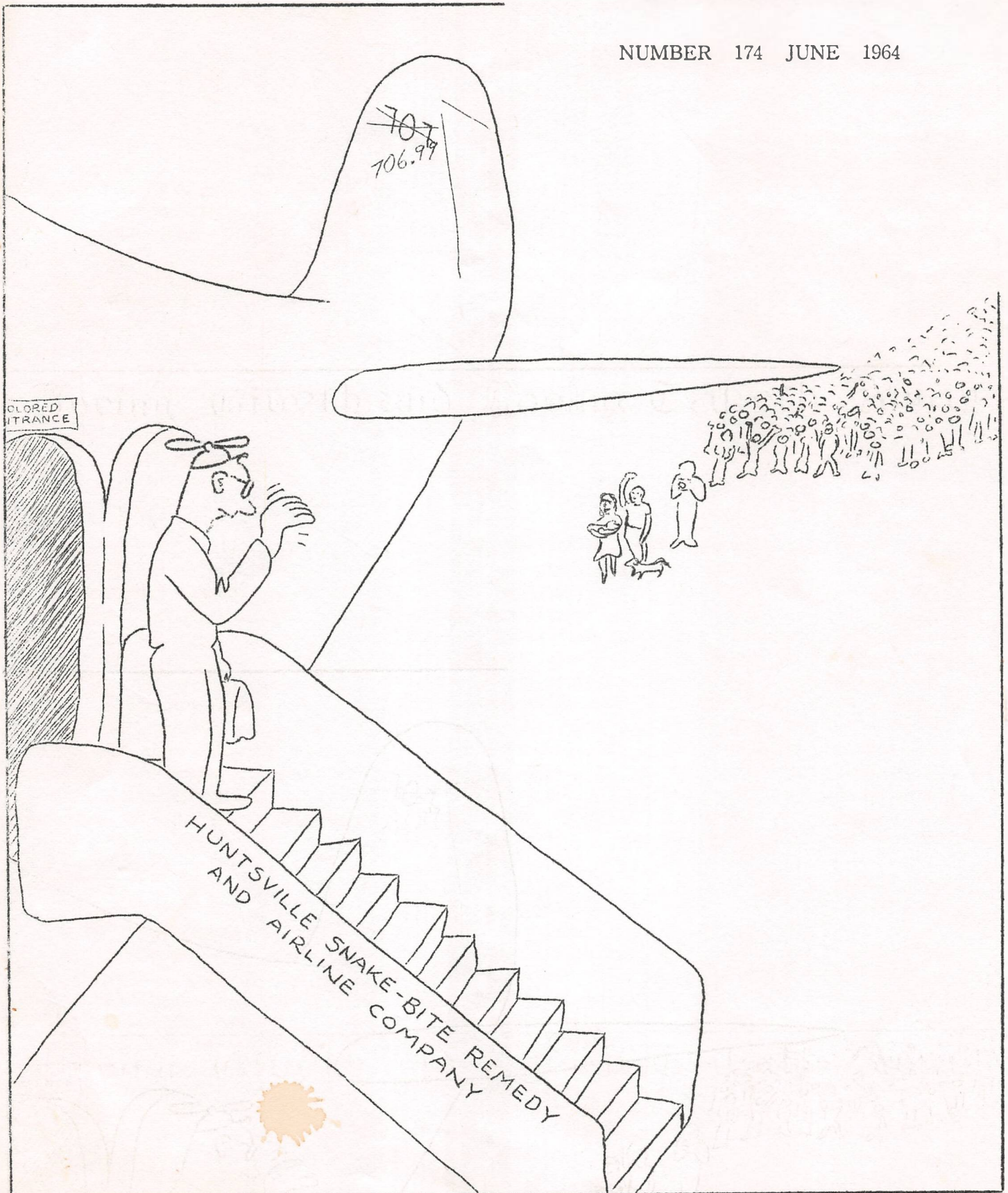


CRY

NUMBER 174 JUNE 1964



Boeing Giveth and Boeing Taketh Away

CRY

NUMBER 101 JUNE 1964



Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed Aircraft

This is CRY #174, June 1964, edited and published by Wally Weber and by F M & Elinor Busby, from Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 98104 Washington, and printed by the Cone Company of Seattle

It is also, so far as we know at this time, the final issue of CRY. The Boeing Aircraft Company's little man with the dart board in the Personnel Office has transferred Wally to Huntsville, Alabama. We've talked it over a lot but there seems to be no feasible way to continue with CRY at that distance. There have been kindly and appreciated offers of help, but it simply will not march, my friends. So, not with a whimper but with a startled yelp, CRY ends.

First, though, we have these C o n t e n t s for you:

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These people cut this many stencils each: Wally 22, Elinor 9, Buz 2

Debriefing session: Wally intends to complete his full-dress TAFF Trip Report [to be published for the benefit of TAFF as well as that of the reader] in the next month or so. Mail sent to Box 267 (and probably Box 92 as well), 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 98104, will be forwarded to him when he gets settled in Huntsville. Maybe with luck he can find Es Adams and return him to fandom.

It is going to take some digging into the back pocket to return all the outstanding sub-moneys; quite a bit of that loot is tied up in unsold back-issues, so naturally we will try to pay off in these insofar as possible to those subscribers who are agreeable and don't already have everything we could send them. We may also enrich your collection with a copy of the fabulous THE GOON GOES WEST by ace CRY-contributor John Berry, if you're missing this: nearly 180pp of Berry imagery, ATomilloes, with maps and photosheets added to the version that appeared serially in CRY in 1959-60.

Obviously not everyone can or need be paid off in back-issues, and I don't mean to imply that paying off in ca\$h will send any of us to the poorhouse or like that: if you would definitely prefer money, a postcard to 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 98119, will arrange it. The same address is the best place to cite your preference for specific back-issues or numerical (or time-period) areas of same, also-- with some of you, we're not sure what you already have and what you don't. [rich brown, as an old and valued supporter, write fast; we have the back-issues out where we can find them now, and you do deserve first whack at the scarcities]

One thing: 1959 and 1960 issues are in very short supply, being only a few miscellaneous copies: the normal "remainders" stack for those years is at the moment (like, for about a year now) completely mislaid around here someplace.

Brand-new subscribers can expect a fast stack of recent back-issues unless we hear from them almost immediately; they may also place further orders, natch. There are still some stacks of 1958-and-earlier copies at Tosk's place, I think.

Well, I certainly never expected to be writing a page like this. Certainly we knew that CRY would have to end someday, but we never expected it to be by the act of some anonymous Personnel clerk at Boeing's. Just goes to show...

ATom for TAFF ... Support PacificonII & we'll see you there ... London in 1965

...and thanks, folks, and that's all he wrote. -- Buz.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CRY

from Ella Parker

Dateline: London, March 31st. '64

I know you'll be interested in the manner of Wally's reception over here, and who better to tell you than the person who planned it?

To begin with, I had taken the day off from the office in order to be here. He didn't have the keys, and it was pouring with rain. I got up at 7.15 am and didn't hear from him until he called me on the phone at about 7 pm. He had assumed I was at work. This made a good start. I don't know what kind of a welcome you expected me to give me; I know what he was expecting and he wasn't far wrong. He even tried to enroll Fred on his side, but Fred reminded him that he had to live here after he (Wally) had gone back home.

Wally had his ticket for Ireland and was due to leave here on Friday morning. Before he arrived I had told my gang that in all probability Wally would be at the next Friday night meeting. I implored(?) him not to let me/them down and try for a booking on Saturday. The only one he could get was for Sunday morning and he accepted that. I felt a btt badly about stealing one of his days in Ireland from him, but it wasn't for my own benefit, honest. Anyway, he didn't seem to mind too much, but the trouble with Wally is that he's so damn easy-going you can't tell if he really minds something, or not.

I could see he was tired so I let him go to bed pretty early, 11.30 pm, Thursday night. Friday he was supposed to meet me for lunch at 12.40, but for some reason he thought he was to meet me at 11.40 so we missed each other. You won't believe where I found him hiding when I got home that night? Under the sink in the kitchen! I had just about made myself a cup of tea when the first of the gang arrived: George Locke. From then on they came in a steady procession and Wally made a point of being introduced to them as they walked in. I'm still wondering how many names/faces he can remember. He and ATom got together for a while there; I got a couple of good shots of them together, I hope. Earlier something had been said about him holding a meeting of the Nameless Ones for my especial benefit. I reminded him of his promise so he held it there and then. I think I'll leave it to Wally to report on the proceedings when he sees you.

It was wonderful here on Saturday. Fred was at work and I was doing some of my household chores, like cooking the mid-day meal and doing my weekly wash. While I was working, Wally was following me round the place and we talked up a storm. I kept feeling that he might be happier going out and about; after all, he was on holiday, but every time I mentioned his going out he didn't seem too keen, so I let it drop. We let him watch English wrestling on our TV, but I don't imagine he thought a lot of it; they weren't hammy enough to suit him.

As he had to be up real early Sunday night I let him get to his bed fairly early Saturday night. We had sat talking until 1.45 am Friday night. He left here in good time to get his plane to Ireland.

Obviously, I am unable to give you a first-hand account of his activities in Northern Ireland, but I do know, from what Madeleine told me, that she is prepared to give him a good reference if he should ever go looking for a job as dishdrier. This has definitely encouraged me to try him in this capacity on his return here later in the month.

Wally returned here with Walt and Madeleine Willis on the evening of March 26th. Ethel Lindsay was here too; she was also staying the night in readiness for travelling to the convention next day. During the evening we had visits from: ATom, Ian McAulay and his wife, Olivia, Joe and Anne Patrizio, Ted Forsyth, Ted Tubb and Bill Temple. The first of our evening callers arrived while we were still at the dinner table which gave WAW the opportunity to boast of his prowess at cooking frozen peas. With the dishes cleared away, the volume of talk mounted. Wally and his camera were ubiquitous, but as yet I don't have a clue how the pictures turned out. He in his turn was well and truly photographed. Oddly enough we didn't stay up very late; we were all in our various beds by midnight.

Good Friday morning saw us all queueing in turn for the use of the bathroom. There was much folding of blankets and clearing up after which we had time for a leisurely breakfast. Last minute panic as we shut and locked our bags; Madeleine had mislaid her hairbrush. This found, we locked the doors and were away to the Easter Convention....but no! Madeleine had left her coat behind. We had the lift by this time, so, yelling to the others to press the white button so we wouldn't lose it, we dashed back to unlock and get the coat. Now we were off? Yes.

We arrived at the station to find most of the London crowd already there. ATom, who wasn't coming down until the following day, had brought his young daughter along to wave us goodbye. We had, most of us, taken the precaution of booking seats so did the trip in comfort. There were flash bulbs popping off at intervals and there was much chaffing of Wally for various reasons; mostly just because it was Wally, if you get my meaning. I don't know how he came to rate the special attention, but Madeleine gave him a box of candies and Wally was just careless enough to open them there and then. We all took it in turn to point out to him just which were our favourites in that particular selection which left him, if I recall correctly, with about two for himself. I wouldn't want you to get the idea we were picking on him, you understand, as he proved to be by no means defenceless.

At the end of a riotous trip which was over quickly, we picked up our bags and walked the short distance to the hotel. Having registered we went up to make the rooms look 'lived in.' Ethel and I went with Wally to his room (make of that what you will), in order (it says here) to see his heater was working properly. Having made sure he knew how the various fixtures worked, we left him to unpack and find us again if he could.

The main reason for this letter is not to spoil any report Wally may write on his return (well, what's left of him will return), but to tell you some of the things I know he won't tell you for himself. Both Ethel and myself stayed out of his way as much as possible because we'll be seeing him on his trip back to London, but this didn't stop us from keeping an unobtrusive eye on him. This wasn't done from any idea of checking up on him; mainly it was so we could know where to find him come time to eat. Left to himself he would have gone without. At mealtimes the conversation would go something like this. Me/Ethel: "Wally, have you had lunch/dinner?" Wally: "Good grief! Is it time to eat already?" or "I'm having such a good time, I think I'll leave it for a while." or "But, there's so much going on, I don't have time to eat." If he has lost weight by the time he gets back home, it's entirely his own fault.

I can tell you that Wally enjoyed an enormous personal success. I would stress the 'personal' as distinct from the success he enjoyed as the 'Official TAFF Representative.' Every time I saw him he was surrounded by a bunch of young fen who I myself didn't know, not having met them before. I never once saw him walking or standing around on his own with no-one to talk to or nothing to do. I have no idea what time he went to bed at night, or even if he went to bed at all. He looked in on our room party a couple of times, but mostly he was with those he hadn't met before and wouldn't be meeting again. Just before our GoH was due to speak on Saturday night, Wally was asked to say a few words. In all the BritConventions I have attended at which there has been a TAFFman from the States, I have never heard them receive the spontaneous reception accorded to Wally. They cheered him up to the microphone and yelled for more when he had finished speaking. He was a model of what a TAFFman should be, and he was enjoying himself.

Those of us who know and love(?) Wally are delighted at his success. I did have to come back at him a couple of times to bring him back to earth. For instance: Ethel and I took him to dinner one evening and he mentioned that he hadn't been allowed to pay one bill for himself. Instead of congratulating him on his popularity I jumped on his neck for going around Peterborough bilking the restaurants. I must admit it wasn't at all often that he let his guard down to that extent.

We have loved having him, he's had a ball, I think, and everyone who has spent time in his company is agreed that the right person won TAFF this time.

a TAFF report synopsis by Wally Weber

Hang on readers; we're about to do a four week tour in two pages.

The non-stop flight from Seattle to London (or from March 18, 1964 to March 19, 1964, if you want to look at it from the fourth dimension) was pleasant and quick. London's Heathrow Airport looked freshly built for the occasion and, like most of the new construction I was to find in England, looked like any newly built fantastically expensive Stateside building. Realizing that Ella Parker would be at work on Thursday until late afternoon, I loitered for some time at the airport, then spent the rest of the day sightseeing in London. Around 7 o'clock I finally called Ella and was informed, as only Ella can inform, that she had skipped work that day to be on hand when I arrived.

To rectify this, the first mistake I've ever made in my whole life, I arranged to meet her for lunch on Friday. I shrewdly arrived an hour early and, discovering she was not there, naturally assumed I had been too late. At least I was spacing my blunders one day apart.

Friday night I witnessed one of Ella's weekly fan gatherings. She has the fans trained for neatness. For example, when Langdon Jones saw tea about to be spilled, he immediately threw himself under the falling drops to protect Ella's rug. Fans visiting Ella seem to have a fierce desire to survive.

In the interests of surviving, I tried to leave for Ireland on Saturday, March 21st, but the flights were all booked. I ended up taking a flight that left so early on Sunday morning that Ella had to go without sleep all night to be sure to get me up in time for it. You could tell, I was making life very interesting for Ella.

Walt Willis and family met me at the airport near Belfast and immediately took me on a tour of the major attractions of Northern Ireland including a quarter-of-a-million-dollar wastebasket, the giant Potato Crisp industry, and the modern M-1 super-highway.

After spending a few days with John Berry (exploring a castle, playing billiards with coins, looking over space stamps, playing records, sightseeing, and swilling Guinness because it is good for me), I returned to the Willis home. There I got to see one of the world's most interesting paper hangers since Adolph Hitler, marvel over fannish artifacts in the attic, attend a gathering of those famous Irish fans you've all read about (send now for my unexpurgated report), and witness a suspenseful procedure for acquiring airplane tickets back to London.

Eventually Madeleine and I ran away to London together, but Walt followed us after seeing his daughter safe in the hospital, and Thursday night, March 26 found Walt, Madeleine, Ethel Lindsay, Ella and myself trying to get some sleep in preparation for the Peterborough convention which was to begin the next day.

Friday morning fans gathered at the train. Arthur Thomson pushed us on our way, and soon we were checked in at the Bull Hotel in Peterborough.

The convention was about thrity fans too big for the meeting room, but they fit quite well in the corridors. Ted Tubb, the Guest of Honor, attempted to subdue his untamed wit in honor of his dignified position, but much to my delight he failed more times than he succeeded. Ethel went about as though she thought she should be worrying about how the program was going (she seemed to be in charge of it), but the programming was so light -- the way fans like -- that she finally gave up trying to worry. Probably everything was an anti-climax to her anyway after her disasterous attempt to interview James White earlier in the convention.

Ed Hamilton and Leigh Bracket were present, drawing considerable attention away from the TAFF delegate, which I thought was pretty rotten of them. Ted Forsyth divided his time between auctioneering and shooting flash pictures.

Ron Bennett lost his voice during the convention, a fate worse than death for him. Aub Marks, Harry Nadler and Tom Holt drew cheers and much appreciation from everyone for their well-done movies. They promised more such films for the

London Worldcon next year. The costume party was overcrowded, as were all the major con events, but very enjoyable, also as were all the major con events. Tony Walsh, the convention's able chairman, wore a spaceship costume so elaborate that the judges, in the course of their duties, we confounded to learn at one point that Tony had stepped out for a breath of air and they were judging an empty costume. Being Chairman, he wouldn't have been eligible for a prize anyway.

The convention ended far too soon, and early Monday morning ("early" means "before noon") I left with Terry, Val, Pauline and Sandra Jeeves. The trip to Sheffield was an introduction to such interesting subjects as Soggy-approved restaurants, lamb-herding, and expecting car trouble without actually having any.

After leaving a quote card in the menu of a Chinese restaurant in Sheffield -- something about crottled greeps I believe (remind me to tell you about the Liverpool Group and their quote-cards someday) -- we drove to the Jeeves' home where I met Bonnie (dog-type) and eventually Kieth (boy-type). Bonnie stood up to meeting the fabulous TAFF delegate quite well, but Kieth left for Europe the next day.

Wednesday, April 1, Terry and his family were starting their vacation to Southport, and they dropped me at Eric Bentcliffe's home near Manchester on their way. In addition to such assets as his wife, Berle, and girl-child, Lindsay, Eric has some great fannish tapes and much knowledge of British fandom. Yes, there was much enjoyable listening to do at the Bentcliffe home -- a new and beautiful home, too -- and that night when I went to my room I found two of the many quote cards that were following me around the country since the PeterCon; these said, "PSNEER" and "STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND."

Friday, April 3, Eric managed to overcome my natural talent for getting lost, and I found the right train to Birmingham. From all the construction going on, it looked like Birmingham was just being built. Since I still wasn't convinced that my TAFF trip was real, the thought occurred that the trip really was a hoax and I made the Birmingham set before the scenery had been finished.

Saturday, April 4, a bus delivered me at Ken Cheslin's place in Stourbridge, throwing Ken into his normal state of confusion. Ken had been elected BSFA President at Peterborough, and the 1965 Easter convention was to be held in Birmingham, so Ken was all covered with responsibility and duties. He shrugged them off, however, and spent the next couple days showing me scenery, history, fans, games, Archie Mercer, and a truly magnificent break in billiards. Tony and Simone Walsh miraculously located us in the tavern during the billiards game, and before the evening was over another ever-present quote card turned up, which happened to have Norm Shorrock's address on the back. We all signed it, Tony found a stamp small enough to fit on the tiny card, and promised to mail it.

Monday, April 6 I was in Liverpool to attend the Monday evening meeting of the Liverpool Group. Thier clubroom is absolutely unbelievable, but then so is the Liverpool Group. After a session of wine-tasting to get into the fannish meeting mood, a moderately wild official meeting took place during which I was appointed Seattle Chapter of the Liverpool Group. Little did we know then...

Tuesday, April 7th, I visited with Ron Bennett, who had his voice back and no longer had to communicate with the quote cards, and in the evening we watched a -- well, Ron called it football, but I don't know. Football game I mean.

Wednesday, April 8th, I had some weird notion of going to Ipswich, but I didn't want to leave as early as the train did, so about ten o'clock at night (about the time England rolls its streets up disappears until dawn) I was once again calling Mother Parker to ask for shelter. "Weeber, you've got a stinking cold!" she said in her sweet way, and it was all arranged.

There followed a week in London doing indescribable things, like visiting transient managers of Worldcon hotels, attending Friday night sessions at Ella's and meetings of the Science Fiction Club of London, seeing American movies, and buying Beatles records.

Obviously the whole trip was a hoax, just as I suspected all along.

The last issue of CRY--it's hard to believe. Year after year CRY has lasted, and seemed more durable with every year. How long has it been now? I guess about fifteen years.

It's especially sad right now that this should be the last issue of CRY. Terry Carr's article in F&SF brought us about 35 new readers. About half of these were undoubtedly witty, intelligent and perceptive types who would have stayed with us for a while, and of these six or eight would have become fine and vital letterhacks. When just one newcomer, like Mae Strelkov for example, can spark the lettercol, imagine what six or eight would have done!

Wally's TAFF report was to run first in CRY before being published in a book version. Perhaps it would have done for CRY what "The Goon Goes West" did, back in the golden days when we (and I especially include John) were earning our Hugo.

Well, Boeing had other plans. By the time you read this Wally will be in Alabama, and we shall be Wally-less. We thought about trying to continue CRY, but we couldn't think of any good way to divide the work. It wouldn't have been the same anyhow. If we must kill the thing we love, let it be with a sword.

Joe and Juanita Green and I have been to three movies lately. First we saw "Tom Jones"--one of the most delightful movies I have ever seen. It was a very cleverly, skillfully done movie, with cleverness to please rather than to impress. Take for example the beginning: First one sees "Tom Jones" and then Tom's origins are explained in a very quickly done sketch--Squire Allworthy comes home from London, is greeted by sister and servants, retires to room, finds infant in his bed, presumed mother and father are named and sent away as he declares that he will raise the boy himself, names Tom, and then the infant is shown clasping a finger each of the Squire and his sister. The whole thing only takes a minute or two and is a sort of preface. Then the credits are given, and then the movie proper starts, with Tom as a young man. Another example of pleasant skillfulness is Tom and Sophia's courtship. No word is spoken, but a rapid procession of scenes show Tom and Sophia romping, laughing, looking into one another's eyes--in short, falling in love.

A review I read of this movie complained that it did not have the depth of the novel, that in the novel Tom fought hard (albeit usually unsuccessfully) to be true to Sophia, whereas in the movie he was generally willing. I couldn't agree. It seemed to me implicit in the movie that Tom really was trying to be true to Sophia. It's possible that I read into the movie what had been in the novel--if so, the movie permitted me to do so.

The casting in this movie was heavenly, for the most part. Susannah York was not at all Fielding's idea of Sophia, and as Sophia was modelled on his wife his idea really should have been respected. But she was very attractive in herself, at any rate. I agree with NATIONAL REVIEW's reviewer in thinking that Hugh Griffiths as Squire Western was a bit much. But the folk who played Lady Bellaston, Partridge, Squire Allworthy, Mrs. Waters have all formed my permanent conception of those characters. And ah! Albert Finney! Now Tom Jones will always look like Albert Finney to me. Henry Fielding describes Tom only very vaguely, as one of the handsomest young men in the world. Perhaps Albert Finney is not quite that handsome, but he might as well be. He looks as if he had been born and bred in sunlight. Still pictures give only the slightest impression of his charm, as so much of it lies in the play of expression over his most agreeably expressive countenance.

One thing in the movie that I did not thoroughly like was the hunting scene, early in the movie, which hurt my eyes and made me feel slightly nauseated. However, when I discussed the movie with Paul Stanbery at a Nameless meeting he assured me that the hunting scene was a triumph of technical skill, and I got the distinct impression that I should be ashamed to mind being nauseated by such artistry.

On the way out I said, "My goodness! That movie was definitely bawdy! Movies are nothing like what they were when I was a young girl."

And Nita said, "Yes, but you'll have to remember that was a British picture. Americans are still making 'The Nun's Story'."

I guess she's right.

I hadn't planned to see "Cleopatra" but Paul Stanbery praised it so highly I thought I'd better. Paul said if it had been silent, it would have been the greatest silent picture ever made. He also liked the score, and commented on the flutes which give the Antony and Cleopatra motif.

So when Joe and Nita asked me if I wanted to come along, I said yes. I'm glad I did. The movie was visually tremendous. It's stimulating to the imagination to see anything so splendid.

Paul was right--the movie would have been better as a silent. The parts of the movie--and there were many--that were silent were the most effective. For example, the assassination of Caesar was beautifully done. One is not shown it directly. Cleopatra, anxious, has gone to her priestess and performed various magic rites, and so in a clairvoyant vision beholds the assassination. It was tremendous, and since there were no words one could dub in Shakespeare's--or at least those one happened to know. "And at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood [it was dabbled with Caesar's blood] great Caesar fell..." Mark Antony's funeral oration was similarly shown silent, and when he tore the cover from the body I could feel "There is himself! Marr'd as you see, with TRAITORS!"

The acting? Well, most reviewers seemed to feel that Rex Harrison as Caesar was Good and that Richard Burton as Antony was Not So Good. Joe agreed with them. Nita liked Burton's Antony much the better of the two. I thought that Burton was the better actor, because with Rex Harrison one was sometimes conscious of Rex Harrison acting rather than of Julius Caesar. But I liked Harrison's Caesar better than Burton's Antony because I like Caesar better than Antony, almost always.

During intermission, which occurs after Caesar's death and Cleopatra's departure for Egypt, Nita and I agreed that the movie, although gorgeous and very pleasurable to watch, was not in the slightest degree emotionally involving. Nita, I think, did get a bit involved with the second half, but I didn't. Toward the end, when Antony was galloping about trying to get himself killed so he wouldn't have to commit suicide, I didn't respond at all to his lonely anguish, but rather, admired his horse, a glorious dark brown creature, short-backed, with the dish face and flaring nostrils of the Arabian. I don't know that it was Arabian; perhaps it was a Thoroughbred--they have Arabian blood. Whatever it was, I loved it.

Roddy McDowall was fascinating as Octavian. He shows Octavian developing from a nabby-pamby nothing into a force. He's an interesting actor.

The story was simplified a good deal. The third member of the triumvirate was completely eliminated, as were Cleopatra's children other than Caesarion. The Greens informed me that Cleopatra's desertion from the Battle of Actium included the removal of ships which were supposed to back up Antony, and so was a serious military defection. But--no doubt these simplifications were necessary for a coherent story.

As for the score which Paul recommended--I didn't even hear it! I didn't hear a single note. The Greens say that's proof that it was a really good score--that it was unobtrusive. But I'm afraid that it's even more proof that I'm just not aurally oriented.

The third movie we saw was "The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao." This would have been a great movie if they could have just brought themselves to refrain from putting a plot into it. It wasn't supposed to have a plot, you know. It's a pity that

Hollywood is so hung up on plots, and that this movie is hung up with a Hollywood style plot. The story takes place in the west, about 1910 or so, and has a Crusading Young Newspaper Editor who is bucking the Evil Boss of the town and courting a Beautiful Cold Young Widow with a Freckle Faced Son. Pretty intolerable, wouldn't you say? It gets worse. It seems that the Evil Boss is really an idealist whose heart has been broken because people have proved venial and disappointed him. So, he informs the townspeople that the water supply is giving out and offers to buy their property so that they can relocate elsewhere; he and he only knows that the railroad is coming through soon and will buy the property for much money. At first the townspeople appear willing to sell out, but after having been worked on by Dr. Lao and company they tell him no. So then the Evil Boss is thrilled and delighted and becomes a New Man, because these people are Pure and not to be Bought. --This is the first time in my entire life that I ever heard it implied that it is virtuous to stay in one place and wicked to move. America wasn't built on a doctrine like that!

There were obvious, very careless goofs. For example, the characters keep saying to one another "You can say that again." So far as I know, no one ever used that phrase before World War II. Another, the Beautiful Young Widow is shown dressing, and she puts her dress on right over her drawers. In 1910 she would have worn at least two petticoats.

Another flaw, in my opinion, was the speech that Dr. Lao made to the Freckle Faced Boy, when he discouraged him from running away with the circus. He listed a great many natural phenomena and said that they were all part of Dr. Lao's Circus. Who was this guy, Jesus Christ? One expected the bells of St. Mary's to start tolling at any moment.

But as I stated earlier, there was much in the movie that I enjoyed enormously. The creatures in Dr. Lao's circus were for the most part superb, and some of their contacts with the townspeople attending the circus were very well done. For me, the circus scenes as a whole generated a feeling of real suspense, excitement, and sense of wonder.

Even there, I didn't find the movie flawless. The snake didn't thrill me, and I thought the (later) sea serpent lousy. A more delicate flaw was in the audience's reaction to Merlin. He performed various magic tricks and the audience sneered and he was comforted by the Freckle Faced Boy, which was all very touching. But in 1910 the audience would not have sneered. This was in a small town, before television, before radio--the railroad hadn't even come through yet. The people were starved for amusements, and would probably have loved Merlin and his paper flowers.

All in all, I enjoyed the movie very much indeed. I was in the mood for a movie and with people I like, and there was much in it that appealed to me. But my advice to you is, if it's convenient for you to see "The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao" and you really feel like going, by all means go. If it isn't or you don't, don't feel blighted.

Royal Drummond died three weeks ago. Most of you will never have heard of him. He wasn't active for very long, and dropped out about ten years ago.

Some of you will remember that he was a very witty writer, but unless you met him, you won't remember how pleasant, attractive, amusing and nice he was in person. In person, Royal was rather tall and large, just a trifle inclining to stoutness. He had a large head, black crewcut hair, dark eyes of a vaguely exotic shape or cut of eyelid, a long nose, very full, deeply curved red lips and a look of robust good health. His speaking voice was soft, low-pitched and very resonant, with a sort of furry sound--homely and cosy. He told jokes remarkably well, and he laughed generously at other people's, throwing his head back. He made a party go. He seldom appeared 'on'--but a party was more fun if Royal was there.

At the age of 45, Royal died very suddenly of a heart attack. We hadn't seen him but just a few times in the past six years--still, we felt a sense of loss.

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In this report of Wally Weber's visit to my house whilst on his TAFF trip to the British Isles I am writing a more serious account than I normally do. Sometimes I exaggerate ever so slightly, so as to stress my point, but I feel that I should leave this personal style for once, and depend not on emphatic adjectives and verbs, but on mere facts. So it shall be.....

THE CRUEL MUD

by John Berry

Sunday 22nd March 1964

It was just after 10 pm when Wally arrived at MON DEBRIS. He had been driven from the airport in County Antrim through County Armagh and back via County Down by Walt Willis, with Madeleine.

Wally looked exactly the same as when I waved goodbye at Seattle airport way back in '59....tall, bespectacled, fresh and engaging. He sat down, dumped his case, beamed, and nodded in agreement when Willis asked me to switch on the TV set for THE BEVERLY HILL BILLIES. We saw the show....we all laughed on cue, then Willis and Madeleine departed.

Diane made supper, and Wally asked for a glass of milk. We chatted, but I could see that Wally was very tired, and I said I would take him to his room. I was rather uneasy about the bedroom. It was my daughter Kathleen's. She was almost ten years old. At such an age girls these days can twist and appreciate the mystic power of The Beatles. They are also rather selective about the furnishings of their bedrooms. A month or so before, she had pleaded with me to give her bedroom the full teen-age treatment.....this involved radically overhauling the bed. I had to saw bits off here and there, and re-shape it with hardboard. I was rather pleased with the plush velvet red-roses-on-a-white-background which I'd fixed to the head of the bed. But it wasn't a bed a man would like to boast that he'd slept in. Trouble was, it was the only bed I could give Wally. This in itself wasn't so bad.....The crushing blow came that afternoon, when Kathleen, upstairs pasting some pictures of the Beatles, accidentally spilled a bottle of over-powering scent which she had herself manufactured out of rose petals and cabbage leaves (the cabbage leaves my suggestion, in a moment of jocularly, to give it 'body') and which she had been leaving to ferment on a shelf. I would be lying if I didn't admit it was a hell of a smell, but can console those of you about to throw up by stating that there were considerably more rose petals than cabbage leaves. The odour refused to sneak away, and it was cold and wet so that I couldn't leave the windows open. Before opening the door and revealing to Wally the pink motif of the bedroom, I explained that I hoped his personality would suffer any ill effects from spending a couple of nights in such close proximity to female fripperies.

He blinked his eyes a couple of times, and paled somewhat when he saw where he was to sleep. At least the mattress was comfortable and he would be assured of a good sleep once he succumbed to the tiredness he so obviously felt.

When I left him, he was swaying on his feet, looking rather furtively at the Beatles art gallery.

Monday 23rd March 1964

Diane had to get up at some horrible time....7.30 am, to get the children to school. I was still abed, because I presumed that Wally would sleep late. But no such luck, sharp on 9 am I heard him about his toilet in the bathroom, so I got up too.

I took Wally to the centre of Belfast..to a place named "Smithfield," which Americans seem to have some affinity for. I recall that way back in '54 or '55 when Leeh and Larry Shaw were here, they spent most of their time bartering with the salesmen for scimitars and kriss and ancient suits of armour. Steve Schulthies, I am reliably informed, was also seen carrying away booty. Smithfield is really several rows of dirty shops, replete with drooping rafters and warped floorboards. People who are in a financial crisis take their little personal treasures to the

storekeepers, and get a small payment in exchange. The goods are then given a polish, and put on sale at a considerable profit. Wally made for the biggest secondhand bookstall, and with a professional stance, speedily worked his way through the entire sf collection. I stood back, watching this boy at work, waiting for him to make a seizure and then haggle with the proprietor. Then I spotted a book I'd been after for ages, "Tiger in the Sky," by General Robert L. Scott. So we walked from Smithfield, Wally still grimly hanging on to his cash, me loaded down with books.

I took Wally to the Tourist Office. They spotted immediately who was the tourist, and gave me a couple of magnificent booklets portraying the glories of Northern Ireland. I handed them over to Wally, who seemed a mite bewildered. I must confess I was, too.

Wally said he wanted to purchase some mint British postage stamps, so I took him to my father-in-law's Post Office. Wally said it was a good idea to keep the money in the family. Very shrewd of him.

Everywhere we went, whatever shop we were in, everywhere we looked, we saw Beatle-stuff. Books, magazines, records, dish-cloths, pencils, waterbottles, talc, etc., all had the faces of the four stalwarts emblazoned on them. Wally said that the Beatles were Big Time in America, and that he had to get some Beatles records to take home for Elinor Busby. He said he'd seen them on the Ed Sullivan show, but hadn't heard them otherwise. I told him that daughter Kathleen had dozens of Beatles records, and she'd give him a concert that night. I swear I saw Wally wince.

We returned to MON DEBRIS for lunch, and in the afternoon, I took Wally to Stormont. This is important for two reasons..one, Walt Willis works there, and, two..it is the Parliament Building for Northern Ireland. Truly, it is an imposing place. A vast building, and a mile-long tree-avenued drive leading up to it. We walked on the grass, the wind blowing coldly in our faces. We reached the building, up the rows of concrete steps to the portals. We turned, and I showed Wally the superb scenery. He took out his camera and said he'd like a shot of the gasometer.

We leaned on the balustrade, which was supported by black lions. On each side of the steps dozens of cars were parked. I explained to Wally that Walt Willis was probably in his office, but that it wouldn't be protocol to call and see him during office hours. I pondered, which was Walt's car? I knew it was green, and that it was a Morris Minor. The number was TZ 4532 or 3452 or 7689..or something like that. Actually, it didn't matter, because the number plates were obscured anyway. It was even difficult to see the colours, because it was a dull day, and the cars were some distance below and away from us.

"It's that one," said Wally, pointing, when I explained my problem. I was amazed. Wally had been in the car just the previous day, but I had been in it many times....yet I couldn't recognise it.

"I must congratulate you, Wally, on your profound sense of observation," I said.

"It is nothing," shrugged Wally modestly. "I based my identification of Walt's car by its cat's paws."

"By its cat's paws?" I said, amazed.

"Yeah," said Wally. "I was in the car yesterday, and when I got out I noticed this pattern of cat's paws all over the hood and roof. I thought it was some sort of Willisian gimmick, or maybe he wanted me to ask about it so that he could slip in an unpremeditated pun. Let's go over and check that I'm right."

It was Walt's car OK. I noted the dent on the rear off-side mudguard where a fire hydrant had hit it. Sure enough, muddy cat's paws were dotted everywhere. Very contemporary....

Wally met my kids for the first time when they came home from school. I told Kathleen that Wally would just love to hear the Beatles. He didn't seem so keen, but politeness dictated that he had to listen to at least one, so we went into

the front room, furnished entirely by myself at considerable expense.

Kathleen chose "Twist and Shout." She likes to have the record player loud, to get into the correct beat blast. The chords vibrated from wall to wall, and Wally's teeth settled into a fixed stance, like an ostentatious radiator grill. Kathleen said quietly to me, "I'm just going upstairs to get my twisting shoes." Then she rushed out of the room. Wally didn't know of her errand. He turned to me and said, "Kathleen has put the record on as loud as she can, and now she's chickened out."

Later, we listened to the record player ourselves. I put on a humour record by a great comedian over here, Tony Hancock. Wally had never heard of him, and was a mite skeptical when I told Wally this Hancock was a wow. I've played this record to many people, all of whom found it really funny, and laffed like anything. But no one has ever laffed as long or as loud as Wally. The situation is that Hancock is a Wing Commander in the RAF, and is going to test a revolutionary vertical takeoff jet. "Don't bother to open the hanger door," says Hancock, "I'll go out through the fan-light." Hancock is doing a couple of thousand miles an hour ("A great plane, tell the designer chappie") when he gets a radio message that a mechanic is missing. Then there is a tapping, and Hancock slides off the canopy. This really effeminate voice says "Good evenin'." There is some comedy as they settle down in the cockpit, then the mechanic pulls a lever, and there is a loud bang. A pause, and the mechanic asks "Where are you?" "Sitting on the tail," says Hancock. "That was the ejection seat." The mechanic ponders, pulls another lever, another loud bang, then a pause. Then the mechanic says, "'ello." But Wally's biggest laff came when Hancock says, "This is the RAF. Pull yourself together. Where's your stiff upper lip?"...."Above this loose, flabby chin," replies the mechanic.

We spent the evening watching TV. Wally was fascinated by our programmes, even though some of them were American. Of course, the Beatles had to come into it. They were presented with a trophy as being the best Beat Group of the Year. The Duke of Edinburgh presented the award, and made a stirring speech. We hoped that the Beatles would perform, but instead we saw Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen, whom Wally had heard of, and liked. He said that the Busbys had a disc of them.

Before we retired, we decided, weather permitting, to spend the following day at Carrickfergus Castle, in County Antrim.

Tuesday, 24th March 1964.

It was dull weather early Tuesday morning. Whilst Wally was hogging the bathroom, I nipped down the avenue on my bicycle to phone the bus company and get the time of the green bus to Carrickfergus, which is about ten miles northeast of Belfast.

11.15 am. That should give us plenty of time, I mused as I cycled home. It was only about 9.45 am. But we got talking, and Diane was a long time doing whatever women do when they're going out. We left MON DEBRIS at 10.30 am, and eventually caught a Belfast Corporation bus to the centre of Belfast. (Belfast Corporation run their own internal bus service, but if you want to travel outside Belfast you have to get a green Ulster Transport Authority bus. We had to get to Smithfield, in Belfast, in order to catch the Carrickfergus bus.)

I hadn't read that a 'go-slow' strike was in the offing, but I swear this bus driver didn't get above first gear. He nursed the bus along for the three mile trip, and when we rushed off we had six minutes to traverse the centre of Belfast to get to the Smithfield Bus Station. As we panted along, Diane in the lead, her stiletto heels tapping a morse message for us to hurry, Wally asked me did I recall the Greyhound buses in America. I 'ah-ha'd....Wally said that red Belfast Corporation buses should have an inverted tortoise as their symbol.

Within thirty seconds of the scheduled time we clambered on the Carrickfergus bus..and it departed exactly on time. We were breathless, and sat in back, upstairs.

Nothing seemed to go exactly as planned. The bus was very long, and once

outside Belfast it gathered speed. The road was being repaired, and every time the bus hit a bump, we on the back seat bounced in the air. Whatever stomach muscles were engaged in sorting out the food I'd sent down to 'em had a rest on that trip.

We passed through places in South Antrim like Greenclastle, Whitehouse, Whiteabbey, and the road eventually joined the coast of Belfast Lough. This is where I wanted to explain to Wally a joke cracked by James White several years ago..but again things didn't work out. At the time of James' quip, the book and film by Nicholas Monserrat was all the rage.."The Cruel Sea"..well, as James passed this way, he gazed down at the beach, littered with debris, tin cans, bits of wood, sewer pipes, etc...and he made the classic comment.."Ah, The Cruel Mud." Well, I'd got Wally all excited at the pending genius of James White, and the tide was in and there was no cruel mud to be seen.

We debussed at Carrickfergus, and although the weather was unkind, it wasn't actually raining. The magnificent castle stood there in all its glory. Wally was very thrilled as he'd never seen such an edifice before, and he raced us to the entrance. Carrickfergus Castle (feat^{ured} on the half crown British postage stamp) was built circa 1180 by an Anglo-Norman knight and is in a remarkable state of preservation.

We were the only visitors, and had the whole castle to ourselves. Wally was interested in the vast cannon, their rifled barrels pointing towards the middle of Belfast Lough. They weren't so old..1854..but they looked impressive. He took several photographs of them. He went through three rolls of film in the castle. The large square tower in the centre of the castle is a museum, showing old swords, cannon balls, large padlocks and keys, and a collection of fossils. We climbed to the top of the tower, via a circular staircase, a total of 95 steps. When we stood on the top of the tower, looking through stone arrow-slits, we were actually at cloud base. There was the slightest drizzle, but some moments later when we gone back down, it wasn't drizzling.

Wally called at the pay desk to purchase a souvenir book. The attendant escorted us outside..then he looked at Wally, and almost bit his lip. I could see something was on his mind. "Tell me, sir," he said to Wally. "Do you come from America?"

"Yeah," said Wally.

The man perked up. "Do you," he breathed, "come from Pennsylvania?"

"No, Seattle," said Wally.

The man shrank back, disappointed. "Not from Pennsylvania," he said sadly.

"What's so special about Pennsylvania?" asked Wally.

"See that church spire over there," said the man, pointing north. "The father of William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania, is buried there." But he spoke half-heartedly. I imagine that he'd been there for maybe twenty or thirty years, asked every American visitor, just waiting for one to admit he comes from Pa.....

On the return journey we sat in the front seats upstairs. It was so warm in the bus I dozed off. I awoke quickly when Wally tugged at my arm.

"The Cruel Mud," he hissed. What a great moment. The sea had sidled out, revealing the filthy mud, with here and there a rusty pram frame poking up like a skeleton in the desert. The cruel mud indeed.

And so the 48 hours passed. It seemed that Wally had been with us for ages. He had his own chair, his own place at the table. It would seem strange not to see him there on the morrow. The party was due at Walt Willis's at 8 pm, and it was almost that time. My family said goodbye to him, and we walked the half mile or so to number 170 Upper Newtownards Road.

I don't want to write any more about Wally....suffice to say that all the nice things I said about him in "The Goon Goes West" still apply..a very pleasant chap, cultured, witty and able to fit into any company..a fitting TAFF representative, and a gentleman to boot.

I suppose this final CRYcolumn should concern itself somewhatly with the history and nostalgia and even statistical bits about CRY. And maybe it will.

Firstly, though, a word about future plans, or rather the lack of them. None of us at this time have any intention of publishing any kind of general fanzine in the immediate future (such as 1964), not even snapzines.

It is going to feel strange to have no handy outlet to general fandom for the first time since-- well, since whichever year it was that CRY emerged from its chrysalis of local-interest and joined general-fandom-- 1956? 7? 8? It seems like practically forever that CRY has been available as an immediate platform for anything we felt needed saying generally in the Microcosm. It has not been anywhere near so "immediate" since we chickened-out into bimonthlyism, but still it was There, and faster at least than the quarterly apas. Also wider. [Any regular&frequent deadline-meeting legible mimeo-or-Gestetnered zine (NO DITTO!) out there looking for a columnist or two who will unequivocally either meet or miss deadlines with as-is onstencil material? Not too likely, I suppose; regularity and freedom from censorship are each rare, let alone the combo.]

So much for the future; let us now escape into the past: CRY, as you may know already, began in January 1950 as a local club newssheet succeeding postcard meeting-notices and edited for 16 issues (through Sept 1951) by G M Carr, after which Wally Weber got into the act. CRY was F*R*E*E through #74 (Oct 23, 1954), after which it became a Subscription Fanzine with #75 (Nov 20, 1954). [The original editor said that this was ridiculous, that the zine would ~~never~~ make it. And after this 100th issue as a subzine we see that she was right all along.] There were in the early days some double-issues (two of the same number), at least one missing issue (CRY #50 was planned as a Big Deal and never did appear), and 25 "half-CRYs", the latest of which was #99-1/2 in January 1957.

CRY may (temporarily at least) hold a few fannish records of its very own. 92 consecutive scheduled issues out on time as announced (#83-174), 60 of these (#82-141) on the monthly schedule with no skips. Our prime nonlocal contributor John Berry has appeared in 61 issues, the last 56 of which (#119-174) have been consecutive. The 100 subzine issues of CRY total 3,470 pages plus 15pp of "CRYs" produced out-of-town (the sincerest form of flattery) by Rich Brown and the "CRY crowd in London" (#142-1/2 and 173-1/2 respectively). Yeh, I can hear the voice saying "3500 pages of crud is still crud" but I'm mostly ignoring it. There were 371pp of CRYs and half-CRYs in the Free Era of #1-74-1/2 plus 31pp of later but still FREE half-CRYs; an overall total of 3,787 pages of CRYstuff, subject of course to the usual minor errors of indexing and addition. Croggling, ain't it?

I have no idea how many pages I've personally written in CRY. I've appeared in 101 issues, of which the last 90 have been consecutive. The "Renfrew Pemberton" column("The Science-Fiction Field Plowed Under") ran for 4 solid years of 48 consecutive monthly appearances (#85-132) after a couple-three preliminary runs; the current title of this column began in #129 which would make this the 46th of its line, allowing for some title-variations at the beginning. Elinor's record is so similar within a few issues that I won't tote it up separately. And we've helped publish 90 issues including the last consecutive 83 of them.

But it is Wally W Weber who is "Mister CRY" himself. Wally has been associated with the publication and editing of 148 of the 174 issues of CRY; starting with #17 his name appears in conjunction with all but 10 of the subsequent issues plus most of the half-CRYs, including the last 87 (exactly half) of all whole-numbered CRYs. So you see why CRY would not be CRY without Wally Weber.

Burnett R Toskey is a major and unforgettable figure on the CRY Scene: it was under his aegis (in 1957-58) that the CRY-lettercol jumped from a mere 3-4 pages to become a preeminent part of CRY. Tosk was a contributor to and a co-editor of CRY in 1951-52 and from 1954 into 1960, for a total of perhaps 80-90 issues; his formative influence upon the zine certainly deserves recognition.

This statistical binge has been my kick but I hope you enjoyed it also.--Buz.

(L A S T) C R Y O F T H E R E A D E R S

choked off by W. Wastebasket Weber

POUL ANDERSON UPHOLDS RIGHT TO HECKLE

3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California

Dear Cryfolk,

1 April 1964

By the time you see this, I'll probably be arguing with Jerry Pournelle viva voce about his letter. He plans to stop by here on his way to San Berdoo. But I may as well rehearse a bit at you.

I quote him, for the benefit of those who have forgotten: "... I don't really see the difference between the opinion that the bottle of poison won't hurt you, or that the light socket is harmless, and the opinion that certain social poisons won't hurt the body politic. Hell, if we haven't learned anything in several thousand years of civilization, what's the point of it? And it seems to me that the social order ought to be able to protect itself against social poisons and their advocates every bit as much as I protect my home against physical poisons and their advocates...."

Well, now, obviously society has a right to protect itself against physical violence, espionage, sabotage, and the like, including conspiracies to commit same. And I quite agree with him about relativism. Like the famous Chinaman, I don't go for that stuff either. In fact, certain opinions are dangerous.

But it does not follow that the suppression of those opinions is allowable or even desirable. This is a case of the cure being worse than the disease. One lesson we have learned from history is that censorship -- any kind, but especially ideologically based censorship -- is among the worst and most uncontrollable forms of tyranny; that the job attracts prigs, fanatics, and dullards of the lowest kind; that the cultural and intellectual effects are disastrous; and that in the long run the whole effort is futile.

Much better to let the Communists, Nazis, Black Muslims, white Citizens' Councils, peaceniks, McCarthyists, and anyone else I don't like speak their piece. The danger involved is actually very slight, as long as the rest of us exercise our right to heckle them.

I don't really believe Jerry advocates curtailing the First Amendment, but his letter was so phrased as to imply it, and it is with that phrasing that one must take issue. His examples are irrelevant. Children doubtless need some protection, perhaps even in their ideas -- though let's not overprotect them -- but adults are another matter entirely.

Regards to all,

Poul Anderson

[I hope you and Jerry waged many glorious battles over this and other matters during his visit. One reason Jerry might take censorship lightly is that he can outshout any censor in the business. --www]

GINA CLARKE SENDS RACEY COMMENTS
Buz,

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

I've long felt that Negroes should be shown as participants of American life in mass media. The gap between the real America and the America portrayed in magazines, movies and television is something you're used to, disapproving or not, but it is very striking to a Canadian, reared on white movies and white magazines, to visit the States and find that it's half black. I know, I know -- 15%. That's not the impression you get when your conditioning leads you unconsciously to expect a white country.

Actually Negroes are showing up more and more in "ho-hum" roles on television, especially this season. I don't recall seeing any Negro-Saves-the-Child shows lately and had thought this old-fashioned phony-gesture sort of thing had had its day. What seems to be the fashion now are Deep and Profound Dramas about how awful

it is to be a Negro. Some are good, for example, two EastSideWestSide episodes, one about Negroes moving into a white neighborhood, and an excruciating one about a child bitten by rats in a tenement. Some are all right (their offensiveness-rating is low). And some are godawful, like one on Eleventh Hour. Norm started grumbling after about three minutes of that one but I kept saying things like, "They're trying, it's something, it's better than nothing," but then along came a scene that left me squirming with embarrassment. There is this writer who is very black and Negro-featured who is aggressively Negro and loudly indignant and like that. His wife is very light, white-featured and successful in her executive career. They have been living apart. She comes to visit him at his boarding house. As soon as she comes they run up stairs, slam door behind them, and clutch each other. Man mumbles into her hair about how those squares uptown don't know what a swinging chick she is behind them cool white ways and she mumbles back into his ear about gee whiz why do you have to talk in that uncouth fashion and no one would ever suspect that you went to university. He bounds to the other side of the room bellowing about how she is an Uncle Tom and Ashamed of her Heritage and Wants to be White and ~~brothel-house~~... She, to calm him down, suddenly becomes all coy and sexy, sways her hips, stretches out her arms, beckons with her fingers and says, "Hush yo mouf now and come to yo' sweet mama now you crazy cat like wow", or something. Gad. Norm remarked at this point that he should belt her in the chops, but instead he leaps upon her with lustful animal cries and then there's a fade-out and then fade-in with the poor boob snoring away, naked and sweaty, while she is straightening herself up and looking thoughtful. Ooog.

One of the best (and "coolest") television events this season is the featuring on Parr and Garry Moore of Bill Cosby using completely non-racial material and being very, very funny.

Rich Brown - I can't see, from my position near the bottom of the heap, why it is so hard on rich people having so much money taken from them in taxes, thereby "punishing" them for their ability. It seems from what I can see that rich people still live as if they were rich and quite as if they are allowed to keep enough money to have a good time. How many Chryslers, airplanes, 30-room houses does one need anyway? Rich people have a few dodges for lowering their tax rates. And lots of rich people are born into rich families and don't have to make it on their ability. I can't understand what you mean about taxing everybody 75%. 75% of some people's incomes taken in taxes would leave them plenty to swing on, and leave some people with a lot less than they need. Some people need 100% plus of their incomes just to get by.

Pournelle - well, one man's social poison is another man's meat. "Diseased" creature that I am, I just can't help my "questioning, critical attitude" towards your assumption that you know what's good and true and beautiful and that you should "stomp" those who disagree with you. Isn't it safer that "every man (should have) a right to his own opinion and to express it and advocate it" than that the established "social order"... "protect itself against social poisons and their advocates"? I mean, the established social order might just be wrong. Or, if not downright wrong, at least susceptible to improvement.

WHO THE HELL IS ROY TACKETT?

Gina Clarke

P.S. - The shooting of Lee Oswald, live on television, seems to have set some sort of gruesome precedent. Last night's news treated us to the sight of a civil rights demonstrator squashed into the mud with caterpillar treadmarks in his back. (Flinging oneself in front of a caterpillar must be the depth of uncoolness, eh Buz?)

((Nope, flinging oneself in back of one is -- which is what this idiot did, while the driver's attention was on the ones who were flinging themselves in front.--FMB)) [Gina, I would tell you all about Roy Tackett if it weren't for the fact that there are some facts you are better off not knowing. Better you see people tread on by caterpillars than that you should know about Roy Tackett. --www]

ROY TACKETT ADMITS FANDOM IS A HOAX

Greetings, old things,

18

915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,
New Mexico 87107 16 April 1964

I see that this is CRY NUMBER 173 which leads me to conclude that the copy that disappeared must have been CRY NUMBER 172. Unfortunately the current issue shows no signs of doing anything other than remaining on the desk demanding that I get a letter off to fandom's number one letterzine. However, since VoM hasn't been published for several years I'll write to CRY instead.

Listen, Buz, if I catch any psychiatrist beaming at me I will hit him right on top of his pointed heads. Fap!

I have given considerable cogitation to this knife-wielding hero of van Vogt's. I am a bit dubious. Has anyone thought to ask van Vogt? Or a comic book fan? Surely this has been described in detail in some comic book or other.....

Are you there, Wally? Or shall we commune with your spirit? Ghod, yes, a fan has instincts about money. Hand the average fan 600 bucks and what's the first thing he thinks of? Putting out a one-shot, that's what.

This bit about Presidents dying in office, Elinor, is dismissed as pure superstition on the most part but wouldn't you say that something that has proven true for 120 years is acceptable as a "truth"? I think that applying the scientific method to the problem we can accurately say that the man elected President in a year divisible by 20 will die in office. Who'll be sucker enough to run in 1980?

The solution would be to elect, in those years, some old goat who only had a few months left along with a strong vice president.

Buz, I'm happy to see that the democratic concept is still alive in Seattle even though it seems to have worked, in this instance, to the detriment of your city's Negro residents.

The problem doesn't seem to exist here.....last summer some traveling representatives of the NAACP blew in from the east for a quick survey of the situation in Albuquerque. The city duly set up an anti-discrimination board to hear all complaints about housing discrimination. That was last summer. A few weeks ago the board called in the local press and complained that nobody had complained about being discriminated against. They are still waiting for their first case.

I think that the thing is that here in Albuquerque where the culture is such a mixture anyway (Indian, Mexican, Anglo) that nobody gets all het up about the Negroes.

And here we are at CotR.

Rich Brown: Tell me, why will there be no beans in Coventry? Is it that there is a blight on the bean crop? Where is this Coventry anyway? Somewhere near Granny's Branch? Better send in Sargent Shriver and the anti-poverty corps to grow them beans for 'em.

Harry Warner: If the U.S. becomes a police state founded upon letterhack cards it will be worth a laugh or two anyway. Around here the only acceptable identification is one's drivers license. Sure a lot of unidentified people wandering around the state since the judiciary revokes drivers licenses by the hundreds each month.

Geo Scithers: Of course you are a hoax. We are all hoaxes. (Or is it hoaxi?) Surely it should be clear by now that all fandom is nothing more than a bunch of characters left over from some of Tucker's yarns.

Shucks, George, it's nothing startling that Scotland was once a separate kingdom. If I read my history right Britain had two or three kings to the square mile a while back.

Mae Surtees Strelkov: All of this talk about drunkenness and wenching and general low-living is quite interesting but what has it to do with science fiction?

BettyK: It might not be a bad idea at that to get this Galactic Brotherhood outfit into the N3F. Maybe we could get them to do some work. Franson just sent me a stack of application blanks (he expects, maybe, that I'll sign up some horned toads?) and I think I'll send them along to Mae. She can sign up this space mob and we'll run a couple of 'em for the Directorate next year.

Dennis Lien resides in Snarr Hall? Snarr? He's a hoax, too.

Hoping you are the same,

Roy

[Isn't it about time we N3Ffers admit we really are the Galactic Brotherhood and explain how we fly around in our saucers observing mankind and thinking up new bureaus to protect humanity from evil-doers? --www]

HARRY WARNER, JR., WANTS A LIMIT

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cry:

21740

April 26, 1964

John Berry's article brought back searing memories of the day I first used my Garrard record changer. I assumed that it was a device which would play a record when one was placed on the turntable. It refused to do so, making clucking sounds and nervous, tentative movements in various tentacles and appendages, but keeping its tonearm firmly planted on the rest. Study of the instruction book convinced me that this was a record changer that refused to bother about just one record. Indeed, it did work beautifully when several records were piled on top so it could change them. I spent the rest of that night trying to figure out how to deceive the changer into thinking it was changing a record when actually it was playing just one record on the turntable. Keen observation made it plain that only three points existed on the machine through which the existence of the outside world could affect its determination to do everything it was supposed to do. The records to be changed rested partly on the spindle, partly on a little platform from which they were launched onto the turntable, and an arm dashed over after each record was played to survey the situation, always bumping against any remaining records. I thought that the platform might betray the truth and put my finger on it as if a record were there, then started the machine. After I got the bleeding stopped, I turned my attention to the arm. I put another finger at the point where it collided with records, somehow kept my feet at the impact, but didn't fool the machine. My last hope was the spindle. I rested my palm on it with the same pressure that a pile of records would apply. The machine clucked and twitched and didn't play the record on the turntable. Through methods that might be too harrowing for Cry readers to learn about, I finally conquered the machine, something that man doesn't always do in those crazy science fiction stories. I discovered that the platform had not a bit of relevance but that the machine could be tricked into playing just one record if the pressure on the spindle and obstruction for the arm were utilized simultaneously. Now all I need to do is figure out that was the real purpose of building this double safety factor into the turntable. The Britisher who engineered it must have had some sinister purpose. I no longer try to play just one record with it, on the grounds that there might be a deadman's throttle somewhere in the machine that could break down while I was applying the doublecross and the real function of the mechanism disguised as turntable would occur, unguessable and awful.

Wally was on the verge of discussing a topic that fandom should settle as soon as possible. He should have proceeded from the discovery of those 1962-date letters to ask what would represent a fair statute of limitations for fandom and how to make it official. It would be so nice to be able to resubmit an article that a fanzine never published, knowing that x number of months had elapsed and the editor to whom it originally went no longer had the right of publication. Just think of the once-per-month happiness that would occur when the time came to remove from the stacks of unanswered correspondence the letters that had reached an age relieving the recipient from all responsibility to reply to. We might even be able to apply a fannish statute of limitations to discussion topics. Wouldn't it be nice to think that on some date 17 or 25 months in the future, we could go to the mailbox and take out its contents, confident that it was no longer permissible for anyone to mention the Walter Breen - Bill Donaho situation?

The Beatles have given me a strong sensation of inferiority to the majority of the nation's population. I find it totally impossible to distinguish among

the four gentlemen, either by face or by sound, and I feel so foolish when I hear someone discussing this or that individual Beatle and I must confess that I don't know which is which. I know a three-year-old boy who can name them all whenever he sees a new picture or hears a new record. ((Heck, that's easy. There's George, John, Whatsisname and -- and -- Bill Donaho! --FMB))

I'm not sure if Don Hutchison implies exactly the same reaction that I deduce from his letter: that he would like to see an end to this moron-slanted trash because it's taking up newsstand space and movie screen time so completely that he's unable to find the magazines and movies that he'd like to enjoy. If that's what he means, it's the way I've felt about the sex novels, borderline pornography, and other stuff that some earnest people want to prohibit and other equally earnest people want to protect. I don't think it is ruining the nation but it is making things very difficult for me. Someone or other came up with a solution to the problem that is simple and fantastic enough to be worth a trial. This would consist of legislation by congress that would require every publication to list the true and legal name and correct current address of the writer of everything published alongside the item published. The theory is that the hacks who turn out the material would convert to some other type of creativity, if their identity and whereabouts were made clear and they were not only forced to answer telephone calls and visits from outraged parents but were also besieged by hordes of teenagers demanding to know exactly how to go about getting into the predicaments that the villains and heroines undergo.

Incidentally, I may find it necessary to go anonymous myself soon for another reason. Hagerstown's new postmaster may be the mayor, who detests the newspaper and everyone who works for it because of what he considers unfavorable publicity of his administration. If I can't talk everyone into sending me fanzines inside plain brown wrappers, I'll have to rent a post office box in some nearby Pennsylvania town. He's the kind of guy who would deliberately check the wrong boxes in the list of reasons why I'm getting this issue of Joe Fann's publication.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

[I've printed your true legal name and correct current address at the top of this letter, Harry. Let us know how you make out with the teenagers, will you? --www]

ELLA PARKER CAN'T SLEEP 43, Wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road, London, N.W.6.
Dear CRY: England 25th April, 1964

The only reason you are getting this letter is because I can't sleep. I've been to bed once, put the light out and settled down, I thought. Then I remembered I was going to phone Ethel. We only talked for 15 minutes, but I am now wide awake.

I can't make my mind up whether to make this a real honest-to-god LoC to CRY, or give you the low-down on the feeding and caring of a Lettercol editor. No, it wouldn't be fair to take advantage of the special knowledge gained as a direct consequence of him winning TAFF, would it? I'll write about the last issue of CRY.

This, as you very well know, Wally, arrived the morning of the day you left for home. Did you check with Elinor on date of posting? It would be interesting to hear how long it takes to reach here.

It is rumoured that fen don't take any notice of the artwork on front covers; I hope that the hints depicted by ATom are being taken very much to heart. He isn't kidding, you know.

Fie on you, Elinor: "...my appetite for talking about fandom is quite satisfied by the long discussions that go on around this house". Share them with us, mate. You know fans love to eavesdrop via a column in zines.

I had already begun reading all I could lay my hands on about U.S. politics; also what I could get about the Kennedy family. I was a mite tickled to find

your description of their father fitted my own opinion of him: "implacable" is just how he struck me. But Jack was by no means weak willed, so he must have had some idea of his own about taking his dead brother's place in politics or his father's plans could never have succeeded.

This is the kind of Berry I like. He embroiders fact much more entertainingly than he invents fiction. It all sounds so plausible too, and if it were going to happen to anyone, who better than to John so he could write it up for us.

Buz: You have made exactly the point I was trying to make in my last letter. Just this week on TV I was watching one of our Commentators do some interviews of American men based in this country. He talked first to all the whites; he never once asked were there any coloured men on the base. Then he comes to interview a Colonel....coloured. Guess what? His first question was, "do the other white men on the base object to taking orders from a negro?" Oh how I agree with you, if only they would give us a negro actor in a play that has no message of any kind except that he was the best actor for that part. Oh for an interview of a coloured man without him being asked how he finds it working with whites.....or even if they reversed the procedure and asked those questions of the whites as though they were the 'racial problem' people.

On to CotR's: RICH BROWN: You sound a bit toffee nosed in the sweeping way you dismiss 'stupid people'. Stupid people can be a bore, but to dismiss them in such a high-handed way turns me off, as you put it.

HARRY WARNER: So alright, I chose a bad example of a fan long gone when I picked on you. In which case, it might be a bit of alright to come back into fandom after a long spell of gaffiation; we could sit in your living room and talk over old times, yes?

Dikini: "Helplessify"???!!! ((Wally, your "creative editing" has me croggled --which are your typos?))

MAE STRELKOV: I think you should be given a life-time's subscription to CRY just so you can continue to send us such entertaining and instructive letters. I don't know so much about sane serene England any more, though by comparison with some other places, maybe it is at that. About the only people who haven't yet gone on strike for one reason or another are the police and the doctors. Before the war it was food for much comment and raising of eyebrows if a particularly horrible murder was reported, or if a copper (policeman) was found to be dishonest. Now it is so commonplace, that it hardly even registers. Murder has to be accompanied by horror piled on horror before anyone begins to talk about it. Sane? Serene? Oh well, we did send Wally back in fairly good condition, so perhaps we are.

BETTY KUJAWA: Tsk, tsk, it wasn't I who equated solitude with loneliness; it was one of the people interviewed on the programme. My fault probably for not making that clear. This was a man who worked in an hotel but didn't get near enough, spiritually, to his workmates to get to know and talk to them, from there he went home to the solitude of one furnished room. Surely loneliness can only really make itself felt if one is also bored?

Terry (Terence) Bull really is; I've met him.

TOM & SARA PURDOM: Hi, and congratulations on the new baby. Was it a boy? I certainly hope things went off well for you both.

Colour, again dammit. I can remember, at the end of last year, when I was doing factory work for a while, I wanted to change my job and had gone to another firm for an interview. It was a filthy night (they were doing evening interviews so you didn't lose time at your job), and I was just leaving after being told when I could start. Just as I got to the door a coloured girl was coming in. She asked me did they employ coloured girls there, those were the very words she used, I'll never forget it. Before I could stop myself, I said to her, why shouldn't they? I saw her a few minutes later when she came to the same bus-stop I was standing at. They didn't employ coloured girls and her journey had been wasted, to say nothing of the soaking she got. Why didn't they have the courage

of their convictions and say in their ads they didn't use coloured people? I wrote there and then and refused the job. As I went home that night I took time off to appreciate how much for granted I'd always taken it that I would be tried on my merits and not on the shade of my skin. I felt dirty and ashamed.

BOB SMITH: If only you didn't live so darn far away I'd make you a surprise visit, any day. Grotch.

I am glad to see so many people agreeing that it is ATom for TAFF. Believe me, he is the only possible person for you. When you meet him, don't forget to have clean paper and a pen handy and he'll probably draw you a picture there and then. He is a genius; he can talk and draw at the same time...and make good work of both. Actually, it is more than you lot deserve after saddling us with WWW. Still an all, we don't hold spite for long so we'll lend you ATom just to let you see what a Superb TAFF Delegate is like.

Before I forget: Wally, you still owe me for a new typewriter! I'm still waiting.

From your ever-lovin' - - - -,

Ella (S.C.o.a.W. Certified).

[Any debt I might have owed you, no matter how large, has been more than repaid by those awful elephant jokes you put in your letter for Tom and Sara Purdom. I've cut them out to spare the readers, but I still had to read them. Oog! --www]

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV TAKES ONE LAST RISK Las Barrancas, Ascochingo, Cordoba,
Dear Wally, Buz and Elinro: Argentina April 25th, 1964

Till now, your CRIERS' comments on anything I dare say, have been "eye-openers" and surprises to me. At times, pleasant. Othertimes (as with the "Hive" business) not! I shall take one last risk and try to summarize a few items that impressed me of late, and see what's the verdict next, of your "sounding-board"!

It concerns our past "civilizers". Every day I'm more fascinated by the subject, as I dig up new tidbits in rare books.

Before listing the points that struck me in this regard, I should mention that for the first time in maybe ten years, I bought a "Flying Saucer" magazine (Ray Palmer's). First thing that struck me was the Amherst advertisement for "He Walked the Americas". Apparently that author thinks it was Jesus Christ Himself, who played the role of our "civilizers" down here, 2,000 years ago. I shall check it against my own findings, and meanwhile won't comment more on that book. However, I do feel that not all those past civilizers fit the description of Jesus given in the Gospels. Take El-Lal:

He's seldom mentioned here, unless you deliberately read some old book on Patagonia. I did -- one published in 1908 in Buenos Aires, by Roberto J. Payro, a highly-respected author in his time. I found more mention of El-Lal in respected Antonio Serrano's study of America's Indians. And, in all the old mythologies, you come across mention of a "time of darkness, upheaval and flood" which -- for the Tehuelches of Patagonia it meant flood (and after the flood, appearance of many new, snow-topped mountains where plains had been before). For the Mapuches of Chile, the story is another:

(Serrano's version:) "A poor, humble man warned them the sea would flood the earth. Likewise, the Serpent Ten-ten who lived in certain montes" (hilly jungles, no doubt it means here) "warned them the same, but they didn't believe. Then the Serpent Kai-kai, enemy of Ten-ten and mankind, who lived in the lowlands, made the sea overflow. As same rose, Ten-ten made the hills grow. The natives climbed the hills...two couples were saved."

Incidentally, I wonder if Ten-ten is any relation to the Andean Calchaquies' draconian Cacanich? Maybe not -- Cacan sounds more like Kai-kai. As for wicked Kai-kai, I've read of it elsewhere, and that it now slumbers at the bottom of the Pacific, and when it awakes, that will be the end of the world.

And now for the old Tehuelche legend, of the Pampa tribes who formerly roved Patagonia: their god-man civilizer, "El-Lal", creator of these Tehuelches

(or Tzonekas) revealed to them the secret of fire; gave them weapons; taught them to wear skins and build shelters; and helped them conquer puma, fox and condor. The entire myth is very long, so I'll just give the conclusion next ... he wants to marry the daughter of the Sun and Moon, but they outwit him. Saddened, he tells the savages, "Go forth -- the horizon is yours!" Then he (and other beings very like him) seem to turn into birds and fly off to the eastern sea, pausing to rest on mysterious islands that rise to meet them out of the waves ... "waves wounded by a shower of invisible arrows".

More details of this story, you could get from the Onas of Tierra del Fuego, who apparently saw less of El-Lal than of the Sun and Moon, who had become human in appearance, to civilize the Onas, and were husband and wife. Their names, respectively, were Carpe and Creen. They did their best to civilize the Onas, teach them morality, but without success, and -- annoyed -- they "went back to Heaven again and never returned". But they did send a projection that seemed to be a giant, tall as the trees and with a long white beard, named Chaskelshen, who warned them of the trouble ahead ... the darkness, rain, lightning, flood and earthquake. When it was all over and they could see again, the first thing they glimpsed was a new planet, and the messenger from same was called "Cohan Yeperr". Cohan Yeperr is the Onaisin word for Venus! It was Cohan Yeperr who then proceeded to "create mankind" out of mud, all over again.

One gets the impression it wasn't Jesus (for there's all this "falling-in-love" on the part of El-Lal with the daughter of Carpe and Creen!) but rather bonafide experimenters in primitive anthropology, trying to turn semi-animals into men, on Earth.

The myth of the pre-Incas of Peru, regarding their "Creator" (Pachacamac-Ticci-Viracocha, as some believe his full name may have been), and his wife, Pachamama (now Mother Earth), and their twin children, is also so very human. They were wrecked in that hostile land; Pachacamac drowned in a lake; his wife killed by a savage in a cave; only the twins (the Wilkas) escape, and in time a rope is let down from heaven so they get rescued and become the Sun and Moon.

Well, whatever the truth about Pachacamac, at least Viracocha (or "Huerajocha"), could not have been the same individual. He was not drowned in any lake, but the legends of Tiahuanaco (Lake Titicaca) abound with the story of many Viracochas -- white men with beards -- who restored civilization after the time of darkness and upheaval -- before they too spread their wings as did El-Lal and jetted off into the sea, never to return.

By now I've got so many myths collected it would fill books. The more I learn, the less have I courage to sound positive on any of these matters. The next lead will be to study the pottery of each tribe, with their representations of "civilizer-gods". One face from Tiahuanaco, for instance, is definitely not Indian!

As for dates. While it's true that Mexico's Quetzalcoatl's doings can be narrowed down to a short period, so Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley (in his heavy work on the Mayas) even gives an approximate chronology of Maya history, which puts Kukulcan's entrance to Chichen Itza around 928/48 (and not later than A.D. 1100, as per other works I've seen), that doesn't mean he was the only "civilizer" to bother with the natives there. Kukulcan is supposedly Quetzalcoatl, you'll recall, but that date makes it impossible that he was also "Jesus". However, if you've read the "Genesis-Exodus" legend of the Mayas, written by memory after the book-burning at the Conquest -- a book called "Popol Vuh" -- you'll meet much earlier god-men from Heaven, with full descriptions, collected from the Quiche natives of Guatemala and their books (that appeared mysteriously after the first book-burning fervor of Conquistadores Espirituales had died out). The version I read is by a Mexican student, Ermilo Abreu Gomez, and describes the queer "men from heaven" who galvanized the hopeless natives -- after and even during the "time of darkness and upheaval" -- to organize that fine new civilization. Among the names of those first "civilizers" you have Tepeu, Gucumatz and Hurakan, creators. They preceded the "flood". Then appears Tojil, the fire-giver, who helped them during their exodus

to find a new home. At times Tojil wasn't present in the flesh, but just a projection "out of the shadows". Another time, when he couldn't come himself he sent a messenger (who surely resembles the Gothic picture of Christianity's Satan -- "tall and dark with lustrous wings like a bat's".)

Certain of these emigrating tribes found peace in "solitude and in contemplating the morning star". See? Venus, again! I begin to feel uncannily surprised at the postulations of Velikovsky, by now! After the tribes are settled, the gods go back to Heaven, and even their representatives, the Grandfathers, vanish forever, going towards the ocean and the rising sun and disappearing in the mists.

Queer myths you find in Popl Vuh! Though I see in yet other versions that it's believed by the Mayas of old that Hunab was the Creator, and his son Itzamna was the lord of Heaven, and of day and night, and taught the Mayas writing and chronology.

One rich source of original myth-material is the reports of the first Catholic priests throughout the Andes, who verily believed they were fighting Satan in his own Empire, and saw in every "civilizer" myth (where the "creature from Heaven" was unlike the Apostle Thomas,) Satan himself, especially when in draconian form! I yet plan to work my way doggedly through all the millions of involved words penned by Father Lozano, though my friends at the University Library warn me I'll never manage it -- it's so difficult to read, being medieval in style. Well, I've already read two volumes by him on the Paraguayan comunero revolution in the early 18th century, so I've no illusions, and feel the effort will be worth it anyway.

The white-bearded, white men like Viracocha, of course, the Church renamed "St. Thomas". But even the Church never suspected Viracocha, or Pay Zume, to be Jesus Christ Himself. That's a new one to all of us, I guess!

Oh, gosh, I'm up to my ears in the stuff by now, and still just beginning! There's so much material still to research! And meanwhile, we are still trying to run that queer "Hermidad Galactica" down to Earth. Apparently one of the "two men" who rented that shop-front temporarily, still lives in Cordoba city, as per the employees of that Galeria, there. If there are civilizers still unobtrusively watching us, I want to meet them badly, by now -- I'm so impressed by their past deeds!

Sincerely,

Mae

[Mae, if you ever do meet somebody from a flying saucer, I'll bet he'll discover that you know more about the history of his race than he does. They'll probably appoint you to the office of Official Historian for their race. --www]

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV NO LONGER HAS STUFFING

April 29th, 1964

Dear Wally, Elinor and Buz:

The enclosed letter is very ponderous, and I guess you won't want to use it. Truth is, I was feeling too self-conscious that day to "bubble". I have suddenly had it pointed out that I am a sort of "queer alien", in what I say and think, so it took a few days to accept this new thought. I was told that "conventions differ from country to country" and my style is too "informal for the U.S.A." You know, that knocked the stuffing out of me? I always thought the yanquis were unconventional and fond of new approaches to any question that comes up. ((It's your critic, not you, who is overstuffed. -- FMB))

Now I suddenly think of all you CRIERS as formal individualists I daren't shock. And some people get the idea I'm too liberal, because I refuse to develop hatreds of the fashionable type right now. It's getting dangerous to be liberal at heart of late ... one gets misnamed "communist", which is an ugly word. Why even dear old ecclesiastics like Archbishop Helder Camara of Brazil, are being called nasty names, because they fret over the widespread poverty, ignorance and hopelessness found in places. They get called demagogues, etc.

I suppose it's "unconventional" to feel bad about not being able to advise all the desperate masses on how to plan their families, support and educate them, and

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all that! And I must confess there are times, like now, I wish I could stop worrying about how it will all end up ... especially after a day in town, watching the multitudes of child beggars, that grow in number as our population expands.

There is only one solution to start with, for the ills that ail us here -- an honest attempt to educate the burgeoning masses, not merely superficially, but basically, and firstly, by teaching them responsible parenthood. And responsibility means impressing on them that their duty is no longer to be "fruitful and multiply", but value the children already born and abandoned on all sides of us. "Continence" is prescribed as the only solution ... coupled with "counting" for "safe periods", but you can't teach that to women who haven't even learned to count, or say "No!" Some of the women here get their first baby around the age of twelve, right at home, and who knows who was the father. To remedy these tragedies, one needs that their homes be less crowded ... if twelve humans sleep under one blanket in a corner of a shack, accidents result!

All the above sentiments will never appear in print in the U.S.A. that heatedly. I know it now. I am throwing away a couple of book-lengthed manuscripts that say all this in full and with proofs and details. "Too emotional!" was another criticism I got. But before I go into hybernation, I shall say it one last time, I am not ashamed even now to be liberal in outlook, since I have learned this attitude at great personal cost, and through painful self-assessment and thinking I'd managed to avoid formerly. I hate Communism as much as one hates any "ism", but I am terrified at the thought that we may yet have another "Holy Alliance" like the one that turned Europe into a police-state to "preserve the Faith", around a century back.

CRIERS, I am sad. Worse, I'm losing hope for mankind, for the first time in my life. If we get another 20th-century type "Holy Alliance", that even muzzles such idealistic Archbishops as Helder Camara of Brazil, I don't even want to pray to God for mankind's preservation, another day. What's the use?

Sincerely,

Mae

[You have a point there. If alien anthropologists haven't been able to educate us in a thousand years, what can one of us do in a single lifetime? Let's each find a blanket and eleven congenial people and forget about the whole rotten problem. -www]

ROBIN WOOD WAKES UP Box 154, Amador City, California 95601
Wally:

Just woke up, found CRY lying out in the kitchen and read it. Do you people publish every letter you get? Or just all of them?

Actually, the layout of CRY looks much neater than it did last time I saw it, way back when I was but a small child. I do sort of miss the interior illos, but would rather see no illos, than sloppy illos.

And of course the John Berry thing was good. What else could a John Berry writing possibly be?

All this comments about how Mrs. Kennedy carried herself after the assassination tend to make me sick. Why don't people just leave her alone? Her husband was shot, she was obviously grieved about it, so why not just leave it at that, without bringing in all these thots about "proper breeding" and the like? When it comes to bugging people, I believe Mrs. Oswald is a much better target. She sort of gives me the same feeling as an offensive bug does, just before you decide to squash it.

As for the Beatles.....right now they're having a hue and cry about them in the local newspaper. Everybody writing in pro and con and saying nothing. I did see them once on Ed Sullivan, and I was still laughing an hour and a half after the show was over. The group doesn't seem to take itself too seriously, thank God. What especially tore me up were those shots of 12 year old girls in the audience having fits. Hooboy -- weird little scene.

yrs,

Rob

[Those Beatles audiences have made me wonder if twelve-year-old girls can hear sounds other people can't--like dogs. -- www]

DENNIS LIEN SPEAKS OF POMEGRANITES AND CRAB APPLES

Box 23, Snarr Hall,

April 12, 1964

Moorhead State College

Dear Voices CRYing in the Wilderness,

Moorhead, Minnesota

To answer first the most important question posed in CRY #173: are the Royal Shakesperian Stratfor-on-Avon Players as good as Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandoes? This is like comparing pomegranites to crab apples, folks. They're in different worlds, and as far as I'm concerned, both make the best of them. From what I saw of the RSSoA Players (namely "The Hollow Crown"), they are tops in their field. As for "Sgt. Fury," its field would be war-story comics, in which it's certainly tops -- but not even a mild comic fanatic like this lad would take it or any other comic ever published over the vibrant, vivacious but not vainglorious values (had some v's I wanted to get rid of there) of the beautiful soap-bubble of brightly-hued wit and humanity (also had some purple prose to get out of my system) of "The Hollow Crown!" Excellent crab-apples, yes, but I prefer superb pomegranites...

Hwyl: An "Age of Kings" is also appearing here, on an educational station which to catch I must hold the dial at 12-5/8 (it's station 13). I spent 2-1/2 hours holding that Glaroon-blasted dial during Easter vacation at home, and caught all of Henry V. Very impressive, for television especially. One minor character, the Dauphin of France, was played by John Warner, of the RSSoA "Hollow Crown" troupe (we're back to that?).

The Beatles? MSC has a Beatle fan club, numbering among its members one of our most brilliant English & Humanity instructors. However the lad who started it (a minor) was recently picked up & fined for possessing beer. I guess such a thing on one's ~~conscious~~ ~~conditional~~ soul would drive a man to drink...

April 27, 1964

Betty Kujawa first of all. "How do you pronounce Dennis Lien's name?" So far as I know, Wally doesn't pronounce it at all. You could ask me how I pronounce my name, and I'd say "badly," but that's another story (my next book, How I Pronounce My Name and Other Stories, will hit the bookstores soon. Watch for it.). I do pronounce it; it comes out "lean." Next question: how do you pronounce your name (and if you say "bet-tee," I'll cry Real Tears. So there).

Give Mae credit for the best letter of the issue.

A UFO was reported in New Mexico Friday afternoon (the 24th). The usual car-sized egg-shaped thing, marked with an upside-down "V" crossed by three squiggly lines & manned by two men (?) in white coveralls. In case you hadn't heard.

Hah. First Wm. Deeck returns and now "Carl Brandon." No less. Something must be attracting them; anyone spill blood on the water recently?

From the halls of MSC, to the shores of Box 92,

bye now,

Dennis Lien

[Howcome you mention driving a man to drink and then continue your letter fifteen days later? How come? -- www]

JAMES R. SIEGER AND HIS WARPED MIND

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

Dear Slaves of the WAHF:

Wis. 53150

April 6, 1964

And do you know there was an Egyptian political party called the Wafd? Maybe composed completely of letterhacks who were WAHFed by WWW? Well, don't act so shocked; contact with DeWeese's puns have warped my mind.

I agree with Beatle-browed Elinor's comments on the Kennedy shooting completely except for the occult point 4. Pfagh. After every dire happening there's a whole slew of people who predicted it but forgot to mention the prediction until afterwards. And I have a 1901 magazine on the McKinley assassination in which a phrenologist examined the assassin's photo and "proved" how Vile and Evil he was from various oddments of his map. What next?

Well, now to the CotR, which isn't so hot this issue. Too many dopes, including me, fancying themselves characters.

Rich Brown: I can't consider Lord Russell (NOT "Lord Bertie Russell", you clod. Read up on Burke's Peerage. Only \$35 or so.) anything resembling one of the "Greatest men in the world", however sincere. Rather he seems to me a modern day Sir Walter Raleigh, except Raleigh tossed only his cloak into the mud for the Queen to step on. Lord Russell evidently has such deep love for the American missile men that he plops himself into the mud for them to step on, so they won't get their feet wet. Noble of him. However, Englishmen are hell on litterbugs, so naturally if he insists on littering the streets with his carcass he gets flung into gaol.

Scithers: you need proof that Scotland was once a separate kingdom? To hear the Scots fanatics speak it never was anything else. I've seen lists of kings in Scottish-published books that didn't recognize the existence of the first three Georges.

I hate to disillusion poor naive innocent Mae Strelkov, but her picture of the morals and diversions of Argentine peons could, except for the wake customs, be used to describe American suburban middle-class life, from what I've seen. Ours is the most illiterate well-educated nation in the history of the world. Education won't change things any. As Hutchison points out, the result of this education is that instead of indulging in depravity they vicariously do same by reading about it, which is even less healthy.

Wally Weber, you louse, you! Expurgating my Brilliant discourse on the Dukedom of Argyll like that, as if it was unfit for a child to see (like the teats of a cow, according to one censor). On the other hand my deleted suggestion that the Parker visit be made into a bloodthirsty Wagnerian opera may not die-- I'm suggesting it directly to Madam Kujawa, and you all know that one Betty Kujawa outnumbers all the rest of Cryletterhackdom combined. Be forewarned. While you're admiring Ella Parker's vast hinderlans at her new home, she may be sharpening her battle-axe for rehearsals.

Pournelle points out the fatal flaw in the "right to express my opinion" cliché, and I wish to hell more people would do so. It's idiotic to take any such cliché literally.

Clichilly yours:

James Sieger

[You call April 6th a time for forewarning? Ella had used up three of her axes by then! -- www]

JOHN BOSTON WONDERS ABOUT VAN VOGT

816 South First Street, Mayfield,

Dear people:

Kentucky 42066

May 7, 1964

All right, stop snickering. I do so know the Truth about the Crystaff; I just am in no condition for clever salutations. For that matter, I was in no condition to receive Cry, but I had little choice in the matter.

Some people may croggle at vV's incapacitating knife-blows; I am struck with wonder at the way he killed off a set of characters in "Centaurus II", revived them in "The Expendables", and put them in the same spaceship used in "Rogue Ship" ("The Twisted Men" in the recent collection.) The dates, by the way, are 1947, 1963, and 1949 respectively.

I agree with Buz on the soft-pedaling of the Negro being made a Hero, but I am afraid that most of the ballyhoo of that nature is sponsored by someone who is out to show everybody that he is a Liberal Openminded Fellow; this emphasis on egalitarianism is for show rather than blow.

Q. How do you make an elephant fly? A. First, you get a zipper four feet long.

Did anyone but me notice the curious ambivalence of Ziff-Davis & Co.? One Jeff Rensch admonishes the Editors to the effect that they must be more Dignified, and said Editors replied to the effect that he was right, in the March Amazing. So what do we get in the April Fantastic? Horrific-looking BEMS that resemble

spiders hiding inside a silver stovepipe, and blazoned across the cover "Centipedes of Space".

As for "The Star King", the main fault I found with it was that it reeked too much of stock sword-and-science situations. It read like a poor imitation of Leiber's Fafhrd/Gray Mouser stories, but didn't ring at all true to me. Holden Caulfield would not have approved; one thing that must contribute to this sort of story is a feeling that the author was having a jolly good time writing it, and this shows boredom on the author's part.

If Ian McAulay will look up "breeding" in a dictionary, he will probably find something to the effect of the following, culled from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary: "Knowledge of, or training in, the ceremonies and polite observances of society." Thus, you can have "good breeding" by being born into the right family as well as being an Optimum Gene Pattern a la Beyond This Horizon.

J. E. Pournelle: My, but we're violent today. John Campbell has been saying the same thing, using almost the same analogy, for about seven or eight years. (Probably more, but I don't have ASF for the mid-50s). The only hitch is that there are a lot of opposing opinions in cases where neither viewpoint can be demonstrated to be "wrong" to any degree much greater than the other can.

On censorship: it all boils down to the fact that I don't concede you, the government, the Catholic Church, or anyone or anything else the right to tell me what I may or may not read.

Sincerely,

John Boston

LIS BRODSKY DREAMS OF APES 3123 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, New York, 11210
Greetings & Hallucinations: Saturday, April 4, 1964

There I was, peacefully dreaming about John Carter being devoured by the White Apes when my father (bless his soul) shoved the morning mail into my little angelic face. "You got some more of that junk," he remarked. To which I mumbled, "What junk?" "From that crazy club you belong to," was his answer.

Among the interesting bits of mail were advertisements for door-to-door shoe selling, home baked cookies and cakes (with my figure?) and a contest entry blank with the top prize being a foreign sports car. (I can just see me driving to the Con in it now). Oh yes, I also received a copy of CRY and T.T.H. I proceeded to read Cry, since it was on top of T.T.H. I was in the middle of page three, when I was ejected from the bed by dear old dad at the ungodly hour of 12:30. What is this world coming to?

After finishing the zine, I was plagued by guilt feelings of never ever sending in a loc. So here I am at 1:30 trying to undo this feeling of guilt, which my psychiatrist would probably say is from a childhood, where I never entered into the happy games of the children, like cops and robbers, johnny my I cross the river, etc...time out for a cigarette, and then back to the typer.

Recently bought a new tape recorder and would like to join the taperespondence anonymous, but don't know the procedure. Does anyone feel compassion enough to let this poor soul know what she must do?

Grokly

Lis

[My suggestion is to sell the tape recorder and get more sleep. -- www]

WILL J. JENKINS VOTES FOR WINNERS 402 South 17th Street, Philadelphia Pa. 19146
Dear Cry Pipples: 22 April 1964

And Wally Wastebasket (if you haven't absconded with the CRY Treasury and gone to Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire by now). Mr. WW, you had nothing to worry about. Didn't I tell you in DC you would win? After all, I voted for you, and I only pick winners, like Mr. Wotsisname Stevenson, and Mr. JFK. I shall next vote for Arthur Thomson and Mr. L. B. Johnson (in that order). I wonder how ATOM will like living in the White House?

Wotsaidea? I mean what's the idea? ²⁹ No letter from Avram thish. I want my money back. (Rotsa Ruck, Charlie).

Speaking of Avram reminds me of a funny bit. I had met Avram around and about over the years at various fan partys in New York, but the first time I really got to sit and talk to him was on Saint Patrick's Day two years ago. We spent a few happy hours singing songs of the Irish Rebellion.. Then Avram gave me a bagel.

The last time I saw himself was at a going-away party at the Lupoff's (Hello Richard & Patricia). After the party we went to a Chinese Restaurant. A small group of us walked through Chinatown and we all chipped in to buy Avram a Mandarin's skull cap.

So I have this charming picture of Avram attending Temple in Mexico wearing a Chinese Mandarin's cap. Crazy, no?

The only bit of news I have is that George R. & Cindy Heap's wedding was a swinger. But, man, it's COLD in Rochester during the Winter. I hope to get up to visit them sometime in May. George says the snow may be gone by then, and that Spring came last Year on a Wednesday in May; left the same day, of course.

Gaelic Abou ! and Shalom Aleicham,
Will J.

STOP THE PRESSES! TEAR OUT THE FIRST PAGE! WE GOT SOME MORE NEWS...

(1) Mr. & Mrs. Thomas E. Purdom became the Proud parents of a red-headed Man-child. He weighed in at 8lbs. 2oz. His name is Christopher William Purdom. Is that a pair of names to conjure with or isn't it? I don't wanna spoil Tom's fun; he will probably write you the whole boring story when he comes back to Earth.

(2) Uncle Hal Lynch wrote a Play with music which is being done in New York -- a little bit off Broadway in some exotic place like Brooklyn. But I'll let Hal tell you all about that.

(3) I finally bought my "mother-sickle" I mean Notorcycle. All I have to do is learn how to stop falling off the sonofagun.

Hope this finds you the same, I remain
Will J.

[They allow you to own a motorcycle? Philadelphia was nice while it lasted. -- www]

NATE BUCKLIN FACES CRUD
Dry:

P.O. Box 4, Docton, Wash. 98018

Question to Jerry Pournelle (a map or biography of whom would be called "Pournography"?):

How do you define "social poison"? Also, how do you define "hurt"? I would define "hurt" v.t., to lower the chances of survival of the object. I think that "poison" comes under the heading "hurt". Then, we are faced with the question of "survival" for social organizations. I can see that a social organization could mutate -- in fact, they have been doing this continuously -- but how can it "die" unless every member of it dies? Or is it that a "social Poison" or anything that will hurt the social organization, is something that reduces the chance of survival of everything in it? If so, how do you know what is a social poison, and what isn't? In some cases, it might be obvious, but it might not be. Nor did you explain why the schools should not encourage a "questioning, critical attitude" toward everything we know.

Elinor: Nine tenths of what is remaining after all the crud has been extracted is crud, and so on. Let's face it: EVERYTHING is crud.

Idunno why some people like Beatles; I take it for granted they do. My own true love is choral music. As the best baritone in the Vashon High School Chorus I've got to have some sort of loyalty.

By the way, be careful about contacting this letter too closely; I'm sick.

This letter is pure crud. So am I. So are you. I wonder -- how many times are you going to have to extract 90% of crud from the total before you reach THE ULTIMATE PARTICLE?

Cruddily, Nate B.

[I can visualize it now -- the Crud-Bomb -- the world's dirtiest weapon. -- www]

AVRAM DAVIDSON COUNTS BLESSINGS

Libertad 13, Amecameca, Mexico

Dear CRY:

March 17/64

Reading your kindly-sent Feb. issue, waiting for us when we got back from a 6 wx visit to the States, reminded us rather poignantly that -- in this case, at least -- bad news doesn't travel as fast as good. You will excuse us for not having thought to inform you that we aren't, after all, going to be having the baby whose prospective arrival we discussed so happily in our letters, Grania having had a miscarriage in January. We will write more of a LOC by and by; just wanted to get this up to you for obvious reasons. Ethan continues to be a joy and a delight and we count our blessings.

Hasta la vista,

Avram

Dear CRYs

This is Grania here with some addendum to Avram's rather dour note...such as for example the rather mitigating fact that the miscarriage was preceeded by an attack of what was probably German measles...and that the miscarriage itself, though sad and unpleasant, was probably a Good Thing.

We have just come back from an absolutely exhausting six weeks in New York where Avram sold three books (now all he has to do is write them)...a fortnight was spent taking care of this horrible trial business, and despite the fact that the witch accused us of pouring log cabin syrup under the bed and putting teabags in the corners of the rooms (!) and leaving an NAACP membership card on the floor, we were found Not Guilty (of malicious mischief, for those who don't read Fanac)...However, the lawyer charged \$400, so we don't feel very victorious. Thinking of suing for Malicious Prosecution.

The rest of the six weeks was spent visiting, visiting, visiting all the dear folk in Nueva York...And did you know that it takes less time to get to Mexico City by jet than it does to take a round trip from Yonkers to Brooklyn by subway?

We are extremely glad to be back where all is sunshine and flowers and sheer laziness, and were ever so pleased to find not one, but TWO cries awaiting us.

Was very relieved at the happy ending in Elinor's article, and pleased with all the good cheer of Busby and Berry I am also quite thoroughly fascinated by the letters of Mae Strelkov...both the snatches of Argentinian history and the references to China and finally the fact that she REMEMBERS THE CHILEAN FJORDS...gads, GADS, one of my lifelong dreams has been to travel along the coast of Chili. I've always thought that when I was old, I would get an island off the Archipelago do los Chinos and raise penguins. Please tell us more about the coast of Chili. And about the Conquestadories, and about China (I also would love to go there).... In what country were you born and of what country are you a citizen, Mae?

Well, our Cardinal is trillllling and the maid has just bought the makings for lunch...so I close and await more CRYs.

love,

Grania

[How come Avram only gets to say a few words and then Grania takes over and rambles on and on and on? And then Grania encourages Mae to write more, as if Mae needs encouraging, and then everybody writes to CRY to comment on what Grania and Mae are writing about... Well no wonder I'm giving up the letter column business -- it's no place for a man. Why don't one of you girls buy a mimeograph and start your own letter column? Now that would be a fanzine that would stagger fans and postmen throughout the world.

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG COMMENTS

Norrskogsvägen 8, Stockholm K, SWEDEN

Dear Box 92,

Your magazine sure is damn good, and it's worth every damn cent you want for it. London in '65, damn it!

Bestest,

John-Henri

[You've learned your new English word damn good, John-Henri. -- www (adapted word-for-word from an idea by the noble Elinor)]

GREG BENFORD NOTES FEMALE WAILING

Dear Elinor & Buz:

Latest CRY was very interesting.

CotR: Betty K: While females are wailing and gnashing teeth over unequal salaries, they might consider the fact that whenever single women are escorted anywhere they rarely pay their own way. I once heard an elaborate web woven in support of equality for women in all areas on the grounds that this didn't destroy the superior position of the male, but somehow the thing doesn't seem to work in practice. It is an unfortunate thing that modern males in America (at least) do feel insecure and uncertain, and I can't help but feel that maybe part of it is due to over-acting on the part of feminist "agitators." (Forgive me for all this, but I've lately been bugged by females of great confidence and little performance in professional areas.)

Harry Warner: Yeah, I thought of the fannish possibilities of the assassination. But the fans in Dallas were always rather inactive types, and probably none of them had the practicality to engineer a plan like Oswald's.

Ella Parker: I too am somewhat turned off by the emphasis on the negro problem. Various media have, over the last few years, turned quite self-righteous over the problem, and I am really quite bothered by their two-faced attitude; 6 years ago they had never heard of all this, as far as the reader could discern. I'm also bugged by the terribly sanctimonious attitudes of educated people; they construct elaborate rituals in their conversation and behavior to be fair to these poor underprivileged etcetc. and wind up putting them so much in the spotlight that they couldn't do anything with so many people watching. I think The Movement is in danger of overstating its cause so much that quite a few people turn against it because of the non-natural manner in which many racial relations are now being handled. The Rumford Housing Act in Calif. is now being opposed by a sizable movement (the act effectively lets anyone buy your home as long as he has the money) which couldn't exist without the cooperation of quite unprejudiced people.

Elinor's operation was very interesting.

Greg

[Hey, now, where did you find out so much about Elinor's operation? All she wrote about was everything except the actual operation. -- www]

PHIL HARREL PLANS A FANZINE TO GAFIATE WITH 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Va.
You In there, out there, Over there and around there Greechings, 23509

What ever happened to the Cover I sent you folks and the (Argh! retch!) Article I sent? Now I don't blame you for ignoring the article (urp!) but the cover wasn't so bad....it was at least as good as Rob Williams, and everyone I showed it to broke up into little bitty pieces and laffed and laffed.

I'm now thinking about publishing my last Genzine for quite some while if ever again, and I'll go out in a burst of Glory at least. I'm considering having a 4 or 5 color offset cover (and I want to get ATom to do it). And I'll definitely have another Offset Dumont Artfolio. I was wondering if I could get something from all three of you? Buz, Elinor and Wally. The slant this last issue is on Humor or what have you. It will cost \$1.00 a copy with selected Review copies going out and contributors copy's only.

I'm indebted to John Berry (who I also want to ask to Contribute) for yet another spelling of ol' Pëtr Ilich's name. He's one of my favorites if not my favorite for his music and for the new exciting and different ways his name can be spelled.

Excelsior!

Phil

[Your cover was pretty good. In fact it was so good, I scratched your name off of it, substituted my own name, and sold it to LIFE magazine for \$100,000. That's why I can afford to give up CRY and move to Huntsville. Thanks. --www]

BETTY KUJAWA JUST FLU IN

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Dear Wally Weber;

Tuesday, May 12, 1964

So this is late; blame it on the Flu and the Skeet Trips. But I hope you'll include a bit of it in CRY #174. (Goodbye Happy CRYdom; Hello Cruel World..... sigh.)

I would like to thank you and Ella and the London-gang for the 'CRY' I received....Your article (on "page two" I think it was) on outwitting Parker is one of the finest pieces of writing you have ever done....I hope to see more of this kind in the future, and, sigh, am afraid I will.

It is significant, I feel, that since the Briti-con I have heard nothing from the fen there....the only exception being a postcard from Terry and Valerie Jeeves. So what did you do? I'm almost afraid to ask Ella and Ethel how come the silence....I mean, what if say in 9 months.....no, no we mustn't dwell on the possibilities of their silence.

Gee I dunno Elinor if I'd care for the innocent put-upon Lord Byron...he was more fun in my books as the mad-bad Byron. Good-guys we have enough of, charming rascals are so much more fun...yes?

Buz; as to race problems I'm sure that proposed 'stall-in' (at opening of NYC World's Fair) hit you much in the same way it did me, yes? Also recently in Atlanta some demonstrators in a white restaurant showed their feelings by urinating upon the floor of the establishment. I'm not too keen about rubbing elbows with or sharing restaurants with people who urinate upon the floor.....be they white, black, purple, or scottish plaid. I don't consider them my equals, and I hope in future they can think of other ways to show their stand.

By George, I see I'll have to get to NYC someday and take poor Frank Wilimczyk to dinner and to a movie! Frankie, I can't be responsible for NYC-type women who elbow you out of the way in a line....if you insist on living in such a jungle you gotta expect such behavior from its inhabitants.

I see Ian McAulay is next in line for a few kind words. "Breeding" my dear Ian is definitely vital and important here in the United States.....you simply don't get a Wally W. Weber by helter-skelter catch-as-catch-can, uh, matings. No. Two Hundred Years, my friend, of ancestors such as the Jukes Family, and the Kallikaks Family, and then later the Jeeter Lester Family of Tobacco Road, and even, I'm proud to say, the John Dillinger Family of my own Native State of Indiana. All these were needed to bring forth such a man as Wally W. Weber. Breeding does matter, my friend.

This then is, whimper, my last Loc to Cry..... a poor one at best, but my heart is heavy and my eyes misty.....(and my typing lousy as usual...right?)

Goodbye Wally....Goodbye CRY....Bless you-all and thank you for the enjoyment you've given me.....well done good and faithful CRY....

Betty

[I suppose you realize your letter just barely made it here in time for this issue. You must have had some breeding yourself, the way you can raise a person't hopes and then dash them to bits at the last minute. -- www]

GEORGE H. SCITHERS PLUGS THE OPPOSITION

USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York, N.Y.

Dear Cry:

09757

9 May 1964

Well now -- never before did you realize how influential Phil Harrell was -- even though he was fast fading from sight, his slightest wish -- for Yandro -- is instantly transformed into a reality on the ballot. So much for the notions formerly held by www and others of his ilk that they run the letter column, instead of the other way around.

Now that Yandro's nominated for a Hugo, let's all go out and vote for it. Like, it's legibility has been outstanding, its regularity nigh near unique, it's one of the focal points that keeps fanzine fandom going, and its fanzine review column is the most comprehensive in the field. Add to that its illustrations,

its articles, and its own whacky brand of humor -- come on -- it's a Yandro year -- vote for it for the best fanzine going.

Wanda keep thee wicked,

George Scithers

[What kind of nut are you, doing commercials for Yandro when your very own Amra is also on the ballot? Do you dread making acceptance speeches? Besides, you are too late. Buz and Elinor were planning to vote for Yandro anyway. I guess their fanzine didn't make it on the ballot this time. --www]

JAMES WRIGHT'S CRY IS UNSTAPLE

1605 Thayer, Richland, Wash. 99352

Dear Bems, Crydom, and Humanity,

Mar. 27, 1964

When Cry came, at first I didn't know what it was. I thought it was a TB, so I got excited and removed the wrong two staples. Curses and hexes on you! You ever tried putting back in staples?

Even tho I can't vote for TAFF, I'm for Atom. Maybe that will get me in favor. I happen to think he's best fan artist, and I usually like his art rather than cartoons, but they're good, too.

Oh Beatles. Well, they aren't so bad (only terrible), but the followers... Oh! God! My sister has Beatlemania (it's a true disease), and she's driving me to the very edge. And now they've got Beatle bubble gum cards!

Outgribingly,

James Wright)

[You may have got in good with ATom, but that Beatles remark probably finished you with Elinor. -- www]

MARK IRWIN AND HIS COMMUNIST-HACK CARD

1747 Elmwood Dr., Highland Park, Ill.

Dear CRYers:

28 Apr 64

6C035

Dick Eney and his mention of the CRY letterhack cards, and his adventures with one reminded me of an incident which occurred last year in DC. I was standing around the hotel when someone mentioned that there was a man picketing the Russian embassy. I went out to watch and, after a while, I pulled out of my pocket a card which read, "I Am A Russian Spy," and took up a position on one side of the picket and walked alongside of him for several minutes. The picket was not pleased. Loathe to waste the card while I had it, I later wandered over to the embassy, still wearing my card, and had a friend take my picture while I was standing outside it. After this, I wandered inside, walked up to the desk, flashed my card on the clerk, and asked him who I was supposed to report to. After a few moments, I wiped the look of stunned incredulity off of his face by explaining that it was just a gag. The clerk laughed a bit, and then asked me if I could get a half-dozen or so for him.

Fanatically Yours,

Mark Irwin

[Wait until that clerks discovers you really are a Russian Spy. -- www]

J. A. McCALLUM GIVES ADVICE

Apt. 103, 155 Dorval Ave., DORVAL, Que., Canada

Dear CRY --

16 April 1964

I am in my mid-forties and, until a month ago, had never seen a fanzine. Terry Carr's article in F+SF changed all that and, in the past fortnight, I have read about 70 examples of the field. My advice to anyone wanting to do the same would be: DON'T.

Regards,

J. A. McCallum

[Well, you can always look back on over forty years of unspoiled bliss. -- www]

[Oops; no more room on this page. But if you'll just turn the page we can present to you for the very first time this issue that internationally famous department...

34
WE ALSO HEARD FROM

FRANK DIETZ missed CRY #172 and wonders, "Is there any possibility you have another copy still available? Or if not, how about a note in the letter col?" All I can say is that we're down to our last thirty copies of that particular issue; I'm not certain we can spare one. E. E. EVERS endears himself to us by remarking, "I had to rate CRY lower than such zines as EXCALIBUR." But his kinder side makes an appearance later on when he says, "Oh well, print just one item of interest in #174 and maybe I'll forgive you." I wonder if the announcement of our folding will rate us a forgiveness? And since we all seem to be in a wondering mood, DWAIN KAISER of Las Vegas, Nevada ponders his own current problem; "I wonder if the downtown Casinos will give credit on a CRY letterhack card?" RICK BROOKS complains, "Ah, My Letter. You edited the hell out of it and it still doesn't make sense. What kind of editor are you, anyway?" To which I can only reply, "I am a *sigh* unemployed editor." MIKE DECKINGER sends sticky money, changes his address to Apt. 10-K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, New Jersey 07106, and announces, "I was married April 11." LEROY FRAZIER sends us a letter written so backward and inside out that it can't even be read right with a mirror. He blames it all on his Bugravian typewriter. PHYLLIS H. ECONOMOU changes her address to Suite 902, Wells Building (Office), Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202. It sounds better than Wauwatosa, anyway. WALLY WEBER writes from London Heathrow Airport, "I'm in the act of skipping town. It will be safer for me in Belfast." He must be some kind of nut. John Berry lives in Belfast; nobody is safe there. GEORGE LOCKE thanks the CRYgang for send me over to England. He particularly seemed to enjoy watching me, "...especially when he cringed beneath Ella Parker's gigantic feet, his neck crushed and broken in her fist." Yes, remind me to tell you about Ella Parker's gigantic feet. Also remind me to tell you about how, when George game me money for a CRY sub, George gloated over the fact that the last several zines he subbed to had folded. I wonder how his neck is about now.

And finally we have all kinds of money sent by gullible souls called EDMUND F. GALVIN, SVEN EKLUND, JAN SAARVA, SAMUEL D. RUSSELL, RONALD R. EBERLE, JOHN P. DEENEY, PHIL SALIN, HYMAN APPEL, BHOB SCHNIEBER, JIM MEIER, GLENN PRIMM, JOE RAMIREZ, RUTH BERMAN, CLAYTON BRANTLY III, J. W. BOGART JR., and BRYCE H. MOUW.

Well that's all for this issue. See you all next... uh, next.... Oh s-sob!

-- W-WWW

from: CRY
Box 92
507 Third Ave.
Seattle, Wash. 98104

Printed Matter Only

RETURN REQUESTED

Deliver this, solemnly, to:

The number after your name means this is the last issue of CRY you will get on your subscription. If there is no number after your name, it means this is the last issue of CRY you will get even if you didn't have a subscription.

Poul Anderson
3 Las Palomas
Orinda, California

