

DECEMBER 1960



Norm Metcalf



Robert Lee Martinez



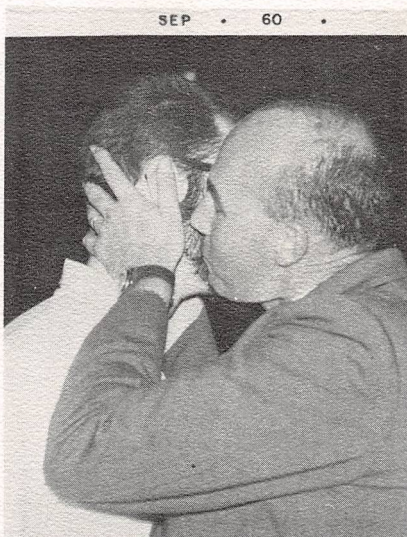
Walter Breen



Earl Kemp



Eric Bentcliffe Bob Pavlat



TEW-BHH
Biennial Reconciliation



Andy Main Les Nirenberg



Art Rapp Nancy Share



Nick Falasca

Buz



Rich Eney

P a g e T h r e e

You might have expected that here would be C*RY #145, Dec 1960, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington, selling for 25¢ or 1/9 each, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-, almost each and every month with free copies for contributors and a few trades when we can keep track of these. John Berry, who accepts UK subs at 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland, could have told you to expect all that. But neither he nor we could have expected that this issue would run to 60 pages, plus cover. The CRY, you see, did not tell us its plans in advance. It did say, however, that it wants its next issue published on Jan 1, 1961.

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COVER: PittCon pics by Elinor, photolith by Pilgrim Press, Multigraphed captions by wally weber and Tosk

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Our Valued Contributors (including the lettercol) got a little out of hand this month, you'll note; they (that's you, out there) contributed more Valued Contributions than we were really equipped to handle. Now come on there, Valued Contributors; you do want to help us on this pagecount bit, don't you? You do want to have (and continue having) a place to send Valued Contributions to, each and almost every month, don't you? You wouldn't want to expand us clear out of business, would you? I'LL BET FANAC PUT YOU UP TO THIS-- it's all an Evial Plot and pass the Miltown.

Actually the problem is mostly that we had 5 weeks since the last issue so that several doubled-up in the lettercol, and wally weber got his Conreport done for this issue. And it is only because he did the Report more or less at the last minute and had to chop off the lettercol at a mere 25 pages, that things aren't worse than they are, today. So, Valued Contributors, I'm mostly just kidding. (Hi, Terry.)

Besides the letters held over until next time because there is only one of wally weber, next issue will have rich brown's story "Recruiter"; in fact, wally Gonser is nearly done stencilling it at this moment. I mention this because I want to alert you-out-there to read "Recruiter" with a view to serious criticism-- except for the subject (fandom), this is either salable writing or damn close to it, in my opinion. ... one more reason for hoping that rich's Gafiation Letter depicts a transient mood.

Statistics: I had thought that CRY escaped breaking 600 pages this year, but I had forgotten the rich brown Takes Over the CRY September issue. With Seattle-produced issues (11 of them) adding to 596 pages, the Florida entry makes it an even 600. I will leave it to FanCyIII to decide which is the correct total historically.

The bottom of page 22 is NOT a hoax; I actually did cut a second stencil of the "Bicycle" column. Maybe next month I can get it run off while no one's watching; they wouldn't dare waste all that paper, once used. I think... --Buz.

4 THE PITT CON

by Wally

INTRODUCTION

What follows is a report of the Pittcon as I remember it. It is possible that I have improved on the convention in places, for this is written without notes or photographs to impede my imagination. You are encouraged to compare this account of the Pittcon with the Pittcon you remember or the Pittcon you have read about in other places.

Thinking back to that fabulous convention, it seems impossible that it happened only three months ago. Usually after three months the details of a convention are still fresh and clear, not hazy and fogged with age. Ordinarily the first several months after a convention are spent remembering the even and telling about it at every opportunity. This year, however, the looking back and retelling has been replaced with the looking ahead and foretelling. This is really the first time since the Pittcon happened that I have actually sat still and tried to recall the details about what went on there.

Another problem that blurs the picture of the Pittcon is that I cannot believe the things I do remember. Is it really possible that three fans (count us -- three!) could have journeyed across the country from our lonely outpost of Fandom and be awarded a Hugo for our fanzine (which does not have much over 100 circulation) and the convention itself for 1961 (without competition, and without even putting in a formal bid)? Did shy little me actually venture up on a stage in front of people I admired and ham up a song with so little restraint? It is not credible.

I don't know about you, but I regard the following report as sheer imaginative fiction whether there is any truth to it or not.

Chapter I

THE BUSBY RECEPTION COMMITTEE

After three thousand miles of travel to a city loaded with fans I hadn't seen for a year, naturally the thought uppermost in my mind was to meet F. M. and Elinor Busby, whom I had not seen for about a week. They were arriving by train in Pittsburgh only a few hours after my own arrival. I wasn't certain exactly how few, but there would be no trouble finding out since I knew what line they were riding. A railroad strike had been called just for the purpose of requiring them to change stations at Chicago, and the bitter manner in which they had told me what railroad they would have to use to arrive in Pittsburgh made the name stick in my memory.

I had not been without my own reception committee, however. As I was staggering up to the hotel desk at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel to register for my room, Forry Ackerman came out from the shadows and said, "Everybody's in Parlor D on the seventeenth floor. Come on up when you're ready." Before I could gather a wit or two, he was gone. I quickly registered, installed my suitcases full of WRR's in my room, and hurried up to Parlor D.

Forry had been wrong; there were a few people who weren't in Parlor D. Among others, F. M. & E. Busby weren't there. But that was all right because there were still a few hours to kill before their train arrived (probably the exact arrival time should be looked up before too long) and, really, there were enough fans in the room anyway.

The room was not very large, and really hadn't been intended as a meeting place. It served as a sort of office for the convention committee where the files, folders, and

equipment could be stored and locked up during the convention. About twenty fans could crowd into the place at one time, although at the time I arrived the room was not very crowded with people at all, and after a few WRR's were handed out the room got considerably emptier. There were still enough fans present to prevent Dirce Archer from functioning efficiently in her never-ending task of filling out and filing little cards and papers that presumably had something to do with the Pittcon.

Dirce looked in good shape for a convention chairman on the eve of the disaster, but when she talked and moved -- two things she did only in grave emergencies -- you could tell she was a hollow shell filled with exhaustion and crottled wearies. It was enough to make me reconsider becoming involved with the Seattle-sponsored worldcon. When Dirce found out who I was and where I was from, she offered me her profound sympathy, which did nothing to ease the feeling of impending disaster.

After some associating with fans, a walk of about two blocks to an all-night restaurant, and the meeting of more fans at the restaurant, I found myself in the presence of Fred Prophet, Jim Broderick, and Sidney Coleman. The four of us decided to be the official Busby welcoming committee, providing I could find out the proper time and place for us to perform our duties.

Looking up the B&O Railroad's phone number in the telephone book was no great problem, but getting somebody to talk to me was something else again. The restaurant had a pay phone installed in one of its darker corridors out of reach of any chairs, probably to discourage long-winded telephone conversations. The ring was answered soon enough, but when the lady found out what I wanted she told me to stay on the line while she connected me with somebody who could tell me when the train from Chicago was due. For a while I waited patiently. Then I waited impatiently. Finally I waited resignedly, having no real hope of ever hearing a voice on that phone again. I was wrong. Eventually the operator cut in to inform me that if I wanted to keep my connection I would have to deposit another coin. Never before have I ever been charged on a pay phone for overtime on a local call, and I decided not to let it happen the first time. I hung up, deposited another coin, and within thirty seconds succeeded in reaching the reluctant fellow who told me when the train would arrive.

The train was due around three o'clock in the morning. According to the map in one of the Progress Reports, the B&O Railroad station was just a few blocks outside the left border of the map. Our welcome committee of four decided half an hour was sufficient time to walk the distance, so when the proper time arrived we set out.

It seemed like an awful long few blocks, and finally we began to suspect we had gone too far. Suddenly Broderick's nose quivered and his ears twitched. "There," he pointed to an impressive looking building entrance. We followed him inside and found that good ol' Jim had led us with unerring accuracy straight to the City County Building.

Undaunted, we continued onward and finally reached the B&O station, which was locked tight as Perdue at a New Year's party. Evidently the B&O hadn't any faith in their own schedules. We circled the place searching for either an entrance or an explanation, and were lucky enough to find both in back. "We just handle freight here," the man told us. "Passengers get off at the station across the bridge."

By this time the train was already due, and the other side of the bridge was probably ten minutes away, but to turn back was unthinkable. By some unusual stroke of fortune we found the proper place and the train was running a bit behind schedule, so we were able to inflict our welcome on the travel-weary Busby's the moment they set foot on the station platform.

There was still the trip back to the hotel to consider. We decided it would be jolly fun for all six of us plus the Busbys' luggage to ride back to the hotel in a taxi. We converged on and outnumbered the driver of our choice (the first one who didn't get away) and fitted ourselves in place in the sardine manner. The driver hastened us back to the hotel for a total fare of 60¢, which was certainly reasonable enough even failing to take into account the fact that his cab would never be the same. At any rate our goal had been achieved. The Seattle contingent was complete; the Pittcon was free to begin.

Chapter II

SEATTLE THROWS A PARTY OR TWO

Seattle had planned to use its convention bid as an excuse for entertaining a party some fine Pittcon night. F. M. Busby had arranged with Earl Kemp to bring some of the necessary supplies, but we still needed beer, mix, ice, glasses, and a pitcher. Now it isn't that we're cheap -- well, not very much anyway -- but the idea of getting all of this at room service prices did not appeal to us, so we thought it would be a fine idea to get our beer, mix, and ice ourselves and let room service supply us with the glasses. With Phil Castora to guide us, F. M. and I got into a taxi and went on a shopping trip.

It is time for a commercial in favor of Pittsburgh taxis. I can't quote their rates because I don't remember them, but I was amazed at how much use you could get out of a Pittsburgh taxi and how little you had to pay for it. We rode that taxi over some of the worst excuses for streets I have seen, and remembering the aimlessly wandering cow trails would promote a nervous breakdown in an electronic brain, but the fare came to much less than what I had expected. I frankly don't see how the fare could cover the wear and tear on the cab, let alone the psychiatric work the driver must require after a day of driving on those crazy streets.

At any rate we returned to the hotel with a couple cases of beer and a couple sacks of mix and fifty pounds of ice. We supposed the hotel would frown on this sort of thing being carted up to our rooms by way of the passenger elevators, so we unloaded our goodies at the freight elevator. As it turned out, the hotel also frowned on this sort of thing being carted up on the freight elevator. "I'd lose my job," the freight elevator operator moaned, and from the look of distress on his face one would conclude he was due for thirty lashes just from having the contraband stuff on the loading platform.

While Buz and Phil stayed to see that the elevator operator didn't hide the evidence, I went in search of help without really expecting to find any. Deciding that what was needed was somebody with Authority in the hotel, I started by asking for the manager. The best I could do, however, was the assistant manager, and he was even more sickened by what we were trying to do than the elevator operator. "But selling ice and mix is our business here," he cried, vastly oversimplifying the hotel business to my way of thinking. "But we've never had this problem at other hotels," I complained, neglecting by sheer accident to mention we had never been caught trying it before.

After a few more remarks pointing out how the success or failure of a hotel depended on the amount of room service it could charge to its customers, the man finally decided to wash his hands of the whole matter. "Go see the sales department; they're handling this convention," he directed, waving in the direction of some steps. I was as grateful as could be and, terribly conscious of fifty pounds of ice turning to water by the freight elevator, went down the steps to see what next Fate had in store.

The spelling of the Magic Name escapes me, but it seemed to get results whenever I pronounced it, "Dee-freed-eez." Out of respect for the man, I never failed to precede his name with a "Mister." Mr. DeFriedes, as I shall spell it, introduced himself when I came into his office, and he listened without any noticeable sympathy to my story. When I was done he picked up the phone, and I wondered who he was calling first, the house detective to throw me out or the freight elevator operator to be fired. To my surprise he called the bell captain on the seventeenth floor and told him to fix me up with enough tubs to hold fifty pounds of ice and two cases of beer. Then he shook my hand, wished me a pleasant convention at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel, and won my undying gratitude.

The elevator operator cooperated whole heartedly. The bell captain met us on the seventeenth floor with two large metal tubs on a cart. These were filled with our party supplies and moved down to my room where it was hoped they would be safe until we could find a place to hold our party.

We had it in the backs of our mind that some of the Seattle group would go together and rent a suite in which to hold the parties, something on the order of what was done at Boise. Unfortunately the number of Seattlites that were able to make it to the Pittcon was

too small to handle the cost of a suite, so when party time started we decided to get things going in my little room and hope for the best. I had some trouble with room service when I asked for four dozen glasses and a large pitcher without ordering anything I would have to pay for; Mr. DeFriedes or no Mr. DeFriedes, room service had never heard of such an outrageous thing and would report me for the vile thing I was doing. It would be interesting to know how the report came out, but evidently some sort of compromise was reached because in time a bellboy appeared with three dozen glasses but no pitcher. Some good fan went out and borrowed a huge silvery metal pitcher from somewhere in the hotel and the Seattle party was ready for business.

It soon became evident that my little room would not contain the crowd, but Les Nirenberg came gloriously to the rescue by allowing us to relocate our happy group to his larger room. The party seemed to be a happy success, thanks to the cooperation of the guests, the hotel, and, most of all, Les Nirenberg.

The second party Seattle sponsored was held in the LASFS suite. Permission had been granted us by some of the LASFS members, but Jack Harness was one who had not been consulted or notified. As luck would have it, he was the unfortunate one to show up and find the hall swarming with thirsty fans eagerly waiting for the door to be unlocked so they could pour into the suite and pour down the refreshments. Jack was very good about it, thank Ghru, and took our word for it that Seattle had been duly authorized to impose on LASFS hospitality. He worked fiercely to clear the parlor for the guests, announced a few reasonable ground rules for personal conduct while using the suite, and withdrew to give us the freedom of the place. It gave me to wonder just how many other groups like fandom there are in the world that would exhibit such exceptional generosity and trust. It's enough to make a person forget to be cynical and disenchanting at times.

Unlike the previous party where I showed up just about the time it was breaking up, I stayed with this one from beginning to end. My only real duty there was to make sure the supply of liquor, ice, and mix was continually replenished, but many times my duty was forgotten as I eavesdropped on the many fannish conversations that were going on all the time. Eventually a hoarse rattle from a particularly dry throat would remind me of my job, and I would hasten to drag out another bottle or order more accessories. In general I must apologize for being a lousy host.

It was probably a typical fannish bull session. Ours was not the only such party in the hotel, and there would be a series of lulls and storms as fans left to visit other parties or returned to see how things were going at ours. A few things happen that stand out particularly in my memory. There was Al Lewis, one of the LASFS members who had granted us the use of the room, sleeping in one of the softer chairs as the festivities went on around him. Les Nirenberg and some other thoughtful fan moved him gently, chair and all so as not to wake him, into the dark and comparatively quiet bedroom so that he could get a proper rest. There was Elinor Busby firing a plonker for the first time in her life -- the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. There were the two non-fannish guests of the hotel who came to our party because their own party had run out of fuel. There must be something lacking in folks who are not fans, because they were soon detected and sent on their way. There was Bruce Pelz, sitting on the floor because that was the only space available, dispensing fannish lore and Pelz-type observations. There was Art Rapp and Nancy Share completing a ring of SAPS members, talking about practically everything except SAPS. There were the phone calls from other parties; "Things are getting dull up here. Send somebody to liven things up, will you?" "You're party still going? Good. I'll be over." "We have a big cake here. Can you come down and help us eat it? Well, all right then, we'll send a piece of it over there." The cake, if I remember correctly, was obtained to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Philadelphia club, and somebody did bring a huge, tasty slice of it to me.

As the party waned, a gradual hunger for breakfast before retiring began taking possession of the remaining guests, one by one. Somebody -- memory tends to blame Andy Young -- suggested that it was a fannish tradition to wait until the sun came up before leaving a party to go to breakfast. And that is how Seattle's last Pittcon party ended, with a dozen or so fans waiting for the sun to come up, and then going out to eat.

Chapter III

BIG-HEARTED HOWARD MOVES IN

One of the most fascinating experiences that happened to me at the Pittcon was seeing Big-Hearted Howard Devore move his wares into the hotel. Howard always seems to have a table full of treasurers to sell at conventions, but I never dreamed of the heart-ache and sorrow he goes through to set up his stand.

The Pittcon was just starting to get under way. I had fought the battle of the fifty pounds of ice on the freight elevator the day before, I had watched the Project Art Show display being set up, and I was keeping an eye on developments in general while waiting for the first item on the scheduled program to start when I ran afoul of Howard Devore. "Can I help you move in or something?" I offered, and he said, "Sure," and the two of us embarked on a new adventure.

The job we had to do was so simple that nothing could possibly go wrong. Howard had driven down from Detroit with Dean McLaughlin in Dean's Edsel. The Edsel was parked in an underground parking garage across the street from the hotel, and all of Howard's merchandise was in the car. All we had to do was get the books from the car to the display area on the seventeenth floor of the hotel.

The simplest way to do this, we reasoned, was to drive the car to the hotel freight elevator (I knew all about where that was), unload the magazines, and whisk them up to the display room. So Howard explained to one of the garage attendants what he was up to so that Dean wouldn't get charged double for parking when Howard brought the car back to the garage. The garage attendant had Rules to follow, however, and it said in the Rules that if a car left the garage, no matter for how short an interval of time, the whole parking fee must be paid and a whole new charge started upon the vehicle's return to storage.

Howard decided to have none of it. He would pick up a baggage cart at the hotel, bring it to the garage, load up his stuff, and defy the attendant to find a Rule that could charge him for it. This was a good plan, except that the man in charge of baggage carts at the hotel couldn't find one. "They must all be being used someplace," he told us apologetically. Howard sighed and decided that charge or no charge, the simplest way was the only way. Back we went to the garage.

There were several levels to the garage, and it was only fitting that Howard should pick the wrong floor on which to search for the car. He was not surprised about it; from the way things had been going, he really had suspected it all along.

At last the car was found and our problems were over -- until the attendant at the exit asked for the claim check which Dean McLaughlin presumably had with him. This was a different attendant than the one Howard had talked to earlier, but this one knew just as many Rules, and there was a Rule to cover every eventuality. If Howard didn't have the claim check, it merely meant the extra work of filling out a few simple forms before Howard could take the car away from the garage. He could show proof of ownership of the car, couldn't he? "Of course not. I don't own the car," Howard said. Trust a fan to come up with an eventuality the Rules couldn't cover.

By this time Howard was willing to carry his magazine out one by one if he had to. But just as things had been going wrong before, they suddenly started going right. The garage attendant permitted Howard to park next to the exit. When we returned to the hotel to beg for whatever they had available that we could carry the books on, Howard asked the first man he saw who wasn't in charge of baggage carts, and this man knew immediately where to get just what we wanted. We loaded the magazines with no trouble, and despite the fact that we had to push the cart up the middle of a busy street for half a block because the weight of the loaded cart and the high curbing prevented us from getting it up on the sidewalk, we got to the hotel without incident. Willing hotel employees helped lift the cart onto the loading platform, and my old friend, the freight elevator, took us up to the seventeenth floor where we wanted to go. I congratulated Howard on having survived the ordeal, and hurried away before I could get involved in something else.

Chapter IV

PROGRAM? WHAT PROGRAM?

The Pittcon was the ninth World Science Fiction Convention I had attended, but it was the first at which I allowed anything to interfere with my attending the scheduled program. This had nothing to do with the quality of the Pittcon program. If I hadn't been otherwise occupied I would probably have seen all of the scheduled speeches, panels, and whatnot that made up the program.

It all started with a letter from Steve Schultheis, and to this very moment I have not decided whether I should thank him for enriching my life or berate him for blighting it. At any rate he mailed me the words to a song designed to be sung to the tune of, "That Old Black Magic." He explained that this would be an ideal song for either me or Toskey to sing at the Pittcon. He insisted that it did not matter that the performer could not sing; in fact he seemed to indicate that a poor singing voice would enhance the effect of the performance.

I agreed to do it. I must have been out of my mind, but I agreed to do it. Buz and Elinor and Toskey were overjoyed that I had accepted the challenge until they talked me into giving them a sample performance. After that they seemed a little apprehensive and gave the impression that they would no longer condemn me if I should decide to chicken out. It did look and sound pretty awful, I have to admit, but, give me credit, look at the handicap I was under. I had heard the straight version of, "That Old Black Magic," a few times, but the only version I had ever listened to with any degree of enthusiasm was the Spike Jones' parody arrangement. What really had stuck with me was the whistles, gurgles, and shrieks rather than the basic tune. But even for people who know the melody, the range of the song is pretty fierce for anyone who doesn't even sing in the shower let alone in public. My range is from low C-sharp up to low D-flat, and that's it.

But I practiced as best I could, and though I never did get the tune right, I etched the words into my memory so deep that I would have to amputate my feet to forget them. By Pittcon time I was prepared to do my worst.

Hal Lynch seemed to be the producer of the show, "Pittcon Follies," I believe it was called. Whoever wrote the script and the words for the songs in it deserves glory and credit because it was a marvelous job. If it had been possible to rehearse it adequately, it would have been even more fun for the audience than it was for the performers. Hal did his best, but it is just impossible to get any number of fans together to rehearse a show when there is a whole convention-full of other fans to see and fannish things to do.

Some of us got together Friday night, before the Pittcon was officially started. Hal's piano player hadn't arrived yet, so Sandy Cutrell filled in the accompaniment with improvised chords, although in the show itself he was only supposed to have an acting part.

The next day I showed up bright-eyed and eager to be on time for the opening session of the Pittcon. This included the traditional welcome to the attendees and the introduction of Important Names. Dirce was giving L. Sprague deCamp final instructions on who to introduce. "And for heaven's sake don't forget to introduce the Busby's," I overheard her say. DeCamp wrote something down on his page of notes and asked, "What should I say about them?" Dirce looked stumped. "I don't know, but you've got to mention them. Seattle is bidding for next year's convention."

We'll never know what deCamp would have said about the Busby's, because when he asked for them to rise and be seen, it turned out they weren't even attending the session. The Seattle party in Les Nirenberg's room must have been too much. Nevertheless they acquired a certain glory in that the introduction of notables had been trimmed to a dozen names, and the Busby's were the only non-professionals mentioned.

From here on my feeble memory is all mixed up on when various things happened, but when you are traveling back in time three months as we are doing here, a chronological difference of a day or so shouldn't matter among friends.

I believe I saw all of the panel, moderated by Earl Kemp, that started out on the subject of, "Who Killed Science Fiction," and wound up discussing the Dean Space Drive.

I think Hans Stefan Santesson was on the panel, and there is a vague gnawing at the corner of my memory that Damon Knight was there, too, but there can be no doubt at all that John W. Campbell Jr. and Bruce Pelz were there. No doubt at all.

The panel started off quietly with the general consensus being that nobody killed science fiction because it was still very much alive. There was no denying that vast improvements were possible, but it was still too early to call for the coroner. Each panel member made a statement on his opinion of the matter; that is, until it was Bruce Pelz' turn to speak.

Instead of stating a position of his own, Bruce chose to comment on the statements made by the other members of the panel. He came down particularly heavy on the editorial policy of a magazine which he referred to as, "Assalog." John Campbell interrupted at this point with the comment, "I know of no magazine by that name." The annual sport of trying to shoot John W. Campbell Jr. down was under way.

Some rather interesting ammunition was used. Bruce read Buz's analysis of the Dean patent from a copy of CRY. Sam Moskowitz joined in from the audience and read a copy of a letter from the laboratory that had tested the Dean Drive. According to the letter, Dean had shown up with his contraption fastened to his own spring scale and, when in operation, the device showed a smaller weight reading on the scale than when it was not operating. Dean would not permit his device to be tested with strain gages. He did allow the laboratory to use some weight measuring device other than Dean's spring scale, but this test showed no weight change.

Campbell's defense consisted of maintaining that the device had never been adequately investigated, and that it had been ignored completely until he had made a fuss about it in his magazine. The date mentioned in Sam's letter for when the tests had been made bore out Campbell's argument that the tests had not been made until after the Dean Drive had been mentioned in ASF. He was careful never to insist that the Dean Drive worked, but only that it had not been adequately investigated. On the other hand, his opponents did not argue that the original investigation of the Drive had been adequate, but were complaining that Dean himself would not permit adequate testing, and that the thing wouldn't work the way Dean claimed it would even if it had been adequately tested.

Bruce may get criticized for sidetracking the panel from its intended subject, but the subject he turned it to was certainly dear to the hearts of the audience from the attention it received.

The only two other scheduled functions that I was able to see complete were the banquet and the business meeting. Only they were really two other functions; the awarding of a Hugo to CRY, and the awarding of the '61 worldcon to Seattle. Let's take the CRY award first.

The high point of the banquet -- for non-Seattlites, that is -- was the appearance of Robert Heinlein, who received the Hugo for best novel. He had rushed to the convention by plane and arrived just barely in time to receive the award. He was still panting for breath when he made his acceptance speech.

What immortal words he spoke, or anyone else at the banquet spoke, was, sadly, wiped out by the shock of, happily, picking up the CRY award. You know, I don't believe any of us on the staff really expected it to happen, no matter what we might say. For one thing, our circulation just didn't seem large enough to contain that many voters. The percentage of you subscribers, contributors, and free-loaders out there who participated in the voting and chose CRY must have been fantastic. We knew we had a chance for it after seeing the results of the FANAC poll, but I think we were inclined to agree with Buck Coulson that FANAC and CRY would split the fan vote and that Science Fiction Times would actually win the award.

Buz had told me if we won the Hugo, I would have to go pick it up, and I had agreed easily, figuring it would never happen. The minute Asimov started talking about the fanzine award, I knew I had miscalculated. He was relating the incident when Elinor had shamed him into subscribing. He had written a letter to CRY after having read a review of one of his stories in somebody else's copy. Elinor had been running the letter column then

and printed his letter, which earned him a contributor's copy, and commented at the end of his letter that subscriptions were available in case he didn't want to look like a cheap-skate. She put it much nicer, but the inference was there.

It was all very thrilling, but I didn't have an acceptance speech prepared. I still wasn't worried, though. Dirce probably told him who to request to receive the Hugo, and she didn't know me from Adam's-apple; Dirce would no doubt have told him to call for Buz or Elinor. So much for dependable Dirce. She didn't tell him a thing. Isaac sang out CRY's name, and then waited for somebody -- anybody -- to come up for the Hugo. The applause died down and the cheers subsided and I still hung to my chair, hoping to the very end that Dirce would come through for me. By this time my fellow tablemates were all but hauling me out of my seat, so I forced myself up, lurched to the speakers' table, and snatched the precious Hugo. I forgot to shake Ike's hand and say thank you, but I did remember not to try to make a speech. As I retreated with the prize, some fiend yelled, "Speech! Speech!" But I ignored it. To this day I wonder if it wasn't evil F. M. Busby behind it all, although really, if you think about it, neither the Busby's nor I can be held responsible for what we do. We are merely tools of the CRY. By some fannish inspiration, Dick Schultz illustrated my name tag for me. It depicted a puppet with the control strings attached to its joints. The caption read, "Yes, I'm a member of the CRY staff. How could you tell?" It's all so true.

The costume ball was fun to see, and I thought the costumes were as good as those at any of the conventions, but unless you are a fashion editor or well versed in abnormal psychology, they are difficult to try to describe. The music was provided by a record player rather than by a live orchestra, but there shouldn't have been too many objections to that -- seeing the costumes and having a party were the main reasons for the ball anyway. So far I haven't heard of any encounters between costumed fans and mundane guests or hotel employees. Having the convention isolated on the seventeenth floor probably accounted for that.

The business meeting didn't quite get as bogged down as usual this year, but it wasn't because the members weren't trying. Do you suppose the real reason for the business meetings each year is to provide the fans with an opportunity to unleash all their pent-up mundaness? I keep thinking wistfully back to the Solacon business meeting where things were held in an outrageous but satisfying manner.

Not that the Pittcon business meeting was a waste of time, but all the fans tend to lose their senses of humor when they get the chance to start legislating.

Fandom seems to be trying to develop a set of traditions for itself that it can harden into inflexible Rules. The natural rotation of convention sights that developed out of fans' attitudes of Fair Play is now a matter of Law. Registration fees that were once left to the discretion of the sponsoring groups are now fixed. This year the design of the Hugo was frozen to its present form (the design of the bases are still optional), and the convention registration fee was raised to three dollars. An attempt to "change" the date of the convention from Labor Day Weekend was defeated. At the moment there is no Regulation determining the date to be Labor Day Weekend, but how long this undisciplined state of affairs will be allowed to exist is not known.

Perhaps this trend to running things by Law & Order instead of trusting to the integrity of disorganized Fandom is a sign that Fandom is maturing from the irresponsibility of youth to a law-abiding middle-age. Certainly the rules that have been set are reasonable



"No, it hasn't got anything to do with science fiction, but the femmefans around here are crazy about cats."

and fair. If they become outmoded, they can be changed. Certainly without the rules we have, Worldcons would be much more vulnerable to mishandling by unscrupulous or incompetent sponsoring groups; why, the evil Russians could win a Worldcon bid and never return the convention to us if it weren't for the Rotation Plan. But sensible as the rules are, I see no end to them in the future. No doubt a person would go broke running a business on a total honor system, but I hate to see Fandom run like a certain parking garage Howard Devore and I know. If I wanted a way of life that made sense, I would have become a perfume mixer, or something mundane like that. But that's enough editorial; the views expressed herein are those of the author and do not in any way reflect the opinions of CRY magazine, etc. etc.

The registration fee increase caused the most trouble at the business meeting. A counter-motion to decrease the fee was made for the purpose of making the fans Stop & Think. The situation grew even more complicated when, in an attempt to be fair to overseas fans, a one dollar fee was deemed sufficient for foreign fans who would not be attending the convention but still wanted to receive the Progress Reports. This was great news to a certain group of would-be free-loaders from the foreign country of Canada, so an amendment was added which annexed Canada and Mexico to the United States, thereby eliminating the last traces of joy from the business meeting. The three dollar fee was then voted in.

You couldn't have asked for anything more efficient and less business-like than the selection of Seattle as the site for the '61 Worldcon. L. Sprague deCamp was running the meeting as best he could, and decided to shortcut things if he could. He announced that if there were no opposing bids, he would call for a voice vote in favor of Seattle rather than a vote by ballot. He then asked for bids, and I didn't know if the Seattle bid was being assumed by the chairman or whether he expected me to go to the microphone and make a formal nomination. On the theory that I had best make a formal bid, I went up to the microphone. During this brief time, Mr. deCamp called for the voice vote, and the words I had been prepared to utter were crammed right back down my vocal chords by the most heart-warming concussion of sound a fan ever heard. Regardless of what I had intended to say, Seattle had the convention for next year.

Bruce Pelz and the LASFS did get cheated in the exchange, however. At the Seattle party in the LASFS suite the night before, I had arranged with Bruce to second my nominating bid. The plan was that, providing no opposing bids were evident, I would nominate Seattle without any elaboration, and Bruce would do the seconding, using the time left over to plug MORDOR IN '64.

There you have the report on the scheduled meetings I saw complete. Now to get back to the Pittcon Follies and why I missed the rest of the programs.

There were no real rehearsals of the play, but there were any number of attempts. When the piano player Hal was depending upon for the accompaniments arrived, it soon became apparent that he could not master the music in the short time available for practice, so good ol' Sandy Cutrell was pressed into dual service as actor and accompanist. How he was able to manage it remains a mystery to me, but he did a superb job.

The plot of our little drama was simple but fannish. It depicted a story narrated by an old British colonel (Dave Kyle, who turned in the best performance of the troupe). The story told how Eric Bentcliff (played by Lynn Hickman) went across the sea to America, but wound up at an Inter-galactic political convention instead of the science fiction convention. Before he can make his way out, he gets himself elected as some sort of intergalactic representative and never again returns to his native land. The play contained some very good songs, and if only there had been a chance to polish up the performances, it would have been as much fun for the audience as it was for the performers.

My part was that of a delegate at the political convention who demands longer months. The chairman of the convention (played by Lou Tabakov) makes the grievous error of asking just why I wanted longer months, for the song is my answer. There was an awkward pause in the performance at that point when I was struck numb by a sudden, "What am I doing up here!" sensation. It was too late, however. Hal Lynch, in his Klu Klux Klan outfit, was guarding the stage exit, so I had no choice but to go forth and face the audience. Sandy started

the chords and rhythm of, "That Old Black Magic," for an introduction, and I was launched into my song:

This monthly fanzine has me in its spell,
 This monthly fanzine that's received so well.
 Those forty pages, that would be just fine.
 The same old story when they're ninety-nine.
 That same old nausea that I feel inside,
 Each time we start to let that deadline slide.
 And up and down I go, 'round and 'round I go,
 'Till each fan is finally supplied.
 I should get away, but what can I do?
 I'd quit the game, but I'm aflame.
 Aflame, with such a faunching desire,
 That thoughts of a Hugo, make me perspire.

This is the fanzine I have labored for,
 The grave this slave of stf has favored more.
 And every time it's CRY's deadline,
 Dammit! Up and down I go, 'round and 'round I go,
 In a spin, collating again, again, pubbing that monthly fanzine called CRY.

It was, of course, a song that had considerable meaning to me -- something I could put my black little heart and soul into. It would have been nice if I had been able to sing, had known the tune, and had not been so terrified by what I was doing, but I threw myself bodily into the task, hammed it up to the worst of my considerable inability, and fled the stage at the earliest opportunity vowing never again would I perpetrate such a deed unless I had a fast car out back with the motor running. They let me live to tell about it, however, and I am profoundly grateful.

SUMMING UP

There are a great number of Pittcon events knocking around in the various corners of my memory, not the least of which is the Joni Cornell caper. CRY deadline has once again caught up to me, so I must reluctantly refer you to the latest issue of WRR for Bjo's report on that. Other unreported items include the music and songs of Juanita Coulson, Sandy Cutrell, Ted Johnstone, Les Gerber, and Nick Falasca, the rehearsals and performance of Hal Shapiro and his beanie brigade chorus, the clever production of, "Purple Pastures," written by Carl Brandon (who lives, I'm sure he must!) and acted out by California fen, the several showings of, "The Musquite Kid," Unicorn Production's latest smash hit, how Ruth Kyle and I disrupted the auction that followed the business meeting by taking Seacon registrations in the back of the room (and thanks for the help, Ruth, you were a life-saver indeed), how G. M. Carr got a rag doll displayed in Project Art Show, the enjoyable visit with Ed Cox, Larry Shaw, and Noreen Shaw first in the friendly neighborhood tavern, and later in the plush hotel dining room when Ed picked up the check (I owe you a meal now, Ed, ((How do you like TV chicken dinners?))) , how I went from party to party conning Seacon registrations out of fans, how I carried my movie camera around all during the convention without taking a one frame of pictures and ended up by losing the camera entirely, visiting the display room, watching Mark Walsted hold his own at poker, seeing Alderson Fry again, witnessing Doc Smith don a propeller beanie for the first time in his life, P. Schuyller Miller, Alma Hill, Walter Breen, Harlan Ellison, Jeff Wanshell, Emile Greenleaf, Mike Deckinger, Jean Bogert and the ailing Raven, Bill Ellern, James Blish, staying up all night to hear Sandy sing limerics from Walter Breen's inexhaustable collection, Ruth Berman, Robert Lee Martinez, what I did with the \$256 in advance Seacon registration when I got back to Seattle... Great grulzaks! And I started out by wondering how I could fill ten whole pages on just the Pittcon?

Oh well, it's probably all lies anyway.

THE SEARCHERS

BY

John Berry

"Fifteen pounds.....going.....going.....gone. Lot 27 sold to the gentleman with the green scarf."

The gavel pounded harshly on the knotted desk top, and the auctioneer took the butt from his ear, lit it, and puffed furiously whilst the two aproned men dragged forward Lot 28, a mahogany hat stand with a gnome's face above a bevelled mirror.

Justin C. Ponsonby opened his wallet, took out three five pound notes, and went across to the girl sitting in the corner.

"I've just been sold Lot 27," he said.

She freed a vagrant curl, and looked down a typewritten list.

"A typewriter and a Gestetner," she said, and ticked at the appropriate place on the list. "If you want them delivered, that'll be fifteen shillings extra."

Ponsonby sorted out the silver, folded up the receipt and put it in his wallet where the five pound notes had been.

He gave the girl his office address, was assured they would be delivered the following morning, and walked home....rather pleased with the transaction.

"Good morning, Miss Jackson."

Ponsonby nodded to his secretary, and she folded up a copy of WOMAN'S OWN, stuffed it in her desk.

"Did you get the typewriter, Mr. Ponsonby?" she asked.

"I did, it'll be here this morning, probably. Got a Gestetner, too. That'll save getting the circulars run off at the agency round the corner."

Ponsonby went into his office, read the FINANCIAL TIMES, ordered a dozen red roses for his wife's birthday, tried to do the crossword puzzle in the TIMES. To hell with the administrative side of this wholesale boot and shoe business. It wasn't his forte at all. He liked to drive around the country getting orders....he'd been doing it for years.... everyone knew him for miles around, and then of course, that ginger-haired waitress in the CARLTON CAFE in Bolton....she'd wonder what had happened to him....pity his partner was ill....this blasted paper work. He had been in the office three weeks, and it was possible that he'd be there another month or so before his partner was fit to resume. He wondered what Kirkwood would say when he came back, to the changes in routine that he, Ponsonby, had introduced. The Gestetner, that would save three pounds a week, which was the average account due to the agency which had been doing the duplicating of price and advice circulars for years. And the typewriter....the one Miss Jackson had to use was about fifty years old....at least....Kirkwood's father had introduced it when the business had started....that Kirkwood, he was in a rut for sure....this typewriter he'd bought at the auction, it was a bit tarnished, to be sure, but it worked well, he'd tried it, and incidentally, he was rather pleased with his speed, even with tow fingers.

He buzzed for Miss Jackson.

She sat down opposite him, pencil poised over angled notebook, and he started:

Dear Sir,

We are sorry to announce that we are unable to fill your respected order for 75 pairs of short studded Continental-type football boots, but.....

She left his office in three quarters of an hour with pages to type. Back in her office, she fingered the typewriter experimentally, and put in a sheet of crested paper...

Ponsonby turned over the page. He was halfway through LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER...hummmmmit reminded him of that ginger-haired waitress, he didn't quite know why, and he allowed himself a wry grin, a sort of knowing grin.....

"Excuse me, Mr. Ponsonby?"

He looked up, and pushed the book in a drawer at the same time.

"You look white, very white, Miss Jackson," he began.

She closed her eyes tight, and ran tensed fingers across her forehead.

"Something....something funny has happened to me," she said, with the suggestion of pending hysterics.

"Sit down here, dear," he said. He hoped she wouldn't faint in his office, surprising how his wife got to hear about things....he circled the desk, took her arm and led her to his chair. She looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Read this," she said. The hand trembled as she gave him the sheet of notepaper. He read:

Dear Sir,

We are sorry to announce that we are unable to fill your respected order for a copy of FANAC.....

Ponsonby froze for a second. He felt something undefinable in the closeness and warmth of his office.....a sliver of ice running down his back, that's what it felt like, and a prickle of hair behind his ears.

"Er, Miss Jackson, that should read '75 pairs of short studded Continental-type football boots."

"I know sir, but even though I wanted to type that, I typed that funny word instead. Not once, but five times....."

"Do you feel all right, Miss Jackson, er....."

"Oh, yes, sir, at least, I did until I started to use that typewriter.....I felt kind of shivery, and my fingers seemed to be separate from my hands.....I know that sounds strange, sir, but....."

Ponsonby crossed into her office.

He sat down in her chair, flexed his fingers, and typed on the notepaper:

Dear Bob,

I would like very much to feature a humorous story by you in my next pair of short studded Continental-type football boots.....

Ponsonby ripped the paper out, crushed it into a ball, and flung it over his shoulder. He closed his eyes for a moment and made sure he was who he was, where he was, and what he was. Satisfied, he put another sheet of paper in the machine, concentrated fiercely, and typed:

Dear Dick,

Sorry to say that I shall not be able to maintain the minimum page requirement in SAPS, and therefore, reluctantly, I wish to resign as from the 56th mailing.....

Tears welled in his eyes.....tears he couldn't account for, and hell, it did seem cold.....

"Miss Jackson, let's go across the road for a cup of coffee...black coffee...and maybe into the pub next door for something stronger....."

The typewriter with a mind of its own was placed in a corner of the office. The unaccountable feeling of.....uneasiness.....which seemed to pervade the atmosphere whilst it was being used, disappeared as soon as the cover was closed.

The secretary cut several stencils on the old typewriter, checked them for errors, dabbed a spot of correcting fluid here and there, and took one of the stencils in for Ponsonby to sign with a stylo, which he did with a flourish.

"Hope the Gestetner isn't haunted, too," quipped Ponsonby with a forced wide smile of hilarity which he certainly didn't feel.

Miss Jackson took the slightly rusted case off the duplicator and placed it on the floor. She pulled both ends out of the machine, rammed a thick wad of foolscap in the recess, put the stencil in place, ran a smear of ink across the roller, and slowly turned the handle. A pack of foolscap came through the machine with a black vertical smear across the upper one.

Perplexed, Miss Jackson took all the foolscap out, tapped it square on her desk, and flipped the pages over so as to make them more amenable to the rubber-based attachments which were supposed to force just one sheet through at a time.

Didn't do any good, though, at least twenty sheets came through as soon as she turned the handle, and the stripe was even more pronounced.

Ponsonby looked over her shoulder.

"Here, let me have a go at it," he smiled.

He looked the machine over carefully with an experienced eye.....he was more than a fair mechanic, and he was satisfied with what he saw. He turned the handle, and only one sheet came through, but it came through at an angle of forty five degrees, with the words

crosswise.

"Damn."

He tried again, and no sheet came through this time, and when the next one one did (at an angle of fortyfive degrees the opposite side) the page was completely black where the inked roller had caressed it.

"It shouldn't do that!" frowned Ponsonby....."I won't be a moment, Miss Jackson."

He came back in ten minutes with the man who ran the duplicating agency round the corner.

The man looked at it. He pulled out a small oil can and attended to the inner works. He tapped here, screwed there, and then smiled.

"I guarantee it'll work now," he grinned. He worked the handle and there was a sharp click somewhere inside one of the rollers, and the handle hung loosely.

The man cursed, and didn't even bother to apologize to the girl. He took his jacket off, grabbed a chair, sat in it heavily, and looked at the Gestetner. He looked at it intently for ten minutes. He took a screwdriver from his pocket, tapped it against his finger, and put it back in his pocket again.

"Honestly, Mr. Ponsonby," he said, "I'm not saying this just because I've lost your trade, but I've never been baffled with a duplicator before. There is nothing wrong with this machine. It should work, but it will not. You'll have to send it away for an overhaul, although, dammit, there is nothing wrone with it....I tell you, I know it."

He went out, and his footsteps stopped outside the door for a few minutes, and then tapped quickly as he hurried away.

"Fifteen pounds you paid me for 'em, that's right, I remember," said the auctioneer. "And you want me to buy them back already, Well, business is business, and I can't give you anything like that amount for 'em.....let's say, er, seven pounds ten."

Ponsonby breathed hard, and compressed his lips. But after all.....

He folded the noted into his wallet, and the auctioneer turned to his assistant as Ponsonby left the store.

"Funny thing, ain't it, Joe? Fifth client to bring 'em back. Best investment I ever did make when I paid three quid for 'em last year. Must have made over fifty quid altogether.....put 'em up for auction again, Joe.....tomorrow night, isn't it?"

"Lot 36.....one typewriter and one Gestetner, both overhauled by my own mechanic last night.....they work perfectly, I guarantee it.....now be sports, gentlemen, what am I bid.....who'll start at ten pounds?"

"Three pound ten," said a pimply-faced young man at the front of the crowd.....his eyeswere sort of shining.....

"Four pounds ten," said a man in a bowler hat.

"Er.....four pounds eleven shillings," said the youth.

"Five pounds ten," said the man in the bowler hat.

"Five pounds ten shillings and sixpence," said the youth.

"Six pounds ten," said the man, smirking.

The youth looked down. He turned to go.....then waited at the back of the crowd.

The auctioneer tried to raise the bid, but typers and dupers didn't seem to rate too highly amongst the crowd, so he raised his gavel and said:

"Going.....going....." and sweat seemed to break out on his forehead. The gavel wavered in mid air, and it seemed as though its user was trying to stop it from banging down on the table in front of him.....it was eerie.....as though the gavel was a live thing, and was dictating to the man holding it.....rather like a schizophrenic ventriloquist who thinks that the dummy controls him.....

".....gone to the young man who offered five pounds ten shillings and sixpence," panted the auctioneer. His face was twisted, contorted.

The man in the bowler hat raised a fist indignantly, and a big broad-shouldered attendant ushered him out of the building.

The youth paid over the money, and fondled the worn handles of the typer and the duper cases.

"It's a miracle," he said softly, "now I can get out my first issue....."

He staggered out, the typer in his left hand, the duper in the other. The auctioneer's fingers trembled as he pulled a cigarette out of the packet. He looked at the two machines as they were dragged out of the door....he looked at them as smoke wafted upwards past his half-closed eyes.

He had an idea he wouldn't be seeing those machines again....

John Berry

THE LITTLE PLOW THAT COULD by Renfrew Pemberton
(actually, excerpted from a letter to Boyd Raeburn who lent us the book)

I seem to recall that you were quite let-down by "Titus Alone"; may I join you? To me, this book is about 80% a failure. It strikes me that the major cause of failure is that Peake has been writing against the imagination-stirring backdrop of Gormenghast itself, which of its very loomingness and age-old continuity of tradition can hold up a pretty dilatory plot-line. So now Peake chucks Titus out into open country more or less, but continues to write as if he were still safely surrounded by the monolithic castle; it doesn't hold up-- the episodes may be all right in themselves, and surely some of them are great stuff, but it is pretty obvious that the author doesn't know or care where he or Titus is going, more than one or two paragraphs ahead. Titus goes from one mostly-meaningless situation to another. Usually he enters the scene on a stretcher and has been "rescued" for no reason except that we are not yet far enough away from the front cover. He receives (in these situations) friendship, enmity, cruelty, indifference, love, lust, interest, and dinner-- and reacts about the same way in any case: he sticks around for awhile and then is impelled to bug out. In no case does he actually accomplish anything by his own unaided efforts, except an occasional escape. When he is in a duel to the death, Muzzlehatch drops from the rafters for no reason of his own except that it pleases the authrr for him to do so, and rescues Titus once again. This sort of thing gets pretty insipid regardless of the descriptions of the animate and inanimate surroundings.

Muzzlehatch is the hero of this book, and he is given no explicit character or activation; he is in the foreground because Peake put him there, period. The nearest approach to Muzzlehatch's motives would be that he acts because he can't be bothered not to act.

Or take the two kooks in the helmets: they pervade the book, but have no roots in context. Toward the end, they ignore Titus (they've been shadowing him throughout the entire volume, for no explicable reason) to kill Muzzlehatch. Then they abdicate their taut alertness and allow themselves to be killed by an attack by three heretofore utterly ineffectual hangers-on. Dead, they still make no sense, fittingly enough.

Oh, sure-- Titus, spawn of Gormenghast, has no feeling of his own reality when he is separated from his ancestral brickery. So he has a bad time and has to go back and check in to make sure he has all his marbles. This is all well and good and valid. But it is not enough meat in the sandwich for a book of this length.

The worst of it is that the ending has Titus returning almost to Gormenghast and deciding that he doesn't really have to look up^{on} the sacred shambles in order to reassemble himself-- so he takes off in a different direction this time.

Supposedly there could be another sequel. But after "Gormenghast" I looked forward to what might come next. And now I've seen it. I can't really look forward with any sort of glee or gusto to any sequel to "Titus Alone". Not unless and until Peake either stumbles onto the truth about plot-lines or heads back to Gormengast.

This is of course a cumulative rather than a reading-point-to-point evaluation-- individual episodes read well enough, but as the pages turn, it becomes more and more obvious that the whole thing is not going to pay off, that Peake is engaged only in displaying his own word-juggling skills, this time. (End of excerpt.)

SCIENCE FANTASY had a good issue with No. 44. John Brunner has the lead, and Moskowitz is on Lovecraft, this time. John Rackham has a good piece, here, Swann's short, though hardly world-shaking, is adequate. Try this zine for size on your Hugo ballot.

--R Pemberton

18
HOBBIT ON HORSEBACK
by
Ted Johnstone

We knew the train was to leave at 9 o'clock; at 8:50 we pulled up at the Union Station. I leaped out and ran inside to buy my ticket while my mother tried to find a place to park. It was 8:55 when I saw my mother, carrying my guitar and my jump kit. I found the car, picked up my two suitcases and typer case and caught up with Mother at the entrance to the access tunnel. It was 9 o'clock exactly. My shoulders were aching and my finger muscles were weakening, but we started down the wide, low-ceilinged echoing hallway and I broke into a sort of lumbering sprint. My arms seemed to stretch, my legs began to buckle, and my chest seemed suddenly too small for my lungs, as I reached the end of the 500-foot corridor and turned up the incline that led to the track.

I staggered out onto the platform and up to a conductor. He took a glance at my ticket and said, "Car 203. Other end of the train." "Oh, Ghod!" I commented in lieu of thanks. I got as far as car 211 when an impatient porter hailed me to board, so the train could start. There had been no sign of my mother, guitar, or jump kit since I turned up the access ramp, but a gentle quaking underfoot told me that the train was starting up. Just at that moment a conductor came trotting along the platform and swung aboard. I told him my problem, and he said, "Oh, you're the one. Yeah, she put your stuff on board already."

Further questioning revealed only that he knew she had, he didn't know where she had. But it was too late to do anything; we were starting to pick up speed. The porter led me forward, even unto car 203. Once there, I consulted my ticket again and noted "Seat 18". We found seat 18 -- it was occupied by a large colored woman. On examination, we found her ticket said "Seat 25". But she was seated next to another large colored woman who was apparently her friend, so I moved back to Seat 25.

Oxidizing the last drop of adrenalin in my bloodstream, I summoned up one last tremendous effort and hoisted my suitcase onto the overhead shelf. Then I collapsed; the maximum of co-ordination I could summon up for the next ten minutes was fanning myself weakly with my hat. Next I fished out my ever-present pocket notebook and began recording the events. An hour later, with frequent pause for rest, I was finished, and got up to seek for my missing luggage.

Near the front of the train I met two conductors, one in uniform and one in plain clothes. I explained what had happened; combined with the bit about taking a different seat, it took about five minutes. So they punched my ticket (in the presence of the passengere) and let me go with a warning. Not about anything in particular, just a general warning.

I finally found the missing items-- they were stowed at the rear of the car I'd first gotten on. I managed to tote them back to my seat and stash them away again.

Lights were starting to go out after we stopped at Colton, but I finished the current GALAXY serial before we stopped at a lonely little depot, far out in the middle of the desert, at 12:10. At 12:30 the porter came through calling "Lights Out" and waking everybody up. At 12:45 we stopped in Indio. A troop of drunks settled in the men's lounge and were whooping it up until the conductor broke up the party. Eventually we left Indio, too, far behind, fading into the desert night.....

Dawn came slowly over the edge of the world. The train seemed to stand motionless, shaking and racketing, in the center of a huge circle of sand and sagebrush with low blue cut-out mountains pasted up against the sky where it met the rim, and the tracks extending ahead and behind to infinity, bisecting the circle and running directly into the flaming orange, yellow and pink of the dawn.

The day passed slowly; we stopped at Tucson, then passed by a succession of lonely little depots, all exactly alike in their orange-cream colored peeling paint and green shingle rooves. I struck up a conversation with my seatmate, tried poker and blackjack, and taught him to play Gin. After he got off at El Paso, I taught the boy across the aisle (en route to New Orleans) the game of Gin. Gradually night crept up out of the sunset, overtaking us from the west.....

At 4:30 a.m., a thin sliver of moon was floating on the grey bands across the eastern sky that heralded the approach of dawn. I watched the grey light grow, beginning to fill the whole sky. Then a new conductor came back and gurgled something about luggage--- I honestly swear he had a cleft palate. The new porter gave us all a pep talk about keeping the car clear and keeping babies quiet at night so folks could sleep. The grey dawn had suddenly become shot all through with rays of gold, but an overcast layer appeared, and soon all was grey again.

Yesterday's desolate countryside had been replaced by green gentle hills and trees. We rolled through a residential district and into San Antonio at 6 a.m., exactly two hours late.

I took a taxi over to the Greyhound Bus station, bought a ticket for New Braunfels, and checked my baggage through on the 7 o'clock bus, though I decided to wait for the 9:30 bus so I could see a little of San Antonio.

I strolled down the nearest street, feeling the heat of the sun. A few blocks away I found a small river running under a bridge, and steps leading down to the embankment, with a flagstone walk-way along the shore. Having plenty of time to kill, I walked along the river for about five blocks. On my way back to the steps, I stopped to copy down some of the interesting graffitti under Bridge #23, written in some reddish-brown substance, in block capitals about an inch and a half high.

OPUM WILL RUN YOU CRAZY IF YOU SMOKE OPUM WHISKY DRINKING WILL CAUSE TO HAVE
HEART ATTACKS MURDER IS A MOTAL SIN SMOKING OPUM IS A MORTAL SIN SMOKING
MARIJUANA IS A MORTAL SIN

THE LAW IS NOT THE SAME, LIKE YEARS AGO THE LAW WOULD CONVICT A MAN FOR BEING
A MARIJUANA SMOKER AND A THROAT CUTTER NOW THE LAW HAS GALLOWS THE ONLY THING THE LAW
CAN DO IS TO CONVICT THEM TO DIE SITTING IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

The unidentified philosopher left more injunctions-- the next item said simply:

DON'T WRITE HEAR

But he disregarded his own message; further on were two more notices:

IF YOU SMOKE MARIJUANA IT WILL RUN YOU CRAZY IT IS LIKE JACKING OFF. heroin

BEWARE DONT SMOKE MARIUANA OR CALLED MARIJUANA IT WILL RUN YOU CRAZY IT IS LIKE
JACKING OFF (("heroin" in lower case was the only use of this form in the whole set.))

Chastened, I returned to the bus station. At 9:15 I phoned Mission Valley and arranged to be met at New Braunfels. At 9:30 I got on the bus. The countryside, still green, was rolling a little harder by now.

I was dropped in front of a little store at 10:20, and found the rest of my luggage sitting out front. Inside, I found a short, balding man with a well-developed pot, standing at the bar in a light shirt and shorts, swigging at a root beer. This was Mr. Corbly, my boss for the summer. He helped me load my luggage into the station wagon, and we drove back to the ranch, where I went to sleep on the couch in the lounge for a couple of hours. I met the wrangler, a cheerful, grizzled old cuss. As he came into the lounge, he stamped hard twice, then stepped back to point out two newly squashed scorpions on the floor.

Benny Klauson, our "wrangler", is 51, six feet tall, 140 pounds. He has the face of a tortoise -- eroded by years of rain and wind, burned deep by the sun. He is an authentic cowboy; in 25 years of driving cattle and breaking horses, he claims to have broken 116 horses, and never having a broken bone. Benny has a great way with horses and children-- I've seen him with a dozen pre-schoolers, fixing them up in the saddle, calming them down, making them laugh, and taking them out for an hour's ride they all loved. Benny does a large percentage of the work here; he takes care of the horses (up to and including shoeing them) and often gets stuck washing dishes, moves furniture, and generally gets stuck with the heavy jobs.

Mr. Corbly, the owner, is a retired newspaperman, 5'4", 170 pounds, balding. Always wears shorts (on legs that deserve being hidden), has a glassy smile when guests are around, and resembles Alistair Sims playing an ingratiating villian.

Next there is Mrs. Cox: about 40, same height as Mr. Corbly, about 120 pounds. She has a fairly trim figure, short hair, and I suspect a hyperthyroid condition. She is the manageress, foreman, cook and overseer. Her voice is her blacksnake whip. She acts like a lineal descendant of the late Captain Bligh, and would certainly inspire a mutiny on any well-run ship.

Lastly, there's me. I had thought I was hired to play my guitar for the guests, help on the refreshment stand in the lobby, help with the office work, wait tables, and so on. But I have been spending most of my time sweeping, swabbing and hosing down porches, patios and floors, moving furniture, washing dishes, mowing grass and cleaning out trash barrels. A twelve hour day, seven days a week, for \$22.50 a week, or about 25¢ an hour ---"so away I go with a mop and a mow".

New Braunfels was founded by a group of German immigrants, and many of the older people still use German in social and business dealings. The people are generally of the type referred to in an old story-- a tourist stops in a small town, asks a native "What do you folks do for a living around here?" and the native replies, "Tourists in the summer and each other the rest of the time". A case in point: Mr. Dean, through whom I ordered a quire of Gestencils. About a week after I placed my order, I asked him whether my stencils had arrived; he told me they hadn't, and changed the subject twice before I could ask why.

A few things about the dude ranch business: 1) Don't tell the guests to watch out for scorpions; it makes them uneasy, and they'll find out soon enough for themselves. 2) Don't tell the guests not to throw beer-cans in the pool; you'll just give them ideas. 3) Do not sing anti-Segregationalist songs unless you're sure they're not listening.

Usually they're not. My fourth night here, I played and sang for about fifteen minutes before I got the idea they weren't listening. So I played "This Land Is Their Land", from The Bosses' Songbook. There was no reaction, so I tried "Zulaika", "Cats On The Rooftops" and finally "The Ribald Rebel's Song". After the last one passed, I knew I was safe, and continued singing bawdy, Leftist and Capitalist songs, and even a few fannish songs, just to keep in practice. Finally my fingers got tired, and I knocked off. Nobody noticed me leave.

Shortly after I arrived here, I realized that very shortly I would lose either my phobia of bugs or my mind. So far, my mind has held out. I no longer care about the crickets, grasshoppers, locusts and cicadas, though I still twitch violently when one lands on me. The scorpions are not really so common--I've killed five since I arrived two weeks ago. My first I met on my first night, and I stomped him flat immediately. But my second one was a challenge.

The second night after I arrived, I came in to go to bed about 10:30, and there was a scorpion about seven feet up the wall, looking at me. This was particularly interesting, as Mr. Corbly had told me that a scorpion could climb only under extreme provocation. Now his theory had been severely dented. Seven feet up a wall is a very bad place to try to stomp on something. Fandom came to my rescue. I fished my long-barreled Mark II plonker out of my jump kit, loaded, aimed and fired. Direct hit! He stopped moving, but still clung to the wall. I plonkered him again to knock him down to the upper bunk bed beneath him, and then once again, knocking him to the floor. He didn't move, but I stomped on him just to be sure. I have been considering carving a notch in the handle of my plonker.

The scorpions are an ever-present reminder to shake out all clothing before dressing. They're only about an inch and one-half long, and their sting is not fatal; it will only lay a strong man up for three days. In addition, we have black widow spiders (I've killed two), rattlers and an occasional copperhead, though the only snakes I've seen have been either small and harmless or large and harmless. There are hundreds of jackrabbits and deer, as well as a few foxes and plenty of skunks. Just tonight on the hayride we saw an armadillo---about a foot and a half long, little pointy head, armor-plate on the body.

This is the place to watch Nature at work. I have seen a gigantic hornet dragging the fresh corpse of an equally gigantic spider home to feed the little ones; a tiny praying mantis stalking a tinier beetle; a walking-stick six inches long stilt-legging it up the leg of a picnic table trying to camouflage himself against the red paint. I have watched the ant-lions dig the detritus out of their pits in the soft sand--they aren't really big enough to be dangerous, although one of the cats was lost to one just last week.

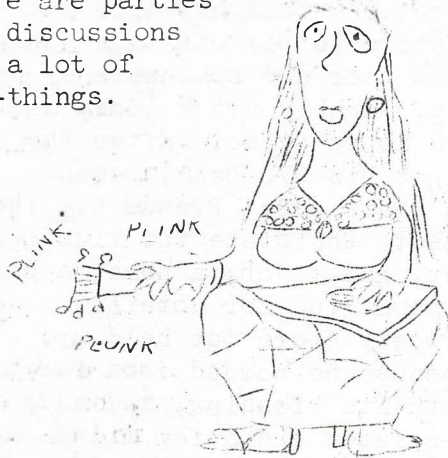
This is also the place to get tired and healthy. I've lost over ten pounds in two weeks; I'm not bothered by my old sneezing fits; I'm building up muscles in places I didn't even have places before. My hands are sunburned from pushing the lawnmower through miles of grass, and if my arches fall any farther, my heels and toes will be off the ground.

Yes, Texas has things pro and things con. I suppose we shall have to wait a while for the final decision as to whether the summer will have been worth the effort.

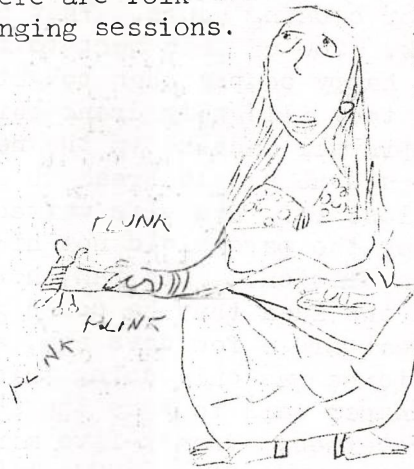
-----Ted Johnstone-----

FILKSVILLE

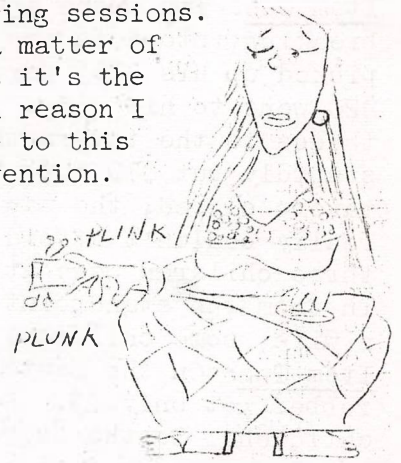
I love conventions.
There are parties
and discussions
and a lot of
fun-things.



But most of all,
there are folk
singing sessions.



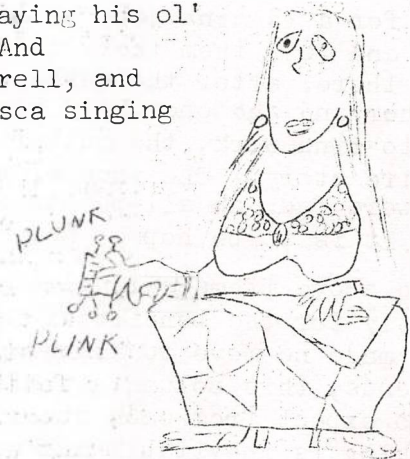
I love the folk
singing sessions.
As a matter of
fact it's the
real reason I
came to this
convention.



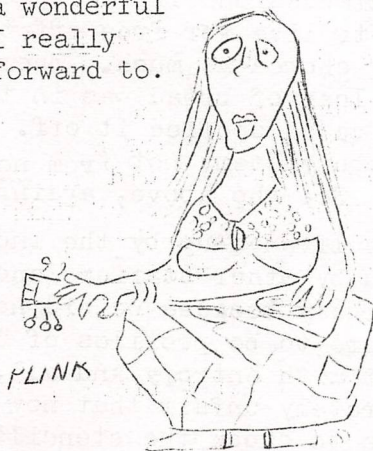
All the way from
Wabash to join in
the hootenany. What
a wonderful time.



There's Leslie
Gerber playing his ol'
guitar. And
Sandy Cutrell, and
Nick Falasca singing
away.



It's a wonderful
time I really
look forward to.



Ghod! I wish
someone would come
over and tune my
guitar for me.



J. Leo Pappas

-- F M Busby

Item One: Two weeks ago a local meatcutter (married, three children) was apprehended breaking into a tavern after closing hours. That afternoon he and his wife had picked up his \$165 paycheck. \$60 of this went to the store to pay off wage-advances; \$20 went to his wife. The happy couple then bought some beer and some whiskey and thence to the tavern where they illegally drank whiskey, legally drank beer, and stupidly put \$70 into the pinball machine in the next 8 hours or so. After the tavern closed, the man decided he should break in and get his \$70 back, because he really couldn't afford to lose it. His wife waited in their car. Presumably the three children were at home; the papers did not hint as to the state the kids were in from the standpoint of nutrition. This man, however, had a job, a home, a car, a wife, some children, and the idea that he could get something for nothing.

Item Two: On the Eastern Seaboard a few days ago, a grocery store was held up. The robber got only \$5. He said he was only doing this because he needed food for his children. So the store manager said to take the \$5 with his blessing, and added two large sacks full of groceries. Twenty-five minutes later and a few miles away, the same robber took another grocery for \$600. Like, that's a lot of bread.

Item Three: In California last month, a young couple with three children were evicted from rented premises. Both were unemployed and their car was not running, but could be slept in. Since he could not find work in the area, the husband left for Oregon to look for a logging job; he and his wife took the children to a Salvation Army mission and left them there when no one was at hand (but the oldest child refused to stay there; after the husband left to start hitch-hiking on an empty stomach, the mother and the one child slept in the car again). The next afternoon, still unable to find work, the mother took the oldest child to a police station and told the entire story. The younger children were retrieved from the S.A.; they and the mother were fed; an all-points alert was issued for the father, including a job-offer. It is to be hoped, now, that the guy can hold a job once he gets one.

The above items, all gleaned from our local daily papers in the past 3 weeks, are mostly for the benefit of Mike Deckinger. Awhile back, in teeing-off on a guy who has made no move to answer direct questions as to whether or not he stole from his friends, this column got off onto the subject of Ethics... of what we have the right to expect from each other in the way of fair dealings. On a deal like this, nit-picking is inevitable and we got lots of it. It was also inevitable that some humane soul would resurrect the classic bromide of the man who steals the loaf of bread for the sustenance of his starving children, and our hearty thanks go to Mike Deckinger for reaffirming our faith in human nature on this point. Sure, we have kidded Mike on this-- first, because he was trying to rub our nose in the obvious, and second, because he was muddying the waters of the discussion with irrelevant considerations-- my blast had to do with slobs who try to live for free off the fruits of other people's labors and the context clearly showed as much. Therefore, Mike's hypothetical family starving for the theft of a loaf of bread was in this case a red herring of the sob-sister persuasion and we've so scoffed it off.

My point has been (and is) that most theft and robbery stems not from need but from a combination of desire and irresponsibility. See the above, again.

About five years ago the idea came up that CRY could be livened-up by the inclusion of profiles of various members of the CRYstaff, written by other staffers and like duck quick. Somehow this never got off the ground, largely because we did not have any asbestos paper available and the first two items were to be profiles of Wally and of Tosk, by each other. But after five years, what with entropy and all, it seems that things are much milder. So it is only moderately unfair that now on the eve of CRYday, Dec 1960, when nobody will have a chance to check the stencils in any case-- hell, I might as well spill all the beans.

((Stay tuned-- will the next stencil be destroyed by an outraged CRYstaffer???)

THE PAPER-CUTTER THAT ONCE OR TWICE

by Bob Lichtman

About twenty minutes before time to leave the university for the day, I ambled over to the post office on campus to pick up some stamps. When I got there, I saw a distraught but very lovely young sorority woman casting mild, worried invective at a burly male pledge who was trying to operate the big paper-cutter in front of the post office window.

This machine, a precision instrument with a weight on one end to permit a free and easy, powerful swing of the cutting blade, is one of the little services that the school provides to anyone who cares to take advantage of them. It is a very efficient device, but it really wasn't made for the small rolls of crepe paper that the hapless pledge was trying to cut.

I watched him as he very carefully lined up the flattened roll of crepe paper, which he proposed to cut longways, against the guide bar. I continued to watch him as he lifted the cutting blade by its massive handle, with much ceremony, and lowered it with much force. The cutting blade went about halfway through the two foot long roll of crepe paper and then stopped with a shredding effect.

The distraught but very lovely young sorority woman made a sort of despairing moan and surveyed the rolls of crepe paper that had already been ruined. There were perhaps half a dozen of them, so far. I noticed that they had two boxes of crepe paper, with a gross of these rolls in each, to cut. With a resigned look on his face, the burly male pledge, who must have been at the very least a football player, repeated his little drama with another, fresh, sheet of crepe paper. Again he met with a glorious failure and the spirits of the d-b-v-l-y-s woman grew even more morose.

Since I had nothing better to do at the time and as I'm a good-natured, helpful slob by nature, I volunteered my services. "Let me see if I can cut one," was about the way I put it. "Oh," squealed the sorority woman who was all of the things I mentioned above and perhaps more, "would you?"

Casually taking one of the fresh rolls of crepe paper from one of the boxes, I lined it up, raised the paper-cutting arm, and with much energy let it down again. The paper cut clean through without a hitch or even a twist. The burly pledge lowered his jaw several inches. The increasingly lovely sorority woman raised her spirits several notches. I sort of grinned--I don't look like Tony Perkins, but I can grin too!--and wondered privately what was so hard about cutting the crepe paper. Heck, I'd overexerted myself that time because I didn't know what to expect.

Much to the downfall of the burly pledge, who was now standing there with his arms uselessly at his side, I said, "Want me to do it again?" to the sorority woman. She made some sort of enthusiastic comment like "Would you!" and then in an aside to the pledge, "Watch and see how he does it, George!"

I did my trick again, meeting with equal success. About this time I started wondering what the crepe paper was for. "Oh," said the d-b-v-l-y-s woman, "it's for a homecoming float." Then in the same breath, "Would you like to help us with homecoming?" I declined. A good thing, too, for she said a few seconds later that there were ten gross of these rolls of paper to cut in all.

George decided that if not-particularly burly me could do it, so could he, so I let him have another try at the job. He failed, miserably. I did it again, with a running commentary on how it should be done, and he watched somewhat adaze as I cut cleanly through one, then two, more rolls of paper. Then he tried it once more, and met with somewhat greater success. So it went, me cutting one or two cleanly, then him cutting one not too cleanly, and not all the way through, but with ever-increasing success. Finally he cut one through as cleanly as the ones I had been doing all along. After he did a few more, he seemed self-satisfied and took over. I talked for a few minutes with the beaming, very lovely, young sorority woman, who was really not more than 19 or 20, then noticed it was about time to leave for my ride home.

"Oh, thank you very much for your help," she said in appreciative tones as I looked her over intently. I made some innocuously clever remark and left.

It wasn't exactly the sort of ending I would have liked.

Bob Lichtman

As all True Fen will remember, last issue I left off right in the middle of the tale of our vacation in Los Angeles. I imagine a good many of you breathed a sigh of relief at that point ("Thank ghod...he's stopped before he got around to showing us his vacation snapshots and restaurant menus"), but it was premature, because here I am again with the concluding installment of Through Darkest Mordor With Watchful Eye and Bemused Smiles Playing About My Lips.

Tuesday night, as I related last issue, Miri and I went pubcrawling with Bob Bloch, and, as usual, got back to Miri's grandmother's place where we were staying at some unBlochly hour. Hence it will be no surprise to hear that we (again as usual) got up at some silly time like noon the next day.

Now, we had a problem. Miri's grandmother had told us earlier on that she'd be busy Wednesday evening, so if anybody invited us to dinner that week we should try to make it for Wednesday. And John and Bjo Trimble had invited us for dinner that evening--but lo! when we called to verify matters, they said that what with the big move of the entire Fan Hill menage they'd got themselves so busy that they just could 't make it after all, and how about a raincheck? Well, we understood of course (we'd moved just the two of us and just the few thousand books, fanzines, records, etc. that we own several times in the past year), but as I say, it posed a problem. Where would we eat? Miri's grandmother was standing at the door gesturing for us to be off into the snow, never to darken her doorstep again till later that evening. What should we do?

We bethought ourselves of Lee and Jane Jacobs, who are Fans Stout and True. We wanted to see them anyway while we were in L.A., and here we found ourselves with an evening unexpectedly free. Miriam called them.

Unfortunately, Lee was out of town--in San Diego. He wouldn't be home till the next evening. But Jane wasn't busy, and she said she'd drive into town and meet us as we got off the bus coming into town from the other end, then we'd go to dinner somewhere. And we did that.

We went to Barney's Beanery, a place somewhere in Los Angeles (I never know where I am in Los Angeles, and often am afraid to find out) which is the setting of many LA-fandom stories and jests--for no particular reason other than that it's a pretty good place to eat and hence a lot of LA fans eat there fairly often. It's a small place, with rickety wooden tables and rickety wooden booths and old posters on the wall, and in the corners there's indirect lighting--like, you have to light a match or something, which is about as indirect as you get. Anyway, we sat ourselves in a corner and ordered hamburgers. Miri and I did, anyway; Jane had already eaten, and she just ordered a salad.

Between mouthfuls we engaged in stimulating conversation--that is, we gossipped like mad. After we'd caught up on each other's views on everybody else's sex lives and duplicator troubles (what a fannish conversation) we left and drove around. We were actually trying to find someplace where we could go and sit and engage in more stimulating conversation, but we ended up just driving around for a couple of hours on Sunset Strip and such. We passed many jazz joints and a few folk singer joints and like that, and finally ended up at a drive-in restaurant whose chairs looked comfortable. They were, but the food was lousy. Jane and Miri talked about calories and vitamins and nutrition and so forth--they're very sercon on the subject. I ordered a grape soda, at which Jane frowned and puckered her lips and murmured, "Purple death." It seemed sody pop wasn't good for one.

"I like it," I said. "I'll die with a smile on my lips."

But even the grape soda was lousy, and we left. Miri and Jane dropped a few castigating remarks around the ears of some gung-ho R.O.T.C. boys as we walked out. The whole place was very depressing. I mean, it was.

So we went back downtown to this Italian restaurant that Jane knew of, and ordered a pizza. Jane and Miri engaged in more stimulating conversation about nutrition--"Did you know tht celery has negative calories? Well, it actually has a few, but you use up more energy eating it than you get from it, so it comes out negative."

And eventually it got late. Jane had been telling us about having a prowler at their house--when Lee wasn't home this guy would rustle around out in the trees and look in the windows, and once he came right up on the porch and tried the door (it was locked). She

wasn't too happy about going back that night, with Lee away. So Miri said why didn't she come out to her grandmother's place in South Pasadena and stay the night? And there was hemming and hawing and persuading and such, and about an hour later Jane and Miri and I arrived in South Pasadena.

Now, Miri's grandmother goes to bed at nine every night, and she double-latches every door and nails shut the windows beforehand. But she was used to our ways, and had perfected the technique of getting up to let us in and then going back to bed, all without waking up. This was the ritual we had been going through every night so far, and it was the ritual before us that night. But Miri figured that Jane should sneak around the back door and wait for us to let her in, because the sight of a third, unknown person entering with us might so jar her grandmother that she'd wake up. And so Jane did sneak around the back way, and we did come in the front door as usual, and muttered goodnight, and then when Miri's grandmother was back in bed we unlatched the back door and in came Jane, her shoes in her hand, tip-toeing into the back bedroom.

It was all very silly, and when we shut the door we all broke up in giggles and chuckles and such.

"I haven't done anything so wacky since I was ten," said Miri.

"I feel ridiculous," giggled Jane.

"Isn't it fun?" said Miri.

And so forth. We ended up by launching into a long serious discussion of life, Philosophy, A- and H-Bombs and such which lasted even farther into the night. And eventually we went to bed. (That was kind of silly and fun, too. Er, what I mean is, Miri's grandmother's place has two extra bedrooms, but there's only a single-bed in each. Miri and I had been sleeping in separate rooms, which was of course ridiculous, but that night we both slept in a single-bed. Blush.)

Thusday found us rising at the by-now-usual silly hour, and after breakfast Jane drove us over to Forry Ackerman's place, where we spent the afternoon. The LASFS meeting was that night, and we had arranged with Forry to go to dinner with him and then on to the meeting. After the meeting we had tentative plans to go pub-crawling with Jane & Lee, who would be back by then.

We spent the afternoon as usual--lolling around reading and talking. And just before we were to leave for dinner, Trina called. We'd been trying to get in touch with her since we'd arrived in L.A., with no luck; now, out of the blue, she called to talk to Forry. We set about making arrangements over the phone to meet her the next afternoon--trouble was, she lived on the opposite side of town from South Pasadena where we were staying, and neither of us had wheels. We hemmed and hawed at each other, trying to decide who would take a bus where to meet the other(s), finally agreeing in desperation to meet at the bus terminal in downtown L.A. (And that was a solution of sheer desperation--L.A. seemed hotter and smoggier than usual that week, and downtown L.A. is always the worst).

Then Forry and Miri and I piled into Forry's car and went to dinner, after which we headed for the LASFS meeting, stopping at a couple of places on the way. The first was a little newsstand which advertised on the window, TOBACCO, MAGAZINES, SATIRE. Now really, how many places do you see advertising satire? What made it even more strange and bemusing was that it was really just a plain, ordinary newsstand. Forry had never been able to get a sensible reason from the proprietor as to why he advertised satire.

After that we went to a little candy store across the street, Forry told me that it had the best selection of candies of all nations that he'd ever seen, and I guess he's right. The place was small but packed with displays of candy. A sign in the window said: "Wanted: 500 kids for Halloween party." Miri asked the little man behind the counter, "Am I too old to come to your party?"

"How old are you?" he squeaked in a high-pitched little voice with a German accent.

"Twenty-two," said Miri.

"That's not too old," said the little man. "You come. You too," he said nodding to Forry and me. "Bring friends." We were delighted, but of course by Halloween we'd be back in Berkeley.

Ordering in German, Forry bought a selection of candies to give to a girl-friend of Ingrid Fritsch's who was to arrive that night by air from Germany; several LASFSers were going out after the meeting to welcome her at the airport.

As we left the store, Forry said to us, "He's a fan of candy like we are of sci-fi."

And so on we went to the meeting. All sorts of people were there, some of whom hadn't been to a meeting in months or even years. Bob Lichtman, Don Durward, Don Franson, Ted Johnstone, Jack Harness, the Trimble Don Fitch, Lee & Jane Jacobs, Jack and Julie Jardine, rich brown, Bruce Pelz, Jim Harmon, Ingrid Fritsch, and quite a few others. Most of them we knew, and there were greetings and such; others we hadn't met, and it was a pleasure meeting people like Franson, Durward, Fitch, and so forth.

Miri was quite charmed by Don Durward. Previous to meeting him, she'd been a little bugged at him because she'd submitted an article to his zine and he'd made so many typos when he'd printed it that, as Miri said, "Even though I'd not only written it myself, but had lived it--I still couldn't make heads or tails out of the article!"

She said something about it to Don, and grotched about his myriad typos in general. Don looked at her soulfully and said, "Gee, I'm sorry. I correct over half my typos, you know."

The thought of what his typing must look like before he corrects struck Miri dumb, and she forgave him on the spot.

Later, she said, "How can you be irritated with Don? He--he reminds me of Elmer Fudd, somehow. Not that he looks like him--Jack Harness does--but he has such sad eyes. He looks at you really sadly, as though he's always expecting something terrible to happen. It's not like he thinks somebody might hurt him, though--more like he's terribly afraid someone might steal his carrots."

Well, anyway, there was a business meeting. Miri went up to Ernie Wheatley, the chairman, before the meeting and asked if she could announce that people could buy memberships in the Baycon from her; Ernie said sure. So after the meeting had been going on for awhile Miri raised her hand and Ernie recognized her and she stood up and started to give a spiel for memberships. But Ernie told her she was out of order--the meeting was still on New Business, and Announcements would come later. Miri started to sit down, but a thought struck her. After all, even if she had been living in the Bay Area for the last two years, she was still a member of LASFS ("Does death release you?"), and had paid her dues. So she said, "I want to make a motion, then--is that okay?" Ernie nodded. Miri said, "I move that LASFS buy a membership in the Baycon."

This was so sneaky and underhanded that three or four people immediately seconded it, and it was passed, as I recall, unanimously.

The main business under discussion that night was the proposal to move the LASFS meetings to the new address of the Fan Hillites, where the members would have such benefits as A Room To Themselves, a place to store the LASFS collection, and so forth. Practically everybody there was obviously in favor of the move, but There's One In Every Crowd, and Jack Jardine elected to be the Devil's Advocate. He seemed to feel that the apparent unanimity of opinion on the matter might betoken something akin to a railroading job, so he proceeded to point out everything he could think of on the negative side. Actually, Jack was in favor of the move, but he didn't think the members were considering all the angles; hence he was bringing up the bad points of the proposition to be sure the members were going into it fully aware of its drawbacks as well as its merits, to prevent possible hassles later should members become aware of things they hadn't considered in advance. Unfortunately, his Devil's Advocating elicited somewhat of a hassle/^{then and there} and a few heated words rent the air. It was during the course of this discussion that Bjo said, "I've never been in a feud"--a statement which amused me, though I managed to refrain from smiling. (Actually, as someone pointed out to me later, what she'd meant had been that she'd never feuded with another LASFS member at a LASFS meeting. This is probably perfectly true--but I doubt that any of the really active LASFSers could truly say they've never been in a feud. Hyperfanac on a local level almost inevitably leads to hassles.)

The upshot of the discussion was that the meeting was recessed for half an hour so that all members interested could drive over to the new place and inspect the proposed quarters before voting on the motions. Most of the members did go over; Miri and I, feeling rather unaffected by the question, remained behind with Lichtman, Durward, Harness, Pelz, Johnstone, brown, Franson, the Jacobses, and perhaps a few others.

When the room had cleared, I looked around and pointed out that almost everyone who had remained was a member of SAPS. "It's too bad there aren't more of us," I remarked. "With a few more SAPS members we could hold a special meeting and vote to dissolve SAPS."

What a coup it would be!"

But as I say, there weren't enough of us, so we didn't dissolve SAPS that night. Instead, we contented ourselves with admiring a Freas cover original that Pelz had had framed, and trying to talk Franson into joining SAPS. (I suppose it seemed the next best thing to dissolving the organization.) Franson, unfortunately, declined.

In awhile the rest of the members returned, and the meeting was reopened and concluded reasonably quickly. The club voted to move to the new place, a few reports and announcements were given, and Ernie Wheatley adjourned the meeting.

Immediately the gang started heading for the doors. Several of them were going to the airport, and the rest were all for going to a drive-in restaurant for burgers and cokes and fanchatter; this is the usual routine at LASFS. The Jacobses, Miri and I were going pub-crawling, of course, but we dropped by for a few minutes at the drive-in where most everybody was. And just as we were leaving, in walked Milo Mason.

Now, Milo is an old friend of Miri's and Ted Johnstone's, and he hadn't been heard from for ages; he'd been married the year before. We told him we were going to a bar and he recommended one for us and said he'd meet us there later. We noted the name and his directions and took off in the car.

Half an hour later we were driving around in circles; Lee had taken a wrong turn somewhere and we were quite thoroughly lost. We just kept driving, though, and didn't get really worried until Lee almost got shuffled onto a freeway, at which point he pulled over to stop and consider matters. When you're lost you don't want to get on a freeway; that just gets you lost farther away from where you were. I remembered Miri's uncle telling us once that he'd dropped off a friend in New York to do a little shopping and had gone around the block to pick her up again in a few minutes--except that he'd got himself onto a one-way street in heavy traffic and had ended up an hour later in New Jersey. No sir, we didn't want to get on any freeway.

And fortunately, luck was with us. Lee sighted the stars, read streetsigns, waved a dowsing-rod over a Hieronymous compass, and finally shrugged his shoulders and drove on. We got to where we were going anyway.

It was a good bar; Milo had been right. Very comfortable seats, quiet, uncrowded, and with good service. Reasonable prices, too. We settled down over drinks and chatted quietly for half an hour or so. Lee & Jane invited us out to dinner on Saturday and promised to introduce us to the baby ocelot they were buying and would pick up that day; we accepted, of course.

And then in came Milo and Bruce Pelz, rich brown, Rich Stevens, and Ted Johnstone. They joined us and we spoke of things SAPSish, including Lee's story, "The Musquite Kid Rides Again", and the Unicorn Productions movie of it. Ted told us that Unicorn's next production would be "Martian Eye", a stfish detective story that he was writing himself.

Lee had to work the next day, so he and Jane left comparatively early. The rest of us remained until closing time, listening to Milo's wild tales of what he'd been doing since we'd seen him last. Miri, who'd been drinking vodka gimlets, switched to plain cherries as the evening wore on and the hour grew late; she told the waitress sadly that we were staying at her grandmother's house, and the waitress told the barkeeper, and he sent over a whole batch of cherries. He was touched to the quick by her sad plight, I guess.

When we left, at 2:00 a.m., Milo drove us all home. We poured ourselves into bed.

Friday, as per arrangements, we met Trina at the bus station downtown. She looked good; since leaving North Beach she'd found a reawakened interest in dressing up like a pretty girl (which she is). She'd come to Hollywood in search of movie work; Forry was her agent and was working on a part in "The Girls From Planet 5" for her. But aside from that the news was sad. "I came to Hollywood to try to get into movies," Trina pouted, "and now I'm working part-time as an usherette at Cinerama."

"Are you doing any acting at all?" we asked.

"Well, I'm a member of this little-theatre group," she said. "It's really encouraging, too, because all the others in it have a lot of experience, and they think I'm good. Only trouble is, we had a fight with the owner of the theatre, and now we're a little-theatre group without a theatre."

It was all very sad and Pooish, but Trina seemed, overall, happier than she had been in North Beach. We went to Clifton's, a very good and inexpensive restaurant downtown,

and spent the afternoon over coffee, talking about people we knew and things we'd been doing. Trina did a few illos for us while we talked, and then it was time for her to go to work and time for us to get back to South Pasadena. Miri's brother and sister-in-law were coming over that evening.

We got back in time for a quick dinner, and then David and Evelyn arrived. We seldom see them, even when we visit L.A., because David is studying to be a doctor and is always busy, busy, and tired when off-duty. He's president of his junior class at UCLA. We sat around for awhile talking about things political, mostly. We got to talking about DAR-types, and Miri's grandmother seemed incredulous at the tales we told. We mentioned the incident recently in San Francisco when the American Legion was holding a convention and a couple of guys decided to picket them in protest of their policies; a hundred or so Legionnaires came out and beat the hell out of them. The next day there was a somewhat larger protest picket-line: two hundred or so. The S.F. police were there in force to protect the picketers. (This was just a week or two after the House Committee on Un-American Activities had met in S.F. and the cops had been so rough on the picketers and such, so it was kind of ironic to see them on the other side that day).

"Why, there can't be very many people like that in the world!" said Miri's grandmother as we went on and on about the DAR and the American Legion. "These must be isolated instances."

"No, no," said Miri. "Remember Mrs. Johnson? She was a DAR member. One time when I went over there to see Cassandra, Mrs. Johnson met me at the door and said, 'WHO KILLED JESUS?' I didn't know what to say--I mean, that kind of stopped me--so I muttered something about I supposed the Romans had. And she said, 'THE JEWS KILLED JESUS. THE DIRTY JEWS DID IT!' Boy, she was like that!" (Miri's background is three-quarters Jewish.)

Well, I don't suppose you want to hear more about such depressing conversations; they're very unfannish. (Reality is basically an unfannish thing.) Anyway, we spent a few hours mostly pleasantly with the family, and after David and Evelyn left we went across the street to visit Ted Johnstone and his family.

Somehow during the course of the conversation Ted managed to bring up the subject of Unicorn Productions (or maybe we did it ourselves, inadvertently). Anyway, Ted immediately dragged out a notebook and proceeded to describe the whole plot of the forthcoming movie, "Martian Eye," scene by scene. It was kind of interesting, but I'd rather see the movie. When he'd finished that Ted brought out his guitar and serenaded us with folk-songs and filk-songs--damn but there are some good filk-songs going around these days! It was a very pleasant few hours that we spent there; Ted isn't the greatest of guitarists or singers, but he has a hell of a good repertoire.

Saturday, Lee and Jane Jacobs picked us up around one in the afternoon in their 1940 Cadillac limousine (or something like that--anyway, it's a gas of a car). We drove out to where they were to pick up their ocelot, but upon arriving there found that it wasn't in the best of health, and the people who were selling the little crittur said they'd better keep her for another week or so until she was in better shape. But we played with her for awhile; she was incredibly cute: big, big feet and a perky face, and very naughty. Lee and Jane said they were going to call her Yma, but Miri insisted that until she got older the name wouldn't fit her and that for the time being they should call her Bemildred, because that was how she acted. Lee and Jane said Bemildred could be her middle name.

The people from whom they were buying Yma Bemildred raised "wild" animals as pets. They had a monkey, a gibbon, a giant hawk (in a big cage), a kinkajou, two animals whose names I can't remember (large, gray felines, about 25 pounds each), and a full-grown cheetah. The cheetah was in a pen about 50 feet per side; her name was Chita (Spanish for cheetah) and she was completely tame. She was a beautiful animal; sometimes she'd sprint and run around the pen for exercise, and she was a study in flowing grace. She came up to the wire fence of the cage, and Miri petted her nose. She purred, a huge rumbling purr of friendliness.

Chita earned a large part of her keep by acting in movies, at something like \$150 a day. "She enjoys it," said the man who owned her, "except for the lions. She doesn't like lions, and she gets nervous sometimes. But she wouldn't hurt anyone."

All the animals, they said, had about an hour a day free in the house. "The cheetah too?" we asked. Yes, the cheetah too. She was very tame.

"I guess if you get them when they're babies they don't know anything about being wild and predatory," said Miri.

"Oh, we didn't get her when she was a cub," we were told. "When we got her she was two years old, just out of Africa, and completely wild. We tamed her."

I took one look at Chita, standing inside her fence looking out adoringly and purring at her master, and thought that that certainly knocked hell out of some theories I'd heard.

We spent most of the afternoon there, watching the animals play and asking about what they ate and so forth. Later on, after we'd gone into the house, the owner brought Chita out of the cage on a leash. She lay down on the lawn and rolled over on her side while he scratched her under the chin.

Lee went out to see her close-up, and Jane and I soon followed. Miri stayed in the house; that cheetah was just too big for her. But I wanted to pet Chita, and I did. It wasn't quite like petting our own miniature Siamese; Chita was big, and solid, rippling muscle. She purred and sat up on her haunches; I patted her on the side, like you would a dog. She turned to me and licked my hand.

That was the damndest thing. I like having cats lick me; their tongues are a little bit rough and it feels good. Chita's tongue was rough, too--more so than a small cat's, of course. It made an audible scritchng noise as she licked me, like a fine-grained sandpaper. It felt a little like that, too, only her tongue was warmer and soft. She licked me several times, and then lay down again.

"What are you doing?" Miri called from the house.

"I was just letting her taste me," I said.

Seeing how very tame Chita was, Miri was reassured, and came out with us. She didn't pet the animal, though, and it didn't lick her. And she's been envious of me ever since. "You lucky!" she says every now and then. "You got licked by a cheetah!"

It was quite an experience, and I think I'll let the tale be the climax of this already overlong account. Nothing much happened after that that you'd want to hear about anyway; we had dinner with Lee and Jane (excellent!), and Lee and I played jazz records far into the night. Then he drove us back to South Pasadena, and the next day we packed, it being Sunday and the last day of our vacation, and that evening we caught a plane to Oakland, where Bill Donaho picked us up and drove us home. There was a pile of mail waiting for us, and our two cats, a Siamese and her halfbreed son, greeted us with joyful meows and much purring.

They even licked us. But we weren't afraid.

--Terry Carr

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B A Y C O N ! The 14th Annual Westercon -- July 1 & 2, 1961 --
\$1 to Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St, Berkeley 9, Calif, gets you a paidup membership and Progress Reports and everything.

Get your room reservations in early to: Hotel Leamington, 19th & Franklin Sts, Oakland 12, Calif. This is gonna be a good one; we'll be there; how about you?

" " " "

And the 19th World Science Fiction Convention (PuCon, SeaCon, PuSeaCon, or maybe even The Admirable CRYCon): Labor Day weekend, Sept 2-3-4, 1961, right here in Seattle. \$2 for memberships may be sent to P.O.Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash. Checks should be made payable to Seattle Science Fiction Club (or to Wally Weber, if you prefer the personal touch). We should have all sorts of hot news for you shortly; watch for our flyer soon.

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Long as you have your wallets out, how about joining the British Science Fiction Association: \$1.40 to BSFA Hon Sec, 130 London Road (Basement), Cheltenham, GLOS. The BSFA's quarterly journal, Vector, will help you keep up with UKside doings in the field.

That took care of that spare five-spot pretty well, didn't it now? I have neither the heart nor the space for any more commercials just now. Bear up, though..

I picked up "An Autobiography" by Frank Swinnerton lately, and found something therein mildly but specifically of interest to fandom. Swinnerton left school at 14, and got a job as an office boy. "I had plenty of spare time and extraordinary freedom of action. When I began to produce a small hectographed monthly journal called "Jottings" every member of the firm either subscribed to it or was placed on the free list;...

"'Jottings' did more than amuse the staff ... it gave them a notion of my potential prowess which at the time was exceedingly helpful..." Swinnerton left, to look for a job that paid better, and his employer gave him a testimonial praising his intelligence and talent.

"In November, 1899, I had seen in R. S. Warren Bell's magazine for boys, "The Captain" ... a reference to another amateur journal, "The Scribbler". This sounded as if it must be exactly in my own line of country; and I wrote for a specimen copy. Correspondence followed; I was encouraged to show my own wares; and the result was the beginning of friendships which entirely changed the course of a life....

It seems to me possible, by the way, that the Boer War, which marked the close of an epoch and supplied a rallying point for the young minds of the new century, must have been responsible for much amateur journalistic activity. We all had opinions about the War; we were not personally involved in it... and Liberalism, which had been a good deal mangled over the Irish Home Rule question, was rising... from its ruins. ... Liberalism... was stirring the thoughts and the pens of humane and thoughtful youth to great activity. The pens were not in all cases wielded by born journalists; they were newly and for the time being in the hands of those who felt what is often called the need for self-expression; and they were driven, as to motive power, by something which it would be possible to call practical idealism.

Now "The Scribbler" was produced monthly by two boys, one of them, the editor and chief contributor, two or three years older than myself, the other almost exactly two years my junior. It was just such an eager playtime magazine as "Jottings", and it took a similar line to mine as to the events of the day and the needs of the hour.... for some reason which I cannot explain they were quite ready to stretch out a hand across the whole depth of London to another boy of whom they knew only that he dabbled in homemade journals. It was fortunate for me that they had this impulse."

The fannish spirit has been manifested throughout the centuries over and over again. It's present in the juvenile writings of Jane Austen; in the elaborate kingdoms of the Brontes--the imaginary kingdoms of Angria and Gondal, and in their "Young Men's Magazine"; in the amateur magazine Stevenson put out with his stepson. But, however common the fannish spirit may be, I always fall upon evidences of it with little cries of joy.

Lately I have been framing pictures. First of all, I took two pictures which had been taped, sans frames, on the Busby wall/^{for a year or more} down to the store to be framed. One is an Emsh, ^{one of several} which Larry Shaw donated to be sold for the Berry Fund. I bought it at the Westercon in 1959, and have enjoyed it immensely. Emsh is my favorite artist, and it's a particularly pleasing composition. They framed it in black, with a white mat, and just a smidgeon of black matting around the edge. The other is the Toskey pic that Tosk had printed for his "Thrilling Green Science Fiction" and that we used extras of for the back cover of our last annish. They framed that in bluegreen, and sprayed it with plastic rather than glazing it to obviate reflection. Getting these pictures framed excited me tremendously, and I resolved to have lots lots more pictures framed but not professionally because it's too expensive (I won't tell you how much it cost me to get just two framed--I really don't care to remember it myself). So I bought some frames at the 88¢ store (all except one were 2/88¢) and some cream colored matting at the stationery store and looked for the razor blade thing Boyd Raeburn gave us at the Pittcon (& miracle of miracles, I found it) and framed some more pictures and now you must sit still while I tell you about them.

First. A pic Bjo drew while she was in the hospital at Longview. She had paper and a fountain pen in her hand, and was thinking very deeply about a problem, and when she solved the problem or came to a decision about it the picture was done. It's a head of

a very humanoid but unmistakably inhuman being. It's a very delicate and elegant head. The hair is pelt-like, the eyes immense and very strangelooking. Their pupils are slit, and there's an area of white below the iris. The nose is very long and thin and small, the lips are small, firmly closed, and secret. I imagine that the creature's body is large, powerful--incongruous with the delicate head, and not so thoroughly humanoid. It's a picture I don't seem to tire of.

Second. Do you remember a cover we had on CRY a long time ago? It was the ^{first} cover we ever had (if I remember correctly) that used an electronic stencil. It's by ATOM, and shows two little aliens in a chariot drawn by a sort of reptilian beastie. We printed it in blue ink, and put a multigraphed line at the bottom in violet to indicate that they were taking their money in to the Bherri Fund (which should serve to locate it for you in time). This pic has caused me all kinds of anguish and mental torment and like that because it is my absolute FAVORITE thing by Arthur, and in trimming it before taking it down to be copied, I inadvertently cut off the top of the spear one of the et's was carrying. It didn't matter as far as the stencil was concerned--we scotch-taped the top back on, and the stencil came out fine. But alas! alas! the poor mutilated original! So cute and sweet in all its shiny black India ink. When I started framing pictures I cut a strip of cardboard off the bottom and taped it to the top, to draw the point of the spear back on. Buz said it wouldn't work, that the line of cut cardboard would show too much. He was probably right, but in any case when I tried to ink the point of the spear it spread along the cut edges of cardboard and looked terrible. So I finally framed it sans spear point, and covered some of the bottom to match. It looks very good, and if I exercise self-discipline I can forget for quite long periods of time that it is Not All There.

Third. Do you remember a pic by Colin Cameron that we used back in the days when I ~~was triumphantly carrying the lettercol~~ was triumphantly carrying the lettercol? Showed a vaguely toadlike beast with warts below and spiky hair on top, with globular eyes, gorilla-like nostrils, an enormous mouth with gaping, protruding teeth, and with a fountain pen clutched in one hand. Beside him there is a sign that says: "Beware of wild artist". It's a gas--it really is. To me it seems sort of the height of Cameronishness or something.

Fourth. About a year and a half ago we got a nice letter from Gregg Trendeine enclosing some illos for CRY. I was so impressed with his illos that I grabbed the letter and all and took it out of the room where Buz answers letters into the room where I answer letters, where it has sat ever since--sometimes toward the top of the stack, sometimes toward the bottom, sometimes wandering about from one stack to another. But we never used any of the illos for the CRY because they were pencilled rather than India ink. I used to think of sending them back and asking him to ink them, or sending him some stencils and asking him to stencil them himself, but I never did and now it appears CRY uses very little artwork any more. It's a curious thing that CRY is not nearly so fond of artwork as the people who put it out are. (CRY has got a mind of its own, and simply does not care for artwork, or layout, or lettering guide headings. CRY is an essentially inesthetic scene.) I'm veering. To get back to the subject: the pic he sent that I liked the best was of a little creature with claw feet, wings, and horns who was engaged in an exuberant wink. It's in fountainpen ink with pencil shading, and is presently on the wall. We never used his pics, never sent them back, and never answered his letter, but I did frame one of them and hang it on the wall and when I look at it I often think of him, which should count for something somewhere somehow.

Six pics in all. That's all. But there's room for lots, lots more.

We are having newspaper-reading of great interest lately. One of our judges was recently arrested for attempted rape, and is presently standing trial. This particular judge has been in the news quite a lot for some time for getting drunk in taverns and getting into fights, and having automobile accidents and getting into fights with policemen. But however enlivening that sort of thing may be, attempted rape is more so. Another item: last spring a woman and her daughter disappeared and her husband divorced her and married another woman and three days later left town with \$10,000 of his new wife's mother's money, and Human Remains were found in the cesspool of his house and in the Columbia River and the whole thing is fraught about with incredibly exotic details I have not space to tell you and I'm sorry I started the whole topic.....

Elinor

M I N U T E S

by the most honorable Sec-Treas, Wally Weber

NOVEMBER 3, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The November 3, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was called to order at 8:15 p.m. by Vice President Vernard Thomas, mainly because the President wasn't there to stop him. The minutes of the previous meeting were not read mainly because the SEC-Treas wasn't there to encourage it. F. M. & E. Busby respectively made and seconded the disrespectful motion that the SEC-Treas be censured for not being in attendance to cause the minutes to be read. Naturally the motion carried; censuring the SEC-Treas has become a Nameless tradition. Rest assured it means nothing to your favorite club officer. I have been censured by much better outfits than the Nameless Ones, so there!

But then what do you suppose the crazy club did? They turned right around and passed a motion commending Geneva Wyman for getting the club meeting announced in the Seattle Post Intelligencer, a local daily fanzine published by Hearst. And, mind you, Geneva hadn't even attended the meeting herself! What good is an ad that doesn't even attract the person who placed it?

Of course Geneva was low enough to resort to bribery. In fact the very next motion to be passed was that Geneva be commended for the fine angelfood cake she had sent to the meeting in lieu of herself. She did not get off completely unscathed, however, for the next motion to be passed was to censure all absent members.

The club was really going wild now, and passed a motion commending G. M. Carr for donating the \$4.75 she had received for the sale of her rag doll at the Pittcon to increase the Seattle Science Fiction Club's convention treasury. Imagine any fannish organization commending horrible ol' G. M. Carr!

It's hard to imagine where this would have all ended if President Flora Jones and Sec-Treas Wally Weber hadn't arrived at 8:32 and 8:35 p.m. respectively and taken over. In no time at all the minutes were read out of the last issue of CRY, and were accepted only because they were unalterably published. The conversation then settled on politics where it stayed until 9:20 p.m. when the meeting was adjourned.

Hon. SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE NOVEMBER 17, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The November 17, 1960 meeting of the Nameless Ones was brought to order by President Flora Jones at 8:17 p.m., PS-TT (Pacific Sec-Treas Time). After the minutes were read without mercy, aloud, Vernard Thomas moved that the minutes be accepted as reasonably true. Strangely enough, this motion was passed.

Under the heading of old business came the ex-Official Bem's report. This was due primarily to the presence of the ex-Official Bem, Jerry Frahm, for the first time since he became an ex-Official Bem. Jerry had achieved something of a record in his term of office in that he managed to be guilty of dereliction of duty in an office that had only one duty, a duty whose exact characteristics are determined solely by the officer itself. This duty, traditionally called the Official Bem's Report, has generally been much harder on the reportees than the reporter. Jerry was easy on the group, however, and delivered a belated report which became the first Official Bem's Report ever to be given in English. It is as follows: "The Official Bem regrets to report that in spite of his best efforts, members kept attending."

Having exhausted the old business, the club turned to new business. Jim Webbert initiated a motion to con the Nameless Ones by taking out a membership in whatever convention the Seattle Science Fiction Club is sponsoring. This motion brought up the matter of the Treasurer's report, which was reluctantly given by the Sec-TREAS. Finding that the Sec-TREAS had failed to spend \$28.55 of club funds, the club passed Jim's motion.

Vernard Thomas asked if anyone had been noticing the articles in recent Seattle papers concerning a ghost town underneath the streets of Seattle. Apparently many had.

Vernard suggested that the Nameless Ones would be a logical inhabitant for a ghost town. Elinor Busby moved that Vernard Thomas look into this possibility. Ed Wyman suggested that the Nightcrawlers be included in this project since the ghost town was underground. Jerry Frahm suggested the additional ammendment that the wording of the motion be changed from, "look into," to, "look down into." By now the motion seemed sufficiently ridiculous to warrant passing, so the club did just that. The wily Mr. Thomas was not one to go down without a struggle. With a grang gesture, he appointed all of us at the meeting his assistants in the project.

This was the signal for the meeting to disintegrate into the usual tearing and clawing to see who would be first to get at the hard cider Vernard had brought with him. And, believe you me, this cider was h-a-r-d, HARD. In addition to the cider, there were two cakes in celebration of Wally Gonser's birthday. Elinor Busby produced a modest quantity of candles, and lighterhack Jim Webbert set them ablaze. Filling himself with as much air as he could gather together in the small room we were in, Wally exhaled for all he was worth until the last, stubborn candle was extinguished. He then collapsed like a spent balloon, although he revived before the coroner could determine what had got him -- lack of air or over-abundance of cider fumes.

Vernard invited us all to a tour of Tally Register the following Wednesday where he promised to show us all manner of electronic marvels.

Before we succumbed to the cider, we adjourned the meeting at 8:45 p.m.

Intoxicated SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

DECEMBER 1, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Flora Jones, still taking advantage of her position as President of the club, called the meeting to order at 8:23 p.m. The minutes were read with their usual repercussions. G. M. Carr had the audacity to read the SEC-Treas's notes while he was reading the minutes, and she brought out the fact that no mention of hard cider had been made in the minutes whereas in the notes the words, "HARD CIDER," were scrawled in inch-high letters across the page. Then Wally Gonser remembered his supreme effort in extinguishing his birthday cake candles, and demanded that the minutes at least mention the two cakes. Several uncivilized motions were contemplated with regard to the minutes until G. M. Carr pointed out they were all disorderly motions, and the meeting, after all, had been called to order by the President. The SEC-Treas finally agreed to ammend the minutes, and the club rewarded him by accepting the minutes as they hoped they would be revised.

Vernard Thomas reported his findings on Seattle's underground ghost town. It seems the Pioneers Square Development Group had taken charge of matters, and the Nameless would have to look elsewhere for a town to take over.

Smokey Thomas passed out posters advertising the Seattle Science Fiction Club and the Seacon. She had designed them, and her husband had run off copies on an Ozlid machine. The members particularly admired the copies that had been run off on paper fogged by ammonia fumes. Vernard indicated he would be able to supply us with as many posters as we would need, particularly if we were idiotic enough to prefer the copies run of defective paper.

A number of extremely fascinating plans were devised for the forthcoming Seacon, including postcard designs, Progress Reports addressed in Arabic and mailed out from Russia, a Bem contest, and convincing Congress it should authorize a commemorative stamp for us.

Some thought was given to the New Years Party to be held at Wally Weber's place. Flora Jones warned us she was bringing a suprise mechanical toy (probably a home-made nuclear bomb), and she would donate a box of small gifts for the members to buy and increase the club treasury. This was suggested after the Sec-TREAS complained there was only \$17.05 in the treasury and he hadn't done any Christmas shopping yet.

G. M. Carr thought this was a fine idea, particularly if the members paid for their packages with rare coins that she could swipe for her coin collection.

The meeting adjourned at 9:17 p.m. after we ran out of cider.

Trustworthy SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

Jim Caughran and I broke our backs, tore the skin on hands and shins, ran a car on rubber bands, went on negligible sleep rations, and covered over a thousand miles over the Hallowe'en weekend this year. We did it for a rice-curry meal and a Hallowe'en party--but there wasn't any meal and Jim slept through the party, so the only thing that kept us going is our status as mountain movers.

A couple of weeks before the end of October (that would be sometime in the middle of October, which is pretty much a blank period elsewhere for me), Jim called me and read a postcard from Bjo. It was all about how she had learned a recipe for curry, and was inviting us, him and me, down for some weekend for an evening of candlelight, curry, soft music and the delightful company of herself and her husband. Up to the last part of it there I was already computing which weekends were open and how much I could bribe somebody to take over a switchboard shift for me here at Good Old Barrington Hall, but even with the addition of John Trimble I was still interested. I suggested Hallowe'en weekend, and told Jim he could pick me up here Friday afternoon.

"That's right!" he shouted, "I have a car now, don't I? We don't have to hitch-hike, Meyer!" And we didn't, either--we drove both ways, after a fashion.

The first disappointment was a letter from Bjo the day before we left--Fan Hill was moving, and with all the hullabaloo she hadn't bought any spices and wouldn't have time to cook, so we were invited down to help them unpack at the new house anyway and she'd have the curry some other time. We looked at each other and shrugged our shoulders--we'd go to the LASFS Hallowe'en party, anyway. "And we don't have to hitch-hike, either," I reminded Jim, who was looking sorrowful because he is an old-guard curry-fan who can tell you about little eating-places all over Eurasia and India where they serve good curry or bad curry and where the prettiest waitresses are.

The second disappointment was that we'd've been better off had we left his little toy car in the garage and hitch-hiked. He began having carburetor trouble with his Fiat 1100 as we topped the Grapevine, which is known to some as the Ridge Route, the pass which takes you over the mountains from Bakersfield to Los Angeles on highway 99. A fellow we'd picked up helped us push the wind-up toy into a parking lot by a restaurant that we had thought was a gas station, and push it out again and farther down the road to a for-real gas station. The mechanic took an hour to diddle around with the various gadgets under the hood, commenting from time to time that he'd never seen a furrin car like this'n and how much mileage did we get; eventually he twisted something or replaced something or cleaned something, and the car got us into Los Angeles.

We arrived around 3:30 am Saturday; everyone was long in bed at Fan Hill. We went there first--partly because we didn't know where the new place was, and partly because we figured there might be somebody around there. Turned out everybody was there--nobody had moved. We crept in, found no place to sleep except on the floor, which Jim promptly covered with his lanky frame, while I took off to walk around until sunup.

Now that I think about it, that sounds like a pretty foolish thing to do, which is what everybody tried to convince me later that day. However, at the time I stood looking at Pelz, Wheatley, Simpson, Harmon and Caughran sound asleep with no place for me, it seemed like the only thing to do; as it turned out, I enjoyed an excellent breakfast at an all-night diner, stomped around a goodly part of downtown Los Angeles, and didn't collapse from physical exhaustion until long after the party that night.

But when I got back to Fan Hill I found myself thoroughly in the doghouse with everybody. I was threatened with mayhem if I so much as looked sleepy that day, and I asked why it was so important that I stay awake. Bjo had a simple answer for that: she came up to me and waved a spatula at my chest, scowled fiercely and told me that they were going to work my bushy tail off moving that day, and...

At which point I backed off, stared at the crew through suddenly apprehensive eyes, and asked, "Moving? But you've already moved."

They shook their heads. I looked at Bjo, and she pointed at the bed and two couches. I looked at Bruce Pelz, and he pointed at the boxes of fanzines and comic books. I looked at Don Simpson and he pointed at his chest of drawers full of all the paraphernalia that goes into being an effective Don Simpson. I looked at Ernie Wheatley and he pointed at Typo, his cat. They shook their heads.

We spent the day moving.

First John Trimble and I drove Mr. Toad (a green Morris Minor) down to Hertz Rent-A-Truck and Rented-A-Truck. Then we couldn't start Mr. Toad, and found the contacts on the battery were all crudded up and need^{ed} cleaning. We eventually wound our way back to the Hill, and started loading things into the moving-van-size truck....we moved all the beds and the couches and chairs and the two refrigerators and one stove and dressers and mirrors and books and bookcases and fanzines and Bruce's arsenal of plonkers and comic books and lots of glassware and china and silver and some foodstuffs. Then we noticed it was dark, so we travelled back to the Hill by way of a market, and picked up some hamburgers and root beer and stuff and ate a hasty meal while preparing to go out to Pasadena for the party.

Bjo got into costume while us males stood around talking. Bruce and Don and I decided we wanted to go to the party, but everybody else just wanted to go back to sleep.

We got out to Sid Coleman's pad in Cal Tech country about eight, which is when the party was supposed to start. By the time people began showing up, I had shaved and showered, let a valuable dog get out of the house and lost in the neighborhood, travelled to a business district for apple cider and hot-drink cups (which I'd forgotten), gained the eternal enmity of one of Sid's housemates, lost a bottle-opening contest to Virginia Schultheis, and eaten most of the refreshments. Bjo had been wasting her time in the kitchen getting things ready for the party.

But it was a party and a half, let me tell you. Typical of Los Angeles, it was too big even for the large-size house Sid shares. Typical of Los Angeles too, it was composed of such assorted types as Lee & Jane Jacobs, Forry Ackerman, Steve & Virginia Schultheis, Ted Johnstone, Tom Seidman, Steve Tolliver, Kathy Bernstein, Dale Hart, Bernie Cook, Earl Samuels, Jon Lackey, Paul Stanberry and lots more. We stood around talking and eating cookies and drinking cider and other beverages until midnight, when the costume judging began.

This was quite a struggle--mostly it was a struggle for three of the judges to control themselves. A folk-singing couple and I were the three--the girl wanted to hit her boy-friend for leering at the females, the fellow wanted to give the prizes to all the girls, and I wanted to invent a prize for Kathy Bernstein, who wasn't in costume but deserved a prize for something for the dress she had almost forgot to wear. Forry Ackerman was the fourth judge, and he carefully calculated from our remarks who should win, while he remained calm. Forry is always calm.

Somewhere in the judging I decided that I was going to invent a special category and make myself the prize for the category, but nobody wanted to enter the contest then. Bjo was dressed as Peter Pan and was giving out thimbles. Steve Tolliver brought a girl nobody'd ever seen before--lots of people brought girls--who was dressed as Artemis, with a quiver; nice strap on that quiver. The Steve Schultheises were dressed as Norman and Norma Bates and The Victim from Bob Bloch's PSYCHO; Virginia looked like she was wearing just a shower curtain. Lee Jacobs was wearing that beanie--you know the one, he wears it everywhere; the one with about eighteen inches of prop-span. Bruce Pelz put on a cape and a mask and a couple of his fancier plonkers and came as a Cult member--but decided to change his costume title when I pointed out the resemblance between him and a Rogers' cover from Astounding; he became at that point The Fat Lensman. Paul Stanberry was dressed as Paul Stanberry of the Stanberryian Empire and bothered people by playing the piano loudly and poorly very late in the evening. At some point I drove the Fan Hill contingent to the New Fan Hillton back in Los Angeles, and we all collapsed. It was quite a party.

We spent Sunday morning continuing the moving, because Trimble had rented the truck for twenty-four hours. I think we moved all the big stuff Sunday--the refrigerators and the stove and some other stuff. It's sort of a blur, but Jim and I broke free some time after noon, and began the haul back to Berkeley.

Jim had had his silly little car fixed Saturday morning, and had found that it didn't work too well, so we decided we'd have to hitch-hike home. But it sort of worked, so we decided to take off in it and get as far as possible before using our thumbs--and, wonder! it worked perfectly. All the way to Oakland.

Contrary to what your maps may show, Oakland is not Berkeley. When we heard a sound like a gunshot followed by a flapping, and watched the temperature go up to boiling and the

battery discharge, we were fifteen miles from Berkeley on the Eastshore Freeway, without a fanbelt. We pulled over and nursed the Fiat to a gas station. The attendant was nervous, and couldn't help us--his parts book didn't list fanbelt sizes for a Fiat. As we pulled away to look for another station, we saw him go over to a police car that had been there before we came, to resume a conversation; Jim thinks he had been reporting a recent robbery, is why he was nervous.

The second station proved more helpful--the parts book was the same, but the attendant solved our problem by cutting up an inner-tube to make three inch-wide rubber bands, which he gave us with his best wishes. We put one on in place of the fanbelt, keeping the other two. We got as far as south Berkeley before the first one snapped. The second one got us to Barrington Hall. The third one got Jim almost up the hill to his garage, and when it broke he just cussed and pushed on while the radiator went over the edge and boiled and his battery discharged. The next morning, he says, he just pushed the car out into the street and coasted down the hill to a foreign car dealer in downtown Berkeley.

The next morning I overslept my first class and went to my second without shaving or eating breakfast. It certainly is a wonderful thing to be a mountain mover.

Ron Ellick

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From Sandy Sanderson, dated Nov 28, 1960, with copies to Skyrack, Fanac, SFTimes, and Rich Eney:

"Last July, 50% of App 18 was onstencil. Since then I've been constantly hoping to produce the completed issue 'next month'. However, the task of settling into and adjusting to a new country is not an easy one, and this situation could drag out for many more months. Early in 1961 Joy and I expect to move into our own apartment - which will need furnishing completely. (The new address should be known about February or March.) Also early in 1961 I will be starting 20 weeks of night school, 4 nights a week, so as to eventually improve our financial position. These things, and the many others that remain to be done before we can really indulge in hobbies, all take time and money. Consequently I must serve notice that the Sandersons are temporarily withdrawing from active fandom for between six to eight months. The App stencils will be returned to the respective contributors along with other manuscripts and illos. The few subs that exist will be retained against the revival of the new App next year, unless refunds are requested. During our temporary withdrawal Joy and I would like to keep in touch through fanzines and we will write letters of comment when we can on the ones we receive. And we'll see you all again through the pages of App in 1961 just as soon as we can manage it."

(Current address is: 1750 Walton Ave, Bronx 53, New York)(So send fanzines.)

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T * A * F * F : Last month when I said "Don and Eric are being realistic to point for 1962" for the next TAFF trip, it was my understanding that the Fund currently held about \$140. Now, unless I am misunderstanding something between various and sundry reporters (which is always possible, mind you), it appears that the \$140 figure was prior to PittCon's fine \$200 donation, so that TAFF now holds about \$340 in all. If this is correct, it seems most inadvisable to keep a couple of fine fans like Eney and Ellick hanging in suspense until 1962. Why, \$340 is more than the Berry Fund had on hand until agonizingly close to the very tickets-deadline. With a headstart like this, a good quick aggressive campaign (nominations wound up, the ballots distributed, and plugplugPLUG for prompt voting) should have raised the necessary loot in time for a 1961 trip without too much difficulty.

In fairness, though, there are also points in favor of holding off. For once, TAFF starts a campaign in solid financial shape. Perhaps Don and Eric hope to keep this happy state of affairs going, so as to end each successive campaign with a surplus rather than with a last-minute desperation-type headlong drive to meet the deadline. Since they're the ones who have to do the worrying (along with the candidates, of course), they can hardly be blamed for wanting to reduce the ulcer-making factors as much as possible.

Boy, I sure talked myself out of that beef without hardly trying, didn't I tho?

I THINK, THEREFORE I FAN

by Les Nirenberg

Y'know, I'm seriously thinking of starting a discussion zine. Don't you think that would fill a need in fandom? Yes I know there are a lot of zines doing a good job in the serious discussion field--like HABAKKUK, KIPPLE, TESSERACT, DISCORD and ESPRIT, but there still seems to be a need.

Oh, don't worry. I have the qualifications for such a job. I mean, like, I meditate for about a half hour every day....sorta conditioning myself. If you're gonna be an intellectual you gotta do it up right, I say. Not only that but every time I finish my meditations I notice my beanie prop is whirling. I used a rev. counter and found that it was rotating at 16-2/3 r.p.m.....that's the same speed as those intellectual voice records, and I think that's pretty significant, don't you?

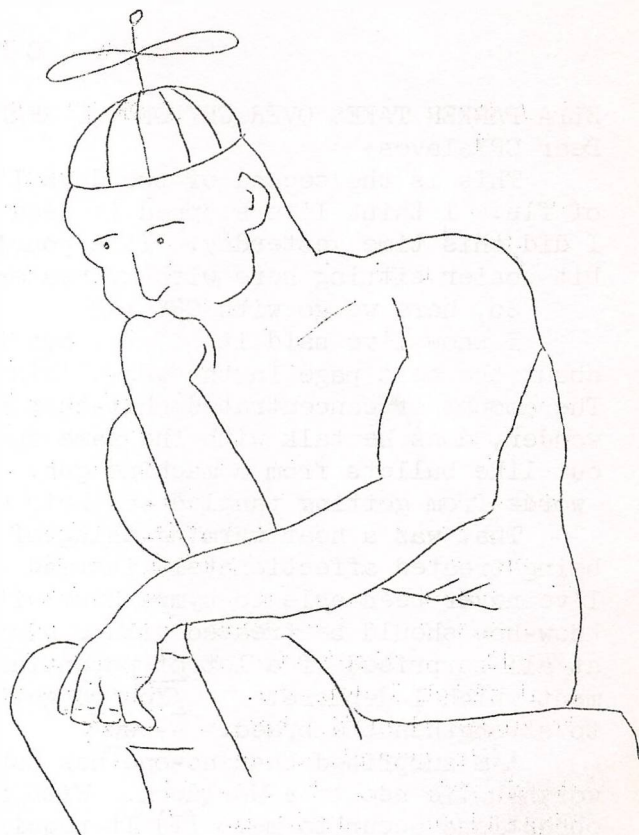
I have a perfect title for my new zine. I'm gonna call it AVOIDUPOIS. Yeah, I knew you'd like that. It's in keeping with the general trend. Besides I always liked foreign-sounding titles. They're so....so mature. And everybody thinks you're a real intellectual because you know other languages.

Boy, just think now I can say all the fuggheaded things I've always wanted to say and nobody will put me down because they'll all think that I'm really thinking on a different plane from them. I mean they couldn't put me down because I'm an intellectual, and intellectuals can do no wrong.

The only trouble is I can't think of anything to discuss. Of course I can always talk about motivational research or the beatniks or peyote or mescaline, but that stuff is all old hat, and besides it's been hacked to pieces in the mundane world. I'm gonna be different and try to discuss controversial fannish things. Like, I can always say something like: "The N3F is composed mainly of Communists and homosexuals." That should start some discussion. It doesn't matter if it's true or not as long as I start some kind of discussion. And if I get stumped for ideas I can always get Art Castillo to write an article for me.

Actually what I really want to do is avoid anything fannish. I mean, fannish things are so.....so immature. Everybody knows fandom is really a lot of artificially sustained adolescence full of in-group gossip. After all, I'm mature and I want to tell the world. I mean, I'd rather keep the discussions on a high level. Well, what do you think of my new fanzine, huh? Yeah it should fill a need. And if it doesn't I could always start a symposium.

Leslie Nirenberg



CRY OF THE READERS

ELLA PARKER TAKES OVER CRY OF THE READERS

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London.

Dear CRYslaves;

N.W.6. England.

26th Oct.60.

This is the second of two days I've filched from work to get over an incipient attack of flu. I think I've stopped it dead in its tracks; at least, I'm feeling better now than I did this time yesterday. It's pouring with rain outside which makes me feel that little bit cosier sitting here with my heater going full blast (Patrizio, 025).

So, here we go with CRY 142.

I know I've said it before, but it will bear repeating. I think that page 3 is just about the best page in the whole 'zine for most value in less space than any of the others. The amount of concentrated chit-chat Buz manages to cram in there still amazes me. I wonder, does he talk with the same speed he writes? I get the impression he spits words out like bullets from a machine gun. He probably had to shave his beard off to prevent his words from getting tangled on their way out. You could say he now speaks the naked truth.

That was a heartwarming thing of John's. It makes a nice change to see the neo theme being treated affectionately instead of with a knowledgeable sneer at his short-comings. I've never been able to sympathise with the idea that neos and their search for fannish know-how should be treated with cynicism or barely concealed intolerance. I wouldn't be at all surprised if a lot of potential fen had been lost to us by that very kind of treatment which I deplore. /You're getting soft, Ella. You've got to treat the neos rough to strengthen the breed. --www/

I'm surprised that no-one has taken up the idea John mentions of a fund for taking a worth-while neo to a Worldcon. With a bit of thought I'm sure it could be worked. /Two objections occur to me. (1) It requires thought. (2) It could be work. --www/ He would have to be in fandom for at least a year to be eligible for it and at least letter-hacked to the fanzines to some extent if not actually published himself. It could run alternatively with TAFF.

I'm not qualified to comment on Redd's article as I haven't read the Oz books, but like Harry Warner, I always find him eminently readable.

I love Buz's idea of "an early start." The CRY goes to press the day after he cuts the stencils for the PLOW. When does he usually cut them? /Usually Jim Webbert hooks the stencil to the Gestetner as the stencil top emerges from Buz's typer. As Jim turns the crank, Buz types like the fiend he is to keep up. Page 3 is typed even later than that, which is why the chatter is so much more concentrated on that page. --www/ I'd like to put in my two cents worth on the question of giving hospitality to fen. I'd be inclined to open my doors to any fan whose name I know. Suppose Weber or rich brown came to England and landed on my doorstep. They'd be admitted and made welcome.....yes, even you, Wally! I know their names, I've corresponded with them both and kidded them as they've kidded me. We're friends, I think. Until I've had them in my house and got to know them personally how am I to find out whether they are just bums and cadgers under that facade of friendship? I'd have to be caught once. Sure, I could then write round and warn my friends, but I've been caught and good; so they get away with it at least once every time, which is as often as they'd expect to get away with it anyway. I'll never admit anyone whose name isn't known to me just because they claim to be a fan. I'm talking now about asking them to stay and not just a couple of hours visit, that's different. OK, Wally, you can come out now, and bring rich with you. /Uh, ulp. Hey rich, ol' pal, I don't feel up to par today -- you go on without me. And let me know a little more about that Welcome from Ella when you get there, willya? --www/

Piper, smile-worthy, but just a mite caustic.

Elinor was very interesting on her thoughts of gafia. I think she's overlooked one reason for fen gafiating, especially if they came in as youngsters. I believe they find so much help in growing up through their fannish contacts. The criticisms leveled at what-ever they do or write (kindly meant), the material they can read in the better type fanzines, and maybe as a result of forming a friendship with one particular fan they find another hobby they hadn't even considered before; it could be photography or anything else you like to think of. They become immersed in it to the point where fandom becomes an interference

with their enjoyment and the time they can spend on the newly acquired interest something has to go, and fandom loses out. I must take issue with you, Elinor on your assumption that one has to be known or at least have one's name remembered to be happy in fandom. It probably adds to ones enjoyment, but there's a lot of pleasure to be got before ones name rings a bell in anyones memory. If what you say is true, then fandom is nothing but a group whose conciet of themselves is so large they can't be happy without seeing or hearing their names mentioned frequently. I don't believe this to be the case or most of them would be insufferable, and they're not, you know.

I've been thinking back to my first months in fandom and I believe I'm being honest when I say that my enjoyment of fandom has been enhanced not simply because others remember my name, that is only incidental; the real enjoyment has come from the many friendships made through fandom as a result of them remembering me. I was happy before, but to a lesser degree than now. I suppose, really, the two are inextricably tied up together.

I don't know if you play the same game I do; trying to imagine what the person looks like from the sound of their name? I used to imagine Harry Warner as tall, very tall and well built, but the odd thing was, I never visualised him without a trilby hat on his head. I don't know if he even owns one, but according to his own description of himself he borders on the puny. I don't believe him, of course. Bob Lichtman I imagine to be tall and very thin; wrong, Bob? Bruce Pelz a bit on the tubby side and not very tall; and so it goes on.

Cor! Here's Locke. The army obviously doesn't keep him too busy to write, thank goodness.

On to CotRs in the mood of wariness that I usually get when I come to your part of the 'zine, Weber. Reading Mal's letter reminds me of the visit he paid to London recently. Mind you, there were about 12 or more other bods there as well, including Ian McAulay who arrived unexpectedly from Ireland at least a month before he said he'd be here. We drove Ken Potter up the wall by our constant references to CRY and what had been said in it. Hard, that's me. Sometimes it seems like an offshoot of the CRY club at my place, there are so many of your readers there. I don't envy Mal the task he's set himself trying to put the Potters onto paper. /Something like housebreaking a dog, huh? -- WWw/ Sometimes at the club meetings here we sit and listen to Irene describing something she did/saw and it would be hopeless trying to repeat it. She is hilarious fun to listen to. They've recently gone to live in a caravan; that should be fun.

Now look, Weber. Some months ago you offered me the hand of Tosk in marriage and just because I didn't rush to take you up on it doesn't mean I've forgotten all about it. I've been thinking it over, and on sober consideration I've come to the conclusion that while I can do nicely without a husband about the place, I could do with yet another ash-tray. So, by all means, send me the hand of Tosk.

Potter's letter sounded just like Potter. I could see the shrug of the shoulders and the nonchalant wave of the pipe as he took you to task. Very amusing.

Ghod knows what Patrizio will say to you for lousing up his code of ethics. There is only the one maxim necessary for life. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. If we all adhered to that code there should be nothing of which to complain. /Unless you have friends who love to suffer. -- WWw/

There! That takes care of 142, but don't go away; there's more to come after I've had a cup of tea. Be back, later.

Much later.

There, that feels much better and I'm up to commenting on CRY for Sept. unnumbered. Hi, rich, you opportunist, you. What a lovely ploy that was. When I first picked it up off the mat I thought, by the feel of it, that FANAC had arrived and had changed its paper. When I saw CotRs I knew it for what it was and couldn't tell my brother about it for laughing. Congratulations, rich. This is the kind of hoax I can enjoy, even more did I relish the reason for it. That'll teach them to desert the editorial chair for a whole month.

Now, we come to the latest of your works: CRY 143.

This is a letter???? (More like a oneshot!)

Les Nirenberg's letter this time sounded too much as if he were trying to be funny and not quite making it which is a pity because I think he is a born raconteur if he just lets it flow of its own accord.

Oops! Mike Deckinger: Come now, lad. You have relief over there for the out of work and needy, don't you? Surely if help were needed and the right authorities approached help would be forthcoming. I agree with you, Mike; "when it's necessary for a man to steal food in order to survive, then something is wrong with the society that would permit a man to starve." So, if your society allows this, why don't you do something about it?

I see you finally got George's letter deciphered. He's been promoted to Cpl now in the army; he'll be unbearable when he gets to be a Sergeant.

Nice to see another femme coming along in CRY. Hi, Nancy/Thomee. Keep it up gals and bring your friends. Maybe one day we'll crowd the boys out and make it a hen party.

[If I can't do a better job of cutting than I've done so far, there won't be any room for anyone -- man, woman, or beast -- in this lettercol. Do you realize that if your original letter had been written on one continuous line it would have encircled the Earth and never ended? -- WWW/

I've got to go to bed now; it's gone midnight and I'm going back to work tomorrow. I'll finish this tomorrow night when I get back from the Globe. 'Til then.

Happy Nightmares.

Thursday morning 7-10a.m.

I don't know if it's a guilty conscience or not, but I was up long before the alarm went off.

Back to CRYhacking. It's page 24 and still on the CotRs. Say, Wally, I don't go much for this feature being first in the 'zine. If your section gets any larger you can run the letter section separately and call it CRY jnr; the magazine of comment and argument (friendly).

I'm still trying to figure out what Steve Stiles means. Is it that he wants to play at ostriches and ignore the fact that some fen can pull dirty tricks? I don't like muck spreading in fnz any more than he does, but there's a difference between that and a straight-forward warning to others. I may not think much of your complaint against Buz, Steve, for printing his warning, but I can understand and sympathise with your reasons for making it. You are feeling that this kind of thing takes the shine off fandom, maybe? It needn't. When you think of the amount of cash collected for one reason and another by fen for the benefit of others, and the fact that it's all done from sheer good nature without any legal quibbles or safe-guards, then it's pretty wonderful that when someone does what Richardt did it should be worth comment because it's unusual.

I've been watching this discussion about negro dwellings with much interest. The problem is growing here to an alarming extent. We rarely noticed the coloured element in our lives before because they were a rarity, but now they are arriving in droves and setting up colonies, for company and mutual protection, I think. It is an admitted fact, by the estate agents (realtors) that when negroes move in, values drop. Black or white they vary in quality, but because these people are coloured they are condemned out of hand. The fault lies with themselves to some extent because they will crowd so many into one house to keep the costs down, and also what causes a lot of resentment is the way in which they live - some of them - and still manage to run flashy and expensive cars. These are in the minority, but they are the ones that get the publicity and make it bad for all the others who live and work quietly and peacefully.

Burbee was light and amusing, but where is the fabulous wit of which we have heard so much, or am I just dense? This would have been more at home in Shaggy. [Haven't you heard? We're so lacking in material that Shaggy has taken pity and sent us their rejects, like old movie props for covers and rejected manuscripts from old has-been fans like Burbee. It's kind of degrading, trying as we are to hang on to the vestiges of our former glory. -- WWW/

Greenleaf: weak. It's been said before and better than this.

Elinor, I'm not sure what you mean by "no improper person has ever been elected TAFF rep," and I can't agree with you that it is most unlikely to happen. If by "improper" you mean, as I think you do, unsuitable, then it could happen if out of sheer curiosity the

Amerifen decided they'd like to have NGW come over on TAFF. I shudder to think what he'd make of the administration of the fund. It is true that those so far elected have been most suitable as reps.

Fandom Harvest I liked. I came to reading SF late in life, but I borrow the old time mags when I can induce my friends who own them to let me have them. Consequently, I find this kind of article most interesting.

Buz as a poet is a riot! How does Campbell stand up to all this ridicule? [He probably doesn't read any fanzines. All he knows is what Bruce Pelz reads to him at the annual conventions. -- WwW/]

I've been looking at my Gestetners since I read John's story, wondering to what use I can put them besides the obvious. I suppose I could clean all the ink off and use them as mangles for pressing curtains and things like that? It's a thought. [Gestetners? Them? How many do you have for Ghu's Sake??? -- WwW/]

Wally: What kind of rents are charged for the kind of place suitable for a club room in Seattle? We, in London are hoping, eventually, to find a clubroom. [The place the Nameless meet in costs \$3 a night and wouldn't hold more than thirty crowded people or fifty sociable fans. The club could have met free of charge in a conference room at the local public library, or a few of the members could have joined the local YMCA and obtained meeting space in return for their annual dues, but the Nameless apparently enjoys its independence too much to comply with the accompanying regulations. -- WwW/]

Buz, for the first time in ages, gets the last word. I can vouch for the truth of Ted's statement about Locke. He loves to have tea with his sugar, but not too much or he loses out on the sweetness; as for sauce, he takes it with damn near everything he eats; revoltin'.

Regards to you all, and look after yourselves.

SinSERELY yours.

Ella SCoaW.(Certified.)

IAN MCAULAY / WALT WILLIS / IAN MCAULAY / WALT WILLIS WRITES AGAIN

170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, N. Ireland

28th October 1960

IAN MCAULAY

Since the first thing you'll see on this letter will be the address at the head of the page, I thought I'd better sign my name at the beginning in case you thought you were hearing from the other fan who lives here. Actually, you may be lucky. When I said a few minutes ago that I was going to write a letter to the CRY, Walt stirred slightly in front of the television set and said to leave room for a PS at the end.

Now that you've looked at the end to read his bit, I'll carry on with this masterpiece.

No doubt you'll be hearing from me on a much more regular basis now that I've moved up to this hive of fanactivity. Of course you realise that I made the change of address solely to get hold of Cry rather earlier than I used to down in Dublin. Needless to say, my own copy of 143 hasn't arrived yet, but I have managed to read Walt's by the drastic method of getting up at the crack of dawn and meeting the postman at the gate. As soon as the master of the house staggers down to greet the new day, his first words are: "Has the latest CRY arrived yet?" At least that's what I think his first words are. The combination of a strong Northern Ireland accent and the early morning usually make me feel that I need an interpreter. Once Walt gets his hands on Cry, nobody else has a chance to read it for some time, so the only way to defeat this habit of his is to get up first and read it before breakfast-time. I hope you realise now all the upset you are responsible for. If only you'd sent out my copies at the same time as his, I'd never have been forced to move up to Belfast.

Well, welcome back to the Cry after its two month absence. It's nice to see that you have all the old familiar letterhacks still writing as regularly as ever. Buz takes the top honours in 143 with "Dean Drive", though. Definitely it should get to number one on any fan's hit parade. Wonder how long it'll take before Campbell realises he's made another terrible mistake and quietly drops all mention of Dean from Astánalog (Gaaahhhhhh)

[Just to make certain you readers become as confused as I am, I will announce the players as they come up to type. Walt Willis is now at the keyboard. -wWw/

Hi. This is the Old Guard of Irish Fandom, drawn blinking from its hibernation (or, as we call it here, hibernia-ton) by the forced draft of this dynamic new fan. Already he has interrupted my grandiose project of building a tower to the moon out of unanswered letters, induced me to cut fifteen Hyphen lettersection stencils, and let me to contemplate without actually falling down frothing at the mouth, the appearance of a bi-monthly Hyphen. Why, I ask myself? Is it that he hopes so to debilitate my fine mind that he will be able to beat me at Scrabble? No, I think it is just because he is a Mad Scientist. You must have been wondering what has happened to all the Mad Scientists who used to be the backbone of sf? Well, the fact is that having been declared redundant by the pros, they have slunk into fandom where they are now trying to reproduce as far as possible the exploits which made them notorious in former days. Take the set-up at 170 for instance. An old dark house, peopled by ghosts and cobwebbed fanzines. In the attic the mummified corpse of a fan, forgotten by the world. Enter the mad physicist. A midnight light glows in the attic, strange clanks, clicks and cries are heard by the terrified neighbours as the rusty machinery comes to life. An awful process has been set in motion, an eldritch glimmer surrounds the corpse, it awakens to a terrible pseudolife and reaches with its bony claws for the typer. Yes, the monster is awake; Willis is cutting stencils! I tell you, there are Things into which we are not meant to pry, but McAulay the Mad Scientist has done it.

[And now, cackling fiendishly, Ian unplugs Walt, steps over the now lifeless form, and regains control over the typewriter. -- wWw/

This is the old Mad Scientist himself back again! Walt has just dashed off to have an invigourating draught of corflu, so I've seized my chance to pound out a few more words. I must issue a word of warning. Don't believe what Walt says about Hyphen going bi-monthly because it's not true. Actually Hyphen is going monthly.

[Oh, golly, something went wrong. Instead of turning to dust, Walt actually did load up on corflu, and now he...it...whichever it is...grasps Ian and pulls, like Ella Parker opening the staples on CRY. Bleeecchhh. Well, anyway Walt has the rest of the letter to himself. -- wWw/

Yes, it's me again, dogging his footsteps. Or, as Shakespeare put it, crifanac and let loose the dogs of WAW.

I'm becoming quite a Nirenberg fan: I enjoy his cartoons more than Feiffer's, and every account of a visit to the Coexistence Candy Store is utter joy. That business about "I thought of all that licorice going up in smoke. It was terrifying." was delicious. Second best remark in the issue was Mal's er yum yar and yuggle. This is a lovely phrase for the motto of a fannish coat of arms.

I have difficulty in understanding Boyd's lack of concern for the fate of humanity. Are we to understand that he wouldn't mind if somebody were to throw a can of kerosene over him and set him alight, explaining politely the while that it didn't matter because (a) he was going to do it to everyone else too and (b) Boyd had only another 50 or so years to live anyway? But enough. I do too worry about the human race but not in letters to Cry.

[See, you are just like Boyd after all, Walt. The minute the least excuse comes up for it, you immediately stop worrying about the dreadful doom that threatens the world and start enjoying yourself. -- wWw/

All the best,

Walt

PS. Loved the Dean Drive thing. But how did Grennel get into Along?

EMILE GREENLEAF CATCHES UP

Dear CRYogenics:

1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, La.

Nov. 1 & 14, 1960

I haven't Done Right by you people: I've not commented on a CRY since #141.

142: Follow The Yellow Brick Road was interesting, though I am one of those who must confess to not having read the Oz books as a child--or ever, for that matter. Hell's bells, I didn't read Alice till I was in the army!

Fan Fare. One of the best items Berry has done. I hereby nominate it for inclusion in any collection of the Best of Fandom for 1960.

I liked Elinor's column. And not solely because she gave me some most delightful ego-boo. Which reminds me. You'll notice a slightly different return address on this letter. Still Mystery Street, though. I couldn't move off of the street; all fandom would have been plunged into war.

And in #143, I see that I receive still more egoboo. Honest to Bloch, I didn't expect that atrocious little pun of mine to be used. Well, then, look out what you send us for future issues! -- www I figured that it would end up stuffing a rattling window or used as a means of disposing of used chewing gum. We use Burbee manuscripts for that. -- www

The illustration by C. Addalin was superb. Where has this guy been hiding? Hope he enters the next Fanart Show.

Burbie has just discovered that Bjo has the power to enslave a man at will? I discovered it at Detroit. Not that I'm complaining, mind you! Maybe we ought to sic her on Khrushchev? Okay, but do you know how to go about siccing Bjo??? -- www

At the bottom of page 3 of CRY #144 you ask us to send a loaf of bread to Mike Deckinger. I must register my disapproval of this project. It is too welfare-statish. Now, I agree that something should be done to help Deckinger's dying family, but I suggest that we all send Mike flour, yeast, and the other necessary ingredients and let him bake his own bread. Not only would his family be fed, but Mike would learn a valuable and honorable trade of great prestige and antiquity: that of the baker. And the effort and self-discipline involved in baking the bread should go a long way toward helping Mike see the error in his permissive attitude toward theft. Especially when we steal it as soon as he finishes baking it. -- www

Terry Carr meets Bruce Henstell. Rather overwhelming experience, eh, Terry? And, b'Ghod, I agree that Bruce is a fabulous Ellison-like character.

Les Nirenberg does it again. He himself says that what he does is not art; it's just plagiarism. Well, plagiarize, boy, plagiarize!

I see from the lettercol that Phil Harrell has revealed my secret method for opening a stapled-together CRY. But I'm afraid that you characters will decide to foul us up by putting the thing together in such a way that pulling it open will cause the zine to disintegrate into about two dozen disconnected mimeod sheets.

Yhos,

Emile

ETHEL LINDSAY TRIES TO DESCRIBE IRENE POTTER Courage House, 6, Langley Ave., Surbiton.
Dear Wally, Surrey England 3.11.60

This is rather a useless letter in a way, for here I am commenting on 143 and you probably already have 144 in the mails..still..

I liked the cover and I wish I knew how Bjo can make these lovely black lines without cutting the stencil. She makes those lovely black lines by sending us a drawing so good we can't refuse to print it but so difficult to stencil that we reluctantly take some of the money the subscribers sent us and pay an outfit downtown to stencil it by an electronic process of some mysterious sort, that's how she does it. --www

Of course I enjoyed the letter immensely, especially where Mal describes Brag as a game in which you give all your pennies to Ron Bennett. We had a party at Ella's recently, for her brother's birthday, and around 1a.m. I saw that Ron had his little card game going. I think it is a waste of good party time myself. Also that night I had a sneak look at some of the stencils Atom is busy preparing for his Art Folio. Order your copy now, for man, this is going to be the greatest!

I see John Champion calls me a "Pleasant young Anglofemme", and I am torn between two emotions. I am Scots not Anglo, and I should state this more emphatically only I made a vow not to get mad over this subject ever since the day I really got mad and threatened to cut off Daphne Buckmaster's head. I'll just simmer gently. My other emotion of course is pleasure; it is nice to reach my age (the interesting one) and be told that you are young.

My Cry letterhack card is stuck in the front of the mantlepiece where everyone can see.

I see someone else trying to describe Irene Potter. Well we all can but try. Last time I met her she described to me how they had got moved into their caravan. I asked how she got everything in, and she replied earnestly "We have got all the books in". I asked

what about the household things? "Oh them!" she replied with scorn. She then reduced me to helpless mirth by describing how she had boiled eggs their first day there without any water laid on yet. How? Well, it was raining!

So now you have Burbee writing for you. I sure wish I could meet that Bjo, she had a lovely answer for him, no wonder it stopped him cold.

Elinor's column was fine again, and I enjoyed her usual superb descriptions of fans she meets. For all that has been written about Harlan Ellison she gives the best word picture of him I have ever read. I do wish she would do more of this.

I greatly admired Don Franson's poem, my favourite line being "I'm going to find a hobby that's not so much damn work."

The Plow was short again but very worthwhile, and I always peruse the Minutes carefully for hints on the correct procedure so that I will know how to behave when Ella says the meeting is open. I don't think we will give her a gavel though. She reads Cry too.

All this talk among the letterhacks about dialect. Do you know that there is a Scots song which starts "Waly, waly doon the bank"? No. But did you know there was a town in Washington (it probably still exists today) named Walla Walla? -- www/

so, waly, waly, wally I maun stop,

bye,

Ethel

RUTH BERMAN, OZ-BAUM COLLECTOR, GETS CRY #142
Dear sCRYbes,

5520 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17,
Minnesota October 29, 1960

What good, kind people you are! Sandy Cutrell, too. You told me you were all out of CRY 142s. Can you imagine how that made me, an Oz-Baum collector, feel? But then you added that Sandy had an extra of that issue, and you had written him asking him to send it to me. Sandy must have sent 142 to me almost as soon as he got your note, for which I thank all seven heavens, because Redd's article was very good, indeed.

There seems to be some justification for the view that the Alice books are "nightmarish". I have talked to a few people who said that, as children, they hated the Oz books. One person, who had not read The Wizard of Oz and Who He Was, used the same word, "nightmarish" to describe the Alice books. How anyone can feel anything but delight towards the Alice books, I do not know.

Outside of that one point, I am amazed at Redd's perceptive, sympathetic article. I am particularly grateful for his pointing out such points as "-- even more significantly-- Rinkitink's ill-tempered goat in Rinkitink in Oz turns out to be a chaste young prince". I'd missed that one completely! Of course, it's quite a while since I read Rinkitink. Ruth Plumly Thompson's Oz is shallower, less believable than Baum's, but she does not have his tendency to descend into sentimentality -- a fault Baum shares with Lewis Carroll. So I re-read Thompson more often than Baum, and I probably haven't looked at Rinkitink in years.

Elinor daven nicely. It occurs to me that the meaning of "daven" is very close to the meaning of "Hwyl". Except that daven is a verb. There is a form of daven which is a noun, but I'm not sure what it is.

CHUCK DEVINE: Redd seemed to be confining himself to Baum's Oz with occasional reference to Thompson. So he was right in saying that Oz had no automobiles, because it was John R. Neil who created the scalawagons. By the way, since you and a couple of others in the lettercol seem to indicate knowledge of and interest in the Oz books, you might like to get in touch with the Wizard of Oz Club, Justin Schiller, 2038 East 64 Street, Brooklyn 34, New York. \$1/year dues.

"Fandom Harvest" was excellent. Terry's article was very interesting and gave me an idea of what Sloane was like. "The Astounding Adventures of Simon Twink" makes good reading, but I'll wait and see how those plot strands come together at the end before commenting. I couldn't quite follow the rhythm of "Cutting Down on Fanac," let alone find a Western melody to sing to it, and I don't really see why it has to be a Western melody. An' jest whuts wrong with a Western melody??? w(for "Wild West")w/

I am, sir, your most obd't servant,

Ruth Berman

RUTH BERMAN ALSO GETS CRY #144
Dear sCRYbes,

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minn.
November 7, 1960

Speaking of Harlan Ellison, as Terry Carr was in the subject of pre-death reincarnations of Ellison, there is one Ellison-like person teaching chorus here at the U. of Minnesota. The chorus is under the supervision of Mr. Dale, but there is a second teacher for the chorus. The chorus is to do Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" with the Symphony, and Mr. Zinman is in charge of getting us ready for that. Mr. Zinman looks exactly like Harlan Ellison, acts like Ellison (with a pair of shoes which look like suede bedroom slippers instead of a Tyrolean hat for sartorial oddity), and talks like Ellison. To be sure, Harlan Ellison does not confine his conversation exclusively to the proper techniques of singing "Missa Solemnis," but if he did, he and Zinman would sound just alike. "Don't sing 'Credo' as if you were about to throw up." "Now you've got it right! And you say to yourself, 'Why didn't I sing it that way the first time?' Because you're stupid."

Yet, to my surprise, I did not find Mr. Zinman's Ellison-like behavior annoying or obnoxious in any way. Thinking it over, Ellison is a perfectly friendly, likeable person. Only I'd heard so many unfavorable remarks about Ellison I didn't realize I think he's a nice fellow till I met Mr. Zinman. Curious.

"Stool Pigeon" by John Berry I just don't understand. Sinclair Lewis the same age as Les Gerber? Why Sinclair Lewis? And why does he tear up the article?

Improvement of conventions: when the time comes to select Hugo nominees, couldn't you make the rules of eligibility clearer? Is a book reprinted in 1960 eligible? If not, what happens to books printed (say) in England in one year and reprinted here the next? If they're not eligible the year of reprinting they most likely wouldn't have a chance. If so, what about, for instance, The Incomplete Enchanter which was reprinted this year after being unavailable for a long time?

What a fine fannish vacation the Carrs had. What a fine fannish write-up Terry is giving it. What a fine fannish sneaky way of getting a subject to write about.

Yours,

Ruth Berman

JAMES R. SIEGER GETS INVEIGLED
Dear Honorable Editors:

S74-W20660 Field Dr., Rural Route #3, Waukesha,
Wisconsin October 31/Nov. 9, 1960

In spite of myself, I'm getting inveigled into some of your arguments.

Re Nirenberg's letter (this is on CRY #143) why all the fuss about Silverberg's pseudonyms? I thought Walt Cole did a biblio of him which presumably would list his by-lines. Haven't seen it myself; Cole is too busy to reply right now. [If Cole tried to publish a list of Silverberg's pseudonyms, we'll probably never hear from him again!! www/

It seems to me that there's too much fuss about the end of the world lately. Remember, we have at least some means of defense against atomic weapons, even though if a holocaust does occur most people might die. The medievals had no defense whatever against the plagues -- who died and who didn't depended almost entirely on luck. You stand a much better chance of getting killed in a traffic accident.....especially if you're too busy worrying about A-bombs to notice where you're going..

If a blowup does occur, I'd much rather it happened in my time rather than in my children's. Politicians don't seem anxious to prevent war; they're just putting it off to the next generation. Maybe this has something to do with juvenile delinquency.

It seems that my first letter was published after all (in CRY #144). My chief complaint is that you deleted the mention that Tuck's AuthorsWorks Listings won't be at DeVore's until early next year.

Interesting to see, from off-hand remarks here and there, that many fans like Renfrew Pemberton, Dick Eney, Betty Kujawa, etc., wear beards. At least I'm not a lone wolf in this. The trouble is, in most parts of the country people assume that a beard-wearer is a beatnik. Less civilized parts of the country such as New York and Colifornia have no such problems.

The letter column is the most interesting part, again. Who's this Bjo everybody enthuses about? I seem to have seen the nickname several times, but under at least two surnames. [One is an artist, another is a Los Angeles housewife, and the rest are just there to add to the confusion. -- www/

This Mike Deckinger just ain't ever going to hear the last of that loaf of bread. He isn't the only one who doesn't care for jazz. Anyone over there who prefers, like me, the Scottish bagpipe?

After seeing Betty Kujawa's latest I apologize for insinuating she's not real. If she isn't she ought to be. My own cat's very similar to hers. His usual gambit is to comb my beard and if this doesn't work he uses my nose as a punching bag. With claws unsheathed. The last resort is to dig his claws into whatever portion of anatomy (besides my head which he assumes is empty) which is so unfortunate as to be exposed. He's had to use this last method only about twice in history. Mrs. Kujawa could have been in a worse predicament -- what if her cat and dog were mortal enemies?

Yours,

James Sieger

GREGG CALKINS GIVES; (SOMETHING HAD TO)

1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah

Dear Efemanie:

Election Day the 8th of November 1960

Enclosed is one-third of my total cash wealth at the moment, which just goes to show how well CRY has me hooked at the moment. I tender the tender even though I anticipate an issue of OOPS over the Christmas rest period because in all probability that will be the last one I'll have to trade for some time.

Something has got to give. Since school started I've been so busy I haven't known quite what to do. About the only even fringe-fannish thing I've done of late -- Jim Webbert will be interested -- was to buy a .45 auto (1911) from the NRA (or, more correctly, through the NRA) for \$17 (at that price I couldn't resist) and yesterday I finally got a chance to fire it -- my first chance and I've had it a month or more now. Makes a loud noise, fires a big, slow bullet with reasonable accuracy for a used military sidearm, and in general performs satisfactorily. Now if only I could find a good .22 auto or even a revolver for a similar price I'd be tickled pink.

best,

Gregg

JOHN C. CHAMPION WINS A FREE ISSUE

Box 5221 University Stn., Eugene, Oregon

7 November 1960

A Letter of Comment on CRY 144, In Hopes it Will Get Me The Next Issue:

The Plow: I find it interesting to compare your reviews with Bill Evans' in SPEC REVIEW. You don't seem to disagree too often. I think the Plow is better written, tho. ~~###~~ You overlook Samuel Beckett's novel Malone Dies. There is hope after all. Personally, Malone is beginning to remind me of a comic strip. For some reason I always get Mark Phillips confused with David Gordon. I agree very much about the Thorne Smith bit, having just read The Night Life of the Gods. (Did you realize Smith actually had a message? Shocking, isn't it?) Smith tended to be a little too fast and furious, but at least he was consistent. He just wrote that way -- Phillips seems to use it for effect. There would be enough humor in the Malone stories without the "verbal clowning" methinks. Maybe it's just more JWC sledgehammer technique -- they won't realize it's supposed to be humor unless you beat them over the head with it. ~~###~~ Saith my physical chemistry professor, on the matter of current flow -- to - or vice versa, that it's too bad when Franklin established the convention he picked the one he did. It makes the theory simpler to assume the flow is minus to plus, so that the electric current then has the same direction as the posited electron flow. But then N. Frank, in Introduction to Electricity & Optics, defines the direction of current as the direction of flow of positive charge, by convention. This is basically beside the point, since Dudley is talking about the Earth's electrostatic field which has nothing to do with moving charges. As a matter of fact, the electric field vector in this case is directed away from the earth, and the field vector is what's important in considering electrostatic force -- voltage is immaterial. This may not be relevant to anything, but at least it's science.

Deckinger is wrong; there is a word that is consistently misspelled in fanzines: "feud". I know it sounds thus in English, but it isn't spelled "fued".

Gernsback makes some good points, but I don't feel inspired to comment further.

HWYL: conceit is not always unhealthy. Not if "conceit" means "feeling of superiority". Let's face it, some people are superior to others, according to common standards for

judging superiority. In fact, no matter what standard you used there would always be superior people. /True, but people who are superior by one standard are not the same people as those who are superior by another standard. So now, to find out who is really superior, you have to settle the argument of which standard is superior. I think the editors of lettercolumns should rule the world, myself. --www/

I'm not sure I've figured out the ending of Berry's story, but I liked it anyway.

Buz: I can't offhand think of anyone in jail for stealing bread, but I can think of people who've gotten punished for lesser things.

Letters-- Sid Coleman: well put. John W. Campbell Jr, of all people, considering his readers as dolts.

Donaho: your quote from Nietzsche is probably the most intelligent comment yet on this loaf of bread bit. It reminds me of "And Then There Were None..." Remember the captain's reaction to the Gands and their MYOB bit?

Bob Lichtman: okay, my name is pronounced "champion".

Steve Stiles: don't blame the person who discovered the cheap way to separate uranium isotopes. Blame the people who feel it necessary to use atomic weapons on human beings to gain their ends. You might as well blame Einstein for writing " $E=mc^2$ ", but then eventually you'd have to blame Galileo for showing the importance of experiment -- not to mention thousands of others. The only way out is to blame God, who is obviously responsible for the whole thing -- or didn't you read that story in F&SF a month or two ago? ### The way I define "tolerance" it has no drawbacks, and your situation basically doesn't apply. You're not being tolerant, you're being stupid. Nobaody said you can't take care of your own interests.

So much for you all this time.

Best,

John

BUCK COULSON REVEALS HIS FANZINE FILING SYSTEM

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear People,

11-9-60

THE GREAT BREAD ROBBERY: Actually the thief who steals bread for his starving family is a worse criminal than the bank robber. The bank robber is only hurting the insurance company, but the bread thief has allowed his family to descend to the edge of starvation, just because he's too lazy to sign up for unemployment compensation. A thoroughly despicable character, if you ask me; them's the kind that ort to be 'ung, mark my words.

Midwestern vs. California fandom: incredible though it may be, a good many midwestern fans simply aren't interested in fanzines. Snobbishness? Well, if Terry wants to call anyone who isn't interested in every facet of existence a snob, I suppose they are.

It probably won't work for you, Elinor, but every fanzine received here is tossed on a pile in some convenient place in the room. Fanzines stay on the pile until they are reviewed; if they are read they are returned to the pile after reading. After being reviewed, they are tossed on another pile in a back room and eventually sorted and boxed. I should think that a large, handy, untidy pile of fanzines would be the ideal solution to keeping track of what comes in; once the trade copy has been mailed the fanzine would be removed from this pile and put wherever you put old fanzines (I would suggest the nearest wastebasket). /Okay, but then what do we do with all those wastebaskets of fanzines, huh? --www/

Incidentally, while it's really too late to comment, Carr's column on T. O'Connor Sloane in the previous issue had me practically rolling on the floor. Gene DeWeese and I have had some fun quoting Sloane, but not to the extent that Terry did -- just enough so that I was familiar enough with the subject matter to realize the perfection of Terry's remarks.

Buck

DONALD FRANSON HAS FOUND A CASE OF BREADSTEALING

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood,

Dear Wally,

California

November 13, 1960

Congratulations on not only getting the Hugo, but Hugo himself. A fine article saying something different, in addition to the Eternal Truths about science fiction. I would be interested in seeing what results Gernsback's plea for college fanzines accomp-

lishes, and in seeing the fanzines themselves.

Now you will get a letter from Isaac Asimov -- you misspelled his name on page 8.

FME: Here's an authenticated case (with names disguised): Jean V. stole a loaf of bread and got nineteen years, with time on for bad behavior, according to Les M. and Victor H., a couple of Frenchmen.

Bob Lichtman: My first fanzine letter was published in Twig in 1958. It was an answer to some jerk who didn't believe in Fandom. Wonder whatever happened to him?

James Sieger asks, "what has all this to do with science fiction?" I'll explain. Every month, each of the active members of the Cry Society must write an essay that is a pastiche of one of the facets of their favorite form of literature. It is only coincidence that sometimes a majority choose as their model that great work of fantasy, "The Vizigraph."

Yours,

Donald Franson

HARRY WARNER, JR., MEETS TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
Dear Nameless ~~Chet~~ Ones: November 15, 1960

I don't see how I could have received this issue as a Hallowe'en trick because I went to a double feature movie on trick or treat night. I went to see Conspiracy of Hearts, which was pretty good, and Tarzan the Magnificent, which is apparently an adventure on some distant double-star planet with unusually rapid orbital characteristics, because the sky kept changing color rapidly as camera shots alternated between ferocious lions and things that were chasing helpless humans. Some of the people sitting around me thought it was supposed to be happening on earth and that the director should have matched up his skies more carefully when splicing in stock shots of wild animals, but there must be a scientific explanation for it.

I have read none of the magazines that Buz analyzes so I can't compare opinions. But I suspect that this sort of material could serve as the basis for preliminary choosing of candidates for consideration for the Hugo awards. Someone who gets most of the fanzines could keep tab on the prozine stories that receive favorable comment, and when voting time came, the two dozen most frequently mentioned would be the candidates for the award. It might encourage a lot more attention to the prozines in the fan press and it would make it unlikely that any voter would simply forget about a fine story that he wanted to vote for.

There are certain words that give fans more trouble than others. Pittsburgh lost more h's than anyone could have dreamed possible, before the convention, and I notice that a few stencilers still aren't putting them in. Feud is a very frequently misspelled word. So is newsstand. However, poor spelling doesn't irk me as it does some individuals. Mark Twain once claimed that the man who spells a word in only one way lacks imagination.

I'm not certain that the Hugo Gernsback article was a good choice for magazine publication. It simply repeats for the hundredth time all the things that he's said and others have said about him. It isn't particularly accurate when talking about things other than Hugo Gernsback. Russia has not "very recently" discovered science fiction; it was popular there before World War Two and it enjoyed a real boom immediately after the war, just as it did in this country. I don't remember seeing any stories shorter than 1,500 words in the Saturday Evening Post.

Elinor like many other individuals is probably letting newspaper sensationalism loom too large in her outlook on the Negro problem. The real problems, largely the Negro's inability to get a fair wage for his work and the right to work in many types of jobs, are largely ignored in the press. If the Negro's income were as high on the average as the white man's, most of the other Negro problems would vanish.

I don't understand the Berry item this time. It seems almost as incomprehensible to me as a couple of pages of van Vogt.

Terry Carr's paragraphs about the Henstells are the funniest stuff I've read in months and months.

I wonder how many fans have last names that cannot be pronounced? I would feel better about Betty Kujawa's name if she had told where the accent goes. Wim Struyck is another fan who claims no English-bred person pronounces his last name properly, because the vowel sound isn't to be found in our language.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

MADAME BETTY KUJAWA

2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

My Darling---

Wunnerful cover on CRY #144. In ATOM's droll delightful way -- I keep having the feeling he'll end up as a top cartoonist in PUNCH or NEW YORKER ere long -- ghod knows he's superior to many I've seen in each.

The Franson article I approve of heartily -- specially as one whose spelling and grammar are miserable (is miserable?? See what I mean?) My pet peeve is this deal of spelling 'definite' as 'definate' have pointed it out to zine editors -- not a reaction -- asked 'em if it was a fannish custom. If it IS a fannish way of spelling I wish someone would let me in on it.

Appreciated the pubbing of the Gernsback speech -- I don't 'see' sf and the pro field in the same light as he does -- but.... It was very interesting to learn of the growth of sf fiction in Russia, too.

HWYL as tasty as ever -- always want more of this column. Was highly interested to read of the colored situation out in Seattle -- much as I expected it to be, as a matter of fact. In parochial school, when Gene was 7, the nuns -- all elderly non-English-speaking sisters and completely unqualified to teach children -- proclaimed to the kiddies that negros were 'inferior' and not really fellow humans -- that God had put them here as servants of man, etc. Gene rebelled -- Gene is the independent type guy and was even then and to him it just wasn't logical so he bucked the machine -- two years later he was almost thrown out for embracing the Darwinian Theory -- and where he ever learned THAT back then neither he nor I can figure!! Can't you imagine Gene at nine spreading the 'subversive word' in a Polish parochial school??

Aw that Berry tale -- but shucks -- he ruined the article I was planning to do on the mastodon we saw in the backyard last week. But then I have no proof anymore -- the neighbors saber-tooth tiger went and ate it soon after -- ah well.

Buz -- tried to reach our police chief on this deal of bread stealing -- what with elections and all I decided not to bother him right now. I figure it as being nil -- due to Welfare Depts. and the like.

Oh, that Carr report was a fine fannish one and am looking forward to the rest of it. --though how he can top the first part, I dunno. Thank you Mr. Carr.

Delighted no end to learn that Rotsler is having his own comic strip in der papers -- hope he'll be appearing in one of ours ere long.

Gaaads that discussion of west coast and mid-west fans threw me into a fit of laughter -- possibly because I'm not too tied up with mid-west fandom myself.

REVENGEVILLE by Piper -- heh -- pore Andy.

And Don Thompson is a bit grotched by the C. of the R. -- s'a'pity -- I obviously can't agree -- a more mature lettercol when you've got a 60 and 65 yr. old femme hacks?

Oh ghod here Mike again and that ever loving loaf of bread!! Really though, Mike honey -- your example may be a bit far-out.....like, in this country with the Welfare Depts, etc.. just HOW MANY fathers are in need of one loaf of bread to feed a dying family??? I mean the local authorities would know about such distress long before that -- no? Perhaps out in the wilderness of Wyoming?? But then there's be no grocery with bread to steal from. Oh lord this is getting complicated --

Let's say for the sake of you and that 'dying' family that just this once I will look the other way while he steals that loaf -- ok? But then there is the thing that reason or intent notwithstanding the man is STILL STEALING SOMETHING THAT DOES'NT BELONG TO HIM. Any lawyers out there that can explain 'intent'?? And if it means anything to the eyes of the law?? (I hope he takes some milk and salami to go with that bread...)

Bob Lichtman -- I 'respect his code of ethics' but his ideas of improving the letter col. would be the death-knell, I fear, for myself and other Cry-hack kooks -- Bob, respect our code of kookiness. But, gee, you are treading here on the toes of Ella Parker and remember, Bob, remember in PURPLE CLOD in Cheslin's zine that you are one of the two men left alive in the world and that Ella is the only girl!!! I wouldn't anger Ella if I were you, boy!!! /// My first pubbed letter was in THE EXPLORER -- and then in a more fannish vein in YANDRO, as I recall it.

Harry Warner -- your aunt (great aunt, that is) owning negro slums brings to mind an embarrassing moment of my own. I own some down-town property and on the back portion of

one piece there was an old care-taker's shack wherein lived an elderly colored gentleman. A year or so back they found that the negro had added an extra room, brought in some high-yaller gals from the negro part of town, and was running a small but profitable whore-house on the side. (No, I wasn't getting any of the profits!) The shack has now been torn down (and rapidly, too) and the gentleman is working elsewhere. [If he'd stolen bread, he's still be in jail. -- www/ And Gene will never stop kidding me about my life of vice. Ulp!! Hey Wally!! Come to think of it, does this make me as guilty as that loaf-of-bread guy?? "Ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law," they say!! Come see me on visiting day, won't you? /Come see you? I'll be in the next cell when the post office finds out I've put this obscene story in CRY. Sure as my name is Walter Crottleplug Schmidt, the substituted stencil-typer, I'll be in the next cell. --wcs/

And, Harry, on your being confused by the four-breasted Femmes on the pulp covers -- ever figure how confused lil girls can get seeing all those old Grecian and Roman statues with the guys with the fig leaves??? For awhile there I thought that was the regular male equipment -- and it sure didn't look very practical to me, either! [Well it's a cinche our young little CRY readers won't be confused, with us to give them all the straight stuff like we're doing. -- wcs/

Ed Gorman -- worry not nor be disappointed at my saying what I did to Mike. I see now Mike wasn't generalizing in the way I took it. Ok?? Ok.

Albert J. Hock -- is a wunnerful name, and I've been pronouncing it in the scottish manner. Hoot mon! It has got 'zest'.

Wrai Ballard sent me some snaps of Buz and Elinor taken on their visit to Blanchard -- Elinor looks exactly as I thought she would -- (and that's good, in case that sounded like a doity crack) and Buz -- aaah that Buz (with my husband's hair-do, too!!) that Buz looks like a sexy monk! (not monkey -- a monk) And Wrai with that beard looks like a sexy North Dakota outlaw.

Bye dear --

Betty

PHILLIP A. HARRELL AND THE LOAF OF BREAD CAPER 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia
Hellow World & webber'Ole worldly won, O Something something something-lll660

In compliance to your request that somebody phone the local Hoosgowe (I think that's the esoteric slang term) I took you up on it Buz and though that I'd share the transcript of the conversation with you and anybody else that wants to read it:

Burrrrrrrp Burrrrrrrp (my phone always sounds like it has indigestion when I phone)
Burrrrrrrrrp "Jailer's office, Second Precinct, Sgt. Hendricks speaking."

"Hellow Sgt. Hendricks, I was wondering if you could tell me how many people you have locked up there because they stole a loaf of bread to feed their starving family?"

"W*H*A*T?!?!?? WHO IS THIS?!"

"My name is Phil Phan, and I'm doing a survey for Cry Magazine to find out how many guys you've got locked up for stealing bread."

"Doing WHAT? for WHO???"

"DON'T tell me you've NEVER heard of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS?!?!?!"

"No I'm afraid I haven't."

"GHOOD GHU!!"

"Who?"

"You mean you HAVEN'T heard of HIM either?!?!?!"

"No, Now Look! Who are you trying to kid? I'm giving you just thirty seconds to start a reasonable explanation before I put a tracer on this call."

"Bye." Click.

So it appears that, if they have anybody in there for stealing bread they don't want anyone to know about it. Never heard of CRY, my word, what is this world coming to?

[I hope you noticed how merciful I was to the readers, deleting that ghastly line from the episode above, "No, but we've got one guy who did rob a bakery. Didn't take any bread. Just dough." --www/

I still don't think Betty Kujawa is any more than 26. She doesn't look it anyway. Rengrew Pemberton seems to improve each time I read him. Keep up the good work Buz. Enjoyed "uncle" Hugo's speech.

I still wish Elinor's HWYL (Happy, Wild, Yumping Letters) was two pages longer, she writes soo nice.

John Berry & Atom, what more could a fan want, both Superlative.

I always enjoy TCarr. You know the saying, "As Happy as a Faned with a TCarr article."

Fannishly yers,

Phil (The Student Bem)

P.S. I collect Pictures for my Fanfile, so would you all send me some? [No. -- www]

MIKE DECKINGER: THE DEFENSE JESTS

85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, New Jersey

11/14/60

Your honor and fellow members of the Jury,

I just got back from holding up the local orphanage and escaping with three loaves of bread, to find the latest CRY had arrived.

Another ATOMized cover. Rather minor for Art, but still not bad. Howcum no multi-graphed heading though? Is Toskey asleep or something? [Toskey is something. -- www]

I appreciate your public appeal to send me loaves of bread, but really, my natural inclination is to take it from orphanages.

The Plow rolled along fairly entertainingly as usual. Don't you know that Mark Phillips is Randall Garrett and Larry Harris? I thought everyone did.

Say, what's this on page 8???? Ghodd lord, an address on science fiction... I'm forced to predict the downfall of CRY now that something like science fiction has insidiously crept into its pages. Heads will roll because of this.

I'm happy to report that I have at last undertaken to determine, as Buz suggested, just how many persons had been jailed for theft of a loaf of bride. [That's what you wrote, Mike, bride! -- www] I took a short ride down to the local bastille, entered, and approached the desk sergeant. He looked up at me tiredly.

"I'm conducting a little research," I informed him, "I'd like to find out the number of prisoners who are being held for stealing loaves of bread." [Why didn't you tell him what you really came for, you bride-stealer, you. -- www]

He eyed me closely when I said that. "You mean there are other crimes that we can lock them up for too? Well come along with me, I'll show you."

He led me down a long, narrow, dimly lit hall. At the end was an immense metal door. He inserted a key in the lock, twisted it, and pushed the door open. It creaked, and everything had a clammy, musty smell.

"It's awful dark, isn't it?" I ventured.

"So who has money these days to waste on light bulbs?" he replied.

Every few steps I seemed to reach some depression in the floor. In the distance I could hear wild, animalike sounds. Finally we approached a cell and I peered in. I saw a dirty, bearded old man lying on a cot.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He stole the first loaf of bread from a bakery shop when it opened in the morning."

In another cell I saw two old women sitting and knitting. They were covered in rags. [Did they knit the rags themselves? -- www]

"These ladies," the sergeant began, "we caught operating a bread con game. One would ring the front door bell at a house and when the occupant came to answer it the other would go through the back and take the bread."

We moved on to another cell. I saw the body of a slim, dirty youth lying on the cold stone floor. He was breathing very faintly. His back was criss-crossed with deep, red welts.

"We give him ten lashes every day," I was told. "His old mother was dying of starvation and he tried to steal half a loaf of pumpernickel. Pumpernickel, mind you; he wasn't satisfied with ordinary white. We caught him and gave his ailing mother a long lecture on why she shouldn't have brought up her son to engage in such dishonest pastimes. To show her we meant it, we didn't give her anything to eat for a week. She died of course."

"Serves her right," I told him.

We continued, passing a total of 72 cells along the way. At last, in the distance, I could see another long hall, and it seemed as if men were laboring there. "What's that?" I asked.

"Well, this is the age of specialization. We're opening a new prison block just for

those who steal toast now."

Satisfied, Buz?

So it's spelled "licorice" instead of "liquorice". That was cick thinking on your part and I'm cite happy that you pointed out this error.

I used to have a parakeet several years ago that seemed totally uninterested with humanity. He'd sulk all day, and he simply refused to do any talking. Finally he flew out an open windo. The neighborhood cat, for around a week after the incident, went around with a very satisfied look on her face. Right now my only pets are two goldfish, named Yngvli and Ghu. Ghu is the smaller one and likes to swim up near the top of the bowl. Yngvli stays near the bottom and floats about very contemplatively, probably thinking whether he's a louse or not.

Though I dislike it, I must disclose the horrid truth: Stefano is not Bloch. Joseph Stefano is a Hollywood screenwriter who has written several successful screenplays in the past, including THE BLACK ORCHID, and is currently doing the script for Pierre Boule's A NOBLE PROFESSION.

Ed Gorman is a ghood man for coming to my defense, and he's quite right; I'm always very careful in the matter of making rash or unfounded statements. I think about them for at least an hour before saying them.

I'd like to continue, but I must rush off and feed the starving family.

SIN cerely,

Mike

BOB LICHTMAN DENIES RESEMBLANCE TO TONY PERKINS 6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif
Wally: 17 November 1960

If Toskey has been on the CRYstaff these last few months, CRY has certainly shown no evidence of his presence. It's been several issues since you've had any multigraphing on the cover, and longer than I can remember since Toskey stencilled anything in that torturous type of his. [Come to think of it, we haven't seen Toskey since the time he said, "I'm sick of having an uneducated Multigraph tell me what to do. I'm going home and have it out with the Multigraph right now!" -- www/

Terry Carr's column struck me as the best item in this issue. But Terry is mistaken in one thing: I don't look like Tony Perkins. I took CRY to school with me shortly after it arrived. During one class I asked a not-unattractive girl sitting next to me if she thought I looked like Tony Perkins. "Someone who writes for this magazine," I explained, "says I look like Tony Perkins." Her answer was simple: "He's crazy. You don't look like Tony Perkins at all." I asked a few other people; they all held the same opinion. The real truth is that I look like Bob Lichtman.

It actually takes a few more turns than three to get that feedarm setup to come off. After perhaps a couple dozen turns, though this varied, it falls off. I don't have any trouble with it anymore. I took off the feed mechanism connection to the drum, and have been handfeeding it ever since. If my feedarm falls off in the future, I shall be quite shocked I can assure you.

Besides the 35th FAPA mailing (sans postmailing, unfortunately) being in the UCLA Library, there are also a lot of other fanzines, some of which are unfortunately missing. [Uh, how was that again? -- www/ Still present are a bound set of Fantasy Commentator, a volume of miscellaneous fanzines from the period 1943-48, copies of the Pacifcon Program Booklet and Combozine, and (in the Special Collections section) a complete bound set of the ancient magazine, The Fantasy Fan. This last volume is done up in the most ornate binding you can imagine and is quite impressive in its own way. The slip attached to it says that it was donated to the library by a George T. Smisor. Does any reader of CRY know of him, even in passing.

CRY OF THE READERS looked somehow changed this time. It took me a few minutes to realize that the captions to the letters had disappeared. This strikes me as a step in the right direction, though it's one of the things I didn't really mind about the lettercol. Rather than just "more editorial participation" in the lettercol, I would like to see more "serious editorial participation" with the accent on "serious". [Okay. Do you know of any serious editors we can get to participate? -- www/

It's interesting to note that George Locke has been busy transferring me to wax. Since I haven't many more comments this time, I think I'll close here.

Waxily yours,

Bob

BOYD RAEURN'S LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #144

89 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario,
CANADA

Buz: I wonder whether you had to keep checking back while reading Rogue Moon for the same reasons as myself. The story was so dull I had difficulty paying close attention to it as I read it. Thus, when I came across something incomprehensible I'd have to check back to see if I missed something through my inattention. Usually I found I hadn't missed anything -- Budrys himself was being incomprehensible. I came across at least one sentence that didn't make any sense whatsoever. Either sloppy writing or sloppy editing is to blame. I hope all the kindly editors will preserve us from the Gernsback brand of "Science in Science Fiction".

Terry Carr is a little out of date. He is still operating on the memory of Harlan Ellison as he was at the San Francisco con in 1954. Otherwise, his column was pretty damn funny. Gad Terry, we have a bond. When I first met Harlan Ellison in 1954 he showed me stencils for Dimensions too. (Somebody later hid those stencils, scattered torn up stencils around the room, and Harlan was momentarily quite upset.)

Nirenberg was a gas.

Deckinger is still being fuggheaded.

Bob Lichtman: if you don't care too much for the lettercol as it is now, you should have seen it in the days before Elinor took it over. Those were the Bad Old Days.

George Locke: "England is more under the shadow of the Bomb than any other country." Oh? Haul out your handy atlas, and have a look at the position of Canada between Russia and the U.S. If those two countries ever go to war, who's going to be caught right in the middle?

Boyd

LES NIRENBERG HANGS HIS HEAD IN SHAME
Comments On CRY #144

1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada
Nov. 8/60

For a fake-fan who never reads the Pemberton cols., (I hang my head in shame) I really appreciated that Gernsback speech (ha, thought I'd say Pemperton eh?)

Like I said Elinor was swell this time round. Do you realize what you're starting? Deckinger is going to be deluged with bread (the eating kind) ala the old-bricks-to-Tucker and beer-cans-to-Carr capers. As far as I'm concerned I don't think it's fair to throw a man in jail just because he stole a Gestetner. There! Now maybe someone will send me a Gestetner.

Of course some of the most self-righteous people are the ones who are violently for any minority group. These people are just as dangerous as those who are against. Any extreme type of action is wrong, I think.

Berry was the best I've seen him in a long time. I thot Franson wuz wodnerful. Hey why doesn't someone start a campaign to make English spelling phonetic? Wouldn't it be easy then? We woodnt hav tu wurry abot anyting ten. Dis wud also nok an extra subjec off du skool curriculum. Simpl ant it?

Terry Carr was great this time too. I dunno, this issue is really, really a good one. The three top items are Fandom Harvest, Stool Pigeon, and HWYLL with Gernsback running close. Keep it up and more.

Metcalf: I know it's hard for English speaking people to imagine a "j" as being pronounced in any other way, but J (as in jaybird). How's this: Darakjy = d-argh!-ahk-ye. Now somebody will probably come up with one of those Polish or Czech words that contain no vowels like LVOV.

Lichtman: Marijuana and contraceptives, yes, but no liquorice.

Franson: Dammit! You still don't believe in me. My name is not one of Silverberg's pseudonyms. Anybody knows it's an anagram of Gerber-nin.

Raeburn & Patrizio: I think I'll get into this little game. See if you can translate this: "The graze is faistered on the lokum nockit."

Later...

Les

JAMES GROVES GETS WEIRD INSIGHTS

29 Lathom Road, East Ham, Ondon, E.6., England

Dear CRYERS

20th November 1960

Thanks very much for CRY 144. I've been learning quite a bit about you over at the Parker Pen, like she has photos and such. I haven't seen a photo of Tosk yet tho', even one of a blur fading into the distance up a mountain will do. Where is Lake Footsack?

[A place where human beings have never been. Toskey hikes there now and then. -- www/

Do I detect a tendency for the Plow to come back full-time? I hope so cause it's good.

Uncle Hugo was very interesting. I read SCIENCE fiction, science FICTION, and fantasy for one major reason; entertainment. Maybe some types read it to stimulate invention, but I bet they are few and far between.

More and more I find that I can't make out just what John Berry's getting at -- what did you do to him in Detroit?

I don't know who's taking SEACON subs over here, can anyone enlighten me? [Anyone over there taking subs to the SEACON is either a bread-stealing swindler or plans to put on the OVERSEACON. Send your loot to greed us, and only us. -- www/

It's stupid to steal a loaf of bread for your family; better to steal money and then you can buy jam to put on it (the bread that is). Bet that that will increase the percentage of types in the local jail for foraging for their families.

Fandom Harvest was real interesting this rime round, much moreso than usual.

COTR:

Bell Donaho -- THE code of ethics is the one of the society in which you live since that's the one the laws are based on.

Locke and Franson -- this page count thing, you forgot some points, like the fact that CRYs are sent out double so there will be a slight thickness increase due to the springyness of the paper, then there's the effect of the staples and that little sticker on the back. And then there's the effect of the ink. I don't know why you bother.

Betty Kujawa -- 'Eric Bentcliffe is a livingdoll' ! Well we live and learn I suppose. I'm getting some weird insights into American character reading CRY I must say. (retreats shaking head and muttering under breath -- 'livingdoll B'God!)

See youall next time round. Be good (or careful).

yours

Jim

TED FORSYTH AND THE BORROWED CRY

11 Ferndale Road, LONDON SW4 England

Dear Wally

22nd November 1960

My copy of CRY 143 arrived a week after Joe Patrizio received his. Anything he tries to tell you about my "borrowing" his copy and preventing him from examining it until I had mine is completely untrue. I distinctly remember at least two occasions on which I read aloud for his benefit particularly interesting paragraphs.

The cover starts off a good issue in which the honours are taken by John Berry. If the action is sustained in the following chapters of The Astounding Adventures of Simon Twink, then this serial should be one of John's best stories. Most of John's latest efforts seem to consist of episodes rather than complete stories; it looks as though this will be rectified in the Twink series.

Now that you have managed to print a Burbee tale, don't just sit back and sigh with relief; pickle him in home brew, soothe him with player pianos, offer him BJO,...but get another piece by Burbee!

HWYL is too short. By dropping gentle (!) hints we managed to persuade Ella to increase the length of her editorials (wait till you see Orion 26!!). Perhaps we can do the same with Elinor and HWYL.

Terry Carr's column made interesting reading. I wonder what T. O'Connor Sloane's reaction to a typical APA mailing would have been? What sort of letter of comment would he have written?

The comment I made about HWYL can be applied to the Blue-eyed Field.

Has the book edition of The Goon Goes West been published yet? [No, but it is well on its way to completion. -- www/

CRY 144 arrived but Joe has not got his copy yet. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in letting me have CRY before Joe, but I would be quite satisfied if we received our copies at the same time. Each morning before going to work and each evening on arriving home from work Joe rushes to see whether CRY (or any of the other lesser fanzines) has dropped through the letter box. So far he remains unsatisfied.

Don Franson's article on spelling was interesting. Recently I started checking stencils for Jimmy Groves. Now when I read fanzines, promags, technical literature, letters, I can't enjoy them as I used to because spelling errors, typos, etc, seem to stand out as though they were written in capitals.

The Berry story this issue leaves me cold.

Fandom Harvest is a much more interesting length than usual.

Yours,

Ted

DON THOMPSON FEELS LIKE A HEEL

Room 36, 3518 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland 15,

Dear Wally,

Ohio

23 November 1960

You people are insidious; you print my letter about the juvenility of the lettercol in an issue with a pretty good lettercol and you arrange with Franson to send me a Cry Letterhack card, which gives me a warm feeling toward the zine and make me feel like a heel for saying nasty things. Not that I'm taking back a word or it, but I do feel like a heel.

I'm very much in favor of Franson's "Improve Fannish Spelling" campaigns, but I don't have much hope for its success.

To me, the most intriguing thing about Gernsback's address was the idea of turning college magazines into science fiction mags. If all collegiate fans would just congregate at one college, take over the school magazine and turn it into The Perfect Fanzine...

"...Dr. Isaac Azimov..." Did Gernsback spell it that way or has some CRYstaffer got a sadistic streak? /Yes. -- www/

The extra-long "Fandom Harvest" made up in part for a long overdue FANAC. I'm afraid I could never be as charitable toward Bruce Henstell as Terry was. It should be noted that Harlan is no longer obnoxious; apparently he has outgrown it. One can only hope that Henstell will mature quickly.

"Piper" is good, of course. How about some fannish artist copying Silverstein's Playboy stuff?

Ed Gorman's comments about making CRY into a fannish New Yorker appall me. College humor magazines all strive for the same format as the New Yorker and achieve nothing better than second best, the fate of all imitations. Be original, even if you're lousy, which CRY definitely is not. /No comment. -- www/

Best,

Don Thompson

ED GORMAN GETS A MERIT BADGE FOR BREAD-SENDING
Esteemed Clods and such,

242 10th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I've sent Deck a loaf of bread, so do I get a merit badge or something now?

The contents /of #144/ were pretty good, especially my letter -- thanks D. Franson for the Letterhack Bit. I nailed the card in the toilet, for all to see.

Gernsback: still trying, eh? Well, after Campbell finally reaches the moon, we'll need another science-fact editor, so it looks like you're elected. /You mean the Dean Drive only works in one direction -- away from Earth? -- www/

Colin Berry: you bring back bad memories. The first time I rode a bike I was ruptured. Honest.

John Berry: the only Gestetner salesman I've met is eighty, a very nice guy, and one whom I had the pleasure of meeting in a Striptease Show on a Boy-type Innocent Expedition last summer. While the main attraction, "Lollipop", threw out suckers to all the suckers, I talked about buying a Gestetner.

Franson: you are very adept, very interesting, and very good. And I might even move my Letterhack card into another room.

Terry Carr: another Ellison? I'm gonna get shot for this, but I'd like to see another one. Whether we realize it or not, we have our Alex King in Harlan, and I even like his stories.

thanks,

Ed

BOB SMITH, NEO POGO ADDICT

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA

Dear CryEds:

22 November 1960

Cry I43: Hmmm. This is pretty sneaky, yuh know, kicking off with the letter-column. So...Joe Patrizio: Do you mean that song is popular in Scotland too?! It's a wonder some enterprising charlie hasn't brought out a booklet on Aussie slang, so's you people can translate that song. George Locke: Hearty guffaws from Smith whilst reading of your antics with gliders and rubber dingies. Luvrely. Boyd Raeburn: Loved that snippet from "Pogo; thanks. The same day that Cry I43 arrived I received some trade magazines from Bob Tucker, and slipped inside was a "Pogo" clipping wherein Albert comes out with "you can put a blinking deaner to that, cobber," and later: "what do you s'pose I meant?" I must try and get some more examples of this! And, who knows, maybe some enterprising charlie will bring out a booklet of Aussie slang for the benefit of "Pogo" followers. Betty Kujawa: I tell you, Betty, getting the Cry really fast is fine, but I'm receiving rather hurt looks from other residents of Puckapunyal these days. Those ICBMs are knocking heck outa this place. Gholly, I might even be asked to move, and then, what would prevent me from sinking away into faannish insignificance? (Elinor... halp!)

Now. There was summat else I had to do...of course! Comment on the contents of Cry I43! (Curse you and your front-end lc!) Heyyy...Burbee in Cry! Most enjoyable. If a lone Australian may put in two cents worth, I agree with Elinor on TAFF. Leave the administration to Don and Eric. The main thing is that TAFF be supported heavily.

A new (to me, at least) kind of Terry Carr in theis "Fandom Harvest", but very good. I really enjoyed it.

Liked the "Dean Drive" song, Buz.

I have gone much further than Pemby; I don't read the mag /ASF/ANALOG/ at all. Back around '52 the mag was a wonder and a really treasured possession, and Smith, who had been brought up on the barren British Reprint Edition, would finger the US edition with near-awe. I'm not sure just when that feeling faded with me, but there is nothing left now.

'till the next Cry,

Bob Smith

AIMA HILL AND A PLAN TO HELP NEO-CONVENTIONEERS
Dear CRYhacks;

1 Otis Place, Boston, Massachusetts

November 18, 1960

MZB almost scared my pants off the first time I met her, although I now realize that she is not only handsome but also a fount of wit, wisdom, and good recipes. Walter Breen - migosh, you can't hold it against a man if he has to stroll around in beat old clothes, sandals, incipient beard and a haircut that reminds you forcibly of the bust of Marc Antony; but if he adds a supercilious expression, what does he expect people to do, kneel? And here all the while he was merely feeling forlorn. Once you get talking to fans they are without exception nice, at least as talkers.

You ought to have some kind of a guide book to counsel people who go to conventions for the first time -- otherwise there may never be a second time. There is this milling crowd, but you don't know one from the other, so what can you do or say, especially if you are a decent-mannered bookworm in everyday life? What's conventional for conventions? Can you imagine a short, stout old woman with grizzled hair once red, and sharp hazel eyes and a kind of square expression trotting up to John Campbell and saying -- oh, I can't imagine -- well, let's try. After all, John has complained that all the fans know him and he wishes he knew them and they should clue him in. "Good afternoon, sir, let me tell you my life history. I was born of poor but fond parents in a little white house on the corner of..."

"Excuse me, ma'am, I have to be on the platform in .052 minutes from now, and it's on the other side of..." That wasn't John, that was a fanpanel speaker who is going to

tell everybody HIS life story -- as a fan, that is. It all began in a little white magazine stand on...

A fannish opening perhaps? "Good afternoon, sir, I am a neofan. I don't like stf stories with sex in them. They make me feel funny." This time it's the house dick.

Oh, there must be some good all-purpose opening. Besides, we wear badges. So, you lean nearsightedly over to see what his name is, and he leans into your bosom to read yours, and up comes his wife and SHE has something to say....

Oh, dear. "Good afternoon, sir, I don't know you from Adam or Eve and don't care, for I am sure that underneath your square appearance there must exist...." That was a BNF who takes his fanzinefame BIG.

Well, you pick yourself up off the floor, dust off the footprints the best you can, and make one more try. And this time, as the odds would have to bring it out, you are face to face with a truly Heroic Thinker and Real Live Author.

"Good afternoon, sir..."

"May we have your autograph?" Fourteen fans appear in front of you, a rapidfire conversation starts, and behind this wall of backs you like fold up and trickle away.

But don't give up. You, too, can be a Character. Supply yourself beforehand with a pocketfull of salted pepitos and an open bottle of coke. From time to time, drop one of your little green pellets into the coke bottle, slosh it gently and swig at this mix. In case anyone asks you what in creation you are doing this for, you are Prepared. Ready Prepared Answers: "Don't YOU take peyote too?", "Everybody is drinking Adios Amigos this year," "The top layer is anthrax," "The hallucinations are better than people," "The liquor isn't fit to drink," "I can't survive on Earth food," or you may think up others. You don't have to be imaginative; just look it and you will merge with the scenery. And if anyone should come up to you and say, "Good afternoon," why -- of course, they wouldn't any more than you would, but -- what I always say is, get into a corner and brighten it, and at least that will cut off the draft from two sides out of four.

Besides, remarkable things can happen. This year I fought and bested John Campbell and Harlan Ellison, after which Randy Garrett came up and respected me; Cinderella is eternal, eh?

Alma

JONATHAN ACHUYLER ROOT SCORES ON SECOND TRY

206 E. 25. N.Y.C. 10, New York

Dear Howlers --

20 November, 60

It is very strange. I know I started a LoC on CRY 142, because I found the carbon of page one a few days ago while cleaning out my desk. So I borrowed a copy of 144 from the Lupoff Family, to see what was new, and am hereby starting another. If, sometime in 62, you receive a bound set of carbons of first pages of LoC's to CRY, this (which will be the second) will explain it.

Cover 144 is very nice -- I particularly like the production-model housing ATom has devised for the Dean Drive unit -- but shouldn't the initials read "TSFF"?

Pemberton's column is excellent, but rather depressing. I notice, both here and in the lettercol, people are riding Piper much harder for the 'pot of message' ("Oomphel", in the November Campbell's Folly) than I would have. This may be because I developed an automatic screening process; I get the good parts of a story almost pure, and the bad parts somewhere around 20 db down. It's a useful system, but it sometimes leads to puzzling results.

Don Franson has an excellent idea on spelling.

I found the Gernsback address rather embarrassing. It leaves a certain body of illusions badly in need of the hospital tank in a Zone Agent ship. In this speech, Hugo appears as a rather tired old man, railing against the son who has rejected him: immersed in the memory of the early years when stf was an extension of himself. You know, this essay -- more than anything else I have read recently -- is full of the sense of wonder. But it's a sense of wonder grown green with age and cranky with rust, and it underlines, if anything, the age and what I consider the growth of science fiction.

Elinor, this may not be new information, but the problem you consider in the last section of MEENTYM is the key and center of most of the work of Ayn Rand: notably The

Fountainhead, which is about architects, and Atlas Shrugged, which is specifically a searching exploration of the Problem of the Elves. These are both quite well written, if heavy, philosophical novels about (among other things) competence and responsibility; and Atlas is definitely required reading for Slans, fandom, and anyone else interested in the peculiar ways people behave in this puzzling world. It is a coldblooded reversal of almost every point made in "The Lord of the Rings", and yet says in many ways essentially the same thing -- and whether as Bible, sparring partner or Antichrist it is one of the most important books of the twentieth century. Also it makes for great bullsessions. In case you hadn't guessed, Miss Rand not only passes the Blish test: she leaves him gibbering, a tiny stick figure, far in the distance. [I have typed this paragraph of yours without understanding a word of it, and I'm beginning to gibber a little myself. -- www/

At the moment, about all I can give you as comment on "Stool Pigeon" is

I still can't decide whether TCarr is brilliantly imaginative, or a superb reporter, but I like his stuff. He'll have to go a long way to top his behind-the-scenes story of the shooting of "The Musquite Kid" in Shaggy, however. I look forward to the day.

Revengeville came as an interesting counterbalance to the early Superman Comics I've been reading at the Lupoffs' lately. Dong end.

Among the letters, Betty Kuyava was my especial favorite; but Ajax reminded me of a pet peeve that has gotten a fresh rubdown with fuming nitric at every con since the Solacon. I hereby launch into an elaborate discussion of The Masquerade Ball. First of all, it isn't a 'Masquerade Ball' anyway. Primarily, it's a costume showcase. But also, it's the only official occasion where the whole convention attendance is called together for pure socializing: a super party. Why is it never presented this way?

The main things, in my opinion, that have been wrong with most of the Worldcon Costume Parties I've seen (even the Solacon wasn't quite perfect, and at that was almost eclipsed by the Fashion Show next morning) are these: they are too short, they end too early, they are dull, and/or there are not enough good costumes.

It's possible the reason costumes are not usually better is that fannish ingenuity is dying out -- but I don't believe it. More likely, either the motivation is not strong enough or the fans are not thinking far enough ahead. To get the thinking started earlier, lots of publicity in all the Preconvention Bulletins. Needle the fans more -- make it that no self-respecting fan would dare appear on the scene without a costume of some sort. Most important, put some real thought to the prizes.

The prizes themselves are not particularly important, nor need they be expensive. The cups Bjo did for the Pittcon were perfect in that they were both faaanish and personal, but the main reason for winning any fannish award is to have the fact publicized in the fan-zines. The ideal reward would be to have sketches of the winning creations appear in some wide-circulation fanzine -- the winner of that year's Hugo, for instance.

Let's have more categories! There is little point in Joe Fan's knocking himself out over a costume if there are only five prizes to be given (particularly if both Bjo and Karen are going to be there). But if there are going to be more categories -- particularly if some emphasize sheer visual beauty, some skill, some imagination, some natural attributes of the model (I could scarcely put it more delicately) -- and if all are announced far enough in advance to give the fans a chance to work toward one particular effect, then by Ghod there will be motivation!

And for Ghod's sake pick a good panel of judges, largely made up of trufan artists, with a good humorist or two and a certified ~~1st~~ First Fandomite among them. The value of the awards depends entirely on fandom's respect for the judges' choices.

On the organization of the Party itself, also, I'd like to see a few changes made. Most of the Masquerade Balls I remember were too short. It could start at eight thirty or nine -- time for a drink or two and a leisurely dinner after the end of the afternoon program around six, plus whatever getting dressed is necessary for the easy costumes -- and then operate as a pure party in fancy dress, with dance music, tables around the sides of the ballroom, and lighting conducive to relaxation (why must a con proceed at unbroken breakneck pace from start to finish?), until a little before ten. Then the main lights would dim and the stage lights come up for a twenty-minute set of nightclub-style entertainment: Not an ill-rehearsed, leather-lunged, tin-eared gaggle of well-meaning but inadequately prepared fans (who wants to rehearse at a con?), but rather a series of well-

presented solo bits -- Juanita if she can make it, Condit, Johnstone, and other musical type fans. After this, more partying until about eleven when there would be another entertainment set, followed by the official parade (after a period of disorganized showing off) and judging, with the judges' decisions announced and the prizes awarded at the traditional hour of Midnight.

Wow, he said to himself, this is a letter of comment? Thanks for being so patient...
Ever thine,

Jock

STEVE STILES : PUT SCIENCE FICTION BACK IN FANDOM 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28,
Dear Wally,....(there's a good one - Wally - a gas!) New York November 11, 1960

Well, what happened to the Cry's stenofaxed heading? Could this mean that old Cry is on the decline? I'll have to tune in for the next installment.

Hugo Gernsback's speech was interesting. He made a point that I haven't heard before; recruitment of enthusiasts, not only through professional mags, but through the fanzine. Of course there are arguments against science fiction appearing outside the pro circle, mainly that if the story isn't pubbed by the prozine then it certainly shouldn't appear in a fanzine. It's true to some extent, but the prozines, with an eye toward space limitations and slanting (Hello, JWC!), don't always reject something because it's bad. If some prominent fanzine, with a staff of seasoned BNF's should want to put out something like a Fellowship Of The Rings type story I would think that it would be pretty successful. Most fan s.f. has been efforts on the part of neos, but I'd love to see what a seasoned veteran could do. Maybe some people think that s.f. would crowd out all of the fannishness in fanzines; well, how about s.f. oneshots, like Fancy II or Meretritious form?

I don't know whether I liked that Berry piece or not. I'm sort of wistful about the younger, less refined Berry, with his two left feet, and ten thumbed hands. John, can't you bring back the Goon, or at least your misadventures like in the "Compleat Faan"??

We've had no examples of bread stealers here in N.Y. (a fabulous place), however I seem to recall a case in which a guy was stealing a cut of meat, and got shot to death.

Betty Kujawa: We have a cat, a fourteen pounder, who used to be fond of sticking his kisser in mom's face and jumping up and down on her stomach. However lately he seems to have developed the more refined torture of sticking his paws in the venetian blinds at five a.m. and pulling downward, producing an unearthly rattle.

I've got to agree with the Cryhacks when they say that the lettercol isn't as good as it was. I do think that a little more illos would help break up that solid boring Cry page. And as for you sirrah, as long as you refuse to put in grizzly bears in the Minutes, how about some more participation, huh? Just a little comment at the end of each letter. Please? SOB!!

[Aw, what's there to say? -- www]

Pleadingly yours,

Steve Stiles

CHUCK DEVINE DESERVES CRY
Dear Walrus,

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

November '60

Are you people trying to drive me ~~mad~~ madder? What do you mean by sending me CRY 144? I've spent the last eight hours wracking my feeble little brain trying to think what I have done to deserve this. I know I haven't written you people a letter! As for my sending 25¢, I haven't seen 25¢ since I hocked all the empty bottles attthe BOYCON.

I have no idea what the punishment for stealing a loaf of bread is in Idaho. Something drastic, now doubt, since Idaho hasn't changed a law since the civil war. You can be sentenced to fourteen years here for stealing a turkey. This is only one year less than the term served for first degree murder!

If you ever need to rub someone out, come to Idaho to do it.

I'll try to hold up a filling station tonight and dig up 25¢.

Blessings,

Chuck

JONI CORNELL THINKS COTR ISN'T LIKE THE VIZIGRAPH 500 Donner Ave., Monessen, Pa.
Dear Lovable Wally Weber,

(Stop running; I can't possibly kiss you from this distance!)

[Wh?W/

I received Cry 144 the other day but I didn't read it right away.

The staples put up one heck of a struggle -- in fact I was becoming discouraged about ever getting to read 144. Disparing, I gave one final tug and lo! the staples relented and Cry unfolded before my very eyes.

The Plow: Prozone reviews, what next? One almost gets the feeling that this lumps the prozines with the fanzines, and that could give fmz's a bad name!

Perfect spelling wouldn't be faaanish, would it Franson? If someone took all the time and trouble to correct the spelling, it would completely eliminate one of the biggest grotches fen have.

Science fiction vs Reality. Very well put and extremely true.

HWYL: I come from a town that is just about equal in proportion of negro's to white's. They receive exactly the same service that a white person would receive, and have exactly the same job opportunities. They are also accepted as equals on the social level. Because of this, the negros here tend to be well dressed, neat, and live in homes that rival the white's, in fact, are often superior. Segregationists claim that this situation would lead to interbreeding, but the odd thing is that since they ARE accepted, the negros do not even attempt to date any others that aren't of their race.

An incident comes to mind. When I was in grade school a new colored girl moved to our town from Georgia; her family was wealthy. She was in my class and walked home exactly on the same route that seven others of us did. We asked her to join us, and after we got to know her occasionally asked her to attend a show with us. Finally her mother called our mothers to inform them of this astonishing fact. She was positive that this was a highly unacceptable action on our part, or that the girl was forcing her company on us.

Stool Pidgeon.... What can I say about it? It was Berry, and that is about all one can say; because BERRY is BERRY!

The Piper cartoon was like wild. Need more be said?

Ajax: Look here buddy, I'm planning a fantasy (a F A N T A S Y) type of costume for the Ball. I am taking a personal offense from your words about making it all S.F. You are merely trying to botch my plans!

I also resent the various inferences to the effect that CotR is like the Vizigraph. It isn't! I've yet to see anything vaguely resembling the wild, highly controversial letters that filled the glorious Vizigraph. Have we not even one modern-day letter hack amongst us who can equal the guided missives of Courtois, Paananen, or Wm. Deeck? They were stingingly vindictive in a humorous way. Sigh -- but those days are gone forever. Thanx be for Cry which gives poor, sneered at, letterhacks a chance to pursue their art.

Now I slowly sink into a deep torpor, slmost a state of near vegetation, until the next Cry comes to chez Jone.

Hoping you are the same.

Joni Cornell

PFC THOMAS E. PURDOM REVIEWS ANALONG'S LETTERCOL

US52493990, Hq & Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Bn
69th Armor, 2d Inf Div, Ft Benning,
Georgia November 13, 1960

Dear Buz:

I got a card telling me I am now a Cry Letterhack. Since I have not received Cry in some two months (hint) this literary honor came a surprise to me. But I am truly proud to join those illustrious PSFSers Hal Lynch and Will Jenkins in the ranks of Letterhacks.

We are still not in a Golden Age but I did like the current issues of the Big Three. The average seemed high, the writing was good, and not one story seemed like a complete waste of time. Well, one or two did, but they were still satisfying issues. Campbell is getting away from psi and beginning to hit the rest of the social sciences; a healthy development. I think Mack Reynolds deserves an award as The Man Who Has Done Most to Keep Science Fiction Interesting This Year. His Russian stories have hit the subject from all angles, coming up with a fresh twist every time. His social extrapolation is believable and is jarring the thinking of his readers where it needs to be jarred.

In the current Analog there is a long letter by Sandra Fulton on science fiction and literary criticism. That Campbell should publish a letter on science fiction is itself a healthy development. But I think Miss Fulton has touched on a job the fanzines could do very well. Why doesn't some enterprising fan editor try to print occasional essays, say about 3,000 words long, discussing some of the better SF books the way mainstream literary works are discussed?

Some of the fanzines publish reviews of the magazines. Damon Knight gave us a start at criticism; I say a start, because he only occasionally went into the meanings of works, using most of his time to determine if the work was good or bad. The kind of serious criticism we need would deal only with books from the upper ten percent of the field, would be by critics sympathetic to the work they are criticizing, and would concentrate mainly on illuminating the values in the book, its meanings and its implications. I think Miss Fulton should be asked to take a stab at it. I'd even like to try it myself.

In picking Sturgeon and Heinlein, Miss Fulton has made a perfect choice. These are the two writers in the field whom I -- unqualifiedly -- believe could be placed beside such writers as Salinger and Bellow and some of our other good contemporary writers without anyone having to blush.

I hope I will get an issue of Cry soon. I haven't received Cry in two months.

Sincerely,

Tom

NORM METCALF POSSESSED BY DEROES

Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

Dear Wally,

14 Nov 60

Gernsback: What's the idea of including van Vogt, Simak and Sturgeon among science fiction authors? Van Vogt invented his own "science", Simak and Sturgeon are more concerned with people than with science. The latter two make few errors, but if you don't include "scientific" facts in your stories, how can you make any scientific errors? (This isn't to say that Simak and Sturgeon have never written science fiction, but their late emphasis has been on people.)

Carr: There was mention of Sloane in that fmz which should have won a Hugo, Other Worlds. (Consider for a moment, what other fmz ever achieved national newsstand distribution, was printed for so long with so many pages, and achieved a circulation of 52,000+ copies? RAP should have won a Hugo.) Anyway the article was by Taurasi and appeared in the June '52 ish.

Lichtman: My first published letter in a fmz was c. '56 or '57 in Fantasy Times (I think it hadn't yet changed to S-F Times) while my first letter published in a prozine was in SF Stories in '59.

Locke: Pelz, Lichtman, Main, Harness and myself will argue with you on this business of how much activity can be kept up without gafiating. All of us with the exception of Harness pub genzines, and Lichtman and myself are keeping up activity in six apas, Pelz five, Main three and Harness four. All of us are either in or on the w-l for all six apas. None of us plan on gafiating in the foreseeable future. The amount of activity may not be tremendous in the case of Harness and myself (speak for yourself, says Harness) but the others are putting forth a tremendous amount of fanac.

After looking at this letter it should teach me to write one when unconscious. You see, there's these deroes and they just sort of take over and command me while I'm unconscious. You've got to watch those sercon deroes.

Best,

Norm

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM RENEWS A NEVER-DEAD INTEREST

Dear Nameless:

66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74,
New York

Nov. 16, 1960

Having in the past year or so found the time to gradually renew my never-dead interest in the world of fandom, I have been increasingly aware of the existence of a famed fanzine. Les Gerber once insisted he reviewed books for it -- a statement which seemed and still seems unlikely considering the standards of his own publication, and Les said he'd have copies of his reviews of Ace Books therein sent me. They were obviously sent by way of Tsiolkovsky Crater by a one-way rocket.

And then there are references and reviews in other magazines I have been getting, and strangely always favorable. Now again a note in Haverings with added impetus. So I enclose a quarter for a copy of #142 if such still exists. If such does not, then the latest issue. (Though I am interested in the reference to the Oz article.)

Since I imagine this Nameless thing must have some connection also with a certain fan gathering next year in Seattle (does it really rain 365 days of the year there?), it might be an impetus to me to look into the situation there. I've been traveling more lately than I have in years, though I make no promises. Labor Day is a pox to me.

Anyway send a copy.

Cordially,

Don Wollheim

It never rains in Seattle. Sometimes the tide comes in a little high (about 10,000 feet), but that never happens on Labor Day weekend. So don't be afraid to send in your \$2 convention membership; the Progress Reports will dry out by the time they reach you. -- www

And now, that fabulous column I've all been waiting for, the WEALSOHEARD FROM:

CHRISTOPHER BENNIE, who wants to know what Elinor thinks of his name, has somehow found a copy of CRY #142 and reports, "I enjoyed John Berry's 'Fan Fare' very much as I am not in a dissimilar position myself." IRVING SIEGEL sends us lovely, sticky money. BRUCE ROBBINS sends us lovely money and a very neatly written request for a subscription. Bruce is obviously a fine clean-living fellow from Rochester, New York; sometimes I feel ashamed of myself. And on one little ELLIK FOR TAFF! postcard we hear from BJO, AL LEWIS, DON SIMPSON, BRUCE PELZ, TERRY CARR, ERNIE WHEATLY, LORA NELSON, MIRI CARR (everybody for TAFF!!), JIM CAUGHRAN, BEN STARK, AL HALEVY, something undecipherable ROGERS, LELAND SAPERO, BT for Taff WALTER BREEN, and an apprehensive character illustrated on the other side with the caption, "Here comes that damn' deadline again!"

Good grief, that reminds me! Well, too bad, rich brown, your farewell letter to fandom will have to wait until next issue -- so put down that razor! And now a new column:

WE ALSO HEARD FROM AGAIN: ALMA HILL (thanks for the clipping), ETHEL LINDSAY (if I don't lose your letter, you'll see it next issue), RUTH BERMAN (fantastic as it may seem, your article may show up in next issue's letter column), and...oh no!...four more pages from ELLA PARKER? Looks like you'll be taking over the letter column next issue, too.

Duck! Here comes that damn deadline again!!

Wally

from: CRY

920 Third Ave, Box 92

Seattle 4, Washington

U.S.A.

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