROGRESS

2808 S.E. 154, Portland 36, Oregon

Dear Wally,

I've decided that CRY is an excellent place to have progress reports for AMFA (That's the new fanzine of mine.). You are HONOURED. The first ish will be out in 1 to 2 months. There is plenty of time for you out there to send in contributions in the form of stories, articles, or letters of comment. ((To a First Issue?? --FMB)) Also subs may be sent in although this is frowned upon. ((So is AMPO. -- FMB)) [And that goes for your lettercolumn editor, too. --www]

Page three was full of info about our new typewriter. It enspires me to go out and buy a new electric. I'm not going to do it though, not until we get electric power in Portland.

The minutes of the Nameless Ones also inspired me. I might as well mention I will be up May 13 for the SF Panel at the World's Fair. I hate to hear about all the gouging that will be going on at the fair, so I've decided to save money by eating all my meals at YOUR house Wally. I don't eat more than 6 or seven meals a day so I'm sure you won't mind. [You're pretty shrewd. But how did you know I only doubled my prices instead of tripling them like all the dirty gougers have been doing? --www]

I wonder where Hal Lynch got his information on Elves and Hobbits. I've read the whole Trilogy and can honestly say it is the best piece of writing, techniqucolyy and otherwise, that I have read. This includes transient.

Well that's enough about the fanzine that you laughingly call cRY. What do you say we talk about Portland fandom. The few fans in Portland are starting a Portland SF Society. The main purpose of this group will be to promote fandom, get new fans, and promote Portland In '64!

Not yours,

Dick Kuczek



LENNY KAYE WITH EYES OF BRITE  
Dear Wally, you axe maniac, you:

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, N. J.

Goshwow...my eyes are brite and all. Gee, a whole 5 paragraphs printed in the letter-column...and not last either...next to last but still....

Well, to print up some Cryhack cards, I have to have a sample, don't I???? Remember, there is the fact that a Hugo will be given out at Chicago for best fanzine, and a couple of votes in the right place might..... [Forget it. I've already got your vote made out. --www]

Gee, the CRY is going ritzy. Fancy typewriter and all. When are you going to get offset printing, and four color covers and a halfway decent lettercol editor and... [And how long do you think it will take for you to ever get out of the WAHF department again? --www]

The cover was fairly good, but not up to Atom's par. Berry was pretty bad, if you really want to know the ghod-awful truth. I don't give two matzohs (Passover this week!) for American programs which are transplanted.

Which cuts if for now...there's not too much to chop up, but I know you'll do a good job.

You usually do.....

Best:

Lenny

ROY TACKETT AND HIS ELECTRIC RADIO STATION 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,  
Dear Gentlemen and Weber, New Mexico 18 April 1962

Tom Purdom questions my whereabouts. I have for the past several weeks been nowhere, which is about the best description I can give to the nation's hotbox, Yuma, Arizona. It has been necessary for me to listen to AM radio in order to keep in touch with the outside world. Those two men who dynamited the transcontinental TV towers a few months ago could have done a much greater service if they had turned their attention to AM radio transmitters.

Yuma has three radio stations. There was a fourth but a few weeks ago it signed off the air one night and the operators locked the doors and left town. Sensible people. One of the remaining three is an alleged music and news station, although the music is something called the "top 40". I was unable to distinguish between one tune and the next. The second station, not to be outdone, features the top 48. This station appears to consist of a taperecorder and a transmitter and one being of some sort who comes in every two hours and puts on a new tape. The tapes are frequently mixed up, which brings us such gems as being told at 6:22 a.m. that the time is exactly three-fifteen. Or advertising the Yuma County Fair two weeks after the fair closed. The third station is a network affiliate, which isn't much of an improvement but at least it gives accurate (more or less) time checks.

The surprising thing to me is the number of times during the day science-fiction is mentioned by NBC. The network seems to have a thing about stf and is constantly referring to it one way or another. Do you suppose General Sarnoff is trying to get free fanzines?

My first reaction to all those typefaces in #159 was "Mighod, they've flipped for sure." "Selectric" yet. And people get paid thousands a year for thinking up things like that.

The Berry item this time leads me to think that after all these years he is running dry...reduced to commenting on tired American TV shows. Sad.

Buz, if you go for the James Bond stories, pick up "For Your Eyes Only", a collection of short stories about double-oh-seven. I particularly liked "Quantum of Solace", an interesting tale of love, hate, and revenge in which Bond appears only as a listener to the story. There is no mass bloodletting in this one and the revenge is quite diabolical.

It will be interesting to see just what effect the prozine ballots do have on the Hugo nominations. They should make life interesting for the con committee and might even produce some surprising results.



I'm not overly concerned with the fallout "menace". Clean water will be a problem but I'm not concerned about that one either since we have our own well. Egad, after the bomb will I be asked to share water with my brothers? For a price, brothers, for a price.

The Fair is getting quite a bit of publicity. Some official or other was explaining on the wireless a while back (wireless--blasted British influence from COTR sneaking in again) how they had this association in Seattle to handle tourist accommodations and prevent gouging and if landlords wouldn't comply, well, by golly, they just wouldn't let them join the association.

Luverly bullish item in HWYL, Elinor. Most of the objection to the "cruelty" of bullfighting is hypocrisy anyway. My main objection is that it is too one-sided in that the bull so seldom wins. Now a contest between, say, the torero and the picador--that would be more interesting.

We seem to have run right smack into ~~the usual gang of idiots~~ CotR. The world-wide CRY circuit, as Tom Purdom says. The Crygang takes over the world. Suddery thought. (Suddery? Man, that's even worse than shuddery.)

Nice to have George Locke aboard. George, even if the U.S. is not supporting you physically, we're with you in spirit. Can't let that oil get away, you know.

And it is all too difficult for many people to concentrate on the targets on a shooting range. I've been on the range a couple of times when an unfortunate rabbit decided that the grass was greener on the other side and ventured out in front of the firing line. At least half the fools on the line began firing at the rabbit heedless of the ricochets flying in all directions.

Harry Warner: Another reason December 25th was selected for Christmas, although it still ties in with the winter solstice, is that this was the time of one of the big Roman holidays--Saturnalia, I believe,--and since most everyone was celebrating at that particular time the early church figured that it might as well declare it to be the birthday of Jesus, thereby giving the Christians something to celebrate, too.

Tom Purdom: Certainly history should be a required subject in school. Trouble is most teachers can't put it over and it ends up as a dull recitation of dates, wars, and kings. The standard history texts aren't much help either. Most school texts are narrow in scope and biased and it takes much outside reading to get the full picture of a certain time or a certain event.

Phil Harrell: Fie on you! Fie, I say! This unspeakable concoction, this liquid garbage heap, this "Tang-a-rooney" is nothing but an incredible waste of good booze. You should be horsewhipped, sir! Better still you should be made to drink the thing.

I see that those two refugees from Tacoma 99 are still around. I trust, Weber, that appropriate measures were taken when they put in their appearance at the meeting of the Nameless.

Emile Greenleaf do bring up a point. Recommember how all the yarns pictured spacemen as staunch young men who had to retire at 25 because they were too old? Turns out now that it's just the opposite. I'm the right age these days but I'm not at all sure I've the inclination anymore. I think I'll wait until the liners are running on regular schedules and take a Gray Line tour.

This is an interesting quote from Margaret Meade that Seth gives us. Isn't she the one who goes around checking on the sex life of the backwards natives in out of the way places? (She'll probably be visiting Seattle any day now.) People who make such profound observations as the one Seth quotes amuse me no end. I'm inclined to disagree with the eminent Dr. Meade, however I hope that she is correct to the extent that she will be repelled by science-fiction.

Hal Lynch: When Will Jenkins talks to the squirrels--do they answer?

Egad, I just realized that Dirce Archer was hinting at legal action in her open letter. I rather hope all this blows over. If the word gets around, every shyster in the country will be subscribing to fanzines looking for business.

Roy



DONALD A WOLLHEIM TRIES TO BE FAIR

66-17 Clyde St., Forest Hills 74, N. Y.

Dear Nameless:

April 14, 1962

CRY 159 to hand and contents noted. Poor George Willick -- he's sure taking a beating. Came up to the office this afternoon and sat around real gloomy like. I still like the guy; we're cooking him for dinner next week.... Anyway, your fancy typing is getting me... Your rave plugs for the Fair have won me over -- I think I'll be in Seattle in the middle of June. Keep a light in the city window for me. (If it doesn't rain, that is.)

Cordially,

Don Wollheim

GEORGE LOCKE, PARANOID

85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.,

Dear Cry,

England

2-April-62

Heinlein's book STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND might well have been titled for me. I have undergone two severe traumatic experiences - the usual sort of things to happen to heroes these days, I'm told - and haven't got used to them. The first was my return to England. To realise fully the effect of this, I'd better start by admitting, when I was younger, to having had the occasional paranoic thought. When contemplating a holiday abroad, I once wondered whether, in fact, France existed. Suppose France - and other foreign countries - were all fictitious? That the only reason for Geography in Schools was to teach me about a lot of lands that didn't really exist. (Coventry, anyone?) And that when I finally went aboard a boat for France, filled with a desire to visit these exotic lands, I'd find myself sailing for the end of the Earth, where awaited...

Whatever it was that had dreamed up this plot for little me.

But it turned out that France and them other places did exist, so it was not all part of an Evil Plot. [Ghod, but I'm glad to hear that! --www]

One of those places was Kenya. I stayed there a long time - just over a year - and then I returned. The worst of it was - I found that the Brittannia on which I flew did not sail gracefully over the end of the world, but landed safely in England. I've been back less than a week, and already have the sniffles as a result of the cold weather. I wish that had been a paranoid sumptom, and wish it had started in warm, sunny Kenya!

Seriously, it's great to be back, and even using those nice blue airletters instead of the grey Army ones you will have become accustomed to.

Received the March CRY, and enjoyed it as the first fanzine viewed through the rose coloured eyes of a new civilian. After landing in England, and using my sweet smile on the customs people to good effect (didn't know I had a sweet smile, did you? It's my newly evolved technique to keep RSMs, colonels and the Military Police amiable. Also newly-discarded - I tried it on Ella the other day.), I went to the depot either for demob or to learn that I was to do another six months. I was released on learning that the only personell thus to be affected were those in BAOR. Which struck me as damnably unfair. Why the hell should some unfortunate individuals, merely because their names came on a different place on a list, have to serve an EXTRA six months, whilst most of their mates in Civvy Street and laughing because they never had to interrupt their careers at all?

There appears to be a bit of a discussion in the CRY of the Readers on military service, in general. Tom Purdom's remarks are before me, and I'll answer them briefly. I'll agree - it's a necessary evil - but only so far as your career is concerned. In other respects, I think it is a Good Thing.

What happens? You arrive at the Depot (Boot Camp, as my American friend Ella Parker calls it) full of preconceived ideas about the Army. You step off the luxurious express of modern civilisation, with all its attendant comforts and protection. You stagger under the weight of the suitcases you are carrying for the first time in your life, and find that the next part of your journey through life is on board a cattle truck. You are thrown about, pushed, punched, stuffed full of injections and oversized kit, and you suddenly find yourself in the barrackroom, at the end of the worst day



of your life. You put down on a hard bed with three too few blankets, and try to go to sleep in the cold. But suddenly, you are awakened by a noise. What noise? For a moment, you can't place it. Then you realise, with a shock, that it is your next-door neighbour. He is crying.

He has come from a comfortable home as well.

His character will certainly be the better for sampling, unassisted, the cold, vast world lying the other side of his fireplace. There are too many people reared in this post-war civilisation of cotton wool and kisses who can't envision any other kind of life - a life where you might be responsible for everything concerning your well-being. The army does, at least, make you stand on your own feet...

Which is not to infer that I liked the Army. But I will say that my period of basic training - in Boot Camp - was the most enjoyable part of my Army career. There is a sense of direction - you are progressing. But after that - unless you are in a working unit rather than a mob which is always out training - you are more or less hanging about, achieving nothing. You've undergone your training, and you're a soldier in everything save experience of bullets whizzing round your ears. And if the unit you're with doesn't bother itself much with its men, the rest of the time will be a dead loss.

A rather disjointed lot of comments, I'm afraid, but I wasn't too keen on sounding off on this topic at all.

CRY I most enjoyed. My congratulations to Harry Warner for surviving Ella - and my condolences to Buz for sticking with those Sex Novels until the bitter end. It's more than I managed with any of those I tried. If there's a big market for these abortions - then I shudder when I contemplate who might be my fellow man.

See you all in London in 1965. Ethel Lindsay for TAFF. Self-rule for Scotland. Deportation for Celtic fans. Up with Andy Stewart. And you sort that lot out!

Yours sincerely,

George Locke

A2C ROCJARD W? BRPWM VIEWS GERMANY  
Avast, there:

AF 19646261, 36th Tac Fighter Wg,  
APO 132, NY, NY

Yes, I am here...and you're there...and I'm here...dammit. No, really, I'm glad I'm here. I like Germany. It's sort of...kind of...well...

But the country-side. Yes, that's it; the country-side. It's so...well...sort of...kind of...er

And the cities! They are absolutely the...I mean...well, they're so...completely...utterly...

The towns. The small towns. The compact villages. That's what I like. The efficiency with which they...uh...the loving care that they show their...show their...er...no, it must be the way they...they...they?

But it's still not all bad. I mean, I still get the good ol' CRY. Yes, and you know how I like the good ol' CRY, how I write letters and other little goodies (I may enclose something besides letter this time) to the good ol' CRY, how I way thru the long hard days 'til I get my grubby little paws on the good ol' CRY. You know how I like it. Because it's so...well...sort of...kind of...er...it's so...completely...utterly...undescribably....

CRY 158 is sitting on the bed beside me, and it wants me to comment upon it. It is sitting there with this sad little look in its eyes (five are visible, but only two are open) and, among other things ("CRY 158 MARCH 1962 BOX OFFICE ATOM SAYS WILL HE GET TO SEE MISS JULIE HARRIS AFTER THE SHOW?"), it is asking me to comment upon it. It wants its egoboo, you see. It is aware of the fate of CRY 157; it knows, down to its well-mimeographed little heart that it, too, might not be commented upon. Almost, it sheds tears. (You should see it; I could have sworn that I tore it near the staple yesterday, but the tear is gone now.) It's stronger than its predecessor, but it works on my sympathies. It plays on my better nature -- in my case, that's playing piccolo range on a piano -- in the hopes that it will not



be neglected.

It won't be.

I'll comment.

I wish I could say more about Harry's article than It's a Fine Article. It is that, though, and I agree with the plug, make a mental note to move Harry Warner up about three notches (two above the top?) the next time I'm voting in a humor poll and, with a sigh (which should Express Everything) pass on.

Sex Novels. Yes, Buz, you may have unleashed 10th Fandom; but I think it will go back and wait again. Remember, a few years ago Dick Geis sent out a calling-together of Sex worshipers. They were all going to get together and write sex novels and make plenty money. I don't know what happened to them; Geis sold one, that I know of, and the main character's name was Ackermann. I've read two or three myself, but never found them particularly interesting...or stimulating...or erotic. Perhaps I should say erotically beautiful, because I have erotic/beautiful as a sort of combined word in my vocabulary.

The pitiful thing about these things is that, if you are liberal minded, you can't really complain about them. I mean, you couldn't very well, say, censor them, on the grounds that they're mostly trash -- which they are. And I don't mean trash because they have sex in them; they're trash because they're sloppily written, because they are 102% hackhackhack, because (as you yourself note, Buz) the sex is there only because it's what the publisher wants, and he wants as much of it as he can get ("twice on a page if you can!"), and if it fits the mood and plot of the story, ok, and if not...that's ok, too. But if you tried to get them censored, you'd be fighting down what you should be fighting up: freedom of expression, without prerequisite of the necessity of being able to express oneself. Or should you? The question then becomes: which should you blot -- liberalism or literature?

Berry has a Good Bit this time, especially in making Wally Weber the Hero. Yes, that was a good touch.

And Terry Carr. But what could I possibly say about Terry Carr, except that he is good, and that his strength is as the strength of ten? Wowsie, though.

Don Day said that it's impossible to put on a bad convention? Well, perhaps he's right, Elinor, as I've never seen it done myself. But it seems to me that, if one really put one's head to it, it could be done. Nothing can stand in the way of regression; onwards and downwards, say I.

Ah, Elinor, I think you may have missed the point of "The Star Dwellers." It was the premise that was different that bore the brunt of most criticism in "Starship Troupers." Do we assume that other race pipples are Against Us or do we assume they are For Us? Personally, I've got earmarked for an early working date I've been planning on, an idea that perhaps we'll assume one or the other, act accordingly, and then find out that either case is wrong: they're indifferent.

Avram Davidson: Well, c\*O-n\*G-r\*A-t\*U-l\*A-t\*I-o\*N-s, for CRYsake...and keep her spellbingle!

Ella Parker: CTx-rypTl. Mtf\*g: %ut. :: My hands are shaking so, I can hardly hit the keys on the typer. Even as I do, I fear to hit the wrong ones. I've got to hurry up and sneak this in before Weber notices. Look deeply at this letter, Weber... notice the way the letters are moving along the page...fast...fast...fast...you've getting tired...very tired...you're eyes want to close: don't close them! You are now in my Power. [Yeah, and it's awful cramped in here, too. --www] :: Now Ella, I can tell you about it. Beware of Weber! That is, if he hasn't already (shudder) done something unthinkable. You may remember that I was there the day Wally was to be kissed by all the femme's. His adam's apple; up and down, like a yo-yo. Poor fellow, I thought, wishing it were happening to me. Wally smiled sheepishly, and that's when I saw it. His teeth. Square. White. Shiny. Except for two: long, black, cruel and pointed of tip. Shakily, I looked up to the eyes; behind the humorous twinkle was something dark, oppressing. My eyes continued upward. Two tufts of hair that might cover...no, I said, it's unthinkable. I left...something smelled like brimstone. Like burning brimstone. It wasn't until later that I



noticed that he cast neither shadow nor reflected image from a mirror. By then, of course, it was too late to warn you girls; that was over, by then. [Would you have the strength to cast or reflect after an experience like that? --www] So, Ella, watch out for the Wally! That is...that is, if you are Ella. I can't help but wonder, somehow. As you'll note, I've used some of the code we developed while we were writing round-robin with Bloch and Tucker. If you're one of His creations, you'll not be able to break it. Then, if you're really Ella, we can work out some way to beat Him. Of course, we know who He is, now, so there's no need to mention his real name. /The devil, you say! --www/ (Since Wally is sleeping on the job, I'm doing his job, too.) Ok, you can wake up now, Wally. [After 33 years I can finally wake up? You're kidding! --www] :: You're so right. Bertrand Russell is probably going thru his second childhood. :: Too, you agree with me (it seems) on the treatment of good Scots Whiskey, anyway.

Tom Purdom: Military service is a damn good thing...if you got into it on your own hook. But I don't like the draft, which is why I avoided it completely; I have no argument with draft-dodgers. If they don't want in, I don't think they should be forced; you get nothing by telling a man what he has to do. If you can convince him he wants to do it, ok; if not, let him be. I like some aspects of the USAF; I might even re-enlist. But different people are...different. I'm for respecting differences rather than pretending that they aren't there.

Harry Warner Jr.: Now, every time I see your name in print, I'll think, I almost met Harry Warner. I had to get to Trenton, NJ, to get here. I was hitch-hiking out 66, and intended to take various combinations of 40 and 50 to get to Hagerstown. In Oklahoma City I lucked up and got a flight to Tampa (via San Antonio), and from Tampa to Washington, D.C. I still had plenty of time. But I was on the bus to Trenton before I got out the road map and found that Hagerstown was no longer on the route. Oh, well. I almost met Harry Warner Jr.

However, I did meet Sylvia White, even though I'd already met her twice, and in spite of the fact that she said, "Rich Brown, why are you growing that Silly, Pointless Beard?" at the SeaCon. (Dept. of Too-Late-Bon-Mot's: "Because, sweet flower of youth, it hasn't grown long enough to become a Silly, Pointed Beard.") I went to New York City, see. With me I brought a list of addresses. Which I lost. But hell, I thought, give me a map and I'll get anywhere in NY in a reasonable amount of time...say, ten days. But I didn't have a map. Nor, when I tried, could I think of any addresses. This is silly, I told myself. I thought real hard. I concentrated. I concentrated real hard. My eye bulged, I sweated, my tongue turned purple. Nerves stood out on my forehead. I went to the telephone book. But either they had no phones or they're working in fandom under assumed names. I was undaunted. I went into that subterranean terror known as the New York subway. I asked directions to Christopher St. And got them. Perfectly good instructions. But I ignored them and ended up...somewhere. I went back again and saw my mistake; I'd forgotten to get off. By the time I had reached that conclusion the doors had shut and we were off again. But, learning from that, I got back. And walked up onto Christopher St. A flash of remembrance hit me then: Apt. #15. Yes, they lived in Apt. #15. But at what address? Telling myself that nothing is perfect, I went off to see if I could find a 185 Christopher St. It didn't sound right, but it sounded right...if you know what I mean. There wasn't a 185 Christopher St. I walked back down until I came to the end of it; perhaps, I thought I might run into one of them. No. I tried to get the people at The Village Voice to tell me, but either they didn't know or wouldn't tell. Walking back down to the end of Christopher St., I started testing doors. Opening them, one at a time. Looking on the mail boxes. Until, at last, I saw one that said: TED AND SYLVIA WHITE. So I went up. Ted was not there; they were in the process of moving. I stayed for a couple of hours, spreading the fannish news and all that, then, about silly season things; Coventry, for one. (No, she wasn't interested in getting into Coventry; what do you think she is, some kind of a nut?) And I left. I walked right down Christopher St. and into a subway. As I looked up, the Sun was just going down.



About 10:30 that evening I made it back to the Port Terminal Authority, the bus station I'd left that afternoon. I'd taken the wrong subway.

Seth Johnson: When the kind of situation you mention comes up, ie, where an average fan is defenseless against some power-conscious BNF, then it'll be time to do something about it. But I'm afraid it doesn't happen except to make for interesting faaan-fiction. I've argued with a lot of people since I've been in fandom, but who remembers it? Fueds, Noble Causes, Fans...they're all transitory, Seth. Time passes, things change. That's the way of the world and, microscopically, of fandom

Ethel Lindsay (For TAFF!): Crybinding? I guess that means timebinding CRY. But shouldn't that be Crybingling?

Phil Harrell: Sincerely, thank you for liking my poem.

Bob Smith: "...if someone decides to gafiate there isn't much can be done." Somebody please denote a purple-colored laughter all down this page. But, seriously, I'm not sad that I'm back; I'm still just barely conceding to fandom, but I've convinced myself that I'll come around. Also, seriously, if anyone ever intends to gafiate, there's only one way to do it: make no concessions. I made the concession of FAPA. After FAPA was The Cult, and, lately, I've been writing letters, I'm on the SAPS w/ again, I'm planning a genzine. Full circle.

Don Fitch: Terry Carr will probably tell me to go over in the corner and sit down for saying this- but I'm going to say it again, because I still think it's very true: Fandom is neither a Way Of Life or a Goddamn Hobby: Fandom Is What You Want It To Be. It is one, the other, both, or neither; depending on how you take it. Because fandom is, for the largest part, a mental world. (Like Coventry, only not quite as imaginary.) In fandom, people can be what their mental images tell them they are; and, since most people's mental images of themselves are better than what they really are, you get prettier pictures in fandom than you do in mundane life.

Now all I need is an Es Adams to ask me about the path to true fandom...just follow the Gold Brick Road, ol' Es. Just follow the Gold Brick Road.

deploribus deploribus

rich brown

BETTY KUJAWA BRAVES MISFORTUNE  
Dearest Mister Weber...sir....

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana  
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.....April, 1962

Miss me? The hell you did-----I know you, you didn't even know I was gone.

But I have been---real gone. Gene as of right now is number two shooter in the North American Continent--he won all there was to win in der shoots down there--I got the usual loot of sterling silver to keep polished..sigh. Come this June at the big Mid-America Open there will be given a trophy (there will be given one of these from now on)---the John J. Kujawa Trophy...created by the State Association Presidents in honor and appreciation of mine husband's sportsmanship and acumen and for his work on State and National Levels of Skeetdom (yes we have state and even club fanzines in skeetdom, by the way).

This, seriously, is a very rare honor--usually you have to be dead to get same (matter of fact there are some competeing shooters trying to bribe me into making this the John J. Kujawa Memorial Trophy...but I won't play ball).

Our Beloved Avram goeth on and on gathering in all the happy and good things of this world----and all in one half year, even! Now as fandom may know he is one of the three nominees for the "Edgar" given by the Mystery Writers of America!! Grand, huh? And the nicest news of all was in his last cherished letter---bout the arrival next Nov. 15th of A Little Stranger--to be called either---Hugo Edgar Fanac or Fantasia Scientifictiona. Greater love hath no fan than to name a chile like that!

Plug=== on about June 3 cometh out a book, OR ALL THE SEA WITH OYSTERS. Buy it, Crysters it's by him...he...Davidson.

By the by that book bout the white man whom posed as a negro that I mentioned once in a comment to Ella is now out--- its..

BLACK LIKE ME by John Howard Griffin, Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50.

Cummon and tell us how much one of these IBM Selectric typers cost....I faunch for the script type--oh, that's the nicest yet! Drool. [I'd tell you the cost, but I



can't bear to break your heart, knowing that you don't publish a big money-making fanzine like the Busbys and therefore not being able to afford it. --www]

Oh golly...I could do 6 pages on this Berry article--he hit home with me, boy. Note how John mentions the high quality of the musical themes???? For some time now have been collecting albums of tv themes--really there have been some terribly melodious lovely ones---note SEA HUNT--have it done with full orchestra and it's gorgeous.

Course anyfan who likes Hoagy Charmichael is a friend of mine. Now if some fan could please please tell me the words to one line in BALTIMORE ORIOLE...where the lines run...

"Leaving him blue, off she flew to the....." I can't catch the word..after the given name of some town or locale Hoagy sings ("down in Louisiana"..) Word sounds like... "Tan-jippa-hoh"--what do it mean?

KEEN BLUE EYED Buz-baby....thanks a boatload for the info in the crew of Lucky Dragon --thanks for telling us. Wonder what comments you'll get slung at you for this? Buz could you please tell Betty how to sub to NATIONAL REVIEW??? I would like to...this morn came my issues of The Village Voice and The Realist, Crysters, so don't put me down for wanting to read Buckley as well.....show tolerance...huh?

Fleming's technical mistakes really throw me into fits of laughter---in YANDRO Dodd lauds his (Fleming's) accuracy at detail and then tells about how the nearest of the Bahama groups is some 200 miles off Florida! Now I just spent ten days on Cat Cay--a Bahamian isle that is some 50 miles from Miami!! Sheesh! This is a privat ultra posh spot. For fen who don't care for Fancy Expensive places I can tell you this ran us about one hundred dollars a day--per person. Leave us not plan any Conventions on Lovely Cat Cay.

HWYL--Elinor, granting the bull feels no pain and like that--consider what watching this might do to the observer. WBKB-tv in Chicago planned to show films of bull fights every Saturday night. A complaint, which I echo, was that grown-ups and kids in 1962 are already hardened and deadened to cruelty and violence enough without seeing the slaughter..this show would have shown reality, not make believe gunmen or cowboys pretending to wreak violence. Kids these days are getting unconcerned enough for the pain and suffering of others, human or animal--showing an approved and glorified form of brutality is NOT going to help them.

Remember some watchers won't see it all as pageant, tradition and whatever else the Spanish races read into it..instead they will see on tv or pay at ticket office to see death, cruelty, horror.

George Locke; Did Ella like the hooka you brought back for her? Gene told her marajuahana was the ingredient to use in it....things swingin' at the Parker Pen these days????

Roy; Comicbooks or sexbooks? Well, I'd druther read about sex than about comic books, let's put it that way.

TCARR; Hearty congratulation upon entering sf-prodom and may there be many many more tales from you in the zines. I liked the first one in Mag of F&SF muchly and will keep that in mind when I make my pact...thanks.

Elinor; a similar grip here bout what you have to say to Purdom bout middle-aged whores. Here, too, the young laddies get the crummy, brutalized, perverse angle to sex --far far better that a Nice Young Boy experiments and has his fun with a Nice Young Girl from across the street or from his sunday school class, etc...than from some hard foul-mouthed old dame--had I sons I'd want their experiences to be had with lil gals their own age and from their own backgrounds...minus the shoddiness and cheapness. I also advocate oral contraceptives for kids..since they are gonna be trying things leave us prepare both sexes with some preventitives. How say you?

Schultz; Now you've hit on something I've been mulling over for some time! I, too, have noted the preponderance of Jewish type fen and have wondered why the equally vivacious nattering Irish have not been better represented in fandom. There are negros in club fandom? Where, how many? I have wondered where are the Polish, Hungarian, oh and the Greek-American fen?? And the oriental or American Indians?? In 1962 this can't be all the result of inferior education or like that..can it? I note Jewish names, Anglo,



Scandinavian, a bunch Scots (cheers!), Germanic-Dutch..a smattering of fen of French ancestry--how come so few Slavs? Knowing so many bright hip simply darlin Hungarians and Greeks round here I wonder that there aren't more of them in fandom.

Philsie Harrell; Next time try a Kujawa's Revenge...Old Fashioned glass (that's one with a bustle and corset)-dump in lump of sugar..dash of bitters, put in two dessert spoonfulls of good cognac, and fill to brim with Taylor's Champagne. Just don't send me the bar bill.

Emile Greenleaf; Good man! Keep it cagey--don't tell em about later when we had that Fun Time there in my motel room! I mean why should Wally and all be told about that--huh? Remember now, keep it mum!

Seth Johnson; Come come now! For a reviewer of fanzines you sound sadly out of it all! Like do you ever read Shaggy or Panic Button, to name two, or the other zines that have most assuredly boosted Eddie Jones for TAFF??? Where you been? Come out from behind the Neffer Curtain and mix with us types.

Michael L. McQuown; Did I meet you one night at Vick's Mimeo Shoppe?? Were you the one? (Don't tell, Mike, keep it mum like Emile.)

And so I close..with the thought that though Eddie Fisher may now be a has-been.... just think of where he has been!

Discreetly.....

Betty

ETHEL LINDSAY'S CRY CAUSES THE SUN TO BREAK

Dear Crygang,

Courage House 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton

Surrey, Britain

Friday Apr 13th aag

CRY 158 arrived at the same time as the sun finally broke through. Thank goodness CRY arrived or we probably would never have seen the summer!

That sum that Ted White is being sued for..75,000..if it were pounds it would be the pet dream of millions of football pool punters in this country, my Dad included. What an astonishing amount of money over a fanzine article! Just supposing (for I certainly hope not) Ted lost, and say he could not pay it, what happens then?

Harry Warner's article was the nicest surprise I have received since I first discovered that Easter eggs were eatable as well as beautiful. I wrote that to him, and can't think of a better example so repeat it to you.

I liked Elinor's criticism of a J.T.McIntosh story; a very neat way of summing up his capabilities. How nice to see her making a list of what she'd like to do over here in '65. May I add some trips around Surrey? It really is a very pretty county with heaps of beautiful views. There is Hampton Court of course, and I would heartily recommend that the journey there be made down the Thames. From Kingston-on-Thames to Hampton it is only 2 shillings by boat, and you have a lovely view of the gardens which run down to the river. Kingston itself was once the capital of England and still has an old-fashioned open-air market.

Isn't it nice having a wedding among the Cry readership...I feel quite sad that I couldn't throw some rice or an old shoe at them to show I wished them all joy. Grania - that's a lovely name!

Question to Tom Purdom (hi Tom) do unions often lose their strikes in the USA? How come they do?

I see Phil Harrell listing femmefans he sighs over and never mentions my name..after I defended him to WWW too..such ingratitude!

Here is Don Fitch also applauding the benefit that can be obtained from a short Army service. Must confess I have been coming round to that way of thinking myself. You see George Locke is just back from his spell in the Army and the way he has matured is amazing. Someone asked me what George was like and without thinking I said "shambling". Well that did describe him before he went away. Like all tall men he had a tendency to stoop which heightened that impression. Much better now he has got those shoulders straightened up. Say, I'd better stop talking about him now, he reads CRY too.

love

Ethel



DONALD FRANSON FAILS TO MAKE WAHF

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Wally,

April 22, 1962

I'm writing this at the last possible moment to make the WAHF. See how loyal I am to CRY? [I don't know about your kind of loyalty. You never did sign that statement saying you are not now nor have you ever been a member of the N3F. --www]

~~Wally~~ Hells, today is Convention Day. Wonder what harrowing things are going on in Harrogate? Wonder if Ella is playing the "London Again Suite"?

This is a *letter of protest against that*, or them, new type-face, or faces. I can't stand IBM square-type. It's hard to read. Size of type is not an index of readability. See the latest Void for readable typefaces, both pica and micro-elite.

And go back to blue ink. CRY isn't distinguished, any more.

I think the April Fool joke is in the addition of the number of stencils typed. Weber 18, Elinor 11, Buz 4, Nirenberg 1, Smith 1, add up to 35. There are 34 typed pages. Erratically... [Elinor will poison your subscription if she finds out you ignored her fine work putting the cover on stencil. --www]

I wish Wally Weber would Name Names. I'm getting annoyed at his constant mention of the Nameless Ones.

The way to solve the poll situation is to have someone like Widner take all the polls. Seems he always exempted himself from the polls he took.

The two letter-columns are great. Why not have two all the time? I went through my New Worlds collection looking for New Worlds No. 11f., but couldn't find Joe Green's story. Finally I found it in #115. CRY has the poorest, most inaccurate, Index to stf I know of. #11f, indeed. [But it was right there between 11e and 11g. --www]

Tell Lenny Kaye not to bother making up CRY Letterhack cards. [Lenny Kaye, don't bother making up CRY Letterhack cards. --www] Now that there is Deman, I will do it myself, Real Soon Now. I have the list of who I sent to, and what issue I stopped at, so can carry on from there. However, on page 27, someone writes a letter, which you have headed "Claimant for CRY Letterhack Card," but does not sign his name. The letter ends on page 28, with no signature, and then Elinor's "Hwyl" column follows. I could make up a blank card, but I couldn't send it to a blank address, ha ha. Well, maybe some day the mystery will be solved, like what's on pages 19-22. He must be a friend of Buz's, cause he drinks his Martinis. [Well "he" certainly isn't any friend of yours after two slights in a single letter. Elinor will have to poison two of your subscriptions now --www]

Say something about science fiction, so I can recommend this as a science fiction fanzine. Well, I see where Avram Davidson is the new editor of Innuendo...

Yours,

Donald Franson

HARRY WARNER JR. FINDS APRIL FOOL GAG

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

April 16, 1962

Your April Fool trick was quite inconspicuous and disappointingly easy to find this year. I'd hardly started reading the issue until I saw what had happened. Terry Carr wrote the entire issue, except for my letter, and Jack Speer bought some black masters and ran it off on his ditto machine so that you wouldn't know what was going on. For this reason, I'll go along with the joke and comment on this issue, then you mustn't expect a letter of comment on the real issue when it comes along.

I'm afraid that the John Berry article reminded me too much of countless and unspeakably weary hours that I've spent enduring narratives of television programs by friends and enemies, members of the working staff in my office, fellow customers at lunch counters, individuals whom I encounter on the corner while waiting for the light to change, taxi drivers and individuals who dialed my telephone number accidentally but decide that I'm worth talking to anyway. Television fans in this country have a compulsion for sharing their experiences in transmuted form of verbal description without the picture. I know that John wouldn't inflict this sort of thing on his friends after every evening's viewing, and I can't compare impressions because I have managed to avoid watching every series that is included in his list.



The Dirce Archer open letter is an excellent example of how trouble can result from failure to make a full statement publicly when the proper time has arrived. The charge that the stack of ballots was destroyed should have been made in fanzines or at a convention session, not by word of mouth, and the Pittcon committee should have announced its action in throwing out that stack of nominations as soon as it took such action, to avoid such a whispering campaign. By waiting so long, the Pittcon committee is left in a rather awkward position. Perhaps the best preventive for future attempts to stuff the nomination box would be to confine both nominations and ballots to paid-up members of the convention society.

I am dubious about this explanation of the fishermen's fallout. It does not account for the United States' policy of forbidding entry into the section of the Pacific for months or maybe years after the test. But I have no doubts at all about the accuracy of the analysis of the philosophy of the tourist-grabbing people. They are coming out of cracks in the woodwork around here, now that the battle of Antietam has reached its centennial year.

I'm pretty sure that I wasn't the first to suggest the fan achievement awards. This opinion is based not on memory but on knowledge of my perfect record: in more than 20 years of fanning, I have never invented a fannish slang word or introduced some kind of fannish tradition or proposed some action that turned into reality. I may have backed immediately someone else's idea on a fannish equivalent of the Hugos, but I don't think I could have thought them up.

It would be nice to think that the bull enjoys himself during the fight. But I think that he suffers agonies of pain and terror, he can't know that death will soon release him, and I would love to see these brave and dramatic bullfighters confined to a ring with the bull without the help of a half-dozen assistants and weapons, to make it a real contest of man against bull.

Times have certainly changed, when Tom Furdom can talk as calmly as that about plugging into an open line telephone circuit. Many years ago I worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad and when you got on the line to arrange for reservations or find out why the train due yesterday hadn't shown up yet, you fought and clawed and chewed a place on the busy circuit and hung on for dear life and spent a half-hour trying to hear just one number over the static and curses of people waiting their turn. The first day on the job, I was told to use the line, cranked according to instructions, someone yelled in my ear as I started to talk, and I said in embarrassment, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know the line was busy." The roar of laughter was audible in the Western Maryland line two miles away.

I hardly think that any large difference from the national average could be found if fandom were divided by creeds and races. Most of the Jewish fans are residents of large cities, where the proportion of Jews is greatest. The small number of Negroes in fandom is explainable simply by prejudices that make them disinclined to participate in clubs in most parts of the nation. Most of these attempts to find significant factors in fandom are confined to the two or three hundred fanzine fans, where the numbers are small enough for a fairly large variance to be probable; important differences between fandom and the whole nation would probably disappear if the survey covered the thousand or more individuals attending a large convention, except for the patterns created by the fact that most convention-goers come from the host city and surrounding couple of hundred miles.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

ROBERT COULSON HAS SPOTTY RECORD

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear,

4-13-62

Buz has a point on distribution of ballots affecting standings in the various Polls (why can't we call them Pouls? Seems more fannish). But I wonder just how much effect ballot distribution has; some, obviously, but I doubt if it's as much as some fans say. I can't speak about the Hugos, since YANDRO has distributed the ballots every year. But our record on the FANAC poll is spottier. On the first FANAC poll we didn't distribute ballots. Personally I'm proudest of our showing that year; 11th place, when less than 50% of the voters had ever even seen a copy of YANDRO! I don't think that we



distributed ballots for the second poll, either, but as I recall something like 75% of the voters had encountered YANDRO and it moved up to 8th place. Third year we did distribute ballots and while I never hear where we placed, officially, Bill Donaho mentioned unofficially that we were 6th or 7th -- not much of an increase, at any rate. This year we not only didn't distribute ballots, we were mildly disdainful of the entire affair, and I've heard that YANDRO is somewhere around 9th or 10th spot. So the effect on us hardly seems enough to get excited about.

Elinor, can't you write a column without talking about something getting killed? I can't agree with you about bullfighting. While I personally wouldn't ban it if I was running things, I can sympathise with the people who want to. As far as your slaughter-house analogy goes, nobody cares, really, about the damage to the bull. In a slaughter-house you don't have thousands of half-hearted sadists sitting in the stands cheering the performance of the man with the hammer. Moralists feel that the people who watch and enjoy bullfights are debasing themselves, and I agree with them. The difference is that the moralists feel that people should be forcibly prevented from debasing themselves and I feel that if someone has bad taste it's his own business. I can assure you from personal experience that the pain of a wound is not connected with the healing process. Haven't you ever even stuck a pin in your finger?

Maybe that's why I don't like Burbee's stuff; I haven't read enough of it yet. Fannish brainwashing; what next?

Buck

ALMA HILL LAUDS TRUTH

120 Bay State Road, Boston 15, Mass.

April 17, 1962

If there is anythin I like, it is a truthful fanzine. Certainly, fans are suave. You should see my new Easter beanie with the propeller on slaunchwise. The Slaunch Look is the very latest thing, as if you didn't already know, you suave lil CRY-staffers, you.

ATom drawings are always fabulous. Every time I see one I think it can't last, this is the living end, but by now I'm beginning to hope that there'll always be an ATom. Only, generally, it's gilding the lily to caption an ATom.

Elinor is one of my very favorite people and I enjoy her column the most. Her opinion of the Academy school of art struck me funny twice over though. She has enough taste to know a good thing even in spite of an alien form, but she thought she had to disapprove these on account of their being too Terran, apparently. Now it's never the medium, it's the artist that makes the difference - look at what ATom can do with a mimeo.

Look, will you hold up my sub after the next issue until you hear from me again? My fanac has to go under a low bridge after June 1. To explain: my only son Mike had a bad accident last fall and his face and forehead were so smashed that he did not seem likely to survive. I was just about going on one edge myself, told very few people and asked them to DNQ as even sympathy would have been too much. Well, he has recovered and is back on his job (he runs IBMs for Prudential and he would tell Deckinger that insurance companies can be just the greatest to work for) and getting promoted again according to his former custom. So there is nothing confidential about this now; in fact, I wish I had time to explain to more people as things are still tight in some ways. Especially, Mike has to have some more repair operations as the first work done was complicated and had to be done fast. His eyesight is badly affected now, and to the extent that scar tissue is doing it, that can be remedied when the doctors decide he has done enough recuperating - probably in June or July. But they stress that anything can happen. Certainly Mike will have to be on familiar grounds while his eyesight is recovering to whatever extent it does. Also this may take a long time and more than one operation.

This is a girls' dormitory which I have been running this year, and I love it here; but the friends Mike has been living with can't give him special care - so as this house will close early in June, I must get an apartment right away and get set for an emergency of unknown duration. He can't live here so I can't plan to return here and



in fact can't make any kind of plans. Just go along and see what will be possible. I'm even paying my N3F dues ahead so they won't need attention. I can decide later whether I can sustain my responsibility as a director, as of course we are in touch by airmail.

Relying on you not to sympathize.

Enclosed is the full text of a letter I just received from a friend of mine who just read my Grulzak story.

Alma

[And the enclosed letter went....

GOSHWOW SCIENCE FICTION  
Crackerjack Publications  
23 Skidoo Street  
Appletree Junction, N.Y.

Snyder Zapsizzle, Editor

Dear Mrs. Hill;

I received your manuscript in the mail today and it leaves me stunned. Never before, in my long history as an editor of science-fiction and fantasy, has a manuscript of such superior quality appeared on my editorial desk. The literary standards you have reached are truly on a superhuman level. The incisive delineation of the characters is so remarkable that it leaves me breathless. Obviously, this is a work of gigantic proportions that will be remembered as a milestone in the history of writing.

The honor you have bestowed on this insignificant person by allowing me to read this monumental work will never be forgotten. Unfortunately, we are a humble publication; unworthy of such a magnificent work of literary art. Regretfully, with soul shaking humility, I am returning this treasure of a manuscript to your capable hands. Surely, my entire being glows with pride in the knowledge that the gods have smiled upon me this day.

Sincerely,

Snyder Zapsizzle, Editor ]

[And now I discover I have fourteen letters to print in the next page-and-a-half. Let's change typeface and see how close I can come. --www]

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN, Box 283, 73ADIV, Tyndall AFB, Fla. Dear Cryers, Please send diagram of a hexa-hexa-flexagram, and tell me one thing -- what the hell it is!

Michael L. McQuown

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va. Greetchings and Salutations Pontif-ferourous Ones; The day began quietly enough with the Controller coming in and setting off the burgler alarm.... Best, Phil

D. A. LATIMER, R.D. 4, Canton, New York Wally, Re: Davidson's F&SF. I haven't enjoyed a full ish of F&SF since he took over. D. A. Latimer

BILL WOLFENBARGER, 602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri Dear Mr. Ww, Regarding Avram Davidson's comments in CRY #158, I feel I must agree with him that NObody could be named Bill Wolfenbanger. Yours, Bill Wolfenbarger

JAMES R. SIEGER, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis. Greetings:Hoo-hah! WWW's rebuttal of Wollheim was more telling than he thinks. Couldn't say why in a family fanzine. Best, James R. de Sieger

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey Dear CRYstians, Please, in the future stick to the single typeface that has graced the pages of CRY these many long years. Best, Mike Deckinger

KRIS CAREY, 1016 2nd St., Wasco, Calif. Dear Kri'ing ones, I was somewhat crog-gled to see "The Man From Ariel," a story written by Donald A. Wollheim 30 years ago, in Ackerman's magazine, "Spacemen." It is surprisingly short, but very interesting.

Until then, Abyssinia, Kris Carey

CHARLES WELLS, 2495 Sherbrooke Drive NE, Atlanta 6, Georgia Dear Wally, I have always felt that if the Unitarians ever really did find a set of doctrines or goals to agree on and work for they would cease to be interesting.

Chuck



KEVIN, 823 Idylberry Rd., San Rafael, Calif. Dear CRY, The phrase, "20-sided hexa-hexa-flexagram," is really a marvelous goof up. There are no less than three separate errors in it. Kevin

VIRGINIA F. SCHULTHEIS, 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara, California Dear CRYctators; I think I'll quick seal this up before Steve reads it, and if you should happen to publish it, won't he be surprised? Virginia Schultheis

EDMUND R. MESKYS, 723A 45th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y. Dear [\_\_\_\_], A few months ago in COTR, Ethel (for TAFF) Lindsay asked about there being 3 fan clubs in NY and wondering what "the 3rd one" was. Well, I don't know which two she is familiar with, and there have been further developments since then which bring the total up to five. There are two "by invitation only" social clubs of fans (The Lunarians which meet once a month and the Fanoclasts which meet twice a month), two straight-forward SF clubs (the Eastern SF Association which holds a formal meeting in Neward once a month and an informal meeting at a bar & restaurant in downtown New York once a month, and the CCNY SF club which meets weekly) and a film fantasy club (described by Dick Lupoff in recent Yandro's) which meets irregularly but about twice a month. Thus a fan in NY could attend almost three meetings every week if he belonged to all groups. Charlie Brown and I probably hold the record by being associated with four of them, but while he averages 9 meetings a month I only make 6 or 7. Well, New York fangdom certainly is a wonderful thing....

Scientifictionally yours,

Ed

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. Dear CRY: I notice that on the back cover mailing section you are still putting the message "Return Postage Guaranteed." This is incorrect. The post office department obsoleted that particular usage at the turn of the current year. The new message to put on is "Return Requested." Besides which they've eliminated form 3547 as well -- but what can you do, like?

ASDFGHJKLater,

Bob

JIM GROVES, 29 Lathom Road, East Ham, London, E.6. England. [Written the 1st of February--nothing like keeping up to date. --www] Dear CRYgang, How about someone doing a "You too can run a worldcon" booklet so that anyone contemplating such a course could see what he's letting himself in for? ((Noreen Shaw and Big Hearted Howard are thinking about doing one. --FMB))

Jim Groves

JOHN HOWARD & PHIL JASKAR, 8624 Haviland Avenue SW., ~~Tacoma~~ ~~98~~ Lakewood Center 99, Wash. Dear Wallys, Gordon, Ed, Doreen, Jim, and unseen Nameless:

Subject--the trials and tribulations of a pair of fans trying to attend a real, true, Nameless meeting.

Article 1: Obtaining info on place and time.

Exhibit 1: John called Seattle Information Tuesday night, got the Busbys' number, called them, got a busy signal. The operator kindly agreed to call John back when the line was free, did so in about 15 minutes, rang the Busbys', got no answer. All we got out of that exchange was the Busbys' phone number.

Exhibit 2: John called SeaInfo again, got www's phone number, rang that, and got no answer. All we got out of that exchange was the Weber phone number.

Exhibit 3: Wednesday night this time. Phil used the Weber phone number as faithfully recorded by John. Phone rings ... an answer! "Hello, is this Wally Weber?" "Duh, ya got da wrong number, bud." Called SeaInfo, found that John had written down an 8 instead of a 9. Called new number. Phone rang ... and rang ... and rang ...

Exhibit 4: Last chance ... Phil used the Busby phone number as faithfully recorded by John. Busy at the Busbys'. Operator has learned, promises to call them as soon as they hang up, then call Phil. During the lull, Phil leafs through old CRYs, sees Busby number in #155, finds out that John had written down a 6 instead of a 9. He hurriedly calls operator, cancels call, pauses ten minutes to get up nerve, and calls number shown in CRY. SUCCESS!!! Buz informs us that meeting will be at Stumphouse around 8 PM. Buz also says he has a press pass, will be at a C-21 preview, can't make the meeting.



## Article 2: Getting there on time.

Exhibit 5: Car low on gas, Phil low on money, Phil's father low on sympathy, 80 mile drive ahead. Only solution--try to make it on 3/4 tank of gas, take along dime to call from pay phone. To keep you out of suspense, we made it, partly through shifting into neutral (illegally) on downgrades.

Exhibit 6: 11-year-old map says turn right onto 118th, turn left at end of 118th, turn right after 1 block onto 117th. We turn right onto 118th, turn left at end of 118th, turn right after 1 block, drive for two miles until we find out we're on East Marginal Way. Go back to 118th, try it again, see 117th only 50 feet further one, finally get on correct road, watch house numbers, see 3924, and park on lawn. Time of arrival: 7:54 PM. Climb 13 steps, go in house, find Wally G. and Gordon E. "identifying" with Invisible Man on TV. Other Nameless Ones straggle in soon.

NAMELESSLY YOURS

Phil + John

WAHF:

LOU ANN PRICE, who wanted to find out way last February about subbing to CRY. GARY DEINDORFER, who claims his new address is 121 Boudinot Street, Trenton 8, New Jersey. ARCHIE MERCER, who reported that TGGW survived the post awful's handling, but its envelope was a total ruin. GEORGE H. SCITHERS, who subs with Amramoney and reports, "The thing about the Selectric that disappoints me is the fact the IBM folk aren't taking advantage of the possibilities. For 'zample: a selectric won't do both pica & elite, and it should. Also, the IBM folk ought to provide a whole ball of special symbols, and they haven't yet." GORDON EKLUND, W. M. HANLON, AND MARK OWINGS send money because they're too cheap to write.

WE ALSO MIGHT HEAR FROM Dept.:

Just now got permission to chop up a personal letter from B\*J\*O to the Busby's, but the last few pages have dulled the axe to where it can't cut Bjo's letter fine enough to fit in the remaining space. So if we still remember this next month, and the letter hasn't become lost in the files, you will see actual proof that Bjo does too say good things about fans.

--WWW

from: CRY  
Box 92  
507 Third Avenue  
Seattle 4, Wash.

B/L says: RETURN REQUESTED  
we say: Printed Matter Only

Number after addressee's name denotes number of ish's remaining on sub, whatever that means. Lack of such number denotes addressee is cheating us gullible addressors out of a free ish, and we know what that means.

Deliver this from evil post office to good, kind fan named below: