



This is P*A*G*E T*H*R*E*E of C*R*Y 1*6*3 for O*c*t 1*9*6*2 . . .
See Page Three.. natter, natter, natter. See CRY.. cry, cry, cry. CRY is crying because it did not win the Hugo. WARHOON won the Hugo. Congratulations, WARHOON. Congratulations, congratulations, congratulations. See CRY fold because it did not win the Hugo. Fold, fold, fold. Now pull those monstrous staples and unfold CRY!

CRY sells for 25¢ each or 5 for each of as many dollars as you care to send. Send, send, send. Color your face blue if you made checks payable to CRY instead of to Elinor Busby, because that is the right color if you hold your breath while waiting to receive CRY in this event. [British translation: 1/9, 7/-, & John Berry.] This is because CRY cannot sign its own name at the bank. CRY is illiterate. Maybe that is why WARHOON won the Hugo. CRY goes free to contributors. Free, free, free. Including letterhacks. Hack, hack, hack. And occasional trades. Trades-shmades. Don't get carried away there, contributors; the postal raise looks to pass, you know

See the lovely cover. Ahahahaha! Are you on the cover, or did you pay us the protection money like we told you all along you should? If you are on the cover, I bet you didn't know we were taping the occasion, did you now? OK, it's this way...

COVER PIX by Elinor Busby; composition & punchlines by Elinor & Buz; photolith by Pilgrim Press. Cast of characters, left to right: Top row; Phyllis Economou, Dean Grennell, Al haLevy. Middle row; Sylvia Dees, Larry McCombs, Lee Hoffman, Andy MAIN. Bottom row; Roberta, Phyllis, Janet(te?), & Andy Grennell, Noreen and Larry Shaw.

In case you were wondering what we have this time in the way of CONTENTS:

Wally Weber's Trip Report, of which he has not yet told me the title....	page 4
The View From Minas Ithil	F M Busby 6
A Story of Three Fans	John Berry 12
The Trenchant Bludgeon	Ted White 15
Hwyl	Elinor Busby 18
CRY of the Readers	conducted by Wally Weber 22-38

Stencils cut by: Wally Weber 19, Elinor 10, Buz 7.

At the ~~crank~~ switch this month is The Cone Company, of downtown Seattle. It is fitting to point out that if our repro has any bugs in it this time, these should not be laid to The Cone Company, but to the fact that after about 3 years of use of No.6 Gestencils exclusively, we are a little rusty on how to cope with the straight-mimeo stencil [these are American Maid #14, by the way]. I know that Elinor did not have the farble engaged when she cut pages 15-17, and on page 16 she tried it without the plastic backing sheet. And Ghod only knows what kind of a sandwich Weber had in the typer for pages 4 and 5; I'm afraid to guess...

I ran out of pages back there without getting to mention how purely great it was to have Walt and Madeleine Willis here for a too-short stay after Chicon; even though it was too short, it was swell while it lasted. The first day&evening were for resting up; we just sat around and had the happy gabfest. Next evening Joy and Sandy Sanderson took us all out to dinner; a lovely evening. Next night a "special Nameless meeting" party at Wally's, with another "y'all COME" party thrown by Otto and Pat Pfeifer the following day, after which Walt & Madeleine headed for Berkeley via Greyhound. In between the two parties, the Busbys and Willises followed The Indefatigable Toskey on a mountain hike to Lake Annette which is up in the Snoqualmie Pass area a good sweaty distance. Up. OK, so I am not exactly in training of late. Madeleine is, though; she literally danced down the trail on the way back, well ahead of the rest of us when we would get out the way and give her room to go. And-- let's see: the longer boat-ride was all booked up due to the Fair [which they were only able to hit once] so we took the shorter one around the Bay. And it is not true that we deliberately booby-trapped the teapot to blow up on Madeleine one morning-- it was the glue on the once-broken handle that betrayed us. HONEST!

The only trouble with these lovely visits is that they end in departures.

Your pardon, all, for the typo that set this issue's deadline as "Wednesday, Sept 6"; the 6th is not a Wednesday and that was supposed to read the 26th, but not one of us caught it until someone wrote in about it. So OK, now hear this:

COPY DEADLINE for #164 (Nov '62) is Saturday, Oct 27, repeat, Oct 27. Cheers.

--Buz.

a feature-length travelogue by Wally World-traveler Weber

Explaining why anyone would go from Seattle to Seattle by way of Chicago is not easy, so I won't try. It remains one of those things a person can't possibly understand unless they already know, and the only clue I can give you is that it wouldn't have happened if Earl Kemp and his crew hadn't lost their wits and put on a World Science Fiction Convention.

Jim and Doreen Webbert had a plan worked out for driving to the convention. They had this plan worked out almost a year in advance, and, like most plans that are worked out almost a year in advance, everything happened entirely different. For the sake of the record, not to mention putting off for another paragraph the mind-shattering truth, here is their original plan.

Sometime on Wednesday, August 29, 1962, Jim, Doreen, and two other fans would meet in the Webbert's Valiant where the four of them would spend the next couple days driving to Chicago. The other two fans turned out to be Wallys Gonser and Weber; Gonser is the one with the clippers and I'm the one who needs the haircut. We were to stop at Chicago long enough to attend Earl's party, after which the Webberts would take the Wallys to Detroit. The Webberts were then to continue on their way, vacationing and visiting relatives until they found themselves back in Seattle. The stranded Wallys were to drive a car back to Seattle from Detroit for some trusting dealer in Seattle who hoped to sell the car to some gullible customer in or around Seattle.

Well, we did manage to all get together Wednesday afternoon, August 29, 1962, but the Valiant was nowhere in sight, having been hidden under my living-room floor. Instead of the Valiant, we were using a 1960 Rambler station wagon wearing Pennsylvannia license plates. As I understand it, a man had used it to drive to Seattle where he bought a Kenworth tractor. This man had hoped to find a way to load the Rambler on the tractor so he could haul the car back, but the Rambler wouldn't fit for some very technical reason involving a fifth wheel, and the man found Wally Gonser instead. After consulting with the Webberts, Wally arranged to drive the Rambler back for the man, and the Webberts arranged to also return to Seattle by driving a car back from Detroit for a trusting Seattle dealer.

The only other innovation in the original plan was the arrangement with Wrai Ballard, whom we were to pick up at Fargo and deliver to Chicago.

So it was that we left the quaint little seaport town of Seattle, Washington and made our way to that fabulous metropolis of eastern Washington, Ritzville. Ritzville is the home of my father and step-mother and is known throughout the world as a good place to eat, provided you avoid the restaurants and eat my step-mother's cooking. I tell you, it pays to have as many parents as possible.

After refueling the car and ourselves and pumping up the air mattresses, we struck out for Chicago. We went almost twenty-five miles before we changed our plans.

Doreen was driving (naturally), I was navigating, and Jim and the other Wally were trying to sleep. Doreen asked me what that funny noise was, and I told her she was imagining things. A few seconds later, I started imagining the same things. In a short time, Jim and Wally G. were helping us imagine. Doreen drove slower and slower and the noise got louder and louder until Doreen spied a service station on the other side of the road. Part way across the on-coming lane, the motor sneered at us and died. Doreen finally convinced it to run again, and we managed to get it off the highway and into the service station by sheer psi-power.

At first the service station mechanic thought we needed a new rod, but after he discovered that water was draining into the crankcase, he ammended that by telling us we needed a new motor. We ammended that by deciding that the owner

of the station wagon was the one who needed the new motor; we were done with the car as of that moment.

The telephone company must have loved the next hour or so as we took turns calling everyone we could think of. We even tried to call the owner of the Rambler, but he was out of reach so the only one whose life we could brighten with the news of his new need was his wife. We alerted Wrai that we would be late, if ever. I called my folks and begged them to save me; I wasn't a bit shook up, of course.

We soon formulated a clever plan. A phone call to Spokane revealed that a plane was leaving there for Seattle about eleven o'clock. We reasoned that if Wally Gonser could somehow make that plane, he could fly back to Seattle, pick up his car, and start the whole trip over again, stopping at Sprague to pick the rest of us up on the way. Although Wally's car was a Valiant almost identical to Jim and Doreen's, the Webbert-Valiant had not been serviced and was not prepared for a long trip, besides which, to take the Webbert car would have been too much like the original plan, an innovation the world is not ready for.

Strangely enough, the new plan worked. One of the men at the service station drove Wally the forty miles to the airport for the most reasonable fee of \$10. At 5:30 the following morning, Wally Gonser pulled up beside the dead station wagon in his Valiant accompanied by a strangely pale and quiet sailor. The strangely pale and quiet sailor had participated in the last half of a drive that had covered about 260 miles in about 4 hours including one lunch stop. As soon as the car stopped, the sailor got out and desperately tried to hitch another ride on the highway.

Impossible things can be accomplished with great ease at 5:30 in the morning, I've observed. It is not possible to transfer the contents of a completely crammed Rambler station wagon into a Valiant and still have room for passengers, but we did this at Sprague, Washington at or about 5:30 that morning. As a sort of added attraction, we even included the sailor, for whom there would have been no room in the Rambler.

The sailor made good his escape when we grew careless about keeping guard on him during a lunch stop in Idaho.

The rest of the trip was made with comparative lack of crisis and trauma. Actually, when we arrived in Fargo, North Dakota, and picked up Wrai, we learned that the delay at Sprague had been necessary in order that Wrai could have made it to the convention. It seems that he had been taken with an attack of the uglies or something, and wouldn't have recovered in time to feel like going if we had arrived on time.

I've put off as long as possible telling you how bridges figured in to the trip. This dates back to some time ago in Seattle when Jim or Doreen (no doubt the latter) wanted to know how many bridges there were between Seattle and North Bend, a town that was named after a crook. I figured about six to eight bridges. Not content to take my word, the two of them drove me to North Bend and made me count them -- almost thirty of them, eight of them crossing the same river! The experience was so awful and I suffered so much that the two fiends made it a practice to count bridges aloud whenever I am in the car.

The trip to Chicago was no exception, and, so help me, the people who build roads must have a fear of solid roadways; they build bridges at every conceivable place and event, and even a few that aren't conceivable. If they come to a ditch six inches across, do you think they would fill it up? Not on your life! They build a bridge. Between Seattle and Chicago, on the route we travelled, there are over 600 bridges. The thoughtful Webberts even counted bridges on their return trip, despite the fact that I wasn't in the car. Naturally, they could travel a route that had less bridges, so I can report a grand total of a little over a mere 900 bridges.

Next time I'll take a boat.

The View From Minas Ithil

The South Tower looked a lot better than in its days as Minas Morgul, but traces of Orcish occupancy still lingered and Shelob's death struggles had put one of the escalators permanently out of commission. But long before that...

The World's Fair had really jammed transportation to and from Seattle. I had asked American Express to set up our Chicon reservations way back in June. But on Tuesday, August 28th, Elinor and I boarded the Great Northern's "Empire Builder" holding tickets for two upper berths. Why, I didn't even know they had them any more, in this day of roomettes and bedrooms and compartments and duplex roomettes which do not as you might think hold two people: no, they are called duplex roomettes because two of them take the same space as one standard roomette, I think. I wangled one of these [off a cancellation] for Elinor as soon as we had a chance to talk with the conductor. Then about midnight, having no great yen to head for that upper, I was interrupted in my rereading of "The Fountainhead" for the first time since 1946, but not interrupted in my beerdrinking, when the conductor came through the club car and sold me a Dx-Rmette cancellation out of Spokane. So we got to Chicago in fairly fine shape on Thursday, looking for the Hertz U-Drive Co.

I had requested a compact car with stick shift. In the city of Chicago it is only possible to rent "full-sized" parade floats with automatic Everything, I was told. So, 40 minutes after debarking from the train, we were nicely set up in a traffic jam on Wabash with directions on how to get to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Well, this is going to be a short report, so: We Got There OK, Somehow.

You could tell 402 Maple Avenue because an assorted group was just sticking a large colored sign onto a station wagon. It started out "WELCOME, FANS!" but I got sidetracked just then and forget how it went from there. I was busy saying hello again to Phyllis Economou and Boyd Raeburn, and meeting for the first time Curt Janke, Dean and Jean Grennell, and 4 or 5 or 6 of the Grennells' entries for fandom's next generation. I really do remember nearly all of the names but will particularly cite Chuck, who took over as a host and packed a suitcase up the stairs to show us his and Andy's room which the boys had turned over to us for the night. Also, Chuck had the picture of an ex-Nameless Ones member on his door; it was Joe Corbett, Jr, and the picture was by courtesy of the FBI.

DAG had mixed a pitcher of Martinis which were very well received indeed by this writer. Jean had barbecued about half the output of the Wisconsin poultry industry, and while I was hampered by a shortly-previous snack on the way, I did sample the product and can recommend it without reservation.

Well now, it was quite an evening. There is absolutely no point in trying to describe the fabulous Grennell basement in a small fanzine like this, but in that unique treasurehouse we talked and boozed and talked and looked at pictures and talked and shot wax bullets at beercans. And talked. Maybe it was because I had too many Martinis plus all that beer, and possibly it was also because I never did act on my mental note to have some more chicken later in the evening, but I did get altogether too smashed that night; about the last I recall is deciding there was no point in further target practice because I was beginning to miss the can every other try; three misses did it; Dean and I rejoined the gabfest and from then on it gets dim. So I was not too surprised to feel pretty fragile the next day. But I was sort of surprised that everybody else did, too. Atmospherics, I guess.

Nevertheless Elinor and Boyd and I took off in the Hertzvagen to pick up Phyllis [who had sneakily gone home at a sane hour] while Dean and Jean and the kids put a boxcarload into the station wagon and promised they would meet us in Chicago no matter how impossible that might look to the untrained eye; they did, too.

Milwaukee traffic is something out of Dante's more morbid passages but after some eons we did find Phyllis at home, met the lovable dog Brinker, had a beer, and set off for Chicago. Arthur was at work and would hit Chicago later, which points up an omission on this stencil: although I seem to visualize Arthur more at Chicago, we first met him and got acquainted at Grennells'. So much for sterling accuracy in this report, moment-by-moment; there goes our Pulitzer Prize, I guess.

of the station wagon was the one who needed the new motor; we were done with the car as of that moment.

The telephone company must have loved the next hour or so as we took turns calling everyone we could think of. We even tried to call the owner of the Rambler, but he was out of reach so the only one whose life we could brighten with the news of his new need was his wife. We alerted Wrai that we would be late, if ever. I called my folks and begged them to save me; I wasn't a bit shook up, of course.

We soon formulated a clever plan. A phone call to Spokane revealed that a plane was leaving there for Seattle about eleven o'clock. We reasoned that if Wally Gonser could somehow make that plane, he could fly back to Seattle, pick up his car, and start the whole trip over again, stopping at Sprague to pick the rest of us up on the way. Although Wally's car was a Valiant almost identical to Jim and Doreen's, the Webbert-Valiant had not been serviced and was not prepared for a long trip, besides which, to take the Webbert car would have been too much like the original plan, an innovation the world is not ready for.

Strangely enough, the new plan worked. One of the men at the service station drove Wally the forty miles to the airport for the most reasonable fee of \$10. At 5:30 the following morning, Wally Gonser pulled up beside the dead station wagon in his Valiant accompanied by a strangely pale and quiet sailor. The strangely pale and quiet sailor had participated in the last half of a drive that had covered about 260 miles in about 4 hours including one lunch stop. As soon as the car stopped, the sailor got out and desperately tried to hitch another ride on the highway.

Impossible things can be accomplished with great ease at 5:30 in the morning, I've observed. It is not possible to transfer the contents of a completely crammed Rambler station wagon into a Valiant and still have room for passengers, but we did this at Sprague, Washington at or about 5:30 that morning. As a sort of added attraction, we even included the sailor, for whom there would have been no room in the Rambler.

The sailor made good his escape when we grew careless about keeping guard on him during a lunch stop in Idaho.

The rest of the trip was made with comparative lack of crisis and trauma. Actually, when we arrived in Fargo, North Dakota, and picked up Wrai, we learned that the delay at Sprague had been necessary in order that Wrai could have made it to the convention. It seems that he had been taken with an attack of the uglies or something, and wouldn't have recovered in time to feel like going if we had arrived on time.

I've put off as long as possible telling you how bridges figured in to the trip. This dates back to some time ago in Seattle when Jim or Doreen (no doubt the latter) wanted to know how many bridges there were between Seattle and North Bend, a town that was named after a crook. I figured about six to eight bridges. Not content to take my word, the two of them drove me to North Bend and made me count them -- almost thirty of them, eight of them crossing the same river! The experience was so awful and I suffered so much that the two fiends made it a practice to count bridges aloud whenever I am in the car.

The trip to Chicago was no exception, and, so help me, the people who build roads must have a fear of solid roadways; they build bridges at every conceivable place and event, and even a few that aren't conceivable. If they come to a ditch six inches across, do you think they would fill it up? Not on your life! They build a bridge. Between Seattle and Chicago, on the route we travelled, there are over 600 bridges. The thoughtful Webberts even counted bridges on their return trip, despite the fact that I wasn't in the car. Naturally, they could travel a route that had less bridges, so I can report a grand total of a little over a mere 900 bridges.

Next time I'll take a boat.

The View From Minas Ithil

The South Tower looked a lot better than in its days as Minas Morgul, but traces of Orcish occupancy still lingered and Shelob's death struggles had put one of the escalators permanently out of commission. But long before that...

The World's Fair had really jammed transportation to and from Seattle. I had asked American Express to set up our Chicon reservations way back in June. But on Tuesday, August 28th, Elinor and I boarded the Great Northern's "Empire Builder" holding tickets for two upper berths. Why, I didn't even know they had them any more, in this day of roomettes and bedrooms and compartments and duplex roomettes which do not as you might think hold two people: no, they are called duplex roomettes because two of them take the same space as one standard roomette, I think. I wangled one of these [off a cancellation] for Elinor as soon as we had a chance to talk with the conductor. Then about midnight, having no great yen to head for that upper, I was interrupted in my rereading of "The Fountainhead" for the first time since 1946, but not interrupted in my beerdrinking, when the conductor came through the club car and sold me a Dx-Rmette cancellation out of Spokane. So we got to Chicago in fairly fine shape on Thursday, looking for the Hertz U-Drive Co.

I had requested a compact car with stick shift. In the city of Chicago it is only possible to rent "full-sized" parade floats with automatic Everything, I was told. So, 40 minutes after debarking from the train, we were nicely set up in a traffic jam on Wabash with directions on how to get to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Well, this is going to be a short report, so: We Got There OK, Somehow.

You could tell 402 Maple Avenue because an assorted group was just sticking a large colored sign onto a station wagon. It started out "WELCOME, FANS!" but I got sidetracked just then and forget how it went from there. I was busy saying hello again to Phyllis Economou and Boyd Raeburn, and meeting for the first time Curt Janke, Dean and Jean Grennell, and 4 or 5 or 6 of the Grennells' entries for fandom's next generation. I really do remember nearly all of the names but will particularly cite Chuck, who took over as a host and packed a suitcase up the stairs to show us his and Andy's room which the boys had turned over to us for the night. Also, Chuck had the picture of an ex-Nameless Ones member on his door; it was Joe Corbett, Jr., and the picture was by courtesy of the FBI.

DAG had mixed a pitcher of Martinis which were very well received indeed by this writer. Jean had barbecued about half the output of the Wisconsin poultry industry, and while I was hampered by a shortly-previous snack on the way, I did sample the product and can recommend it without reservation.

Well now, it was quite an evening. There is absolutely no point in trying to describe the fabulous Grennell basement in a small fanzine like this, but in that unique treasurehouse we talked and boozed and talked and looked at pictures and talked and shot wax bullets at beercans. And talked. Maybe it was because I had too many Martinis plus all that beer, and possibly it was also because I never did act on my mental note to have some more chicken later in the evening, but I did get altogether too smashed that night; about the last I recall is deciding there was no point in further target practice because I was beginning to miss the can every other try; three misses did it; Dean and I rejoined the gabfest and from then on it gets dim. So I was not too surprised to feel pretty fragile the next day. But I was sort of surprised that everybody else did, too. Atmospherics, I guess.

Nevertheless Elinor and Boyd and I took off in the Hertzvagen to pick up Phyllis [who had sneakily gone home at a sane hour] while Dean and Jean and the kids put a boxcarload into the station wagon and promised they would meet us in Chicago no matter how impossible that might look to the untrained eye; they did, too.

Milwaukee traffic is something out of Dante's more morbid passages but after some eons we did find Phyllis at home, met the lovable dog Brinker, had a beer, and set off for Chicago. Arthur was at work and would hit Chicago later, which points up an omission on this stencil: although I seem to visualize Arthur more at Chicago, we first met him and got acquainted at Grennells'. So much for sterling accuracy in this report, moment-by-moment; there goes our Pulitzer Prize, I guess.

Let's skip all the stuff about not being able to find a way to reach an off-the-freeway restaurant after people began getting hungry. Traffic in downtown Chicago was such an awful mess that when we finally inched the last few blocks to the hotel I dumped everyone and our luggage onto the sidewalk and headed back to good ol' Uncle Hertz where I found out why he is so crazy about renting Big Fancy Cars, when I got the bill. We live and learn. Quick trek to the Pick-Congress, quick shower: Boyd and Phyllis and Elinor I headed out to [oh, you guessed?] EAT. Phyllis knew about this good place, see, and she thought it was maybe down this way a couple-three blocks and over one, see, and I thought O GHOD here we go again, but it turned out she did know where she was going and I had a fine much-needed drink and meal in good company. We never did go back there because Elinor is all opposed to restaurants that serve margarine instead of butter; I think this was a bad thing; hell, I never order anything in a restaurant, that takes either spread.

We got back to the hotel about 9:30pm [this is Friday, by the way, still] and Now it was time to dip a toe into the water and see how the Con was going to go.

Well, let's see-- I'd already run into all these nice people on the first go-round, but we have to remember that Buck Coulson might be reading this so let's say only that it was a great pleasure to find that Bill Donaho and Al haLevy had made it after all at the last minute. Let's talk about the hotel for a minute, now.

The signs by the elevators said that all the even-numbered rooms were in the North Tower along with the main Con-assembly hall, and all the odd-numbered rooms in the South Tower: to get from one to the other it was necessary to go down to either the 1st or 3rd floors and take a long hike between the one elevator in Minas Tirith and the two [before one of them went schizoid, about Sunday] in Minas Ilith which was beginning to revert to its Minas Morgul period. The 1st-floor lobby was No Man's Land and the 3rd floor mingling-area was jammed as you might expect from a Con of this large and healthy size, so the end-result of the layout was that you spent an excessive amount of time just looking for people and getting back and forth. I do not know whether this could have been predicted in advance; probably not: all I say is for CRYsakes don't anyone ever do it again like that.

Then there was The Bar, run by the local chapter of the Temperance Society; all the waitresses were descended from Andrew Volstead and Carrie Nation to judge by their behavior. That is the hardest place to get a drink that I have ever been in during my entire life, except for Methodist Sunday Schools and Nameless meetings. At one point I spent 45 minutes alternating between trying to raise table service and trying to fudge a fast one at the bar, and finally got disgusted and went out around the block where they served liquor instead of merely advertising it. This was right after the banquet and I was really dry, so it hurt.

This bar also had the absolutely goddamn silliest system of keeping accounts that I have ever seen, bar none. You could not simply pay for your drink or for several drinks as they were served to a table; you could not even pay for a round as served until you argued like a hopped-up Socrates. The management wanted to do it like this: when people sat down at a table, a "tab" was opened for them; when the table was finally vacated, this tab was presented for payment. Now since fans drift in and visit a table and go away again, so that the same table may handle 50 people over a period of 5 or 6 hours with no definitive breaks, this is a pretty stupid way to try to do business, I'd say. Now the management was given to know this at least by Saturday afternoon-- on Monday night they were still insisting on working the same pitch. To my knowledge, no poor joker ever sat down down for one beer and ended up stuck for a six-hour check, but it could have happened in that silly place, given the requisite coincidences. Foop; I have no patience with an establishment that will not vary its standard practices to fit a large and lucrative segment of its clientele for a specific several-day occasion.

Well, it go alonganditgoalong, and later I was up to Bill Mallardi's party which was good if you can allow for folksinging and other forms of loudness, and about 3am Wally Gonser and Wrai Ballard showed up and relieved my worries about the Seattle Car and its obligations. But that is a story for Wally Weber to tell, if he will. Well, that gets us through Friday night as expurgated by the author.

Just for the hell of it we will take a break and review a fanzine [of sorts] here; it's legitimate to do this, I think: "A Trip to Hell", largely written by one D Bruce Berry and wholly published by one Robert Jennings, is devoted to the extensive criminal-grade libel of Earl Kemp, chairman of the Chicon-III. Earl is therein accused of armed robbery, perjury and false witness, breaking and entering, forgery, the highly-involved malicious framing and railroading of this DBBerry into first jail and then a mental hospital, theft, and being mean to George Willick.

By golly, that does sound like what it takes for^aWorldCon Chairman, at that!

DBBerry is an effective and plausible writer, and it will not be surprising if uninformed fans are shaken by this story of his. His logic is fairly good and his personal hurt is obvious; given a fair state of ignorance, the reader is not to be blamed for being misled by this publication, initially.

The mental state that can produce an impeccable and near-impregnable logical structure upon one wildly-false premise is well-known to the couch trade; not having a medical degree I will leave any labelling to those better-qualified. But "A Trip to Hell" is largely based on a pivotal "incident" in which Earl Kemp supposedly participated in an armed street-robbery of D Bruce Berry ^{in Chicago} during the Labor Day week-end of 1958. Just in case any of you have not read this elsewhere, it is a matter of record and of the recall of several hundred fans that Earl Kemp spent that week-end at the Solacon in Los Angeles, busily ramrodding the Chicago bid for the 1959 WorldCon; published reports and pictures confirm this, including my own writeup in POLARITY #3. Bypassing a great number of absurdities in DBB's picture of events at that time [why would anyone openly hold up an acquaintance who knew him by sight and could easily identify him?], the thing is patently a physical impossibility. I know not why DBB quotes Earl as saying "We came home before the Convention to avoid the rush"; it is meaningless and improbable even in DBB's own framework, and I can only assume that in ignorance of the facts it sounded plausible to the writer: DBB.

We do not and cannot let D Bruce off the hook on grounds of faulty recall; he makes a great point of his near-perfect memory and so he is stuck with it. So with a major fulcrum of his tale disposed of as so much crap, it is reasonable to hold a certain healthy skepticism about the remainder of the piece. It is clear that he and Earl Kemp were both somehow involved in the circumstances that saw him committed to a mental hospital; it would seem to be a good idea to judge no further than that in the absence of objective data such as the court records of Cook County, Illinois. [A fine fan who should know better has said "It sounds so logical; there must be something to it!" Since this fan saw Earl at Southgate and therefore must know that the big holdup scene is pure fiction or delusion, I will refrain from Naming Names out of sheer unstrained mercy.] Well, so much for D Bruce Berry, for the nonce.

I know little of Bob Jennings in the round except that his writing is not bad at all in itself, his spelling reminds one^{9f} the Immortal Koogle, and he seems to have the habit of going-off half-cocked with his load of ignorance every now & then. In this case he is a plain damn fool, to print all that libel without even taking the precaution of even the most elementary fact-checking first. He may have the great good luck that Earl will be too clobbered by postCommittee collapse to give him the legal punishment he so richly deserves; I hope he appreciates it, if so.

The zine also carries George Willick's statements that last winter he was trying to use an earlier version of the DBB ms to "blackmail" Earl into letting George push him around re the Fan Awards. [As a matter of fact, the statutes that Geo was violating were the Federal Extortion Act and a few of its corollaries; it is a helluva note when a guy doesn't even know what crime he's committing, isn't it though?] At this point, however, let us acknowledge the innocence of George for the existence of "A Trip to Hell". Let us further specify the extent of George's innocence: George did not knock over the garbage can and spread the crud all over the sidewalk. He talked about it a lot and threatened to do it, and pointed it out to other people, but after he was told who would stink the worst, in Technicolor, he got smart and dropped the idea. Maybe he even told Jennings to lay off, for all I know; let's hope so. And maybe some of you jokers see now why I was throwing the hooks at George here in CRY last winter and spring, hamstrung by DNQs. Ch, well...

Meanwhile, Frodo and Samwise were still slogging through the marshes, and about 4 or 5am Saturday came up the first short ration of sleep so as to try to hit the official opening session of ChiconIII if at all possible, which it was.

A couple of days ago I found backing for my hunch that it would be silly to try to write up any full account of the 90 or so hours we spent at the Pick-Congress Hotel. I checked down the list of the first 592 Con-members, not counting those who joined at the last minute to a total of something like 750, and of those 592 I found nearly 150 names of people whom I distinctly recall speaking to by name and with mutual recognition. Plus a few on whom I'm not quite sure. Maybe this is why no one can write more than 2 or 3 fulldress Conreports with the full cast; it is inevitably going to get out of hand if you just keep attending regularly. So what say we cut to sporadic episodes and overall impressions and generalized personal data and/or highlights as seen from this end of the spyglass? I will, anyway...

The Program: I saw the opening session, the Costume Ball, the banquet, the business meeting, part of the fan panel which got dumped into a tiny room with a lot of inconsiderate loudmouthed oafs drowning out the speakers both within and outside the room [and if you were one of these and are offended, look somewhere else for sympathy because I am fresh out of it], the business meeting, and most of the closing session. We've ordered the Proceedings to see what else went on in there.

Sleep: between a Fri-pm arrival and a Tue-pm departure, my recall hath it that I was offduty due to sleep as follows: 5-11am Saturday, 2-6pm Sunday (dozing only; too pooped to sleep), 6am-noon Monday and woke up gloriously refreshed and in fact feeling human for the first time since arrival, and 9-10am and noon-2pm Tuesday. Well, a Con is an intense and concentrated slice of experience; considering that this trip ran about \$200 above my estimates, it had damn well better be.

Booze: Oddly enough I think I got my most-smashed at the Con on Friday night when I stuck strictly to beer. For some years I had stuck to beer on such deals because hard-likker tended to run away with me, but the next three evenings saw me happily and unthinkingly dealing with bourbon-on-the-rocks for hours and hours and not realizing until later that precedents were being shattered. I remember when I used to put full-dress Conreports out: there was a girl who used to comment on them with postcards largely devoted to saying that drinking at Cons was stupid; I tend to agree with her in principle but somehow it does not work out in practice.

Parties: Well, I mentioned Bill Mallardi's Friday night; Bill does throw a good blast. He could do with somewhat fewer folksingers [as who couldn't?] but that seems to be an affliction of the times unless willpower prevails. Saturday I am mainly reminded of the time It Took Two Hours To Get The Ice: Boyd, Phyllis, the Kujawas, and the Busbys all had a taste of Cold Turkey while room-service went on strike or something. Later I wandered down to the DC (in '63!) suite about 5am and a bunch of us settled an old argument, after which Dirce Archer joined me for breakfast, seeing as how we had won the argument. Then Dirce and I attended the business meeting-- I mean, why NOT? I spoke for keeping hands off future Con-Committees as much as possible and nearly won my point for awhile, but some idiot [no offense, whoever you were] got the meeting back on the more usual track and the group voted to appoint one more goddamn committee to play the Old Man of the Sea to future Cons. Well, I tried. So then it was time to take the IQ and the personality tests, so what could be more fitting after some 24 hours without any sleep? The FAPA meeting was due at 11:30am or so, too late to try to sleep and still get up for it; I made that meeting OK and enjoyed it rather highly considering that it was a great effort to stay awake; these are the breaks. Sunday night was the Shaws-Lupoffs party and it must be time for a new paragraph regardless.

That was a good party, too. I was away for a time at another gathering which will with luck produce some of the highlights of the Convention Annual if Jay Kay Klein (a good man) had the right settings on his camera. On the way back from this other gathering to the aforementioned party a humorous interlude took place which you had better laugh at or I'll hate you. Raeburn and I were leaving the one spot for the earlier one, you see. Now this Con had the problem that there were not enough parties to go around, so there were always people looking. I don't like the problem any better than the next fellow does, but I also don't have a better grade

of answer: if in walking down the hall you pick up ten followers, you just plain ain't gonna be popular when you knock on the door. If you were, at all, before.

Anyhow, here go Raeburn and Busby and here come along an added platoon. So kindly ol' Uncle Boyd turns and says like: "LOOK! Not all at once. You come on one or two at a time, but not in flocks." I say somewhat the same thing, and it is a moot question whether I am stealing Boyd's lines or vice versa. So everyone is quite reasonable and all nod sagely and clump up in togetherness anyway. So the elevator door opens and I follow Boyd around a corner and ALL of a sudden he breaks into a mad sprint. Well, act first and think later, so I churn up steam and follow this mad mullah around two corners; we skid to a stop and reverse to knock on a door and biGod we are back at the party, unaccompanied. It was funny as hell, because the room number was no secret: Boyd had just decided, I guess, that we were not gonna be blamed if all these jokers insisted on showing up in one sheeepy herd.

Monday night went into a nice quiet party ^{with} the No Ice group plus Silverbergs, Ethel Lindsay, Wrai Ballard, Avram Davidson, and I hope Elinor covers it better. After that I hit Nieson Himmel's party at which I got carried away and became all involved [despite the folksinging as sparked by Jerry Pournelle, which was a Little Different from the usual] into happy smooching and necking with 4 or 5 lovely nice friendly ladies to whom, one and all, my thanks for putting up with me. And the sun came up all red and misty over Lake Michigan and was very beautiful indeed; it was an occasion that despite the light treatment I will not soon forget.

Vignettes: Andy Main had always with him this cute plump little exothalamic chick who rather than accompanying him was being worn by him like a mustard plaster. Like, mainly, they necked. All the time, wherever they were and in whatever group. Now I do not wish to be particularly unkind to Andy and Ardis, but for CRYsakes all you concupiscent types, consider that ordinarily it is taken for granted that you either want to make love or you don't, and that if you do you will get out of sight to do it. In any case you don't demonstrate the preliminaries for hours at a time before people who are not at the moment similarly involved. It gets to be a drag. Personally I do not need any living memorials to remind me that sex is nice; this happens to be an article of faith with me. So, hoping you are the same...

A Goodbye Brekafst [which is like a Breakfast except that you are sleepy and talk in typos, maybe?] had been planned for late Tuesday morning. Remembering the FAPA meeting, this time I took the one hour's sleep first; I'm not sure whether it helped or not, but it was a fine occasion nevertheless, though of course a little on the sad or at least wistful side what with all the looming departures. Phyllis, Boyd, Marion & Steve, Walter, Kevin, Elinor, and your sleepy reporter who wonders who is omitted from the list. Goodbyes were said out on the sidewalk and I took off back to the hotel for another couple hours' sleep while Elinor set out for the Art Museum: usually I take that tour with her but not this time.

Avram Davidson was heading for the bar Sunday afternoon when someone grabbed him by the arm: "Rabbi, there's a fine Jewish wedding you won't want to miss"-- Avram said it really was a fine wedding, BUT-- he said this when he arrived at the bar finally, an hour or two later and an awful lot drier than when he'd started. So now we see a good reason why Andy Young does not wear a beanie.

The Costume Ball: unforgettable are Karen's lovely bug-eyed moth, Stu Hoffman's monster to end all monsters, and Dirce's exquisite bird. Many other fine costumes were in evidence but they could not have been quite so unforgettable as these 3 or I would be able to remember and list them here. Q.E.D. It was not possible for all to view the judging-parade very well, particularly since something over 100 of the finest of Catholic Youth forsook their own Convention to crash ours just about then. Oh, they were nice enough kids, but they were just in the wrong room then.

The Banquet: Tucker quoted the FR#4 line about "You gentlemen will be quite comfortable in your coats and ties" and said it would go down in history alongside "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here" [Dave had topped that the night before with his "Ming the Merciless says you can't sit here" cards to go with his costume which we now see was unforgettable after all, just like the other three]. I would like to second the remarks of the estimable Mr. Tucker in this respect; I was highly and

continually and resentfully uncomfortable throughout that otherwise fine Banquet after about the first five minutes when the combined body heat of those assembled put the place about ten degrees hotter than my personal thermostat will handle. I suppose I should have doffed the coat but by the time I thought of it everyone was slewed around in their chairs so that it would have been a major battle to get room for it. Through the feeding portion I was the victim of a big sell on the part of my dear wife Elinor: she had promised to fix me up with a shirt of the type of which the top button is not quite at the top; I can wear a tie with one of those without the uncomfortable constriction of the standard product. But she copped out on me, so I was stuck until the speeches-- it was this way: kindly old Bob Tucker had told me that when he rose to speak I was to get rid of the tie; this was to be part of his opening pitch and Buck Coulson was to be tieless at that point also. I never did find out what happened to that act, but it did leave the Busby neck in comfort with unbuttoned collar for the next few hours of the Banquet.

At any rate I hope that this experiment has proved that it is impossible for any air-conditioning system to provide comfort at the same time to women in off-the-shoulder dresses and men in coats&ties; just because this idiocy prevails in most circles of mundane is no reason whatsoever to inflict it onto fandom.

Otherwise, as mentioned, it was a fine Banquet indeed. Tucker was a superb MC; Sturgeon was terrific [buy the Chicon Proceedings for the text, even though it is of course impossible to get the delivery onto paper]; all the spot speakers held it down nicely for length and spoke sooth and graciously, which was a good thing on account of these blasts have been getting more too-lengthy each year lately. What may be needed, impractical though it may seem, is a pottie-break; I damn near ruptured myself just getting to a standing position when things finally ended. This is in no way meant as a facetious commentary; when you gotta go, it ain't funny.

Gripes: it seems to take at least one subsequent WorldCon to desensitize the personnel of a previous one. There are a lot of things about Chicon as about any Con, at which people can and will gripe, no matter how hard the Committee works or how carefully it tries to provide for or against all possible contingencies; the Laws of Murphy apply, in that hindsight can find something wrong with arrangements no matter what happens, and ordinarily it will. It is very easy to start with any inconvenience and by application of hindsight to say what the Committee should have done to obviate it; it is something else again to foresee even a good share of the possible difficulties when you are under the gun yourself. Sure, the hotel layout was inconvenient; docr-guards at the Costume Ball would have helped a lot; the Banquet ran too long; the fan-panel was robbed when a schedule-misunderstanding put it out of the main Con-hall-- anybody can see this-- A*F*T*E*R*W*A*R*D, he can. So to all gripes at Chicon, I say: fine; next time you try it and show us how.. or alternatively: given the info, do you really think you would have spotted the big problem ahead of time? You do? OK, see back to the previous note.

So I limit my own gripe to one I made ahead of the fact as well as after: the coat&tie requirement at the Banquet. I make this gripe not to bedevil the group who just handed us a fine Con but to urge that no future Con do the same trick: for my own part I do not wish to attend any further functions where this stricture is imposed; I may have to for one reason or another but it will not be voluntary; this is a matter of personal idiosyncratic discomfort, surely, but it strikes me that if fandom is not the place where comfort comes before conformity, I'm in the wrong pew. Not that I advocate kockism-- but any garb that is suitable and not offensive to the general public in the way of street wear should be good enough for any occasion that is supposedly dedicated to the enjoyment of assembled fans, so help me Esquire!

So I'm not gonna scream about a lot of other stuff, because (1)it is unimportant, and (2)it is also inevitable in one form or another, any time, any place. I don't have to beef about the hotel handing me a hefty overcharge at checkout too late to argue up the line, because I sent the hotel one of what you might consider to be one of my more biting compositions, or not, depending, and the hotel sent me a nice note with a nice refund check inclosed. So we are all clear there.

I've not done justice to the fine people and experiences at Chicon; lacking an additional 24 pages, I'm afraid I'm not going to, either. It was real great. --Buz.

This season has been quite bountiful so far as fannish visits are concerned. Four overseas fen have darkened the doorstep of MON DEBRIS in the last couple of months or so. I've already described the impact of TAFFman Ron Ellick, so for a page or three I'd like to talk about the others.

Fan visits of necessity are sometimes brief, but I reckon that Sid Coleman holds some sort of record. Door knocked. One Saturday short time ago. Opened it. Walt Willis with a young bespectacled fan I'd never seen before, so far as I knew.

"Sid Coleman...John Berry," said Willis by way of introduction.

"Hi, John."

"Hi, Sid."

"Sid has to catch a 'plane to Istanbul soon."

"Oh, Istanbul?"

"Yes."

"Ohhh?"

I gripped Sid coleman by the lapels, dragged him into the back garden, leaned him against the privet hedge, snapped him with my camera.

"Sid has to go now."

"Cheerio, Sid."

"Cheerio, John."

Willis's Morris Minor grated up Campbell Park Avenue, and so ended visit number 2.

When I meet Coleman next, I'll tell you all about him

A few days passed by. Door knocked again. Sent son to open it in case it was the Rates Collector. It was Ian McAuley.

After he'd sat down and heard seven classical lp's, he told me the astounding news that New Zealand fan Bruce Burn was due in half an hour's time. Half way through Max Bruch's Violin Concerto he arrived.

Very rugged and handsome he was. Bruce, not McAuley. Great technique with women, too. Still not talking about McAuley. Bruce explained that he'd been hitch-hiking in Scotland, and he'd met this girl from Belfast, and she said see him sometime, so next day he crossed the Irish Sea, and so fast was his technique that he'd borrowed her car.

Full of jealousy at this demonstration of handling women, Ian McAulay left, and, I understand, has got married since!

I must say that Bruce Burn has personality PLUS. His manner is engaging, and even though he sat until 3 am telling us all about his experience from the time he left New Zealand two years previously until the day before, there wasn't a dull moment. One interesting fact emerged. Bruce said he'd been in Hawaii, and had I got the card?

My mind flashed back to circa 1957.....

When RETRIBUTION was on a several-issues-per-year schedule, I rec'd quite a lot of subs and letters from all over the world. But one missive stood out above the others.

It was addressed to: Massa G. Bleary. The writing was of an illiterate type. It was posted in Hawaii. Nice postage stamp. I ripped open the envelope. The short note suggested that the sub. situation was rough, but would the enclosed suit?

'Enclosed' was a photograph of a dusky maiden. She was leaning back, looking at the lens with an expression suggesting that it would be a good idea if the photographer would wipe the steam off the view-finder. Though definitely not coming within the broad canvas of pornography, the corners of the photograph turned inwards as I breathed over it. I looked for an address three hours afterwards without success. Obviously a hoax, but the kind I appreciate!

So Bruce Burn had sent the card. I wanted to find it to show him, and (who knows?) bring back happy memories of his sojourn in the Pacific Paradise, but I'd hidden it so thoroughly that I clean forgot where.

There are many facets to Bruce's character. He has done a great deal of amateur dramatics. He also, because of this, has the ability to summon forth suitable voices for the occasion. He gave us several chuckle-worthy examples. In Belfast that afternoon, he told us, he went to the bank to get a cheque cashed. Because he was hitch-hiking his attire wasn't what one would normally associate with a bank. He said that the cashier gave him a quite disdainful look.

"I want to cash a cheque, old man," said Bruce to us in the voice he'd used, and I almost leapt to my feet and assumed a position of attention. It was the tone and accent, to perfection, of a wartime Wing Commander. Not overbearing in the slightest, almost even solicitous, but with a subtle inflection just the same which did not embody a challenge but demanded attention and respect and affection.

We (Diane and myself) pressed Bruce for further examples of his mimicry....he entertained us for some time, and not only did his voice hold attention, but in some uncanny way his features adapted themselves to the character he was portraying. He explained to us that one night, on stage, when he'd been playing a crook, the audience had laughed when he'd walked on. This shook him, as he thought they were making fun, being sarcastic....he felt an idiot. He asked an experienced actor for the reason, and it was because the initial build up by the other actors had been so effective, and Bruce's 'walk on' had fitted what they'd expected so perfectly, that it was sheer appreciation for his technique which had spontaneously made them laugh.

Then, as his climax, he gave us a little vignette.....a cameo, from a classic of the stage.

I have no idea what the play was.....something by Ibsen, or one of his contemporaries. Anyway, it's about this old man in the village who was a sort of clerk and mucked about with papers all day. Something happened, I don't know what, but it centred around this poor old man whose actions over documents were stereotyped.

Bruce's features adopted a twisted grimace, he aged about 50 years in a split second. His nose became hooked, his eyes mere slits, with big blueish bags under them. His fingers, previously firm and spatulate, became claws. His head, slightly on one side, doddered like an old man, because that's what happened.....a complete metamorphosis, one of the most fantastic things I ever did see. He held his hands out beseechingly, and his cracked voice pleaded...."But the papers, the papers....?"

I suppose it sounds stupid. But I found myself in a sort of trance. I really thought he was an old man, and even more amazing, I felt sorry for him. Such was the power of Burn's portrayal.

Try him sometime.....

A couple of days later I got a French letter.

It was from Ruth Berman. She was touring Europe with her family, and said that she would be in Belfast on Friday 3rd August, and she'd like to see the Willises and myself.

I wrote to an accommodation address in London (where her itinerary made a connection) and said to surely come around.

So I arranged a day's leave from the office for Friday, but when I got home on Thursday evening at 5:30 pm, she was at MON DEBRIS, watching Robin Hood on TV with my daughter Kathleen.

She was a day early. She was staying at a hotel in Belfast, and I enquired about her family. I had assumed that the Berman family were all coming to Ireland. But no, they had gone to America via the sea, and Ruth was to meet them when the ship docked in New York. I felt rather frustrated, because naturally I would have asked Ruth to stay at my house for her trip.....I wouldn't like it to get round that fans aren't welcome at MON DEBRIS, quite the reverse. A miscalculation, you see.

After tea, I nipped round to Oblique House to see Walt Willis. He was pleased that Ruth had come to Belfast, and was sorry that she had to leave the following day. He asked me to park my pedcal cycle at the gable of his house, and offered to drive me back to MON DEBRIS, pick up Ruth and bring her back to 170. He said that Bob Shaw would probably be round later. Hoping that he didn't see my face turn pale, I sat next to him in the car, with the door slightly open, and we reached my house without mishap.

I dragged them both into my garden again to take pictures, and it's hard to believe, but I actually got Ruth and Willis to play football on the lawn. Then back to Walt's house.

Some things happen which, to me, seem perfectly ordinary. But I often wonder what the effect is on other people. I recall that when Arthur Thomson came over to Belfast in 1957, I wrote various stories about his holiday. When he returned back to London he read my accounts and said that every word was true, but he just couldn't believe it really all happened.

Like, the first incident at Willis's house.

I'd just made a paper aeroplane for Bryan Willis....I was alone in the room with Ruth, suddenly a sparrow flew into the room, hotly pursued by Carol Willis, who is now a quite attractive 14 year old schoolgirl.

Ruth's eyes bulged like goose eggs.

"Catch it," screamed Carol.

Obediently, Ruth and I cornered it under the sofa. I could see Ruth's mind working feverishly. What to do when a sparrow flew into the drawing room? What was the protocol? I made some absurd remark about it's being an Ulster moth, and actually caught it for a few seconds, but in the excitement of transferring it to Carol's hands allowed it to escape again. Ruth perhaps thought it was a sort of test, and not to be daunted she raced round the room again, diving here and there, until the bird escaped through a door and into the garden, when it managed to flutter over the hedge to asylum.

Frankly, I was rather shaken, not by the sudden emergence of the sparrow but what was Carol chasing it for?

Walt came in again, and we watched the last part of a so-called science fiction serial, ANDROMEDA BREATHTROUGH. (Do yourself a favour and don't read the book, if they have the audacity to write it.) It concluded, much as a funeral eventually finishes. In fact, a funeral would have been more cheerful. Then I noticed that Ruth's little finger was bleeding.

What a stoic that girl was.

She'd caught her finger in the door of Walt's car, and ripped the nail, but she sat there, probably in pain, rather than seek attention. Walt whipped on a first aid bandage, and then Bob Shaw came in.

Now I knew that James and Peggy White had just been presented with a baby. I knew that Bob and Sadie Shaw had had one a couple months previously. Therefore, when Bob suddenly pulled a very small white dress affair from his pocket and held it in front of him, like a serviette at an hotel meal, I knew that he was going to take it to James White, so that the White's wouldn't have to buy a christening robe for their baby for the christening ceremony.

But what did Ruth think? A well-known fan, dancing round the drawing room at Oblique House with a christening robe dangling under his chin? Should she have a bash, so as to show that she was a fan, too?

What was the Fannish Christening Robe Under Chin Protocol?

By the way, there is something to be said for fotosheets in fanzines. Ruth took a taxi to my house, but gave the address as 31, Campbell Park Parade, instead of Avenue. The driver didn't know where it was, but took her to Campbell Park Ave. to ask from there. They asked a boy, and, said Ruth, she knew she'd seen the boy before....yeeeee....my own son Colin....which sort of proves my theory that some unknown force is at work to ensure that fannish paths are meant to cross, sometime or other.

John Berry, 1962

THE TRENCHANT BLUDGEON

by Ted White

Terry Carr, the very same Terry Carr who writes a column for this fanzine, is a professional writer now, you know. It was only a matter of time and favorable circumstance until he became one, and now he is. With one short novel for Ace under his belt, and around five short sf and fantasy stories sold to F&SF, Terry is a professional in the basic sense: he's doing it on a full time basis.

I'm an admirer of Terry's from way back, and recently I've had the opportunity to dig his craft from closer up....

You may remember from the last installment of this column that I mentioned I shared with many young fen the ambition to be a pro. I made it--half way. That is, I made it outside The Field, which Doesn't Count. This fact has gnawed at me for some time, because I knew that at my present state of ability I wasn't quite good enough to write saleable fiction.

Terry Carr has solved my problems. He suggested we collaborate.

This is a marvelous idea, because it allows me to bash out first-drafts without worrying about whether or not my writing can stand on its own, and thus freed of anxiety I sometimes do better work. And it's easier on Terry because I present him with complete stories which he need only polish up and flesh out a bit to sell; it saves him the labor of conception and first-drafting. Both of us enjoy the situation, and for the time we seem to be holding nicely to our schedule of a story a week together. (This leaves Terry the opportunity to write stories of his own in addition, of course.)

It also gives me a chance to get inside what makes a good writer. (Terry may be fresh to the field and a little green, but basically he is a good writer--maybe even a Good Writer.)

Let me give you an example. To open one story, I wrote:

I always shook when I came out of the Arena, but this time I was close to nervous exhaustion.

I had never been able to sort out my reactions to an Execution. The atmosphere of boredom, the strictly-business-as-usual air was something in which I could not participate. I could always taste the ozone in the air, mixed with the sweat of fear--whether mine, or that of the Condemned, I never knew--my nostrils always gave an involuntary twitch at the confined odors and I felt an unreasoning fear--almost claustrophobic--at being packed into the Arena building with the other nine hundred ninety nine Citizens on Execution Duty.

Now dig what Terry did with this, fleshing it out, making it more tangible to the reader:

I always shook when I came out of the Arena, but this time the tension... wrapped my stomach in painful knots and salty perspiration stung my neck where I had shaved only a little over an hour earlier. And despite the heavy knot in my stomach, I felt strangely empty.

I had never been able to sort out my reactions to an Execution. The atmosphere of careful boredom, the strictly-business-as-usual air failed to dull my senses as it did for the others. I could always taste the ozone in the air, mixed with the taste of fear--whether mine, or that of the Condemned, I never knew. My nostrils always gave an involuntary twitch at the confined odors and I felt an almost claustrophobic fear at being packed into the Arena with the other nine hundred ninety nine Citizens on Execution Duty.

I think you can see the difference between the skeleton and the living body, between my sometimes awkward phrases and the smother, more gripping prose in Terry's rewrite.

I've always enjoyed this sort of insight into other writers' work; maybe you do too.

A GLASS CAGE: There's another writer currently at work on an item of major interest to fandom: Mrs. Shirley Camper, who is currently (as I write this) working on an article on fandom and specifically fanzines for COSMO-POLITAN. I met Mrs. Camper recently, for an interview, and I'd like to tell you a little about this side of the Writer At Work too.....

Maybe five years ago I received a mimeod letter from an individual who said he was conducting research into fandom, and wanted me to send him all my fanzines. At the time I wasn't publishing--I'd hit one of my recurrent streaks of gafia--and the letter sounded like either a hoax or the work of a crank, so I ignored it.

Since then, I've heard rumours of various sociologists and anthropologists interesting themselves in fandom, but nothing definite.

"I spoke to Margaret Mead," Shirley Camper told me casually, "and she'd heard of fandom. She said she didn't know enough to want to make a statement, but she did mention a fellow up at Harvard was making a full-scale study."

It had to happen, was my reaction, and I wished Harlan Ellison had been able to sell his article on fandom to ROGUE in 1959; at least Harlan knew whereof he spoke.

Mrs. Camper does not. This would not be so dangerous except that she thinks she does, and her approach betrays this.

"I've been trying to get in touch with Jimmy Michener," she remarked as casually as possible. "He knows all about fanzines."

If James Michener knows word one about science fiction fandom or the fanzines it produces I would be very surprised. It is one of the marks against us that the most notable people fandom has produced (to Mrs. Camper's eyes) are only Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch.

"Bloch has an unlisted phone," I was told. "So does Bradbury. I asked his agent to put me in touch with him, but the agent wants me to send a letter through him to Ray. I can't be bothered with that. If Ray doesn't want to talk to me, I'll just write what I feel like anyway. It's no skin off my back."

By this time I began to feel she had a rather big-namish approach to the subject. "Wouldn't it be wiser to come to the people who know about the field instead of asking the opinions of those who merely have Big Names?"

"I've shown some fanzines to a psychiatrist I know," she replied. "He looked them over, and remarked, 'Well, it's better than marijuana.'"

Let's cut back for a moment to the Fanoclast meeting which narrowly preceded this interview.

"She has a very set idea about this thing," Dick Lupoff told me. "She thinks all fanzine publishers are kids, and she doesn't seem to think that science fiction has anything to do with it."

It came out in our discussion of her that she's written a series of books on raising children. She has one son, Fred, age 16. "Every couple of years she writes down her experiences in raising him," someone remarked.

"It does seem strange," I said. "I don't think a lot of women who regard their children as subjects for books on childraising. And it does seem strange that she'd take her son's hobby and invade it like this and spoil it for him." (My own mother, a devoted reader of Heinlein, once wrote a brief piece entitled "Mother of a Fan," showed it to me and then tore it up. She told me, with what I now realize was profound wisdom, "Fandom is your arena; it wouldn't work for me to be in it too," when I said I wanted to publish the piece.)

"When she and her son were over at our apartment," Lupoff said, "whenever Fred wanted to ask a question she'd shush him up and tell him they didn't have time for that now...."

"And then," added Pat Lupoff, "she told me to bring our 'darling baby' out for her to see!"

"Dr. Frederick Wertham is a friend of hers," Dick said. I groaned.

"What do you think about the pornography in fanzines?" Shirley Camper asked me.

"Pornography?" I asked. "What pornography? I've never seen any in a fanzine."

"You know; like PANIC BUTTON. Those cartoons.....ugh!"

"Well, I said, slowly, feeling my way, "I don't regard anything in PANIC BUTTON as pornography. I define pornography as material deliberately designed to bring sexual arousal in a person. By any definition which is loose enough to include PANIC BUTTON, you would have to call any significant book and play of the last ten years 'pornography'." I didn't think it was time to tell her that as far as I was concerned pornography--real pornography--should be legalized. I was stretching her sensibilities far enough.

"After all," I added, "PANIC BUTTON goes through both US and Canadian mails, and passes Customs. Anything good enough for them is good enough for me."

"Ummmmmm.....I see what you mean," she said, nodding slowly--and I could see she hadn't changed her mind in the slightest.

"I hear you're involved in a lawsuit," she said. "Tell me about it."

"My lawyer doesn't feel that would be wise of me," I said.

"Well, of course you realize I can always go to the other side," she said slyly. "You owe it to yourself to tell me all about it."

I asked her what she wished to know for, and she replied that she found feuds, hoaxes and lawsuits fascinating and she was sure it would interest her readers. Only half-joking, I said, "Print anything prejudicial to my case, and I'd have to sue you myself....."

We left it at that. My lawyer by the way says that COSMOPOLITAN's legal staff would be sure to fix things so that we wouldn't have a case, no matter how damaging the material she printed was. "But it was the right thing to tell her," he said.

We got to talking about interviewing and articles on esoteric subjects. I mentioned that I'd been interviewed before (for the WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS) and badly misquoted. I said that Richard Gehman's article on EC and EC fanzines a couple of years ago (which mentioned Ron Parker and HOOHAH, and my material in the zine--but not my name) was riddled with elementary errors. "He's one of these people that if you know anything about the subjects he writes about, you know more than he does," I said.

"Well, that's usually the case," Mrs. Camper said. "These articles aren't intended to be thorough and really informative. They're just supposed to be interesting and entertaining. That's all we're aiming for. We haven't time or space for a sociological study, you know."

"Dick Lupoff misquoted me in AXE. I didn't say I had instructions to write a 'mixed' article or anything like that. I said my editor's reactions to the fanzines she saw was negative. But that won't have any influence on my article."

"The article will undoubtedly be 'mixed,' but I have a free hand in writing it."

I left her with copies of HYPHEN #s 4, 13, 14 and 15, an issue of STELLAR and several issues of VOID, including those with the articles on "Other Fandoms". She was especially interested in Walter Breen's definitive study of fandoms in the VANNISH.

"I won't have time to read all these, of course," she said. "Fanzines are so unreadable. They don't paragraph enough."

This has been an interview with an interviewer.

--Ted White

"The Goon Goes West!"... the fabulous Berry Trip Report as serialized in CRY but with additional illoes by ATom, maps by Berry, and photosheets. Available from CRY at \$1.25 postpaid or \$1.00 if you pick it up yourself and save the postman a trip. Order now, before postal rates go up as seems likely soon. Follow the Goon, from coast to coast to coast to coast to coast [he got AROUND].

GETTING FROM HERE TO THERE: For once we packed plenty of reading matter. I was still finishing off "Atlas Shrugged"--a strange and wonderful book, something like "Titus Alone" but less frantic, less dreamlike, and more meaningful and epigrammatic. Probably Buz and I were the last two fans in fandom to read it, but at least we enjoyed it, which should count for something.

Then I read "Revolutionary Road" by Richard Yates, which Tom Purdom recommended a few months back. --I hate to tell you this, Tom, but I really didn't like it at all. It was a dreary novel about dreary people. The husband was a phony, a hollow man. The wife's life was poisoned because no one had ever loved her, and so she was incapable of loving. The husband's only hope of becoming a real person would have been to admit to himself that he was beginning to enjoy his PR work. There was no hope at all for the wife. The alternative suggested by the author, a flight to Paris, was ridiculous. What were they to do in Paris? They would have been the same dreary people in Paris that they were in Suburbia.

Presumably the husband wanted to write. Intellectual types who can't paint, sculpt, or compose always do want to write. But unless one is a productive writer in one's native land, one probably won't be elsewhere either. I remember that the writing careers of Mrs. Frances Trollope and Anthony Trollope were sparked by residence abroad, but their situations were different. After Mrs. Trollope's disastrous visit to the United States, family fortunes were at such a low point it was write or go under and she wrote. As for her son, after seven years at a miserable job in London where he felt constantly more or less in disgrace, he transferred to Ireland where he did extremely well at his work. The boost to his self esteem made it possible for him to embark on the writing career he'd long desired. I suggest that residence abroad is invaluable to the writer when writing is not his reason for living abroad. I've known four people who went to foreign lands to write, and if any of them ever accomplished a damned thing I never heard of it.

Neither Buz nor I nor Noreen Shaw liked "Revolutionary Road." However, Paul Stanbery at the Nameless meeting last week, spoke well of it. Said it was symbolic how, just before her abortion/suicide, the wife remembered her father and how she had wanted to travel with him. I hadn't noticed this when I read the book, but thinking back, Paul was right, that WAS a nice touch. The symbolism I noticed, which thoroughly annoyed me, was having Author's Point-of-View presented by an inmate of a mental hospital. I thought that was a bit ham-handed.

After "Revolutionary Road" I turned with relief to Margery Allingham. But "The Crime at Black Dudley" was very dull, redeemed only by the fact that the protagonist, ostensibly human, was really and truly a hobbit. "No Love Lost" was two novellas--okay, but not her best.

So we went to Fond du Lac. There was a fine party, which Buz has already covered. I'll only add that the next day Jean Grennell showed me her button collection, which I found very interesting, attractive and impressive. Button collecting is obviously a fascinating hobby; one could spend years studying buttons and get a real education in the process.

Which made me realize something: any hobby implies specialized knowledge. Any would-be hobbyist is really an apprentice for the length of time it takes to get this specialized knowledge. I think that Jean would confirm that one doesn't learn all there is to know about buttons overnight; that Marion Zimmer Bradley would confirm with respect to becoming a knowledgeable circus buff; Otto Pfeifer and Walt and Madeleine Willis--golf; Walter Breen--coins; Bill Evans--trolleys. All hobbies that are worth anything take time to get really into.

Why should any neofan feel that fandom is different? It isn't. The apprenticeship must be served. A neofan is not justified in starting large projects to Change the Face of Fandom. He should grok fandom-as-it-is before he tries to change it to Fandom-as-he-thinks-it-should-be. Nobody objects to young fans like

Tom Armistead forming their own clubs; that's fine. And it's fine for people like Lloyd Douglas Broyles to be willing to perform a service for fandom. But a project such as fan awards should be handled, if at all, by a long-time, well-trusted fan.

Let no one suppose that I think a neofan should sit in the corner with his thumb in his mouth. I'm only saying that the neofan shouldn't make his presence felt by trying to push people around. If the neo is to shine, let it be by his own native brilliance. There have been neofans who did just that: Dean Grennell and Bob Leman were two excellent examples; also I might cite Leslie Nirenberg and most recently Avram Davidson. Doubtless there were a number of others. The sooner a neofan evinces wit the better, but he shouldn't be in a hurry to display his executive ability.

So much for button collecting.

THE CON ITSELF: Let no one suppose this to be a conreport. It certainly is not. But I will mention a few things. First off, the elevators. They were real conversation pieces. Buz has already explained the peculiarity of this hotel: how you had to go down to the third floor to get from the even numbered side to the odd numbered side. The elevators on the odd numbered side were both a little strange. The elevator on the right had a curious passion for the fourth floor, and always stopped there whether anyone wanted it to or not. Once after it had willfully stopped at the fourth floor it went up to the fifth and then came back to the fourth floor and bounced. Noreen Shaw suggested that the fourth floor was where it was fed; she may have been right. The elevator on the left had its own curious ways; it sometimes swayed from side to side. Someone (perhaps Bill Donaho) suggested that it was in love with the elevator on the right--eternally frustrated--so near and yet so far. But the best trick was when the elevator on the right went up twice without going down in between. The second time it had the same fans in it as the first--the only difference was that one new fan had been added and everybody was laughing. I hope I never find out how this happened: I'm sure it's more interesting not knowing.

Another topic of conversation was the hotel plumbing. Our tub didn't drain properly, and our toilet flushed long and very loudly. Another fan's toilet ran constantly, night and day. Wally Gonser, Wrai Ballard and Wally Weber shared a room: Wally G fell down in the shower, Wrai saved himself only by grabbing the shower curtain which tore, and Wally W displayed the better part of valor--he took a tub bath. I think about half the people there had unsatisfactory plumbing.

But we didn't just talk about elevators and plumbing. I had a fine chat with Ethel Lindsay and Marion Zimmer Bradley about Mary Renault's books, and was delighted to find that Ethel and Marion were each as fascinated by "The Charioteer" as I was. Another day, I was pleased to find that Noreen Shaw and Pat Lupoff like Georgette Meyer. I had a good talk with Ted White (Les Gerber and Jim Caughran were there too) but I've forgotten now what about. But I enjoyed it.

I had a nice chat with Steve Stiles, just after the Emsh movies. We agreed that Emsh's art is freer than it used to be. Steve said that he thought that Emsh's abstract expressionist work was almost as good as de Kooning's. "Much better!" I said. Since I have never seen a single abstract expressionist canvas by Emsh, and probably not by de Kooning, I was displaying a truly remarkable degree of Blind Faith. Sometimes I surprise myself.

We met lots of new people. Ethel Lindsay, as pleasant, comfortable and interesting as a copy of SCOTTISHE; Betty Kujawa, just like her snapshots and letters except not in script; Gene--nice guy, very forceful--I shall never forget how quickly he got a bucket of ice, when I really didn't think it could be done; Walt Willis--just like his pictures, with such alive and glowing eyes; Madeleine Willis--small, pretty, elegant and very loveable; Vic Ryan and Charles Wells, whom I kept getting confused, though they really DON'T look alike--I have it firmly fixed in my mind now what Charles looks like, so I just have Vic to worry about; Michael McQuown, who reminds me a bit of Jerry de Muth though they don't really

look alike except they're both goodlooking and have curling eyelashes; Don & Maggie Thompson--Don is unremarkable in appearance (if he will forgive my saying so) but Maggie is very pretty, so inconspicuously so that you don't notice it at first but when you do notice it, she's really enchanting to look at; Lee Hoffman, quiet and pleasant, with immense dark eyes; Marion Zimmer Bradley, just exactly like her letters and snapshot; and many other fine people.

The costume ball was fun. When Karen Anderson entered the hall, I didn't know it was Karen, but I recognized the costume for a prize-winner immediately. It had that unmistakable imagination and completeness. Dirce Archer's costume was gorgeous, and she really looked cute in it. She had feathers from Bongo and Brandy (Busby birds) sewn in her headdress--if she hadn't won a prize my heart would have broken but it didn't. Belle Dietz came as Princess to Chris Moskowicz' Frog Prince--Belle really looked pretty--how she has improved in looks! Sylvia came as Polychrome, daughter of the rainbow. She was wearing (over a bikini) a loose, graceful short robe of multi-colored pastel chiffon. As Buz said, sighing, "Sylvia was never lovelier."

Oh, and guess what--I learned to twist. That same evening. And after a while I seemed to get the knack so it didn't give me a stitch in the side. Joe Christoff said I was a wonderful twister.

Another person who was out there twisting madly was someone everyone who was at Southgate will remember: the Woman, from the People. The young girl who was gathering autographs at Southgate won a prize at the costume ball--she was wearing the top part of baby doll pajamas with white tights, which doesn't sound like much of a costume and WASN'T. However, she's a real sex kitten to look at--shapely, and sensuous/graceful in movement. The mulatto baby who was with them in Southgate burned to death in a Chicago tenement fire; she has been replaced with a little girl whom somebody (Sandy Cutrell ?) described as the only really sexy four-year-old he'd ever seen. I don't know that I care to see really sexy four-year-olds; however she was a cute child.

My favorite-of-all part of the convention was the banquet--but no doubt that will be widely reported, so I won't. Buz and I were lucky enough to sit right by the speakers' table (a group of us reserved a table) which made it especially enjoyable. Sturgeon looks just like his pictures, except that he has deep lines between his eyes which make him look either very nervous or very irritable. When he started to speak they seemed to go away. His wife is a very magnetic looking woman, with beautiful eyes and eyebrows. She looks very earthy in a clean sort of way. The Sturgeon children were introduced. Robin looks just like his father and Tansy has her mother's beautiful eyes and eyebrows, but her father's narrower face. A very handsome family.

I didn't enjoy the Chicon as much as other conventions I've attended, but it wasn't the fault of the con. I spent the first day or two saying hello to countless people, too excited to relax and be happy. The convention was almost half over before convention euphoria set in. Then, the last day of the con, I started to come down with a cold. I feel very much ashamed to admit this, because I kissed several people goodby, and I know it's extremely illbred to kiss people when one is catching cold. Wrai Ballard said he'd never caught cold more pleasantly--he's so sweet--but fellas, I apologize and I won't do it again.

HOMEWARD BOUND: We took the train Tuesday afternoon, and chatted until we got to the Mississippi River. Then I went to my roomette and lay down to watch the scenery. I love the Mississippi--it's such a nice old river, all silty and full of islands and trees and birds. The sun set while I was watching the river, and that was nice too.

We spent Tuesday evening in the club car, drinking beer and talking to a physical anthropologist named Garn. He looked like a cross between Ron Bennett and Gordon Dickson, and read science fiction, specifically mentioning enjoying the Hoka stories and Piper's "Little Fuzzy." He told us a great deal, though

not more than we cared to hear, about dental caries, Neanderthal man (to whom he seemed warmly attached), and many other things.

One thing in particular interested me. Discussing mental abilities, he suggested that a Sinanthropus baby, by some magic brought up in our modern world, would be able to cope with the physical details adequately--would even be able to read blue prints, but would be unable to cope with people. He said that most of us can predict the actions, can predict the responses of the people around them almost all the time, and that Sinanthropus would not have this ability. I find it easy enough to believe that Sinanthropus would have difficulty getting along with his fellowman--they've found human thigh bones, cracked for the marrow, in Sinanthropus sites, and even "Stranger" hasn't entirely reconciled me to cannibalism.

It's the idea that we modern folk can predict our fellows' reactions that really turns me on. I think he's correct. I think any one of us, in an alert and relaxed state, can make any remark, perform any action, and guess approximately what effect it will have on any known individual. Anyone can have an offday, of course, but don't we all feel that a person who consistently arouses antagonism is either evincing hostility on either a conscious or unconscious level or has a strong will-to-lose, to be a martyr?

Furthermore, I want to suggest that there has been a breakthrough during the twentieth century. Until not too long ago, people predicted their fellows' reactions with the aid of an elaborate code of manners--it's just the last two generations that have had the courage/~~prediction~~ without this aid. The informality of modern manners places much more stress upon acuteness of perception.

And what will the future bring? Very likely we will become more and more aware, more and more alive to multitudinous little clues to reactions. With reaction prediction a precise and infallible science, what price esp?

Wednesday my cold really socked in, and I was MISERABLE. Thank God I had a roomette to myself, and could be miserable in comfort. I was also lucky enough to have an extremely good book to read--"The Middle Mist," by Mary Renault. This is a unique book: it ends with two people falling in love who have known each other for a long time, are compatible in every respect, and are quite free to get married and live happily ever after--yet one feels that their falling in love is, at least temporarily, a tragedy for each of them. It's a sensitive book about people who are honest and real--people one can care about.

And I liked the book because it was about women living on a houseboat. I used to live on a houseboat, so I know what it feels like. And I used to know, or know of, some rather handsome, mannish young women, not too unlike Leo, who lived on houseboats, and I knew some of the men they knew. So all in all, the book struck that chord of mingled familiarity/unfamiliarity that makes a story especially delightful.

It helped.

HOME AGAIN We got in the next day, bought groceries, got the dogs out of hock, and then I concentrated on getting over my cold. By Saturday I felt quite like a human being again, although I was still in slow motion. By Sunday, when the Willises arrived, I felt downright chipper.

Sunday was a lovely day, and Madeleine and I sunbathed. Monday it rained. I could tell from the way it was raining that it was planning to keep it up for at least a week, and felt horribly guilty. Here we had lured the Willises out to Seattle with false promises of what a lovely town it was, and what happened? RAIN. Damned cold moist unpleasant rain. Walt said he'd though he and Madeleine were the only people who felt personally responsible for the weather. But the weather relented, and Tuesday and Wednesday were, if not as fine as Sunday, at least tolerable for hardy types. So we managed to do some of the things we'd planned. Not everything, but we hadn't really expected that. We enjoyed their visit a lot, and when they brought their suitcases out for us to take them back to the bus station, Nobby gave a little moan of anguish and Buz and I agreed with him.

CRY OF THE READERS

[conducted by -- www]

ROY TACKETT DISCUSSES PLUTOCRATS OF FANDOM 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque
Cryptonymous ones: New Mexico 11 August 1962

This is a very fine cover by A. Tom on CRY162. I don't quite understand it, of course, but that is only natural. How come the little ATom cartoon figure -- all flattened out he is, too, the pity of it -- don't have the grass growing out of his navel like he usually do? [He mowed that morning. --www]

Commercial mimeography. Selectric typewriters. (And why not Selectric sneary for TAFF?) Oh, I tell you fandom has changed. Used to be a time when fans struggled for weeks to produce a few hectographed pages which was all they could afford. Nowadays they're filthy rich. (Well, some of them may be clean rich.) Fancy electric typers, commercial mimeography, multiliths. I foresee the day when the champions of the downtrodden will be leaving fandom to write bitter little monographs about how fandom has become filled with bloated plutocrats who are no longer truly creative. [Perhaps. But who will read their drab little hectographed copy? --\$\$\$] Bergeron is head plutocrat. I ask you, what kind of a fan is it who not only has his fmz reproduced commercially but who indicates that he will probably dictate his editorials? I know, I know -- a rich one. [Well, anyway he used to be rich before he spent all his money on his fanzine. --wfw]

I note with vast amusement the report on the "What SF Market" panel. Anderson advocates stf authors spend more time on their homework; Clifton says they should study psychology; and Van Vogt feels they should practice their poetry. Considering that Poul is the only one of the three who appears to be selling any stf these days, it would appear that his suggestion has the greatest merit. It also seems to bear out the idea that stf writing is work -- more work, perhaps, than mainstream writing, which is probably why so many writers have given it up.

Enjoyed your conreport, too, Elinor. It occurs to me that maybe Clifton is one of those authors who is attempting to write good literature and that he looks down on stf because, after all, stf is mostly pulp fiction and therefore not good literature. Now being artistically illiterate I wouldn't know good literature if it was to come up to me with a letter of introduction from Tom Purdom (I did once, back in the days when Terry Carr was a lad -- remind me to tell you of Terry Carr as a lad one of these days; ah, he was a chubby, pink-cheeked little fan -- but I've found that my knowledge of just what constitutes good literature has decreased somewhat in the intervening years. This is probably due to the fact that I've now read a couple of thousand more books than I had when Terry Carr was a lad.) but I do know good science fiction. I hope Clifton succeeds better in his attempts to write good literature than he did in his attempts to write science fiction.

Buz, I quite agree on the qualities of Asahi beer. Japan has a couple of more good brands, too, Kirin and Nippon. The difference, I suppose, is that Japanese beer is still brewed for men -- not for women.

I happily read TCarr's description of some of the unsuccessful authors he has known. Yes. Gazing into the murky depths of my coffee cup I will predict that, judging by Terry's descriptions, these writers will -- happily -- remain unsuccessful.

Fighting the bool and related subjects: Fighting the bool is cruel but it is good politics. Both Mexico and Spain are, well, rather impoverished one might say and if the people can be kept happy with a little blood -- so much the better.

And the people of Great Britain and the USofA would gleefully attend, too, if they had the chance. All the little old ladies who get up at their church socials and decry the cruelty of hacking up the brave bool in the arena would be in the front row yelling "Ole" at the top of their voices if bool fighting were legal in Podunk or Peoria or even Brighton. As evidence I point to the fact that the number of people who watch the televised fights increased by several million the week after Griffith killed Paret. They were hoping to see more of the same.

John Howald: The little story you quote may be sexier than Farmer but Farmer is funnier. Listen, what kind of double-talk are you handing us culture lovers regarding "The Seventh Seal" and "Wild Strawberries"? You tell us that there are messages to be had and thoughts to be thunk and then say that the flics are impossible to understand or describe. Now I ask you, boy, I ask you, if they are impossible to understand how are us culture lovers supposed to get the message? Egad, you haven't been right since the day you and Phil visited the Nameless Ones.

BettyK: While you were asking Avram about using little drawings in F&SF you should have asked him if it would be possible to have some fantasy and science fiction used in the zine, too. (No! No! Avram, put down that gun!)

Rich Brown: Did you ever notice that the 4th Estate in speaking of 18 and 19 year olds always refers to them as boys unless the fellow is wearing a uniform in which case the press labels him a man. Interesting bit of semantics there. [Yes. Particularly when it happens that some 18 and 19 year olds wear dresses. --www]

Well, Wally, old fig, that seems to bring us to the end of CRY 162. I do hope you'll forgive the shortness of this note but you must realize that I have very little time to spare these days -- I am an extremely busy man. [I'll forgive the shortness of your 7-page note if you will do the same. --www] However, I did feel that I should give you and the Busbys some encouragement with your little magazine and do hope that you'll make a success of it. I'm sure that if you pay close attention to the critics and study other fanzines very carefully you'll find your little fanzine right up there on the top along side of YANDRO one of these days.

Roy

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM GIVES US HEH
Dear Cry:

66-17 Clyde Street, Rego Park 74, N.Y.
Aug. 16, 1962

The various writeups on the Westercon really made this issue. Most delightful -- probably more so than having to actually be there and drink all that dull booze and listen to all those dull speeches and meet all those... ahem. Anyway, the telling sounded good. Particularly fascinated by the account of Harlan -- being the first direct word we have heard of him in many months. Things have evidently changed -- at least superficially.

Terry Carr likewise a pleasure. Great Unsold Authors -- ah, what tomes could be written about them! You have to see it someday from an editorial desk to know what the Unsold Hemingways are doing...

Ethel's letter reminds me that it is only next Tuesday that Elsie and I drive out to Idlewild (which is about 15 minutes drive from my home) to be the first to greet the wee wench as she steps onto North American soil. Gives us an unparalleled chance to warn her against "certain fans"...

Heh.

Cordially,

Don

BETTY KUJAWA MARRIED TO THIRD MAN
Wally, Honey.....

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,
Indiana Wed. Aug. 15th, 1962

As of now -- and for a year at least -- I am married to The Thid Man In The Entire World....not the first, not the second... (and absolutely not the sixth...). Early in August up in Montreal Gene came in third in the World All-gauge skeet Championships. This is mighty fine and good...get this----seven guys tied after

three days of 250 targets...in the tie-breaking shoot-offs were Gene, one other businessman shooter, and five Service men. The kids in uniform are all a good ten to fifteen years younger---and every day for 365 days a year they do nothing but shoot rounds of skeet. That is their entire duty to their countries...skeet shooting. They are flown in Army planes to meets all over the globe. All this, targets, guns, planes, entry fees, etc...are paid by taxpayers of America, Canada and England, naturally..... you want we'uns to waste that dough on some rockets or space shots or sumething??? In case anyone Sees Evil in this I must add Italy, France, Germany,..and even more. The U.S.S.R. does the very same thing.

Now if we could sove our differences via skeet-contests...

You hear on NBC radio of the actions of the two Russian Cosmonauts a few days back?? (yes...you bet I was properly impressed by this dual feat..mygosh who isn't?) Radio reported that one guy was doing dances, jigs, singing folk songs and belting out operatic arias before his tv camera. I betcha baby if an American (or Canadian or British or..) astronaut pulled high-jinks like that in flight we'd be yanking him right back to check his sanity!!

But the Russian temperament and style of showing enthusiasm is another thing...so imagine with me, Weber, how other national types would behave on early flights into space.....

The Italian...now here is the one to warble the arias..no?

The Spaniard....stomping out a Flamenco beat on the floor of his cabin to show his raptures??

The Irishman.....(and/or the Scot)..Whisky---or Whiskey (depending on which Gaelic lad is up there) would be copiously imbibed in..and that's just what I would be doing if t'were me up there.

The Frenchman.....Alors..pity ze poor Frenchman...no way to celebrate unless his space-gear included a petit amis..non???

What The Jew would do I haven't a clue..maybe Avram could tell us.

All CRY-fen I hope by now have sneaked up to the nearest magazine stand and copped a good look at the September issue of PLAYBOY....."The Bloody Pulps" ..by Charles Beaumont. Turn then, I beg of you, to page 190....whereon Beaumont speaks of SF-fandom....."Nuts" we are...."a correspondence club for social misfits"....so who's arguing? If I weren't one I'd be happily out at Garden Club doings or other things of that ilk..barring a few fen I'll take what I got now to that any ol day.

I liked the Atom cover--it wasn't too sharply cut..bit fuzzy-wuzzy...but tis purty.

Real Pleased with all the Westercon reporting..and thank you one and all. I was all set to do a report for CRY---the Mid-American Nudist Convention was held some 8 miles from my house. On the big evening of entertainment doings a Twist Contest and a Folk Dancing Contest were held for teen-age participants only. Is your minds-eye at work, Wally??? I hasten to ruin the image by reporting that for these events clothing of the demurest type were worn. I decided not to write a Nudie-con report as Buz says I can only do it from eye-witness observation.....and.....I did not attend.

Good-o Elinor picking up a Magery Allengham book----but every one I now read simply can't stand up against the first one--"Tiger in the Smoke"...I mean the first of Allingham's that I discovered.

Berry article this time belongs in the All-Time Great category. I was praying John would do one on Telstar.....It was one of the very rare times Gene asked (demanded) me to read it aloud to him...and I got laffin and breaking up so much it was a job to get through.

I wonder as to John's reactions to our telecast to them of the Ameddican Scene??? Had I been in charge I'd have knocked out the World's Fair and inserted a good shot or two of a typical lil mid-western American town. Then

too there should have been one shot of a town like Natchez---magnolias, spanish moss dripping down, and white pillared plantation house..get the picture?? I was enchanted with the camera work done in the Black Hills when that herd of buffalo came rolling up over the rise..that was a jewel of a shot.

The RAEBURN ..rollin' along song was a honey..though knowing Boyd he's seething positively livid by now at this inference that He is "old"!!!

I'd be more than happy to see Rick Sneary run for TAFF..through Parker and Tackett have heard just the Greatest about Rick. Why if Rick would run Ella would personally kill or maim any fan who didn't vote for him. Just ask her if she wouldn't.

Misha honey...the book (white man dyed into Negro to tour the deep South) or the author of the book was a Southern White American. Not a Yank come south to view with dismay and meddle and order this and that. The author, wife, and kids had to pack up and leave that part of America....there was no hope that the local law would protect his property or his wife and offspring from then on.

It may take years to clean your own house down there, true---but one hundred years have passed since the Civil War..that the Negro has waited this long is amazing. How long more are they expected to wait?

Till we meet in Chicago....

Betty

HARRY WARNER, JR., REPEATS

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

August 9, 1962

To comment on the cover I must repeat something that I wrote to another fazine not long ago: my amazed gratification that ATom has so suddenly begun to include non-caricatured human faces and figures into his major drawings, as skilfully and fittingly as if this were really his strong point as an artist. I'd assumed that Art had made few efforts to do realistic human figures because he knew his own limitations, just as every artist shies away from the sort of thing that he can't do well. But behold, there are no limitations in this instance.

The Westercon report makes the event sound like much entertainment. In fact, since I've read about the twist contest planned for the Chicon, I have suddenly decided that maybe I should have gone to the Westercon instead of planning to be present for the world convention. To come right out and program one of those things sounds almost as bad as sending out invitations to a lynching.

I find it hard to believe that all these ancients really came out into the modern world, and spoke and moved about among fans who hadn't been born yet when they were already becoming forgotten legends.

I missed the first extended United States to Europe telstar event, but I managed to sneak home long enough to watch the return courtesy, and my reaction was much stronger than during the telecasts of the orbital flights. Here was a practical benefit from the efforts to get out into space, producing a spectacle for the eyes that your mind recognized as such.

But I wish that Tagliavini hadn't hammed up that snatch of Tosca so badly.

You know the thousands of stories in which you converse with a person thousands of miles away by seeing a hearing him simultaneously? Well, Ted Johnstone and I were thinking about starting a video tape correspondence. He could use a tv station's equipment and I could get the people at the local educational tv closed circuit studios to run through the tape for me during the summer when things are slow. It would have been a first in fandom. But Ted was afraid that the station officials would think he was trying to steal tape and I thought that maybe I'd have some more urgent favor to ask of those tv educators some day so the future remains unpenetrated in this respect.

Terry Carr's column deals this time with a breed of aliens: those who attempt to be writers and spend a great deal of their spare time explaining just

how one goes about writing well and reading their own incomplete, unpublished works to others. Jerry Kolden typifies the incompetent who try to make others competent. My own feeling has been that if something I write with intentions of selling is not sold, it shouldn't be inflicted on anyone around me, viva voce.

I have heard some exciting stories about those remote control television sets going into action when someone produces high frequency noises in the vicinity. Such antics bother me terribly. I know that it is still possible to turn off the sets after such occurrences, but what if the manufacturers figure out a way to prevent this form of release? Think of how the nation's economy would benefit by increased consumption of power, earlier need for replacement of parts, and greater consumption of tranquilizers, if the set were plugged into the socket permanently and the off-on switch destroyed itself the first time the customer turned it on. Incidentally, there is a tape recorder in production in Germany which is supposed to be left plugged in and turned on permanently.

I agree with Betty about the Supreme Court's prayer decision. Christ was quite specific about the superiority of praying in private.

I'll believe that story about the kurate killing the bull barehanded when I see documentary evidence.

When I got the whole story about George Willick and the fan awards hassle, I still thought just about as Dick Kuczek does now.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

JERRY POURNELLE COMMENTS ON CONSCRIPTION

7831 5th Ave. NE, Seattle 3, Wn.

Dear Wally,

28 August, 1962

In all the debate that has raged over conscription, it seems to me that one primary argument has been neglected; yet it is perhaps the most important factor of all. Without some kind of conscription, it is impossible to maintain a democratic society.

Now it seems that it is one of those paradoxes that make human society so inexplicable that in order to maintain a free republic, it is necessary to impose upon the citizens in a way that an autocracy or monarchy need not do; but it is true nonetheless. Without conscription it is impossible to keep a free society so long as the republic is threatened by outside enemies.

The external threats to our liberty are such that we must have an armed, disciplined force for defense; but if this army be composed entirely of long term recruits -- i.e. professional soldiers -- then it can easily become an instrument of power in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, and sooner or later will be used to destroy our free society. This Republic was founded by men who had a deep distrust of standing armies; they knew that either the army would begin meddling in politics, or a political leader would use the army unconstitutionally to increase his power. They hoped we would never need a standing army, preferring to rely on a small number of Continentals augmented by the State Militias.

This system will not work today. Defense requires large numbers of disciplined men under arms at all times. In order that this force cannot be used against the Republic, it must be composed in large part of men who are primarily citizens, not soldiers. The job cannot be left to professionals and mercenaries, whose career is war and the life military. No Republic in history has long survived under the protection of such.

Understand that we need professional soldiers, and mercenaries too; we must have men whose business is fighting, for our protection, for the enemy will have professionals also; but we also need citizen soldiers, whose very existence deters the use of the army as a political instrument. It is difficult to get American draftees to fire on their fellow citizens, no matter what the circumstances; the mark of the professional is his iron disciplined obedience.

Therefore, until the day comes when we can again be protected by a Regular Army of 18,720 officers and men, we will be well advised to see to it that much of our armed force consists of citizen conscripts; lest we go the same way as Rome; hiring our soldiers, and discovering that we need a First Citizen, a Caesar Imperator, to control them.

Jerry Pournelle

NANCY SHRINER TOUGH AS EVER

318 N. Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma

Dear Wally, you unspeakable mishap:

8-10-62

No, I'm not mad at you; just didn't want you to think I'd gone soft. From all this furious inactivity I've indulged in for the last little while. Like painting modern art--what fun!

To the last issue a moment, and Redd Boggs. You shouldn't have passed up Hobart, Oklahoma. I exist; I know I exist because if I didn't, would 110 degrees of hotness affect me?

Now #162...I like it very much this time. Far and away the most entertaining Cry in a long time. All of every single tiny bit.

I here and now propose to take on the anti-corrida league in fandom. I sneer down my nose at you weak-stomached individuals. Softies--all of you. You mustn't think of the suffering and agony--it's all in the name of art--or used to be anyway. Besides, why should the suffering of a mere beast bother you. Anyone would think you believe animals have souls.

Now that I have the makings of a splendid battle down on paper, I shall proceed to the rest of the zine.

I shouldn't ever read con reports, because I get so discontented no one can stand me. I want to see one! And I never have. One day tho, if the world lasts long enough, I shall at least make it to Seattle. Not the creature you know from CotR, but the real me--shy, sweet, kind, and modest.

I make my eager way to the lettercol. Paul Williams may be interested to know that i am a bum--got my Fantasia Mathematica in the paperback at a college bookstore.

O hell it is too hot. I can't think, and the typer is taking advantage of my mental lapse. Good-bye and I shall send money when I can safely neglect the phone bill.

Nancy

P.S.:

PPS: Oh never mind.

STEVE STILES LIKES HIS CONCRETE HOT

1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Cry,

August 23, 1962

Nice Atom cover. Ordinarily, an approach like that -- face superimposed in front of an unusual background -- can be trite, but Atom has a certain sensitivity that helps him treat even the simplest subjects with sophistication.

In digging Elinor's report I am suitably envious, and suitably glad that, in all probability -- fingers crossed -- I'll make the Chicon. You ate a porpoise? ---ah, I see you didn't. Good. What do you mean a porpoise on the menu is fish? ---a porpoise on the menu is a dead porpoise, by ghod! Don Franson never says goodbye? Neither does bhob Stewart. He doesn't say hello either. Dick says it's because bhob knows we know when he's coming and going. A good point.

Terry Carr outrages me. I don't believe in all these teenagers of his, sitting around in smoking jackets, creating like mad and writing those thousand page novels. Of course, we of the East Coast are more realistic. The intellectuals I knew would sit around the pool hall and discuss the relative methods for copping rare books from Bookmobiles. They had no illusions; they knew about the Slushpile. But of course, those were writing intellectuals -- we

art students are an entirely different sort.

A group of us would sit around and create masterpieces for the Village Art show. Five friends would sit out on the hot concrete with their proudest possessions, their children, up for sale and display for the admiring public. Of course, not a one of them got sold.

Next year I'm going to try to get in the art show. I like to sit around on hot concrete, and I can read a lot, and do some fanart, and write letters to the fanzines. Besides, by having an exhibit I probably won't have to work for the summer.

What, pray tell, happened to the Minutes????? [The clock ran down.--www]

Still no artwork. Tsh, disgraceful. Enclosed is a heading. If accepted it will need stenofaxing. [It is gladly accepted. I may even use it some issue. --www]

Best,

Steve Stiles

DONALD FRANSON PREFERS BOGGS TO HEINLEIN 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood
Dear Commercially Published but Fannishly Edited Cry, Aug 6, '62 Calif.

Last CRYletter I didn't comment on the CRY at all, and I do wish to say that I thot Boggs' faan fiction was great. So much for #162. Now I will make amends by commenting on #163 and not writing phony con reports.

I must argue with Elinor a little. I thot Stranger In a Strange Land was a failure even in terms of what the author may have intended. What he may have intended was to give the mainstream critics what he thought they wanted, a sloppily-written book; since they had seemed to pass over good science fiction (and Heinlein has been producing good science fiction for years). This didn't work; they didn't like it. My theory is that this was the first stf story Heinlein ever wrote (just as Weinbaum's The New Adam was); unlike Weinbaum, who never submitted his, Heinlein may have thought this would be just the kind of corn to toss to the swine, who obviously didn't think much of pearls. It reads like a first story, don't you think? The super-morality, the impractical ideals, the lack of any plot, the old cliché situations, the lack of structure (you can't blame it all on cutting -- it's too damn long as it is to sustain interest), and the non-tying up of loose ends (compare to "Door Into Summer", a later and better Heinlein.) Another indication of this being early work is the black-and-whiteness of the assorted heroes and villains; another is the inconsistency of the hero's actions: he is super-intelligent, but remains a boob for most of the novel; he is super-tolerant, but disintegrates "bad 'uns" right and left, etc. The plot, or rather story, is similar to Edmond Hamilton's "Son Of Two Worlds", which I read to compare; however, Hamilton's is infinitely better. No, I'm not anti-Heinlein. I think Heinlein has improved -- tremendously -- since he wrote Stranger In A Strange Land. Won't this be a joke on fandom -- not the mainstream critics, as Heinlein may have intended -- if SISL wins the Hugo?

As a man and an author of some of the greatest science fiction ever written, Heinlein deserves two or three Hugos. But for Starship Troopers and Stranger In A Strange Land? Maybe something is wrong with the whole idea of yearly awards, since some years are better than others. Maybe Hugos should be spread over a five-year period or something.

As for SISL being communication, the only idea it communicated was sort of a fraudulent one, to wit: "We must all be brothers, and love one another, but only a few of us can qualify, of course." What the world really needs, to avoid war, is a philosophy that will include everyone on earth, not just the elite. Water-brothers seem something like blood-brothers: like the Assassins, the Thugs, Nazis, juvenile gangs. They love one another; but everyone else, they hate.

John Berry, on the other hand, is not slipping.

Skipping over Terry Carr, that dirty pro, we come to "Ol' Man Raeburn." I wonder if people will think that I sent this to CRY? I didn't, though.

My, the WAHF is getting distinguished these days. How do you qualify for it?

Yours,

Donald Franson

MIKE DECKINGER DEFINES A "BAD CONVENTION" 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey
Dear CRYstaff, 8/11/62

I'm all in favor of your proposal to have CRY professionally mimeographed, and I'm sure most of the other readers will accept it with equal delight. Of course, in switching it might be wise to institute a few new changes. Use a cheaper grade paper, stretch the size, adopt the use of wirephotos from AP or UP, and give it a more sophisticated title; THE TIMES or THE HERALD TRIBUNE for instance. You may wind up with having President Kennedy entering a sub.

Elinor says she dislikes Mark Clifton because of one page in WHEN THEY CAME FROM SPACE. I am a bit more open-minded in the matter of personal likes and dislikes -- I dislike Clifton for the entire book, which I read as a serial in AMAZING, and which was handled so tepidly and unimaginately, that I felt with a little doctoring the story would have been snapped up by some comic book publisher.

For Ella's benefit, a "bad sf convention" would be one where the accommodations were uncomfortable, the attendees were irritating, and the drinks were non-existent.

I thought Avram won a Grania, not an Adgar.

Phooey on the JFK Coloring book. I urge everyone to get "Uncle Shel's ABZ bood" which is just perfect if you have any youngsters of the impressionable age in need of a journal to assist in their upbringing.

rich brown's story about his pharmaceutical purchases was beautiful.

Latimer's plug for PANIC BUTTON, and his subsequent summation is true, but it makes me wonder if he's familiar with THE REALIST. Nirenberg and PANIC BUTTON are more or less of a bland version of Krassner and THE REALIST.

Sincerely,

Mike

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN EXPOSES ELLISON HOAX Box 283, 73 ADIV, Tyndall AFB,
Dear Wailink Comrades, Florida 9 Aug 62

I was overjoyed to receive my CRY in the mail. I've needed a good CRY for days.

Wally Weber's report, although obviously fictitious, was interesting, and very amusing, but what gives it away as a fake is the mention of a character that everyone knows is a fannish hoax -- Harlan Ellison. The fact that Elinor tried to palm off the same trick on the readers of CRY is a scurrilous insult to their intelligence. I mean, of course, the whole world knows that Ellison is really the pen name of a guy named Cheech Bradbury. Next time someone sees this Cheech character, ask him if he remembers a real cool boy name of Hutcherson -- says he did some photo work for Harlan Bradbury at one time.

I was always partial to Saint Joan. Last time I saw it live was in London in '55, with Siobhan McKenna in the title role. Audiences there is no accounting for, Elinor. Several times we found them laughing at things that we didn't think were very funny, and after you've rehearsed a play a few dozen times, you get to know the damned thing so intimately you begin to feel obscene in its presence, and often they didn't laugh at things that were really pat humour. Just bear with them, Elinor, and maybe they'll go away.

Ella Parker: an ATom bem -- cuddly-looking! I agree with your thing about sex, Ella, 100%. I'm extremely sensitive to the feelings of other

people, and to me, at any rate, 90% of sex or love-making is the psychological and emotional attitude of one's partner. Sex by itself is highly over-rated.

As to tauromachy, I'd rather face a quiet, mildly confused bull just out of the pen to one that has been maddened by harassment from men, picks and horses. He isn't anything less dangerous for all this, unless, perhaps, a little tired. And remember, the muleta is a frail thing compared with the power and weight of a bull. Even the greatest, like Manolate, have died. You're giving the man too much credit. The man rich brown refers to in his letter was Maas Oyama, of Okinawa, one of the world's top two Karate masters -- red belt, I believe. The incident occurred in Madrid in 1959.

Betty Kujawa leaves her chin nicely exposed for a wild disclaimer in her opening sentence, but I'll leave it to her to discover it.

Rich Brown: Obelisk; that sounds vaguely phallic, or something. I've never heard of it before. What did Playboy bounce this time? Don't give up; Fickett's still plugging, and I still haven't heard from the Saint on the story I submitted last Feb or March.

You talk like a 20-year man. Come off it, rich you're no more suited to this life than I am or Bill was. What happened to your powerful, rebellious ideal of independence?

You never told me the story about the purchase of contraceptives, that I can recall. Recent occurrence?

Somebody please send me a copy of whatever TAFF report comes out. I'll even go to the extreme of (choke) paying good Yankee money for them.

Well, as usual, there's my short note to CRY for this month. I say short note, because I know www will chop it to the bone, thereby extracting all the meat, especially where I try to ace him out with Betty K.

Where is Joe Green, and where has he published? I need the specific info for several members of the old writers' club who want to see what his pro work looks like. Anyone with such info please submit.

Peace,

Misha

LES NIRENBERG FINDS EDUCATION ENGAGING 1217 Weston Rd, Toronto 15, Ont., CANADA
Dear CRYbabies,

OL' DADDY Raeburn has been getting around. Seems he told Pierre Berton, Canada's most widely read columnist, all about fandom. Reason I know all about this is because BERTON WAS HERE! First thing he asked was, "Why can't you at least put up a sign reading 'Coexistence Candy Store'?" To which I answered, "But the people around here already think I'm a beatnik."

But Berton has already heard of fandom and he digs it! Which is more than I can say (from reports) of Mrs. Camper. He showed a lot of interest in the article that is to be in the Dec. issue of COSMOPOLITAN, and when he heard that the article was to be unkind towards fanzine publishing he gave me a kind of "we gotta do something to beat 'em" look.

So, within the next week, I expect the TORONTO STAR will carry, not only a column on Leslie Nirenberg and THE PANIC BUTTON, but also at least one column on fandom and fanzine pubbing. I'll send you copies. So all in all, old man Raeburn hasn't been sleeping -- he's been more like a one-man N3F.

I was engaged last week. The big day is July 7 '63. My fiancée is a grade 3 teacher for the North York Board of Education -- a non-fan (but slowly getting fannish). Who knows -- we might end up with another zine like YANDRO.

Later...

Les

TOM PURDOM BECOMES INTERESTED IN CIVILIZATION

1213 Spruce Street, Philadelphia

My Loyal Followers:

7, Pa.

July 28, 1962

For some reason I can't find the last Cry, so I write this only from memory of what I wanted to comment on. But the time is growing late. The deadline is near. [You can relax now. You missed the deadline. This is next issue. --www]

Harry Warner mentions a loss of interest in space travel now that it's upon us. I have this problem. Until Sputnik, I was a real fanatic, but my enthusiasm tapered off very rapidly after the launching of the first US satellite. I now skim rapidly through published accounts of Project Mercury, etc. I did get a big charge out of hearing Glenn's flight on the radio, and felt sorry for Carpenter's lack of public enthusiasm, but I can't wade through all that type. I guess it's because it's now an accepted national goal, and I'm a young radical by nature. Somebody at the office asked me what I thought of Telstar and I explained my previous fanaticism and present lack of interest. "What are you interested in now?" they asked. "Civilization -- they won't achieve that in my lifetime." That was impromptu, but I think it sums up my feelings. Here in Philadelphia, we have a broad river, the Schuylkill, running through the center of the city. It has a lovely park along its banks. But you can't swim in it because of the industrial waste. To me, civilization would mean rivers people could swim in running through cities. I'm certain Rhysling will be singing by the canals of Mars before Philadelphians are swimming in the Schuylkill. Space travel just wasn't a life's work after all.

A new institution, the Fortnight Thursday Beer Drinking Club, met at Magillan's Olde Ale House here in center city this last Thursday, July 26. Magillan's is an old ale house, all dark wood and rough tables, and licenses going back to 1860 (it was founded to get the soldier trade). They have dark beer on tap, two dollars for an eight stein pitcher. Among prominent SF fans present, Will Jenkins, El Presidente Emeritus of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, and Me. There was some discussion of changing the group's name to the 26th of July Movement, since we were holding our first meeting on the 26th of July (hi, Betty), but that was voted down by our leader, Fugencio Diaz. A great deal of business consisted of toasts to various well known public figures. "El Hassan!" "Ray. Homer Crawford! Ray!" "Now we'll separate the men from the boys," I said, and thrusting my stein at Jesse, yelled, "Ben Bella!" "Ben Khedda!" Jesse yelled. Violence seemed imminent, but the social worker yelled, "Ben Casey!" and averted bloodshed. Cries of El Hassan rang through the entire meeting. "Who's El Hassan?" asked the social worker. "One of my employees," Jesse said. "Ben Khedda!" I yelled. "Ben Bella!" Jesse answered. "Ben Casey!" "Ben Gay!" "Ben Zadrine!" "Ben Gurion!" "Ben Franklin!" The meeting ended at midnight. Any Cryer in Philadelphia on any alternate Thursday, counting from the 26 July 1962, is welcome to attend our meetings.

JFK came to town on July 4 and, since Independence Square is only a few blocks away, I went to see him. It was a lovely, sunny morning and the trees in the new mall have gotten big enough and bushy enough the mall mall looks like a grove. I was very interested in the reaction of the crowd. They had an intense desire to see the President. "Can you see him? Can you see him?" From where I was, in the middle of the crowd, you could see a tiny tanned face over a white collar. Nobody seemed interested in listening to the President. As soon as he started talking, people started leaving. They had seen the President. I found this sad. I had the feeling all these people wanted to participate in an important event, wanted to share in the President's fame and importance, and thought that seeing him in the flesh would do it. Instead of participating, by being citizens listening to their elected leader and evaluating his words, they were spectators. Some people were actually jumping up and down to see that tiny, far away face. All around me, that was all I could hear, "Can you see him? Can you see him?"

Betty's remarks on Student and Cuba remind me of a line from George Orwell's Looking Back on the Spanish War, "...official war-propaganda, with its disgusting hypocrisy and self-righteousness, always tends to make thinking people sympathise

with the enemy." It seems to me our biggest American political vice is looking for Bad Guys and Good Guys. That the situation in Cuba may not fit into these categories, indeed may be something no American, with our preconceptions about the world, can possibly pass judgement on, is an idea which seems to occur to very few people, Left or Right.

Tom

BOB LICHTMAN ADMITS NEED OF HAIRCUT

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56,

Dear CRY:

Calif.

Monday, 27 August 1962

Since I didn't join the Chicon I didn't get a chance to vote for CRY on the Hugo ballot, so I guess it probably lost.

#162 was a somewhat more interesting than usual issue, on account of all the Westercon reportage, but this also makes it rather less commentable. In fact, about the only comment I can make is to note to Elinor that the reason my hair was so "unbecoming" was that I needed a haircut somewhat frightfully and had to pile all that hair up wherever it would stick without flying around.

Jeez, to be remembered only as having an "unbecoming hairdo." Oh well...

I liked Terry's reminiscences or whatever they were, and I wish Elinor had been given more space to say her say, but it is time to dig into the lettercolumn, that repository of fannish something-or-other for The Ages, and see what gives this month.

Ella Parker: You on sexual experience: It is my opinion and observation that [Whoops, lemme read a little ahead here. Ummin. Er, ah, gulp. Choke & blush. Snip, snip, snip. --www] But this is enough talk like this for a so-called Family Fanzine. If you're interested, take this up in correspondence at the address above.

Rich Brown: You advocate oral contraceptives for interesting, but hardly pertinent, reasons, though your write-up of your experiences in getting rubbers is a scream. The more obvious advantage in oral contraceptives is that in not using a rubber shield, as it were, you [Snip, slash, hack!! --www]

I guess that's all.

[Whew! --www]

Best & all,

Bob

LENNY KAYE DROPS A SUBJECT

418 Hobart Road, North Brunswick, N.J.

Dear CotN pickers:

CRY #161 arrived today and I was literally astounded by the beauty of Sylvia's cover. It is perhaps the most skillful use of shading plates I've seen in a long time. The head looks very lifelike, but is spoiled by being a little too All-American.

Boggs was really marvelous. Best two lines..."That Jaguar X-KE was delivered today. It looks like some kind of sports car," and "Ted Pauls sent me a LoC today, but it is too long and humorous to publish."

Terry sort of caught up the whole fuggheaded attitude of the Civil Defense people. I don't get the esoterica of the cartoon below it, though.

White had the second best thing in the issue (Boggs was first.) It provokes no comments, other than it was an enjoyable bit of chatter.

We were sitting around in Algebra class yesterday, and I asked the teacher what a hexa-hexa-flexagon was. She thought I was kidding. "Are you kidding?" was about the way she put it. "No," I said. "I'm serious." "Hmmmmm..." she said. "It's a flexagon that hexa's twice."

I dropped the subject fast....

Joy:

Lenny

HIMMEL!

Dear Elinor,

With typical feminine inaccuracy, there are a number of errors, I might point

out in your account of your meeting with me -- now doesn't that sound fierce.

First of all it was a football, not a baseball game, and Laney was sitting right in front of me and I started pounding him on the back, saying why did you pick on my friends. I also told him the crowning blow was that he had said only nice things about me.

And besides my first name is spelled Nieson and whether I am a newspaperman or not is debatable -- by some people around here. Especially my city editor.

I am truly fierce, however, and just you remember that. I regularly eat three powdered babies for breakfast and snap heads off recalcitrant women.

But as I said before I can't argue with a beautiful woman.

I am coming back to the Fair and perhaps Chicago.

My lawyer will communicate with you further.

himmel

NORM CLARKE BEERS WITH US

223 Bancroft St., Aylmer, P.Q., CANADA

Dear CRYsters:

I notice folks have a Funny way of Saluting you in the Salutations of their letters to CRY. Yes, I have seen an issue of CRY (gee, I didn't have to underline it and capitalize it, did I?) and, okay, Elinor, I'm hooked. Enclosed, find a buck, please. If it's not there, it means that I changed my mind at the last minute and decided to buy a case of beer instead. Sometimes, you see, I think that I need a case of beer more than I need a sub to CRY -- not often, though, I'll admit: most of the time I sit around with plenty of beer but hardly enough CRYs. One CRY? That's ... why, that's a straight line.

"Old Man Raeburn" I dug; and did you know that O.M.R. is going to attend the First ~~WYAZ~~ Western Quebec Science Fiction Convention this week? I phoned him at his office a few days ago to remind him that I have run out of razor blades (oh yes; I shave now, you know). You know ... on the phone, he sounds like he has an English Accent or something. He's awfully nice in person, though. Did you ever notice that?

So, now well into my second case of beer, I resume this sporkling letter of comment. Actually, I really haven't gone into the second case, but Gina and I Went Out for a Drink and some Chinese Food. So now we are Back Home, surrounded by the remnants of last night's party (it took place after the fiasco of my kid brother's Jazz Concert -- he's an Arranger), at which various Jazz Musicians and Disc Jockeys and Girl Vocalists and female Musician-Freaks golloped down not-very-immense quantities of Cheap Wine (the good kind) and reacted in their several ways -- although nobody (to my knowledge) barfed -- like running around my backyard screaming at five a.m. and sitting on records with embarrassed grins and feeling strange legs and Explaining Jazz and putting down Folk Songs (except for the D-J who carefully explained how his musical tastes had Developed and Matured so that now he'd just as soon listen to the Kingston Trio as Ellington or Chas. Parker) and just generally having a Hell Of A Good Time, the bastards. I hope the bastard who spilled a cupful of wine all over my white shirt while I was Resting on the floor died of acute alcoholism this morning. I know I nearly did.

Well, this has been a Letter of Comment on CRY #162, on which I am now hooked, thanks to the devilish plotting of Elinor Busby and the subtle manœuvrings of her baby-kissing handshaking backslapping sincerely-smiling rabble-rousing politicking spouse (hi, Buz!)

I certainly hope you find the dollar enclosed in this letter; because if it's not there, then I don't know where I put it. But I suspect Gina has something to do with it. She so often has.

For now,

Norm

PHILLIP A HARRELL SUFFERS A KONSPIRACY 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia
IT'S A CONSPERICY! (Conspiracy? How the crud do you spell conspearecy?) One
whole magnificent Issue of CRY without me! I saw the mail man coming. He looked
pale, and each time he looked at my house he shuddered and when he reached into
his bag his hand trimbled so badly he could hardly control it. THIS WAS IT!
For just one ecstastic moment before I opened CRY, I looked to discover what
witty reason the CRYgang had thot of for giving me a free CRY this time and dis-
covered my name had a four next to it. My that was a clever reason and -- MY
NAME HAD A FOUR BESIDE IT!!

I scanned the WAHF. I went through the letter column. I began to split the
pages and there I discovered Wally's secret Letter column. Tell me CRY readers,
did you know Wally conducts a CotR between the pages of CRY? At anyrate I dis-
covered my letter wasn't in that one either. I snarled over to the prostrate
postman pitifully pleaing "pity" (how's that for aliteration?) and started beating
him soundly about the head and shoulders with the bloody end of his arm. "This
will teach you not to Deliver my letters to CRY you inhuman Clod!" I screatched
savagely.

Then I came back to the house to digest my CRY #162 with the intriguing
cover by ATom.

Love that Jerome Korn Poem.

HWYL was even more beautiful than it usually is. It held so much truth and
Elinor expressed my feeling about Audiences at plays.

I remember one incident where I had been literally Drug to a High School pla-
to see "Pigmalion". What it turned out to be was a mismarsh of a scratchy record
played every five minutes when everyone would freeze so they could play that Gosh-
awful scratchy record. I arrived with a Neighbor who had cunningly trapped me
into going. When I got in I noticed a few other disconsolate beings there watching
the stage disparingly. There were about 25 other people there, and the son, who
was on the backstage crew, kept talking about how I picked a good night to come
because "look at all the Crowd". Finally I heard this wild burst of applause and
I noticed that everyone was staring at us. "Well, I heard that you are always
suppose to applaud the scenery when the curtain opens," said my hostess. The
stage was set with an outline of a door and one stoop obviously meant to represent
a porch. The actors brayed in their "Americanized-Cockney" and just about every
five minutes everyone would freeze so they could present excerpts from a My
Fair lad album that sounded like some one had wiped their feet on and the
sound blurred and skipped groves and it was a horrifying experience to a record
collector like I am. Not only that, there were so many coughs during that "per-
formance" I began to wonder if I hadn't gotten into the pneumonia ward by mistake.

Best,

Phil

ROSEMARY HICKEY HAS A TASTE OF CRY 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Illinois
Dear CRY #162, August 6, 1962

With so many LOC's identifying their commentary by issue numbers it would
seem most appropriate that this greeting be directed to the issue which has just
arrived and which has just been devoured by me. (I'm hungry....it's lunchtime
and there was nothing else to eat.)

ELINOR! You're funny. The British don't speak any wild, fast pace. It's
true that the lay British (meaning non-theatre folk) do have a propensity to cut
the length of a vowel sound....but your complaint that the Old Vic Company "spoke
so fast" has been made by every foreigner who attempts to communicate with an
American....that we speak so fast that our speech is unintelligible. If the
theatre acoustics are efficient and the actors have been trained in the art of
projection, they must enunciate clearly enough. Because projection demands
just that kind of practice.

I would have agreed with you if you were discussing a play in which the leads

were being played by Hollywood stars. Most of them are quite inadequate on stage. Physically, they are awkward....and vocally, and facially are completely lost (to themselves and to the audience) when the mike isn't right overhead following them around....and ditto with the camera.

OK, I didn't see "Saint Joan" nor have I seen the Old Vic Company this time around. But I did see a performance of theirs in the worst sort of environment. My seat was near the top of Chicago's Opera House (a barn about three blocks long by three blocks high and two blocks wide). The sound was amplified and the loudspeakers crossed their sound waves at me most unsymmetrically. It was easy to understand every word, although it became more entertaining to listen to the echoes cutting into each word. The performance was magnificent....and, I felt, completely wasted in that house. That experience was so disappointing that I have refused to go in that opera house again. Unless it is possible to get within the first ten rows....in any theatre....I find that rude, ill-mannered people are still in theatre audiences and that there's too much separation between the stage and the audience and the precious essence of live theatre is lost for me.

Coughers in the audience will always be with us. They're the fatheads who were dragged to the performance over their dead bodies....and are then demonstrating the usual zombie manners.

It's really too bad that the theatre needs the money....otherwise, we could have the audience screened and permit only those properly interested in the drama to purchase seats.

We're going this Wednesday evening to an amazingly good summer stock music theatre....and even though it's "in the round" we're still sitting within the first 4 rows. I'll let the talkers and the coughers sit behind me....as far back as I'm lucky enough to have them....and the actors will be talking right to usso we won't miss a word....nor any empathy. What fun.

Rosemary Hickey

CHARLES WELLS PRAISES CRY TYPING
Dear CRY:

2495 Sherbrooke Drive NE, Atlanta 6, Georgia
August 10, 1962

Number 162 has a mahvelous front cover except that I think it would have reproduced better if you had had it Gestefaxed. When ATom does illos for Cadenza, I have them gestefaxed. Why don't you have them Gestefaxed? [Because we have an Elinor Busby, and we don't blame you for being jealous. --www]

The thing that I don't understand about CRY is how come its typing is so perfect. That IBM, of which I am insanely jealous, gives an extraordinarily neat impression, but that's only half of it; there AREN'T ANY TYPOES! [Why you crumb! You don't read the lettercolumn! --www]

That betykujawa's letter is downright fascinating. Her crack a JFK reminds me of another one that has been going the rounds, and I quote it although I am an ardent Democrat: Roosevelt showed us what a President can do, Truman showed us that anyone can become President, Eisenhower showed us that we really don't need a President, and Kennedy showed us that it's dangerous to have one.

I would agree with Rich Brown, I mean rich brown, about military life. His description of it as a "good 5¢ puberty rite" is clever and apt for some people, including me. But he seems to be enjoying post-basic military life more than I did. I was bothered most by the presence in all too many individuals I had to come in contact with of the Military Mind, which is an equal mixture of sadism, going-to-extremes, and ineptness. I think that if about a third of the officers and about two thirds of the NCO's in the Air Force could be discharged, the USAF would be so greatly improved it could operate just as well as now on that much less strength. That and the fact that military life takes up rather more of your time than a civilian job does was enough to make any idea of my reenlisting utterly nonsensical.

See you in Chicago. I hope.

Sincerely,

Chuck

RUTH BERMAN SNORTS AND CHORTLES 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17,
Dear Cryggles, Minnesota September 20, 1962
Snort. Chortle. I quote from CRY 135, January, 1960: "I have avidly
read 'The Goon Goes West'; tales like this always get me; I just love to
read them. I get all the wonderful feeling of being 'there' without the
heart-failure it would give me in reality." The writer: wee Ethel Lindsay.
Och, Ethel, that was some heart attack, the Chicon. And you seemed to love
it. Now hurry and write one of those "tales like this."

Sincerely,

The 'satiabile Ele Fant's Child
Ruth Berman

ALMA HILL NAMES 102% NEFFER 463 Park Drive #11, Boston 15, Mass.
Dear CRY; August 23, 1962

For the benefit of friends who sounded worried, and others who may have
been, my son is doing fine. I guess I sounded a bit frantic. But what parent
is not used to being a bit frantic off and on? Life seems to go from floe to
floe, between the river and the snow, but there it is, hopping along as ever,
and if not the same people, at least the same race. So besides my gratitude
for good wishes, I am also grateful for all the laughs. They certainly warm
up the dark days, and even improve the sunny ones.

Prize laugh in the last two issues was Busby's department of fuller
explanation. For perfect logic, complete in every detail as far as it goes,
except for being upside down, that boy is unique even in fandom. First he
makes grave scientific pronouncements based on a few doddlings during his
lunch hour, then, of all things, he wants to clear up the record on the
prizes awarded at costume balls, and you'd swear he's perfectly serious.

I see where Betty Kujawa still believes in 102% Neffers. We have only
one: Seth; and he is a special case. He says he spent his first few years on
a harbor barge. Now you know if you were raising a toddler on a spot like
that, you'd develop all his ingroupicity to where he'd be a special case,
too, wouldn't you?

Incidentally, you may be interested to hear that BSFA is trying to join
N3F as a group, but my personal reaction to this idea is that, although they
are welcome as flowers in spring, nevertheless fans can't keep up a lockstep
for two steps consecutively, so we will be content with one at a time.

Fondly,

Alma Hill

DAVE KEIL FLOATED BY STURGEON 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.
Dear Cry, Sept. 7, 1962

TV OR NOT TV was highly amusing in places. The TELSTAR sequence was
especially funny, as a similar set of circumstances occurred to me, as my
family sat eagerly around the television set, waiting for the big moment.
And, as the announcer cautiously said "This is it!!!!!!!!!" ...our tv went
blank. I rushed to the set, banged it, pounded it, pleaded with it...but the
dammed thing was definitely out. Later, we saw the whole thing retaped. But
as I sit here and think of our predicament.....

What exactly was the purpose in the farce entitled FANDOM HARVEST? I
myself am an aspiring young author and hope to write professionally some day
...so what was the reason in satirizing such an effort? Or did I misunder-
stand the point?

Can't help mentioning the fabulous CHICON III here...my first con,
y'know. I had no authority to say so myself, but after being backed up by
SAM MOSCOWITZ and ANTHONY BOUCHER personally -- this was one of the best cons
...or...specifically one of the most moving and emotionally electrifying

HUGO PRESENTATIONS banquet that graces the pages of fandom... After hearing TED STURGEON's most wonderful speech, I was floating, so to speak. But Bob Heinlein was the ultimate that evening...dear Bob...he invited us all up to his room. Love that man...as all fandom does. His poor wife is v e r y sick, though.

Anthony Boucher I think expresses the right idea when he terms CHICON III "...the convention of love..."

CRYfannishly yours,

Dave Keil

[And now we have a letter left over from TIGHTBEAM. -www]

ED MESKYS GIVES A KOLDEN REPORT

Theoretical Division, Bldng 162, Room 1075
Lawrence Radiation Lab, Box 808,
Livermore, Calif.

19 Aug, 62

[fanzines to c/o Metcalf, Box 336,
Berkeley 1, California]

Dear Wally --

Terry's column really flabbergasted me because I just met Jerry Kolden three days ago... he now works here at the Rad Lab.

Here's how it happened. Earlier this week when the typist who drives me to work asked if the copy of SFTimes I was reading was a club newspaper, I didn't feel like going into a long explanation and let it go with a, "Well, sort of." Wednesday she said that when she told an ex-New-Yorker in her building that I was from NY and got an SF club magazine, he asked her to ask me if I belonged to the "Hydra Club". To make a short story long, I met him at lunch the next day (and Friday too) and learned many interesting things. He belonged to the Hydra Club from 1940 to 1942, at which time he went into the armed services, and knew among others Harry Harrison & de Camp. He was a part of the group that founded Galaxy magazine (the title was his idea) and sold it to the publisher when they quickly went broke. And, as Terry mentioned, he drew for EC Comics, belonged to the Golden Gate Futurian Soc. in '55, & worked on a TV project with Terry.

Meeting me got him interested in contacting fandom again, but for lack of time he doesn't intend to become too active. Since he primarily wanted to get mail and learn about what had happened to his old friends, I loaned him a few issues of SFTimes and suggested he join the N3F (he did). When I get back from NY I'll lend him a few issues of Axe, Comic Art and Xero.

So there you have it -- all I know about Jerry Kolden.

And what Strange Psionic Powers does Cry have, anyhow? Last summer you start talking about Mark Walsted and I meet him. This summer no sooner does Terry Carr mention Jerry than I meet him -- and the Power is so strong that this happens while the issue is still waiting for me in Berkeley!

Don Franson did a pretty good job of describing the Westercon N3F meeting, but he made one goof and I wonder why he left out some of the more spectacular events. First off, I did NOT take a bus to Berkeley! I took another subway, and got off at Livermore. (And I was lucky enough to get a seat this time.) Look, Don, you should know that no true subway fan would be caught dead in a bus -- that's even more offensive than a car! Why, I'd have walked before taking a bus!

I agree 100% with Len Moffatt -- I met Rick Sneary on my two recent trips to LA and, if his health can take it, he would be an ideal TAFFman!

Stfly yerz

Ed

WE ALSO HEAR FROM::::

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM sends sticky money for MAE SURTEES STRELKOV and warns, "If all goes well, and the mail strike in her province clears up, you should feel the resulting shock wave in about three months." DENNIS LIEN sends

money and wants to know if we have back issues. We do have a few (hundred?). TOM PURDOM writes, "I'm working on my first novel (contemporary, not science fiction), and it's a pretty tough job. So I'm just not going to have any time left over for writing letters. I'm certain Cry won't collapse without me, but I didn't want you thinking you had lost a faithful reader." VIC RYAN sends us a postcard bearing instructions for dealing with his subscription that's too complicated for you readers, so forget it. ARCHIE MERCER announces a permanent new mailing address: c/o B.S.F.A. Library (Basement) 130 London Road, Cheltenham Glos. England. CHARLES FORTIER also has a new address, which he hopes to keep for the next nine months (well, eight months now): Box 587, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh 13, Penna. We have here a form letter from MIKE HAGGERTY announcing most ambitious plans and a change of address (if everybody moving?) to 205 Dennett St., Fresno, Calif. TOM SEIDMAN writes that he has accepted a position with Boeing (everybody bow your heads -- cummon, now!) and is moving (everybody is moving!!) to Seattle. In fact, we have it on good authority (namely, Tom Seidman) that he is already here. ALAN PARKER (512 Patte Canyon Drive, Missoula, Montana) wants info about CRY, such as price, contents, etc., but I haven't the heart to tell him. The following nice people send us money: JAMES R. SIEGER, LENNY KAYE, WILLIAM BLACK, ED BRYANT, VOL JOHNSON, CLAUDE N. SAXON, JR., and GARY DEINDORFER. Thank you, nice people. MISS PHYLLIS BRODSKY also sends us money, but she writes her check pay to the order of "CRY". I wonder if Miss Phyllis Brodsky will ever get to read what we have to say about this sort of thing on page three? I wonder how the Cone Company will manage with these stencils? I wonder if perhaps I should stop stalling and write up the return address at the bottom of this page?

Next issue?

-- WWW

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

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

A number after the addressees name indicates that the addressee is a normal healthy, well-balanced subscriber who has that many issues still coming, someday, somehow, sometime. A blankness after ye addressee's name is another matter entirely, and we wouldn't take his money for this issue for anything in the world.

deliver real quick to:

Walter Breen
2402 Grove Street
Berkeley 4, Calif.

