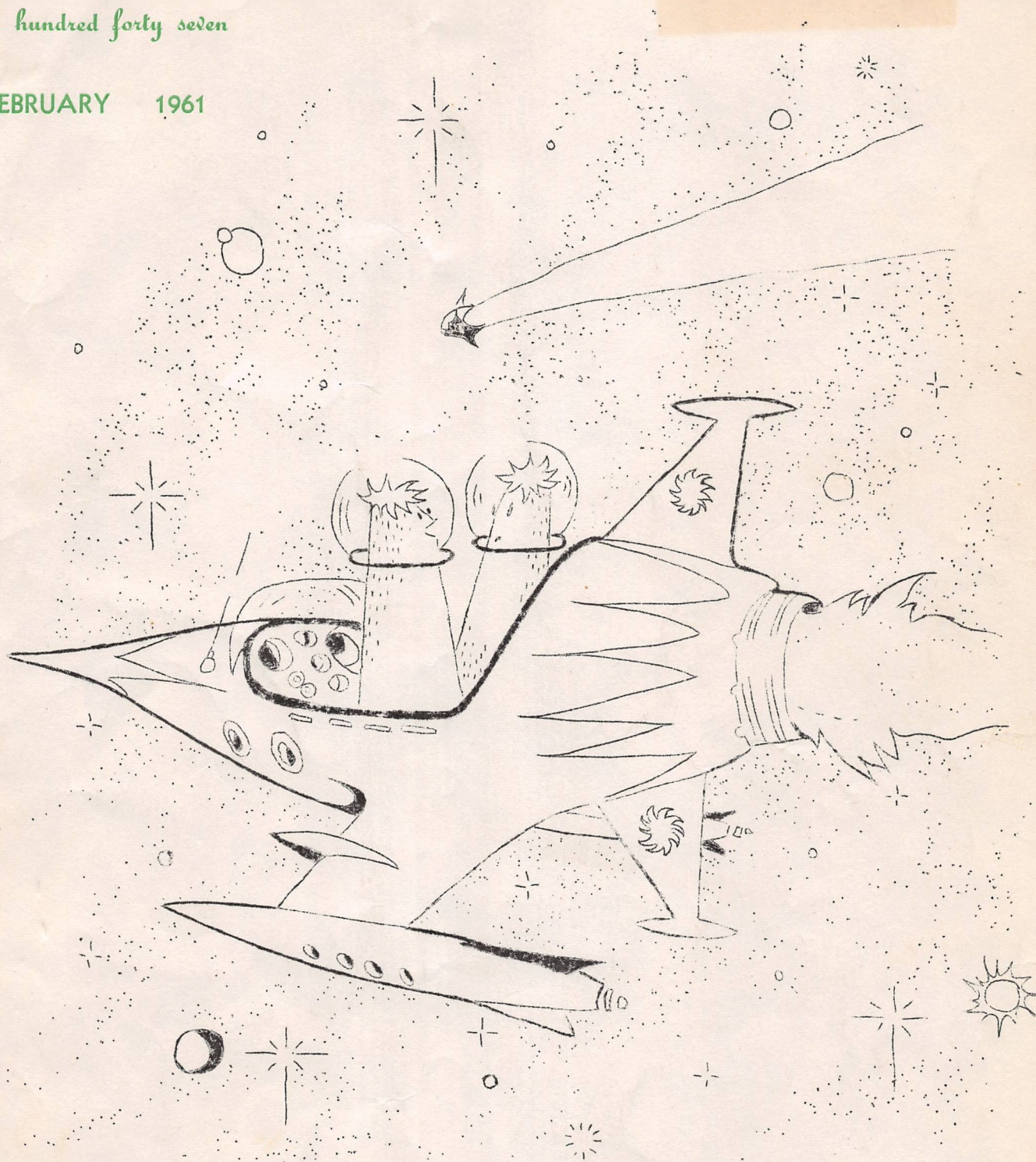


CRY

one hundred forty seven

FEBRUARY 1961



Atom

"WHAT DO YOU THINK HE MEANT 'DETROIT IRON'?"

CRY

CRY

CRY



CRY

There should be no question in your fine mind but what this is CRY 147, Feb '61, the monthlier monthly fanzine. If you goof off and move without giving us a forwarding address, CRY bounces back postage-due to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Some of you are getting this at 25¢ the single copy or 5 for a buck, or 12 for \$2. Or perhaps you deal with our sterling UK representative John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland, at the corresponding rates of 1/9, 7/-, and 14/-. You may have bypassed all this by being one of our contributors anywhere in these pages, or by striking a chance current or eddy in our erratic trade policy.

Or maybe it's just that Somebody Up There Hates You. (& whose line is that..?)

But in any case you are HERE at a very historic moment. For the first time in longer than I care to contemplate without getting the queasies, CRY has broken the 40-page mark! Going the other way, of course. November 1959, to be exact, was the last time we made it. And somehow I had thought that it had been much, much longer.

It's wally weber's fault this time; wally weber sneakily cut the lettercolumn from last month's 20 pages (and the 25 pages of the previous month), to a demure 13. But it's not all wally's fault: having sworn a great oath to keep the next 8 or 10 CRYs within the 6¢ postage limit, we charged wally with a potent geas against the violation of that limit, citing the fact that we felt compelled to serialize the presentation of a 15-page epic from the aforementioned and highly-esteemed J Berry.

But now the confusion starts (up to now it's been comparatively straightforward, for here): I'm pretty sure that last CRYday wally Gonser cut some stencils for this issue. But we can't find them anywhere; we can't recall what the content might have been; and we can't raise wallyG on the phone at this hour of (Saturday) night.

So that's why there may be a few(?) minor(?) inaccuracies in the list of

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Like, artwork or whatever: ATom 1, Holocaust 14, Nirenberg 7, Classof 23.

Stencils cut: weber 15, Elinor 15, Buz 3, (wGonser none this month it turns-out)

(Oops: Fanac Poll Ballots by wallyG!)(And Jim Webbert at the crank!)

It's been so long since we even came close to holding the pagecount-line that our control seems to have slipped; we could have used six more pages this time, but when it turned out that wRR was competing for wallyw's time so's he was mightily rushed to get out even this much lettercol, time had already run out for the rest of us, occupied as we were with the last-minute rush to stencil what you do see here... and the Con-bit can turn up time-consuming developments unexpectedly now and then.

I heartily second Elinor's idea of readers mentioning their favorites for Hugo nominations in the next couple of lettercols: remind each other of s-f stories that might otherwise be overlooked, and all. Nominating-ballot deadline is May 1, 1961, so we have 2 lettercol-issues for suggestions and comments, public-servicewise.

Publication date for CRY 148 (Mar '61) is Sunday, Feb 26, 1961, for reasons which will be revealed at that time. (Ah there, Fanac, you unsuspended indispensable ol' zine, you!) ..so now we leave you; go support TAFF, join the BayCon and SeaCon, send Mike Deckinger a loaf of bread, save your Batista pesos, & vote the straight slate! --Buz.

by Terry Carr

I have just read what must surely be the damnedest fanzine editorial written in the past five years at least, and in my capacity as a Columnist I feel called upon to View With Alarm--or at least with Disdain. The editorial in question is Dick Lupoff's in the third issue of his otherwise-enjoyable fanzine XERO, in which editorial Lupoff puts forth his suggestion that we are entering a new fannish era.

Now, there's nothing basically wrong with his thesis; certainly it's an idea that's gaining considerable advocacy in various quarters these days. And from looking at the early returns on the 1980 FANAC Poll I can say already that there will very definitely be an obvious turnover shown in fandom's favorite fanzines, writers, etc. I'm inclined to suspect, myself, that we're entering some sort of new fannish era.

But writing about such a changeover seems to be a ticklish task; even if your basic thesis is right you can still make an utter ass of yourself in the process of trying to prove it. This is largely because fandom is always highly diversified and considering trends is therefore tricky. Mostly, though, it's because when people start writing about trends in a field in which they're active themselves they usually can't resist the temptation to overload the statistical evidence in favor of their own activities and interests--and when people view Fannish Trends through an ego, darkly, it almost invariably leads to fuggheadedness.

Such is the case, unfortunately, with Lupoff's editorial. Oh, not throughout, of course--as a matter of fact, he begins his editorial with a brief commentary on recent fannish history which seems like the work of someone who hasn't read more than two or three fanzines a year for the past five years; there's hardly a hint that Lupoff is an active, informed fan in his introduction. He speaks, for instance, of "Peter Vorzimer and Company's Seventh Fandom movement"--really now, Dick Lupoff, didn't you know that Seventh Fandom was the brainchild of such as Ellison, Ish, NGBrowne, and Charles Wells, considerably before Vorzimer had even heard of fandom? Didn't you know that Ellison wrote his famous article about Fandom's Mad Dogs kneeing Seventh Fandom in the groin in an early issue of PSYCHOTIC, and that Vorzimer didn't start talking about a new fannish era emerging until PSYCHOTIC was beginning to fade? Didn't you know that Vorzimer called his movement Eighth Fandom? Don't you know nothin'?

Well, no matter---I suppose if Lupoff had known much about either The Phony Seventh or The Phony Eighth he wouldn't have gone out on a limb writing about what may well be The Phony Ninth, and we wouldn't have been treated to such an amusing editorial. A little learning can be a hilarious thing.

But so can a big ego, of course. After his learned dissertation on what he doesn't know about fandom's past, Lupoff goes on to an analysis of Fandom Present. He graphs what he considers the differences between the era we're just leaving and the era we're just entering, under such headings as Geographic Center, Leading Fanzines, and Common Interests. The Geographic Center of fandom has until now been Berkeley, Calif., he says, and though he doesn't know what the new Geographic Center will be he doesn't even list Berkeley as a candidate, because "one thing is certain: Berkeley is past its zenith." The recent fanzine favorites have been FANAC, CRY, and SHAGGY, he says, and here again he isn't sure of the heir apparent: "Candidates include DISCORD, HABAKKUK, KIPPLE. Also keep an eye out for two projected zines dealing with comic books and related topics: COMIC ART and FORGOTTEN WORLDS." He says fandom recently has had an attitude he describes as faanish and the new fandom is characterized as sophisticated sercon. And he concludes with the Common Interests heading, under which we see that until now fandom's common interests have been movies, parties, politics, and jazz, and that in the future everybody will be interested in comic books!

That's about as funny a punchline as I've read in ages, and I only wish it were likely that Lupoff realizes how funny it is. Really, now--this new sophisticated sercon fandom is going to be interested almost solely in comic books!?

How debonair.

I won't go on at length about my amazement that Lupoff considers Berkeley a has-been

area, despite the fact that two of the most popular New Trend discussionzines--HABAKKUK and TESSERACT--are published in Berkeley. I won't get snide and ask if Lupoff is perhaps to be the editor of either COMIC ART or FORGOTTEN WORLDS, two of the zines he suggests as contenders for future #1 spot. I won't even ask whatinthehell he means by fandom's Geographic Center, anyway.

But I do wonder why he considers comic books such an integral part of this New Era we're possibly entering. Could it be that Lupoff considers them important because XERO is noted for its articles on comic books? Could it be that Lupoff is so interested in comic books himself that he can't imagine anyone not being interested in them?

Certainly it's strange, in any current survey of fannish trends, for someone to ignore the tremendous amount of interest stirred up by HABAKKUK's articles on beatniks and such. Certainly it's strange that the immense popularity of WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? and the concurrent and growing interest in science fiction as a topic of discussion apparently hasn't impressed Lupoff. Certainly it's strange to see him saying fandom is not going to be fannish when such superbly fannish zines as HYPHEN and VOID are being revived on frequent schedules.

Lupoff's editorial is certainly amusing, all right--but not in a witty manner. If it's at all purposely amusing, then it must be classed as pure whimsy, because it makes no sense.

But as a bit of whimsy, purposeful or otherwise, it is superb, and it may just be that the primary interest of fandom for the next few months anyway will be kidding Dick Lupoff. For my part, I'm considering all sorts of articles.

One which I've discussed with Ron Smith is a sophisticated sercon article on the history of "Nancy and Sluggo". It would tell of how "Fritzy Ritz" gradually gave way to Nancy as the main character, complete with names and dates and brief resumes of the plots of various sequences, if I could find any plots. It would describe Nancy's costume, her subnormal powers, and all that, just like a sophisticated XERO article. It would certainly be swell, eh?

Then again, I might write an article about the strip "Dondi". If I do, I'll title it "Gosheswowgeewhizboyoboy!"

And then again, I just may not write any such article at all. After all, this minor mania for comic-book reminiscence has already produced a serious article by Ted Pauls about Donald Duck, and how can you satirize a sophisticated trend like that?

In any case, I'm going to stop writing about New Trends like comic books and discussion fanzines. I'm a little sour on discussionzines these days (when I want commentsoncommentsoncommentsoncomments I read apa mailings, not genzines), and I don't think I'm doing the CRY much good by writing about current controversies. Last issue's article on discussionzines may well backfire in my face as it is.

Bill Donaho came over a couple of days after the last CRY reached Berkeley, and showed me an article he'd written in rebuttal to my column. I read it and pointed out several places where he'd been begging the question, inadequately defining his terms, and ignoring relevant issues--and he simply beamed and weaved at me and chuckled, "Yes, of course! I did it on purpose!"

I was horrified. There I'd written about various shortcomings of the discussion trend in fanzines, and Bill Donaho was trying to use it as fodder for a long, drawn-out discussion!

"Goddamit, you're trying to turn CRY into a discussionzine!" I hollered.

"Of course," he beamed.

So I won't go on with this discussion-baiting any longer. Instead, I'll revert to my usual style and tell a funny anecdote:

After Bill went home that night he got to thinking about how horrified I had been at his article. So he rewrote it. The next evening he came visiting again.

"I rewrote that article," he said. "I defined all the terms that weren't clear, I cut out all the emotionally loaded words and phrases, I omitted all the things that were beside the point, and generally tightened it up to where it was a really relevant discussion of the subject."

"That's fine," I said. "Can I read it?"

"Oh, I think I'll throw it out," said Bill. "When I got it boiled down to its essentials it turned out it wasn't worth reading."

--Terry Carr

SOME ELEMENTARY THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM

by Tom Purdom

To me there are several types of critics. The first type, the reviewer, is the most widely read. He describes the contents of a book and passes a quick judgement on its value; his judgement serves mainly to separate the really terrible from the readable. His main function is to guide bookbuyers.

The academic critic, a less numerous but very influential type, makes finer judgements and has very high standards. He usually tries to decipher the book's symbolic message. Often he spends a great deal of time trying to decide if a book is great and trying to justify his opinion. He is often very anxious to prove his interpretation of a book's meaning is the one the author intended. I sometimes think the academic critic is, essentially, trying to determine what books should be included in college English courses.

Then there is the psychological and sociological analyst. To him, the author, and the culture that produced the author, are a case to be studied. He often ends up convincing himself all authors are mentally sick and literature is an expression of their sickness. Since all human achievements spring from primitive and infantile impulses, this isn't too hard. Whether he is telling us anything important is another question.

Finally, there is the essayist. The essayist strolls through a story and comments on anything he thinks is interesting. He usually writes abouts books he loves or hates. This is the type of criticism I am attempting.

Stories are not read for what they mean. Stories are read because they are interesting. But analyzing the meaning of a story is a large part of criticism. For one thing, it is the one subject on which you can write volumes.

If you eat a piece of cake and try to write an essay on its taste and texture and whether or not it's a good cake, you will exhaust your subject in a paragraph. I liked it. It was sweet, soft, firm, etc. The best way to communicate this experience is to give the cake to somebody else. But you can write books on the techniques of cake baking, the social implications of cake, the psychological reasons people eat cake, and the thoughts and memories the cake evokes.

I believe science fiction needs the type of criticism which explores a story's meaning. But let me say here and now that I do not think the basic attribute of art is its meaning. I think, as I said last month, that the basic attributes of art are best described by two words Jacques Barzun likes--grace and power. By grace, I mean style and craftsmanship. By power, I mean something more subjective. If a story makes me laugh, curse, cry, sweat, if it makes me feel, then it is powerful. And by being powerful it justifies its existence.

Criticism is partly the act of showing why a story is powerful. By showing how the author achieved his effects, the critic performs a useful service to writers. He can also increase the reader's appreciation of technique, thus adding a new pleasure to his reading.

Too many critics judge craftsmanship by pre-established rules. The true test is the story's power. If a story violates all rules of craftsmanship, but still moves me, then I can only praise it and try to discover how it succeeded despite its sloppy technique. Of course, the answer may lie in my own psychology. Perhaps I have a weakness for heroes who die nobly. This has to be taken into account too.

In discussing the story's meaning, I do not intend to claim I have discovered what the author intended. This is a futile debate which can only be resolved by asking the author. Most of the time he can't talk. A writer is supposed to create live people and interesting events. If he does that--and it isn't easy--he has done his job. If he does it well, his story will have grace and power and it will mean something.

I can only say what a story means to me. Any other statement is a lie.

I believe one can feel a story is a good piece of work without agreeing with what it seems to mean. Many critics feel they have demolished a book when they have shown us the author's opinions on life are pretty foolish. I disagree. Creating life is a hard enough task without asking writers to be psychiatrists and philosophers. Some writers

even do better work when they're ignorant. Admittedly we are more apt to like books we can agree with or at least respect. But I would rather argue with a live book than agree with a dead one.

For this reason, I think a critic may tell us what he thinks of the writer's ideas. If Heinlein seems to feel that only soldiers should be citizens, then I can disagree with that opinion, even detest it, and still give his book my vote for a Hugo.

What is the purpose of criticism? To the critic, I suspect its main purpose is to release the emotions and ideas a piece of fiction has set pounding in his skull. All critics are related to the citizen who must tell you all about the movie he saw last night. But criticism must be of value to the reader, too. It may introduce him to a writer he has ignored. It may make him sensitive to aspects of fiction he has not noticed. It may give him the simple pleasure of seeing his own opinions expressed in print. And it can help writers by winning them audiences and by analyzing the techniques that succeed and the techniques that fail.

Good criticism illuminates. Done well, it can be one of the most interesting forms of human discourse.

DNQSVILLE

I WANT YOU TO
GRASP THE
FULL MEANING
OF
"DNQ"



IT IS NOT
SOMETHING TO
BE TOYED
WITH.



A "DNQ" EM-
BODIES ALL
THE CON-
FIDENCE THE
TELLER HAS IN
YOU.



TO VIOLATE
SUCH A CON-
FIDENCE WOULD
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FANDOM &
OUR WAY OF
LIFE ...



...AND THE VIO-
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THE LOWEST &
BASEST FORMS
OF FAN-
AIND.



SO, WHEN YOU
BLAB IT —
DON'T MEN-
TION MY
NAME.



J. Lee Piper

H W Y L

by Elinor Busby

Last month I promised to describe Wally Weber to you. Should I bother mentioning his physical appearance? Surely everybody knows what ol' Wally looks like: 6'2", vaguely blondish, regular features, thick glasses, prominent adam's apple, thin, and very quiet, although he can tell a story extremely well if ever he gets started on one. But the essentially enigmatic Weberian personality is far less known and recognized than the pleasing Weberian person--or is it? Perhaps we all of us realize what a man of mystery Wally Weber is.

Toskey described Wally in the last SAPS mlg. as follows: "One thing many people don't realize is that Wally Weber has a More Prejudiced Viewpoint on most matters he is concerned with than most Anyone. Funny thing is, that he has such an extreme talent for writing that he gives the impression of being less prejudiced than he is. Wally Weber, little though you and others may realize it, is probably the stubbornest, most prejudiced and most opinionated person that fandom has ever seen. These qualities alone are eminently admirable, in my opinion, but what really sets him apart from the common herd is his remarkable self-control, stemming from the fact that he KNOWS HIMSELF that he has these qualities, and therefore is most careful to do things in ways which will not reveal these qualities in him to the extent that they offend anyone; couple this with his tremendous talent for expressing himself, and you have the result, an example of which is found in is Westercon report: a biased, prejudiced, and narrowminded conreport which gives the impression that it is not prejudiced at all, and that MINE was the report that was prejudiced."

I showed this to Wally, hoping for a reaction that could be used to put down ol' Tosk, but Wally nodded gravely, and assured me that he regarded Toskey's description as completely accurate in every respect. Well--perhaps it is. It's not how I'd describe Wally's personality. I'd probably say that Wally is a sort of gregarious hermit. He likes people and enjoys being in company with them, but the keystone of his character is a need for personal freedom, and any stubbornness he displays is always a manifestation of this need. Now, they say that when you point a finger at anyone three fingers point back at you, so it's possible that it's Toskey who is stubborn, prejudiced and opinionated and I who have an intense need for personal freedom. But at least you have our opinions. Finally, Wally has the evenest temper of anyone I have ever known. I have been a great deal in company with him for the last six or seven years, and in all that time have seen him really angry only once.

(I showed Wally my description of him, and you will be pleased to hear that he regarded it as completely accurate in every respect, too, and particularly liked being described as a gregarious hermit.)

As for Toskey himself, I must refer you to John Berry's description of him on page 8 of CRY 135, which will be page 57 of TGGW (to be published shortly--it is run off thru page 100--price hasn't been set yet, though). This is an absolutely superb description of Toskey--no one could possibly do it better, or half so well. But I shan't repeat it, as I want/you all to be faunching madly for the book version.

John Berry describes Wally Gonser on the same page, and more thoroughly in the next chapter. This is not so fine a description as that of Toskey, but again, I could not do nearly so well.

This leaves one member of the CRYgang--our mighty crank-turner Jim Webbert (who realized the other night to his sick horror that he had turned the crank on TGGW 32000 times, and was no where near done.) I'll probably describe him for you next month.

You'll notice there are Hugo/^{nomination}ballots enclosed. I hope all of you will fill them out and return them. We want as many good items nominated as possible, so that Seacon members will have as truly representative a field to vote on as can possibly be arranged. You don't need to have read every story published to vote--just nominate whatever you did read and did think well of.

As for the novel category, Harlan Ellison informs us that Kurt Vonnegut's "Sirens of Titan" was published in hardcovers during 1960, and so should be eligible for nomination this year too. If enough people agree with Harlan that it is eligible and sufficiently noteworthy, we shall be happy to have it on the final ballot. (Buz asks me to point out

that this is clarification of eligibility, and not a plug.) I'd like to remind you of some of the things that are eligible, but I guess perhaps I shouldn't recommend any of them for fear of seeming biased or something.

Consider yourselves reminded of: Ward Moore's "Transient", Chad Oliver's "Unearthly Neighbors," Theodore Sturgeon's "Venus Plus X," Algis Budrys' "Rogue Moon," and Harry Harrison's "Death World." I'm sure I'm leaving out many eligible novels, and I hope you letterhacks will remind us all of some of them. I hope you will chat a bit about what you liked and what you didn't like, and why. After all, you don't have to send the nomination ballots back right away--we have a couple months to remind one another of the good stories we've read during 1960.

Eligible short stories: I'm not even going to get STARTED on that one. Not this month. Not at 12:30 CRYday, with 46 lines yet to fill on this page and the Gestetner out back red hot and champing at the bit.

Fanzines: I guess you-all noted that FANAC is not suspended after all? Like, hurray. So no one who has scruples against voting for dead fanzines need be the least unwilling to vote for FANAC. Another zine I want to recommend to your attention is Shaggy. I was really SHOCKED last year to see that Shaggy was not on the ballot. I trust it will be this year. People may nominate CRY if they like, but obviously we have to bar it from the final ballot in any case.

For drama: I wonder if many of you have noticed that Play of the Week quite often has fantasy?

And last of all, I want to inform you that on the final ballot there will be no arbitrary no. of nominees for each category. We expect there will be a large gap between top-ranking nominees and the rest of each field, and all top-ranking nominees will be listed, whether there are two or three or seven or ten.

Next month, if Buz will let me, I think I'll talk about what I liked and what I didn't like and why. And I won't care HOW biased I am.

I've been neglecting you letterhacks. I haven't breathed a word to any of you, and am resolved to do differently in the future.

Hal Lynch: I didn't see your play at Pittcon, and regret it very much. The merest mention of a magician drove me clear out of the room, and I didn't realize you'd be following. Is it published? If so, where? If not, why not? If you wrote it, I'm sure it's good. --Hal, if you or Bob Pavlat or Al Lewis want to do a fanzine on fan clubs, I'll be glad to contribute an article. (I can't imagine either Howard DeVore or myself putting out such a fanzine.)

Mal Ashworth: Where's that article?

Tom Purdom: Thanks for the essays. We like 'em very much indeed. I even enjoy stenciling them, which is about the highest compliment I can pay. (Shouldn't admit I stencil 'em though, because you'll know who to blame for typos.) We're looking forward to further essays. #We have no objection to forming a Seattle-Philadelphia axis. I don't THINK we do, at any rate. #Am sending another CRY for your mother-in-law tomorrow.

Bob Smith: I have to inform you that if you ever leave Puckapunyal, you had better plan to take it with you. It isn't the fact that it's exotic that makes Puckapunyal a peculiarly fine place to live; it's the name in itself. 'puck' calls to mind puckish humor, and punyal sounds like a command: pun, y'all! which reinforces the idea of fannish gay. Now don't tell me it's pronounced altogether differently. It doesn't matter. That's what it looks like, anyhow.

Ella Parker: Marian Anderson is a better example than Paul Robeson, of a negro who has never seemed to apologize for being a negro. Paul Robeson has a chip on his shoulder; his acceptance of his race has resulted in his turning away from his country. But Marian Anderson is a negro and a good American both, and is a good human being, which is even more important. --Read in the paper a few weeks ago that Billy Eckstine is planning to tour Africa, and inform the Africans that negroes in America are very much better off than the Communists let on. --Paper mentioned that negro entertainers who refuse to play in segregated halls have done a great deal to lessen the emotional resistance to integration. If people want to see an entertainer badly enough, they'll go even if it means sitting next to a negro, and generally they'll find it doesn't rub off.

Elinor

by John Berry

I sat at my office desk, and flicked a dead match at a fly buzzing inside the window. I had nothing else to do. Trade wasn't just slack. It was non-existent.

It was hot. I'd even opened the office door, but it would have been necessary to have knocked the wall down to have obtained even the balmiest waft of air.

I looked at the door. Painted in flaking black paint on the dirty glass I read 'Saul Bugler LL.B. Attorney.'

I'd sweated for years at college for my degree, but a lot of good it had done me. Couple of divorces...lost both cases...murder...man got the hot seat...rape...by the time I'd finished defending my client, I nearly got convicted as well. What I wanted was a really outstanding case to get popularity and trade. But I had to win it first..and I'd never won a case. It got so when a man was granted free legal aid, and I was chosen to defend him, he pleaded.

But I got by financially with a small inheritance from my father....what really worried me was my fanac. I'd become a standing joke in fandom..I'd never got a story or article accepted in any fanzine..not even in neofans' first efforts. I admit quite freely that my initial stuff was crud, and it should have been rejected..then, when my writing style got better, folks started to use my ideas before I'd set them down on paper. Once, just once, a story of mine was accepted, but the editor had a nervous breakdown just afterwards, and was still undergoing treatment. A curt postcard said he'd lost the mss. but was leaving fandom anyaay. By this time, the story had gotten round, and although some of my work was good (so a well-known fan at the Pittcon had told me when I'd bought his complete IF collection) it wasn't accepted on principle..the principle being that the faned concerned was afraid to be the first one to publish one of my efforts.

It was rough, I tell you.

But a good case would be wonderful..

I'd offered my services in the WSFS deal, but the affair was squared, as you know, before my letter had reached the party concerned.

Blasted fly..why should it be so durned active on such a day.

I let fly with the empty inkwell....chee..that pane was cracked anyway....

No use..I decided to shut the office for the day, and spend an afternoon at my only recreation..birdwatching..I knew a dandy tit warblers' nest.....

I got back to my office round 10:30 that night. The tit warblers' nest had been robbed by some young hooligans, but as I had my powerful binoculars with me, I'd spent a couple of hours watching a courting couple..never knew when such intimate forensic knowledge could come in useful in a case....

A piece of paper ripped from a notebook was on my desk with a telephone number on it.....PLEASE RING IMMEDIATELY was added underneath.

I went down to the drug store at the corner, and made the long distance call to Peanutville.....

"Bugler here," I said...."I was told to ring this number."

"Thank goodness," I heard. "This is Bill Fleming here"...my heart missed a beat..Fleming was a BNF.."I'm in trouble; would you take my case?"

"Take it easy, Bill," I said. I was way ahead with my thoughts...."drive out and see me tomorrow morning..say about 11 am."

"Will do," I heard..and did I detect a sigh of relief.."see you in the morning, then."

I got up at 6 am the next morning. I had to tidy my office. Spent three hours on it. Then I went round to the telephone people and paid a long-outstanding account, and they said they'd reconnect my 'phone in half an hour. Then I went round to the drugstore and told Al to keep ringing my number after 11 am, and not to take any notice of what I said.

I filled my desk with paper, put on my spectacles, and waited for the hands on the clock to move round to eleven.

I heard the screech of brakes outside. I peeked through the window. A 1962 Thunderbird...chee....and Fleming himself got out...a typical BNF.

He knocked on the door. I could see his shadow..and just then the phone rang.

I put the phone down, and walked to the door.

"Hello, Bill," I smiled.."I'm rather busy this morning, take a seat."

"Thanks, Bugler," he said. I could see he was worried.

I picked up the phone.

"Long distance...OK..I'll wait, I said".....I smiled at Fleming...."Oh yes, Bugler here..ah, hello, Jamison"..I paused, and saw Fleming turn white.."Well, I don't know whether I can or not..I'm in conference at the moment..just wait, will you....."I turned to Fleming.

"Look Bill. I'm in a spot here. Frank Jamison is on the phone, wants me to take a case..he accuses you of slander..er.."

Fleming turned from white to green.

"Bugler, anything...."

I smirked and picked up the phone again.

"Bugler here, Frani," I said to Al..I could hear him laughing.."It's my duty to tell you that Fleming is here, and he's just offered me \$250..what's that..\$500, you say..ah, but Fleming was here first..look here, there's no need to say that..why, of all the nerve."

I slammed the phone down.

"Bill, Jamison offered me \$500 to take his case, but, I mean, you contacted me first, and, well, there's such a thing as professional etiquette."

Fleming turned from green to grey.

"That's a lot of greenbacks," he frowned.

I played my trump card.

"I don't want your money, Bill," I said, oozing kindness..."it's a pleasure to appear for you..but..er..I do have one favour to ask.."

He liked that.

"Anything."

"If we win the case, would you publish a story of mine in your fanzine TRENCHARD?"

"I..er..I..er..\$500 you say, I think I could manage....."

I picked up the phone.

"Get me Frank Jamison's number, will you, 235 Lafayette Drive, Chicago.."

"Wait," panted Fleming.

He rushed over, snatched the phone out of my hands, and replaced it on the cradle.

"OK..OK..you've won, I'll publish one of your items.."

He sank back, a beaten man.....

"You'll not regret it, Bill," I told him. "Now then, tell me all about it."

Of course. I knew what it was all about. I subbed to almost every fanzine being published.

A copy of TRENCHARD had appeared, tearing Jamison to pieces. Some of the language was shocking....two of the words had appeared in MANA, and two others in "Lady Chatterley's Lover".....and from what Jamison had said in a special oneshot, Fleming was for it in a big way. The WSFS Biz would look like a Sunday School picnic.

I also knew that there had been bad feeling between them for years, ever since that FAPA controversy about bosoms...and it was common knowledge in fandom that a searing feud was due..and TRENCHARD #23 had done it. Of course, I pretended to Fleming that I wasn't familiar with the case.

I could see he was in a spot..and Jamison had ammunition for a \$500,000 settlement at least. I had to win the case.

Now I've got to tell you a little about how we lawyers work. It's no use saying to a client, for example: "Look, Joe, all you can do is to plead insanity." As far as we lawyers are concerned that's ^{just} fair. It could come out in cross examination.."Oh yes, Your Honour, my attorney told me I was insane." The technique is to try and make your client tell you he's insane.....and you act as if you didn't know. But in this particular case of slander, insanity was out of the question. For me to go to the courtroom and

say BNF Fleming was insane was (besides admitting the case) tantamount to saying Willis had no talent. No, I had to make my client tell me what his defence was....and to accordingly act as though I'd never thought of it myself. That gave the case a certain spontaneity..a throb of urgency..and gave the defendant faith in himself..confidence that what he gave as his excuse or defence was RIGHT and LOGICAL and TRUE.

This was important. If I said, for example, "Tell them you were in Hong Kong at the time"..he'd have to go all the way, but he knew he wasn't in HONG KONG..and when cross-examination came, he'd wilt because he didn't believe it himself. But if I managed to persuade him to tell me he was in Hong Kong, he'd be quite happy and by the time I'd finished he'd think he had been in Hong Kong.

But that excuse was no use in this case, either.

I saw one hopeful line of pursuit. He had just one chance of beating the rap and I knew what it was, but I had to get him to tell me....

Get it?

Complicated, I know, but that's how we work....

"Bill," I said slowly, "do you have a copy of TRENCHARD #23 with you..for reference?"

He pulled an envelope out of his jacket pocket, and took the pertinent issue out. I had a copy in my desk drawer, but this looked better.

I played a face card. "So you have more than one copy?"

"I..er..I..er...."

"Look, Bill, let's face it. Did you send out that issue of TRENCHARD?"

He looked bewildered..chee..this was going to be rough.

"Is this the usual paper you use for TRENCHARD?"

"Uh huh."

"Is this your type face?"

"Uh huh."

"Is it all your style of writing?"

"Uh huh."

I reached for a metaphorical sledge-hammer. This BNF was a cretin. If only he'd..... I had to give it to him from the shoulder.

"Bill..this is going to be a tight case..a real stacked deck..and while we've been talking I've been giving it a great deal of thought. There are three possible lines of defence in this case. I'll give 'em to you in detail. First, insanity. This will involve the extra expense of a psychiatrist, which we don't want, because it's the easiest thing in the world to tear a psychiatrist's evidence to shreds by producing one of your own with a different diagnosis, besides which, we don't want the whole of fandom to think you're a headcase, especially with that FAPA Presidency as good as in your lap. So insanity is discounted. Secondly, we could say you were in Hong Kong at the time, which would prove you couldn't have published this slender issue..but you'd have to get a passport with a Hong Kong Immigration stamp on it dated during the period concerned..it needn't be Hong Kong, but you weren't out of America, were you....noooooo....I thought not..so..that leaves us with the third and only alternative."

I had to tread with great care. How the heck he got to be a BNF I'll never know. His eyes were going round like roulette wheels, and he frequently wiped saliva from his mouth and chin. How could I do it.....?

"Bill, like.....for example....er..how can I put it; it needs a high IQ like yours to work it out..if you could say on oath that you didn't...er..if it occurred to you that it wasn't you who..er.."

"I never sent out this issue," he screamed at the top of his voice.

I froze the grin of triumph with difficulty. It had taken time, but at last he had told me what I had told him to tell me, if you follow. I had to do a Sir Laurence Olivier act, now.

I staggered back, breaking the chair leg.

I picked myself up, and opened my eyes so wide I feared they would ping against the far door.

"You mean...." I breathed, incredulous...."YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T SEND OUT THIS 23RD ISSUE?"

He caught on.

"No," he smiled craftily, "I never pubbed it at all. This issue on your desk came to me last week.. I didn't write all that."

"It's your style of writing..your type face..your type of paper.."

He blanched, and a nerve twitched at the corner of his mouth. He assumed a twisted smile.

"At the Pittcon," he grinned, "I was drunk for two days..the typer was in my room for anyone to use. A clever bast..er..BNF like Jaiison could plagiarise my style easily enough, couldn't he? And anyone could buy that sort of paper."

I nodded, as if I'd never thought of that. Now I'd made him hit pay dirt, he put his heart and soul into it.

"That's good enough for me, Bill," I said, shaking his hand and leading him to the door. "If you say you didn't publish it, I know you're telling the truth. You should have benn an attorney yourself, Bill. Hell, I'll say this for you, you're no slouch."

I shook my head in awe, and I saw him dance to his car. The Thunderbird snorted down the main street. I grinned.....

I walked round to an old friend of mine that night. Patrick O'Shaunessy..he was an old fan..and tired. He'd given me the first insight into fanac three years before, and it was he who had inspired me to carry on writing, even though I couldn't get anything published.

"One day you'll appear in HYPHEN or PILIKIA, bedad," he used to tell me over a glass of homed brewed damson wine. 'Begorragh, keep at it, Saul.."

He opened the door to my persistent kicking. He was drunk, I could see.

"You'll get a shtory pubbed one day, Saul," he started.

"Look, Pat, I'm in trouble," I told him, and he ushered me into his hovel.

I told him about the case.

"It's my big chance, Pat," I told him. "What should I do?"

He hicked a couple of times.

"Let'sh drive down to the Pittcon hotel tomorrow," he breathed, then fell at my feet in a drunken stupor.

An old fan..and tired....

I could take pages describing the amazing state of affairs at the Pittcon hotel. The reception clerk was quite pleasant until I told him I was representing a science fiction fan who'd stayed there during the summer for the World Con. He clammed tight. I followed his eyes, and saw the well-dressed figure of a man who was obviously the hotel manager, narrowing his eyes and slightly shaking his head.

No soap.

My quest was simple. Was it possible, I wanted to know, if a fan was drunk for two days, for someone else to use his room without anyone finding out. I was working on the switched typer angle, see.

But a clam was a rabid raconteur compared with that hotel staff.

I asked Pat to work on it..the trail scene was due the following week.

I sent off an airmail letter to Archie Mercer, in England

The courthouse was crowded. The case had aroused considerable interest in fannish circles, and I saw Terry and Miriam Carr, with notebooks open and pencils poised, waiting to fill a couple of FANAC's with the fannish scoop of the century. The press was there, too....

I looked across the table to where Frank Jamison was sitting. His attorney looked a shrewd cookie. I looked across to my client, sitting between the sherriff and his deputy. I hoped we had a good judge.....

Judge Fricklehouse staggered into the courtroom. He must have been nearly eighty years old. Chee..I would have liked the local judge to have heard the case. I knew he felt sorry for me, because I'd never won a case, and he at least said a few kind words about my efforts before sentencing my client. Now, I was against a brick wall. An old judge..probably a hanging judge to book..and what was this?

Sam Wilmont strode into the court, bowed to the judge, and sat next to Jamison

I recognised Wilmont from his photograph in a SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES fotosheet. He was my client's opponent for the FAPA Presidency. Ah, this was trouble for sure..fannish politics had reared its ugly head. If my client Fleming lost the case, Wilmont could for a certainty take over the FAPA Presidency..and he was backing Jamison to win the case for his own ends..as if I didn't have enough trouble. I looked to the public gallery, hoping to see my old fannish friend O'Shaunessy, but he wasn't there. I hoped he was casing the PittCon Hotel end of the case, but that blasted damson home brew.....

The judge sought for the gavel, couldn't find it, searched for his pince nez, found them, put them on, found the gavel and banged it on the desk top.

"Silence," he croaked.

My case was second of the rota.

The first defendant came in.

He'd been found syphoning air from another car's tyres.

It took Judge Fricklehouse three hours to read out the sections and sub-sections of the charge, then the poor kid pleaded guilty, and he was carried away screaming for sentence later.

"The People versus Bill Fleming."

There was a rustle of interest in the courthouse, and Miriam broke the lead of her pencil.

I stood up. "I am Saul Bugler," I said clearly, "I represent the defendant."

"I am Ferdinand de Havilland," said Jamison's lawyer, "and my friend Samuel Wilmont from San Francisco has come in to assist me."

The jurors were called. I looked intently for fannish faces, folks whom I thought would like my style of humor..they were few and far between. It took the rest of the day to select the jury..and then, at 5:30 pm, the judge closed the court for the day. He called for de Hailland and myself for a short chat in his chambers.

He said he hoped we'd conduct the court in a gentlemanly manner. I stayed behind after de Havilland had left. I honestly thought I'd seen the judge wink at me, but perhaps it was just a nervous twitch. I told him I'd never won a case, and he complimented me upon my consistency. His eye twitched again, and I thought he was mine.

"Judge," I said, "I know that kid who pinched the air..let him off."

"LET HIM OFF!" screamed the Judge. "I SENTENCED HIM TO TEN YEARS THIS AFTERNOON!"

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((To be continued next month -- stay tuned!))

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SeaCon Progress Report #2

is in the works: see #1, inclosed, for information on ad-rates, copy sizes, etc. Those copy-sizes by the way are the size of the space your copy can fill as typed or drawn or pasted-together and sent here all ready to be photographed for photolith reproduction at Pilgrim Press, where it is reduced to 7/10 of original size.

The Feb 15th copy-deadline is pretty short pickings for any of you who are receiving your first copy of PR#1. Here's how it works: as copy comes in, we start putting the issue together, pasting-up the part-page ads to make

full pages, turning fullpage spreads in to Pilgrim Press as completed, and saving up our "public service" plugs to fill up the gaps at conclusion.

So this time because of the short fuse, for you devoted CRYreaders who would like to be represented in PR#2, we will hold off inserting our fill-in items until the last possible moment of the finalizing process following the Feb 15th deadline; if your copy comes in during this time, you're in. And in fact if enough material comes in to justify adding a four-page sheet, while Bert still has the rest of the work in process, we'll add that sheet. OK?

So don't give up just because of the near deadline; if you want to appear in PR#2, and you act quickly, you'll make it.

If there's anything I've forgotten, don't remind me until next month....

--Buz

January 22, 1961

by Christopher Bennie

Perhaps it would interest you to hear how I became a fan. I've been reading sf for about 12 years, but it wasn't till about 1953 that I first came across ASF which, apart from an odd New Worlds or Galaxy, was my first contact with good sf. Ever since then I've been getting this zine, first in the British edition and later throwing out all my collection in favour of the American edition. To me ASF was good right up until the end of 1957. Seeing the issues from the '40's did nothing to change my view that the '50's were the golden age of this zine as far as I was concerned. From '57 the zine went down hill, its value ending for me when Freas stopped illustrating it. I still get it but what with the Dean Drive I may not much longer.

From '54 on I began to hear vague murmurings of fandom, once seeing an ad in New Worlds for the Melbourne SF Club; but I did not think much about it, mainly due to my parents' attitude to sf, which caused me to read it secretly. So I didn't get in touch with fans until the beginning of 1960. Now, the Melbourne club is one of these ultrasercon groups which seem to spring up but never to last very long. When I joined it, it had already passed its prime and was on the slow decline. This group had put out a serconzine ETHERLINE claiming to be "The Leading SF Journal in Australia," whose last issue (100) had appeared nearly a year before. On the night I arrived at the MSFC room, expecting to find a nice quiet gathering of sober people all talking in subdued voices about sf and its importance in the world today, I found instead a feud in progress which literally left me gasping. Apparently one John M. Baxter of Sydney had been writing rude things about ETHERLINE in the crudzine he edited, at that time called QUANTUM, and the editor of ETHERLINE and the committee of the MSFC were all having a go at the said JMB, then present, for daring to criticize one of the Institutions of Fandom. This then was my introduction to active fandom; for a while I still clung to the Sercon Fan idea and nearly put my foot in it by writing John a rude letter. The next issue of QUANTUM had the rundown of ETHERLINE, ETHERLIKE, which needless to say did not amuse the editors of ETHERLINE at all. The dust from this, with all the ensuing letters and incriminations, did not settle at once, and things were more interesting at the MSFC than they had been for some time.

The next point in my fannish career was when I met John Foyster, the only true fan left in the MSFC; any others there may have been at one time had been driven into gaffiation in frustration. Gradually John worked me round over the year, breaking down all barriers, so that I eventually wrote to John Baxter and became one of his three subscribers.

From here I came on fast: John lent me several fanzines, including a JDA, a Shaggy, and CRY 142. I wrote all the editors with a promise to sub to their zines as soon as I had the money. As it turned out it took me much longer than I expected to get some money.

A week ago I opened correspondence with Bob Smith, and I met him for the first time on the Saturday his reply to my letter arrived. He was down in Melbourne to see Mervyn Barrett, the Kiwi fan, who is working in Melbourne at present, having returned from the Mysterious Orient where he had met Art Wilson. Bob was unable to find Merv in the Plaster Gnome Dept. of Myer's, the department store here where he is working at present; he then tried to get onto John Foyster, but failing this, he rang me. The result was that I missed my lunch, rushed into town with CRY 133 under my arm for recognition purposes, and met him and John outside the station. From here we went to the MSFC room and had a set-to for two hours. When we started to leave we found the lock broken on our side. It was beginning to look as though we'd have to publish a oneshot, when John espied a ravishing young lady in the street below and managed to lure her up to let us out. The lock worked from that side, but when we got out there was no sign of her. Now I have a theory that she was perhaps one of those fannish saints like Saint Fanthony of renown, sent to help good fans in distress, perhaps Saint Fanne. Perhaps we should erect a shrine to her on the spot where she first appeared.

Chris Bennie

M I N U T E S

Of good ol' Nameless Ones' meetings by good ol' Hon. SEC-Treas

Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE JANUARY 5, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

President Flora Jones called the meeting to order at 8:15:10 p.m. The minutes of the December 5, 1960 meeting were read and, in addition to the usual objections, it was pointed out that Alan E. Nourse is Dr. Nourse, not merely Mr. Nourse. The minutes were finally excepted (i.e., not quite accepted) as corrected. So if everyone will please return their copy of CRY #1146, the SEC-Treas will bring the minutes up to date.

The Sec-TREAS reported \$31.35 in the treasury. This was more than the members had really expected, so the report was approved, with appreciation extended to Roger and Jerry Miller who had done so much to make this possible. Like they spent their life's savings at the New Years Party.

Flora, being a stickler for routine, asked for Old Business before allowing herself to report on the proposed new meeting location discussed at previous meetings. She reported that the mysterious "friends" of hers were not certain where their store was going to be, so progress was being held up until the new location could be determined more definitely.

The club unanimously passed a motion commending President Flora Jones for her fine work providing a grab bag for the New Year's party, which just goes to show what a bunch of bootlickers this new regime has created out of the club. Flora said that we were such nice kids, she would bring the remains of the grab bag to future meetings until all the packages were sold. Which goes to show bootlicking doesn't pay off.

Having milked the Old Business for all the egoboo she could get, Flora next asked for New Business. The plan of holding a club meeting at Hyatt House to (1) acquaint the members with the place and (2) to acquaint the place with the members was discussed. This seemed like a good idea, since the Hyatt House could hardly back out any more, and a tentative date of March 30 was set for this first major invasion of the convention site.

Flora remembered some Old Business she had forgotten the first time around, but by the time she got the members quiet enough to listen to her she had forgotten it again. There are some things the Nameless just were not meant to know.

Returning to New Business, Flora unaccountably asked if anyone wanted to talk about -- what was that crazy stuff? oh yes -- science fiction. Nobody knew what she was talking about, and the Busby's were not there to explain, so the meeting was adjourned at 8:35:50 p.m.

Hon SSEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE JANUARY 19, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Flora Jones called the meeting to order at 8:26:30 p.m., Wally Gonser time, and because all of us non-presidents were afraid of her, she had her way. She next asked that the minutes of the previous meeting be read aloud, and the obedient SEC-Treas complied. Wally Gonser solved the usual confusion about what to do about the minutes by making the following motion: "Lett'm go through as read." Jim Webbert had the gall to second this rather flippant motion and, after a certain amount of trouble getting the President to word it accurately, the motion was passed with only token resistance.

Flora demanded Old Business. When it became obvious that the members were not prepared to present any old business on their own, Flora provided some herself. She explained that arrangements had finally been made for the new meeting location, and that future meetings of the club would be held in Room 212 of the Fisher Studio Building.

This was all well and good, except that half the members had no idea where the Fisher Studio Building could be. The better informed members each contributed a morsel of information, and in no time at all we learned that (1) the Fisher Studio Building was on Third Avenue, the very same Third Avenue that the CRY mailbox is on, (2) it is between Pike and Pine Streets, (3) it is near the Garden Theater, (4) it is even nearer Block's Shoe Store,

(5) in fact the entrance to the Fisher Studio Building is not actually facing Third Avenue at all, but is in one wall of the recessed front of the Block's Shoe Store, (6) the room is on the second floor, and (7) the name on the door of the room will be "ABC Health Club."

In a way, it will be the natural place for the Nameless to meet. Only last year the club had been attending to its spiritual welfare by meeting in a church, and now the only thing left is to become physically perfected by attending a health club. At this moment the Nameless stands, figuratively speaking, as a 97-member weakling, but in a few months the organization should be able to lick any science fiction club in town. Watch the Nameless grow!

Since this new location requires rent, the President inquired into the health of the club's treasury. The Sec-TREAS reported that due to a restriction in his shopping schedule there still remained \$33.10 of club funds in his possession.

G. M. Carr decided about this time to reveal a problem that had been weighing on her mind. She had recently completed an investigation of Hyatt House, and a combination of two of the rules regarding the swimming pool was causing her some concern. One of the rules was that no hair was allowed in the pool, and the other was that all women must wear bathing caps. Did this mean that only baldheaded men were allowed in the pool?

Well, we could all see her problem. What good would it do for seductive G. M. Carr to dress up in a bathing cap for a plunge if she was to share her pool with only bald-headed men? Ed Wyman and Wally Gonser hastened to assure her that Hyatt House would never stop a hairy man from using the pool, and that the only reason women were required to wear bathing caps was that a state regulation required it. G. M. brightened at this information and you could tell the boys had saved the Convention for her. She even suggested that the Nameless all bring their bathing suits with them to the meeting planned to be held at Hyatt House on March 30th.

Mrs. Carr had an addition suggestion with regard to properly adorning the club bone. At the moment it is naked with the exception of a couple inches of its length that has been wrapped with copper wire. Mrs. Carr suggested that to show proper appreciation of the elegance of Hyatt House, the club bone should have sequins glued all over it. Or, if Flora was overthrown and replaced by a male president, crushed beer-bottle glass could be used in place of the sequins to improve the appearance of the Official Bone in a more masculine manner.

The rest of the members silently conjured their private mental pictures of Flora Jones in a bathing suit directing a Nameless meeting at Hyatt House with a be-sequined bone in her hand, and the subject of conversation was quickly, desperately changed.

The members asked Flora what it was she had been intending to bring up at the previous meeting, but she couldn't remember what it was she had forgotten.

Wally Weber reported on the stunning effect Flora Jones' battery-operated flying saucer had on the Boeing Airplane Company when Wally turned it loose in one of the engineering offices. He expressed the hope that the club treasury could support him until he could find a job.

G. M. Carr could not get Hyatt House out of her mind, however, and for some reason found it necessary to point out that considering all of the huge window space built into Hyatt House, the Convention should be called the SEE Con.

In desperation, Flora pleaded for New Business, but got no results. Ed Wyman came to the rescue, however, by deluging the club with refreshments. For entertainment, he described how his latest issue of Analog was falling to pieces even before he had a chance to read it. He felt the need of a staple was indicated, but he couldn't recall if Analog was usually bound with a staple or not. The club tried to remember, but apparently the binding of a magazine is not the sort of thing that imbeds itself permanently into ones memory unless the magazine happens to fall apart. The members finally gave up, and Flora adjourned the meeting at 9:47:15 p.m.

Through it all, Gordon Eklund, inscrutable NFFF member that he is, sat silently, mysteriously, somehow giving the impression he had planned it this way. Perhaps he is the Secret Master of the Universe. Perhaps he is just doing his homework in his head, or perfecting his formulas on the Dean Drive. Perhaps he knows what it was that Flora Jones forgot. Only Gordon Eklund knows. Obedient SEC-Treas, WWWeber

A year or so ago the American State Department went into a flap over the impending visit of a Middle Eastern ruler to the U.S. Seems that the public had learned this desert chieftain was accustomed to take all twelve or fourteen of his wives along on his journeys. The diplomats, prodded by screams of outrage from loyal American taxpayers, tactfully explained to the Arab king's representatives that this just wouldn't be acceptable. (And if you think you have a brilliant mentality, just you try devising a tactful way of saying something like that to an Arab!)

Not unnaturally, the king took a dim view of this. Why should he be deprived of his accustomed comforts just because he was in another country, and one with a beastly climate by Arab standards at that? It wouldn't be so bad if his hosts planned to provide substitutes for any items of royal equipment he might leave at home--in fact, it might even be interesting to compare the quality of the American product with that of home.

Principally, however, he felt--and a few Americans agree--that it was no outsider's business what he did or where he took his perfectly-legal-in-Arabia harem.

At this point we will take leave of our outraged monarch, pausing only to note for the sake of drooling curiosity that he eventually decided the U.S. loan he was negotiating was more important than defying the crazy notions of Americans, so he made the trip accompanied only by Wife #1--plus a bevy of suitably nubile "secretaries".

The interesting point is: WHY did Americans protest the practice, even temporarily, of polygamy within our borders?

Crackpots, you say? Neurotics projecting their own frustrations in a display of exaggerated puritanism? Perhaps in a few cases, but I'll wager the majority were responsible, respectable citizens, no more fanatic or frustrated than, for instance, you.

No, their objection was because they felt that allowing even this one exception to America's accepted (or, at least, professed) moral code would be dangerous. It might not inspire anyone to rush out and start collecting a harem of his own, but it would, perhaps, cause one or more Americans to realize (when they might not, otherwise) that a moral code is not like a natural law, extant and operating whether recognized or not, but an arbitrary framework of restrictions.

Hastily, let me assure you I am not condemning the American or any other moral code because of this fact. Mathematics is an arbitrary restriction on the set of possible statements which can be made about operations with numbers, and it is a valuable discipline.

This comparison leads me into a pertinent analogy: When a student of mathematics first realizes that its conventions and rules are arbitrary, his immediate reaction is "Let's try different rules and see if they work any better!" And, as he immediately finds out, different rules are possible, sometimes even solve problems insoluble under the conventional rules. (Dividing by zero or infinity, for example: under the rules of algebra you can't do it--but if you replace that flat prohibition by an appropriate statement permitting you these divisions in certain cases, you wind up with the calculus).

Likewise, in deciding that certain rules of a moral system can be disregarded, you may solve problems that are incapable of solution under the original system. On the other hand, like a mathematician who experiments by throwing out the rule that "a positive number multiplied by a negative number gives a negative quotient" you may find that your rule-changing has merely thrown the whole system into hopeless disorder.

Now we reach the keystone of both moral and mathematical tinkering: The previously-existing system must still be potentially operative within your new system. By that I mean, for example, that multiplication using Roman numerals was so unghodly complicated everyone but the historians promptly forgot how to do it as soon as Arabic numerals came along. Yet, if you have the patience, you can do your calculating in Roman numerals today and get just as valid results as any decimal or binary computer.

But back to our blue-nosed puritan who frowns upon multiple marriage even for Arabian potentates. He doesn't want the existing moral code changed, or even questioned, for fear of destroying the stability of the society based upon it. And this is a valid fear. Put Mother Hubbards on the Polynesians and teach them the concept of private property, and ultimately the entire complex social structure of aboriginal Oceania crumbles and is forgotten. The contemporary Polynesian may be better off than his ancestors--better fitted

at any rate to cope with his no-longer-isolated environment--but the time of transition was unhappy for all concerned.

On the other hand, natives who try to cope with a changed environment without revising their social structure fare even worse than those who are flexible enough to adapt. Ask any Bushman or Igorot--or Congolese.

All of which is an overly-long-winded buildup to the vital question: Assuming that our "accepted" moral code in Western civilization is no longer suited to the environment in which we are forced to live, in what way should it change?

This is a fascinating pastime, trying to blueprint imaginary moral codes that would perhaps be workable. It's the sociological equivalent of the imaginary planetary systems that Poul Anderson and Hal Clement devise for their stories. And of course, there is one classic imaginary moral code already existant in stf for our edification: Asimov's Laws of Robotics.

But humans are considerably more complex than robots, even positronic robots, and when you start codifying human ethics you usually end up in a hopeless tangle of conflicting interests ar overlooked problems.

For example, let's start building on the assumption that "Any man may do as he pleases, so long as he doesn't interfere with the rights of others."

This gives us three broad classes of "sin" or "crime": Crime against persons (murder, rape, etc.); Crime against property (robbery, swindling, arson); Crime against the state (starting a forest fire on public land, impersonating someone in authority, etc.).

But even in this stage we begin running into difficulties. Is it a crime to impersonate a doctor, as long as the impersonator hasn't actually harmed any of his patients? Is torturing dogs a crime, and if so, whose rights does it interfere with? Is it a crime to stand on a soapbox and make speeches designed to persuade other people to commit a murder? If so, isn't it equally a crime (tho perhaps a lesser one) to publish a seductive advertisement that will make people buy your product and thus cause economic harm to your competitor?

If you do away with arbitrary institutions like marriage, shouldn't you also institute matrilineal inheritance of property and surnames, so that citizens will not be at a disadvantage just because they don't happen to know who their father was? And obviously, if you eliminate the requirement for males to support their children directly, you will have to substitute a whopping tax of some kind, to give the State the revenue so that it can support them.

Are you willing to let the voodoo cult down the block conduct human sacrifices when-even there's an eclipse, providing the victim volunteers? How about the Tibetans next door, who believe they earn salvation by begging, and who are so numerous that you have to fight your way through a swarm of screeching beggars every time you step out your front door?

If you can draw up a moral code that covers these, and a few other questions I haven't room to include here, I'd be interested in hearing it. Why, it might even be better than the one we're trying to live under now!

Art Rapp

U N T I T L E D P O E M

by Alma Hill

I've said before, and say again:
A little gafia now and then
Is wholesome for the best of men.

You wouldn't want to be around
The kind of helpless, hangdog hound
Who never has been lost and found.

If such there be, ignore him well;
He knows no heaven, fears no hell,
And has no traveller's tales to tell.

He who has wisdom to relate
Has tried new trails and tempted fate.
Let's--what am I saying?--Gafiate?--

Fandom as we know it is safe for awhile yet, after all. Our spy on the Fanac staff, one T Carr, joined in with his adorable wife Miri to call us on the phone night-before-last (Jan 26) with the good news that he is not being drafted after all, Fanac is unsuspended again without ever missing an issue, and like I said, fandom as we know it today has a new lease on life. I tell you, it made our whole week, and believe me it's been a week that could use it. You are likely interested in learning how this all came about-- but I wouldn't dare take the chance of maybe inadvertently scooping Fanac on that...

Inside-SEACON Dep't: I've been noticing lately that there seems to be a fairly widespread misunderstanding concerning the financial situation of the 19th WorldCon. It goes about like this (with variations, of course): "Pitt made a \$500 profit on the \$2 membership fee, and gave Seattle \$300 on top of voting a \$1 fee-raise to the attending members, so Seattle is stinkin' rich and apt to get soft on costs, like". Now except for that last 8-word assumption, which just plain bugs me after the hard-grinding negotiations that have occupied us for the past four months in the interests of keeping Con-expenses down-- except for that bit, it's understandable how folks might think our cup would be all overflowing with gravy, if they hadn't been told different.

You lucky people out there are now about to be told different. MUCH different. Here's how it goes, more. Pitt did a wonderful job, but their net profit is not \$500, but \$300 over the \$200 from Detention. Due to business conditions in the East and Midwest, Pitt (like Detroit) was not faced with hotel charges for any Con facilities. Pitt did a beautiful job of rounding up auction material (which is getting scarcer all the time-- auction material you want to donate, anyone?) and Harlan Ellison made the most of it, drawing an all-time record near-\$1500 in auction and raffle receipts.

Here, it's a little different. Our hotel facilities are not quite for-free-- but we received \$100 more from Pitt than Pitt did from Detroit, so let's call that part roughly an even standoff, for purposes of comparison. But we know that our attendance here will be on the smaller-chummier-size-convention order and that while Harlan will also lend his talents here, and some fine public-spirited folks are helping us scout out material for auction, the attendance/material situation is such that we'd be happy with a guarantee of 1/3 of PittCon's auction receipts, most happy. SeaCon just about has to figure to break-even without counting on auction receipts at all for that part, and that's how we've figured it all along.

The thing we've been looking at, then, over an across-the-board comparison of the financial reports of the past 4 WorldCons, is an income-vs-expense balance that (mitigated somewhat by the extra \$1 from attending members and ^{by} the auction's certain ability to bring in something) is just about \$1200 worse than Pittsburgh's. That is, we have got to come up with \$1200 worth of combination of expense-reductions and/or income-additions (not absolute, but relative to each other) to break even.

I am not "crying poor" or asking for donations, here. The SeaCon is going to make it OK, and we have a pretty good blueprint of income-vs-expenses to enable us to do this, and have made a good start on those major items that a Con tackles this early in the season. But I think you can see why I get fed up rather quickly with the idea that we're gravy-laden and maybe goofing off on the expense bit.

So the next time somebody spouts off to you about "Seattle has it made, with all that loot"-- well, hit him for me. Won't you?

Inclosed you will find-- well, depending on how closely the pagecount crowds the 6¢ postage limit we have sworn to uphold until after the Con (this economy bit is contagious, especially when it's also a work-and-time-saver), you may or may not find a copy of our SeaCon Progress Report #1 which is merely our initial flyer with a high-sounding title. But you will find a Fanac Poll ballot, which you should (if you haven't already filled out somebody else's distributed copy) fill out and send in before you even read the rest of this zine, so's to reach 1818 Grove St before the Feb 15th deadline for the Fannish III. You'll feel so constructive, and all...

Somebody out there in CRYland wanted me to put on the Pemberton hat and have at the Alfred Bester blast on s-f writers in his "Books" column in the February 1961 F & S F. I think maybe it was Betty Kujawa, and since obviously I have to do something to try to win Betty away from wally weber, this is as good a way as any.

But aside from my admiring admission that Bester's is the best-written professionally-published temper tantrum I've seen in years (if at all), it's hard to find a place to stand and throw comments. From. It is especially difficult to handle this item without extensive quoting. But let's try it anyhow.

After some quick praise flung to Knight, Sturgeon, Keyes, Leiber, and Carol Emshwiller, and a prologue-quote ("There are exceptions, of course, and we've praised them often in this department..."), the key-quotation is as follows.

"Outside of the exceptions mentioned above, science fiction is written by empty people who have failed as human beings. As a class they are lazy, irresponsible and immature. They are incapable of producing contemporary fiction because they know nothing about life, cannot reflect life, and have no adult comment to make about life. They are silly, childish people who have taken refuge in science fiction where they can establish their own arbitrary rules about reality to suit their own inadequacy. And like most neofotics, they cherish the delusion that they're 'special'."

There's more, including some very justified gibes at authors who pad out minor gimmick-variations into fullscale stories, or who attempt social satire when they don't know the thing they're attacking well enough to do more than complain, but I think that's the meat of it. Now just how do you tackle something like that?

Certainly I don't know all the pro s-f writers, but most of those I do know, do not fit the pattern of Bester's condemnations. The libel laws, and not reluctance to lay it on the line, kept Bester from naming names, I'd imagine. But it would be ridiculous to start from the other end, naming names and trying to prove that the comments do not apply to them-- for they only turn out to be among "the exceptions mentioned above" and no points at all would have been made. In fact, I would make the guess that Bester's targets are actually maybe three or four s-f writers of his personal acquaintance whom he detests, and that otherwise he just got carried away by frustration in the face of those same libel laws. I don't know who those few targets might be, and surely I'm not about to guess at them right here in print. It wouldn't be too difficult to look at the current crop of s-f and finger a few writers "who have nothing to say about life", but not on the same page with the above quotes, thank you. So I guess there's nothing for it but to subside into a vagueness similar to Bester's, and to militantly proclaim that the pro-writers of s-f with whom I am best-acquainted do not fit Bester's category. (Sorry, Betty...)

It might be well to note that quality no longer assures your letters exemption from the dread realm of the "We Also Heard From" Department; it is time that is more of the essence, here on the stateside scene (the UK contingent generally has to settle for appearing with comments one issue further along, which makes for a sort of delightful time-blurring effect). And now in this issue, our CotR editor whose name I always try to avoid printing because it has all those capital-ws in it has ruthlessly condemned the late-coming letters to the WAHF Dep't without fear, favor, mercy, discrimination, or even a short prayer. I just thought you ought to know.

If I owe you a letter, just try to bear up, won't you? This WorldCon bit is a worse thief of time than Procastination ever could manage on its best days. It used to be that I had trouble finding time to comment on fanzines; now, I hate to admit, sometimes it's a couple weeks before I get around to read 'em. So Today's Thought, presented in rhyme by the Society for the Legalization of Gafia as a Means of Self-Defense, is: "Why wait? // Before it's too late, // GAFIATE!" Unquote.

There is not much you can do with five or six lines at the bottom of a stencil. Possibly I should comment on the "new look" or "new Trend" fanzines that seem to be aimed at erasing all differences between fandom and the mundane by flooding the former with the latter. Or possibly I should not so comment, at all.

There is not much you can do with five or six lines at the bottom of a stencil.

-- F. M. Busby

CRY OF THE READERS

combined with the WEALSOHEARDFROM column

conducted by www

ARCHIE MERCER EXPLAINS HOW TO REALLY JOIN THE BSFA
Dear Wally.

434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham,
LINCOLN, England 7 January 1960

P.54 of CRY 145, you don't appear to be going to appoint any British agent for the collection of subs for the 1961 World Science Fiction Convention. I'd just like to remark that I can't see your acquiring many British memberships this way. It's a lot easier if there are facilities for subscribing in coin of one's own realm. [Sorry, Archie, but I find it much easier to spend American money. Are Canadian dollars any easier to come by over there? I would accept Canadian dollars, partly because they are worth so much more than U.S. dollars, and partly because when the rest of the Convention Committee finds out that I am spending all their money, I will have to abscond with what's left and hide out in Canada. -- www/

Same CRY, P.29 this time, it says about joining the BSFA. I wouldn't know for sure, but I presume you got this information from Ella Parker. However, seeing as how she's only the Secretary, not to mention an SCoaW into the bargain, she doesn't know the true facts. The part about writing to the Secretary in the basement is in order, but not the financial part. The American sub for 1961 is \$1 (50¢ for people who join from July onwards) plus an enrolment fee of 75¢. Making \$1.75 (or \$1.25 from July onwards), subsequently renewable at \$1 per year.

Furthermore, anybody your side of the ocean (Atlantic-type) who gets to the state where he, she or it is ready to entrust hard cash into the BSFA's hands should send it not to the basement, nor even to me, but to our Transatlantic representative, Dale R. Smith, of 3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota.

I trust the above is clear, even if somewhat obscure. And the same goes for you, too, mate.

Merc as ever

Archie

Copy to Error Parker, whereby she may become acquainted with the ella of her ways.

[Archie, the thing that amazes me most about your letter is how you could know so much about CRY 145 way back on January 7, 1960, when you wrote the letter. --www/

JOHN C. CHAMPION NOT SO GAFIATED

Box 5221 University Stn., Eugene, Oregon

Another effort to extend my subscription:

13 January 1961

Namely, comments on CRY #146. (Lars Bourne came in last night, glanced at the cover, and said: "Ghod! A hundred and forty-six issues of a fanzine!")

"Recruiter": basically a good story, except for one loose end. What happened to Ben Lucas? His crack-up is entirely unexplained, except for the possibility that he just burnt himself out; in which case I think it should have been developed in the story. Nice ending though.

Berry was good, altho I think the thing he did on parachuting in one of my long-past fmz was funnier... I remember that wonderful ATomillo of a helmeted Goon peering nervously down from the basket of a balloon. (This is not a plug.)

"Soft Sell" was one of the best in this series. Marvelous!

Glad to see Terry making the point he does in "Fandom Harvest" this time. Now, I like HABAKKUK and WARHOON, and I've never seen KIPPLE, but I've been slightly bugged by some of the remarks in ESPRIT putting down fannish zines as inferior to a sercon discussionzine, just as I've been bugged when in the past some fans have put down sercon discussion as inferior to "fannish" material. ESPRIT seems much too self-conscious to me; Donaho and Bergeron have put out better zines, I think, simply because they weren't trying to be consciously sercon, and both the latter's zines are natural somehow.

I haven't read A Conticle for Leibowitz but Purdom's criticism of it seems to me a pretty good example of what serious criticism should be. That's a good point about "atomic doom" stories too which I don't recall seeing before.

I notice Rich Brown refers to me (and others) as "either gaffed or noticeably on his way." I'll admit my activity isn't near what it was back about CRY #100, say, but it's more than it was two years ago.

Bill Donaho: I had a lot of difficulty following "Rogue Moon"; I suspect it suffered from bad editing, like "To The Tombaugh Station". It seemed rather incoherent, and many things were vague or unexplained.

I see that a couple of people didn't quite get my remark in #144 about blaming the faults of the world on God, altho Breen seems to have the general idea. I mean, they seem to have taken me somewhat literally, and I assure you all I was speaking most figuratively, using "God" as synonymous with the entity called IPOIO ("the Innate Perversity Of Inanimate Objects") or perhaps "the universe". "It's God's fault" is about like saying "Who is John Galt?"

Walter Breen: I wasn't aware that City dealt with The Problem of the Elves, altho it's been a long time since I've read that book... As for Ayn Rand, I sometimes feel she's mostly bitching because her Greatness or Genius hasn't been recognized, or something. As a novel, I thought "Atlas Shrugged" was pretty wretched; as for the ideas therein, that's another matter. As a moral treatise, I reacted to it in much the same way as I react toward most moral treatises, with the exception of Rabelais, and maybe a few others whom I don't recall. But it seems to me that quite probably only an Elf could deal with the Problem of the Elves and do it justice--but if he did, it also might well be that the Hobbits and Orcs would still object, simply because many of them don't know the Problem exists, and those that do are likely to feel that the Problem is for them to solve, not the Elves. A solution I don't think has ever been mentioned is to bring the Hobbits up to the level of Elves, but there are many difficulties here, aside from the fact that most Hobbits want it the other way around.

I think you meant "desirable as an ethical code", not just "desirable", right? However, I don't think Groves is GMC in a clever plastic disguise; what Groves advocates seems to me to be much more moral relativism than GMC advocates...which is confusing, since her code matches pretty closely with the society she lives in. Of course, that may well be the reason she believes in it, but she doesn't think so. Most people of this sort will claim they follow their code because it is Right.

Best,

John

BILL DONAHO DISCUSSES PITH AND PIFFLE

1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, California

Dear CRY,

January 18, 1961

Terry's lusty counter-attack last issue against the forces of iniquity represented by Bill Gray ("Fannishness is artificially-prolonged adolescence") and Dick Lupoff ("Most fanzines publish piffle in contrast to the pith of the New Trend") makes it seem as if all fandom is about to be plunged into war.

Goody. It's about time too, what with law-suits getting settled all over the place and everything....Now the Pithers and the Piffers take up arms and fight once again the old battle. Fandom springs up rejuvenated and fans with gladsome cries refurbish their typewriters, duplicators and plonkers. Gafia shall not draw nigh!

At the risk of calling a premature halt to all this I would like to discuss a few terms that are being flung around sort of loose-like discussion zine, pith and piffle.

Just what the hell is a discussion zine? RETROGRADE/DISCORD, XERO, ESPRIT, KIPPLE and HABAKKUK have been referred to as discussion zines. Redd Boggs says that DISCORD is not a discussion zine and I must admit that the label fills me with dismay also. While it would be stretching the term to call any fanzine with a letter column a discussion zine, certainly a fanzine in which there is two-way communication between letterhacks as well as between letter and editor is one. Thus while INNUENDO, VOID and HYPHEN are not discussion zines, CRY, YANDRO, SHAGGY and JD-ARGASSY are. Discussion zines are nother new; they've been around for years.

There is another thing which is misleading about all this talk about discussions and whether people like them or not. I have yet to meet anyone who is interested in a discussion of a subject that does not interest him. I have also yet to meet anyone who is not

interested in a discussion of a subject that interests him. Someone may be interested in a well-written article about something that does not interest him, but a discussion is a different kettle of fish. To get anything out of it the listener (or reader) has to sort out the various viewpoints and do all the organizing himself. If he is interested in the topic he is willing to do this. The point at issue is a difference of interests, not discussion versus non-discussion.

This brings us to pith and piffle. As Dick Lupoff defined the terms, pith means content, something to say, and piffle is chatter about nothing. It's awfully hard to chatter about nothing. You've got to say something, no matter how inconsequential. What is actually implied is a value judgment about content. Now Dick and Pat Lupoff's zine XERO is largely given over to articles and discussion about comic books, but I'm sure that Dick would not claim that comic books are something of earth-shaking importance.

So pith means of worth-while or significant content. Thus many of the articles and discussions in the so-called discussion zines have also been piffle. Is pith better than piffle? It all depends upon the point of view. Is steak better than ice cream?

At the risk of sounding like a deviationist who has been hauled up before the Fannish Central Committee I would like to add that when it comes to publishing piffle, HABAKKUK is second to none. I must confess that I publish whatever I like without regard to whether it is pith or piffle or pithy piffle. I publish articles, letters, etc. that I think are well-written or on subjects that interest me.

Terry was right in several of his points, but I have a couple of major disagreements with him. He said "The average person's opinions on practically anything outside of his own immediate field of interest or endeavor are practically worthless except for their curiosity value." Precisely, but that's an awfully big barn door you left open, Terry. Leaving aside the question of how average fans are, certainly in fandom there are an awfully lot of people with all sorts of diverse interests. Besides most discussions are in areas in which there is no final authority, so a lot of diverse people naturally have different viewpoints and ideas, many of them valid and most of them interesting, (Who Killed Science Fiction? for instance). If you are not interested in the subject you don't have to read the discussion. There's no law requiring anyone to read every page of every fanzine.

Terry also seems to have missed the point about reactions. He said "It isn't really Serious Discussion that most of these people are interested in, no matter how they may praise the idea of it. They're really interested in something far less cerebral: reactions. They enjoy the outraged letters that inevitably result from a diatribe on miscegenation from Bill Conner, and they enjoy seeing how Bob Leman or Art Rapp will respond to Castillo's radical social commentary." Of course people enjoy reactions, arguments and contests of all kinds. It's a basic human trait. This does not mean that these reactions take place without the benefit of thought.

Someone with a point of view different from your own puts you on your mettle, makes you present your own views more clearly and in more detail; perhaps he even makes you think more. Castillo thinks that the stimulus of conflict is one of the main things that makes people think. It certainly seems to help. If people were only interested in the reactions they would quickly lose interest and stop following the discussions, as many of them require lots of thinking in order to follow them.

The whole argument seems completely pointless as both the pithers and the pifflers seem to enjoy each other's zines. Of course I hope no one will be so poor spirited as to let a little thing like that stop him. It's very entertaining.

Pifflely yours,

Bill

ERIC BENTCLIFFE , THE PHOTOED FAN
Dear Elinor & Buz,

47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.
England. Friday The F'irteenth...

My disk is clear, momentarily, of anything vitally urgent and since CRY145 came in yesterday I'm more than usually inspired to write...and damn it, that almost sounds like an excuse for so doing!

MY GHOD I MADE THE COVER....Like. I don't quite know what fandom's reaction is going to be to your printing a photo of me. The last time anything like this happened to me, it

was the Vargo Statten Magazine which published my photo, and you know what happened to that publication! Anyway, the cover-pics and Wally Wbber's (Since he's dropped an 'e' out of my name I seek revenge) fine report on Pittsburgh bring back some very pleasant memories.

There seems to have been only a bare minimum of reports on the Pittcon so far, and if you decide to use any of this letter in CRY I'd be highly delighted if you could mention that I'll gladly pay money for any which normally wouldn't be sent over here -- like FAPA or SAPS pubs. I'm also moved to make a request as to photos, too. I'm compiling an album with shots taken during my all too brief visit, and I'd love the opportunity to buy prints from people who have them. I'd also like someone to send me Joni Cornell for Easter!

EPITAFF is now all on stencil apart from a couple of pages of addenda I need to do. Eddie Jones currently has the stencils for illoing and Norman is to dupe. Final page count will be somewhere between 90 and 100 and may ghu have mercy on my soul. Just think of it, near one hundred pages of sheer unadulterated Bentcliffe; Will Fandom Recover? Will Bentcliffe recover? Price is One Dollar or 7/- to either Don or myself, and profits are to TAFF. (That was a sneaky natural break).

My perishing typer-ribbon is trying to escape into some other dimension at the moment....or maybe, yes, maybe it's the Dean Drive. I was telling in a letter I just wrote of how I saw Dean Grennell drive off into the distance.... /Good grief! -www/ Sorry! I'm going to sign off now and sort this ribbon out before it gets too far into the innards of my machine. Guess it's not taken kindly to all the stencilling I've done of late. It'll get a relapse when I start on BASTION. (NOT a FORTEan publication...)

Sincerely,

Eric

P.S. Just had a request for a photo from Terry Carr; says he may pub it in FANNISH 3. Old Vargo certainly created a precedent!

ELMER PERDUE OFFERS A NEW SERVICE

2125 Baxter Street, Los Angeles 39, California

Dear CRY people:

It has come to my attention that the TAFF fund is not growing as fast as it should. This caused me to wonder whether fandom as such has some unrealized assets, which if cashed could enhance the availability of funds to the meritorious purpose of shipping one of the candidates overseas. Unfortunately there was no space on the ballot where one could vote to give both candidates a one-way ticket overseas...

Anyway, it seems that you nice people should be carrying around pocket watches and wrist watches that should be hockable for a good round sum, like 37 - 22 - 38. That's even better when translated into centimeters. And I have on my front wall a clock that is precise to the nearest tenth second, even though it goes backward.

So I had a brainstorm, to with:

You send me a postcard, asking what time it is. I put down on the postcard the precise time, measured and guaranteed accurate to the nearest tenth of a second, and mail it back to you. Then, having the precise time in your coat pocket, what do you need with a watch? Take it down and hock it, and send the proceeds to TAFF. After all, even the best watches go awry more than a tenth of a second per day, particularly if you forget to wind them.

Love,

God

HECTOR R. PESSINA TRANSLATES CRY

Pte. Restante, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Editor of CRY,

December 31st, 1960

The name of your magazine could be translated into Spanish, my mother tongue, as CLAMOR DE LOS SIN NOMBRE and I think that it is the right title for the right fanzine.

My good friend, Kenneth Hedberg, wrote to me some time ago telling me he had subscribed for me to CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Your magazine was then just a title, one of the countless titles of fanzines my U.S. penfriends had mentioned in their letters so I didn't know what to expect. One day I went to the BUENOS AIRES G.P.O. where my POSTE RESTANTE address is and there it was my first copy of CRY, Cry # 143. I went home as quickly as the colectivo (small public bus) could take me. I live a little far from the CAPITAL in a small town called LANUS and I have to take two buses or colectivos as there is nothing direct

from the GPO to my house. The trip takes about an hour and I usually read either a SF pocketbook or some stories from a prozing during it. Well, as I was saying I went home and soon was sitting in my favourite chair reading and enjoying my first copy of Cry.

First I scanned the readers' section for some familiar name, and found none. I enjoyed FANDOM HARVEST, THE ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES OF SIMON TWINK, EVER-LOVING BLUE-EYED PLOW by Renfrew Pemberton and Les Piper's cartoon. Of the readers' letters I can only say that if I had been in fandom longer and had subscribed to your fanzine earlier, I might be able to enjoy them.

I was interested in the article on ASTOUNDING-ANALOG. I've been reading ASF for a long time and although I don't think that all the stories are first-rate, I've had fun with some of them. I also like GALAXY and the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SF very much. I enjoy stories of the PSI and mental powers, mutants, etc. kind.

I also read with much interest your MINUTES as I've just formed a SF in this city of B. A. called CLUB ARGENTINO DE FICCION CIENTIFICA ARGENTINE SF CLUB and they will be useful to our Secretary.

I've already told you that I wasn't able to enjoy the letters because I don't understand most of the subjects discussed in them. I've noticed that SF fans in general are discussing fannish subjects more and more and more frequently and I think that this would keep them from having a world-wide readership. If your fanzines could deal with more general subjects, I think they could be enjoyed by people in other countries. You may perhaps think that I'm abusing of your kindness and patience in saying this, but I'm trying to create a World Fandom in which all fans can write to each other and talk about subjects which are of common interest. We know very little about conventions and the history of most SF clubs and societies. We need short biographical notes of SF writers, editors of magazines and fanzines, people who have helped to make SF in the U.S.A. what it is now.

Now I'll comment on the second issue of Cry I have received (CRY # 144). This issue of Cry has given me many satisfactions, namely, Hugo Gernsback's address, which a friend of mine had mentioned in one of his letters. Thanks to you now I know what he said. I wish I could read some of the stories in the old MODERN ELECTRICS, SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, and other magazine published by Gernsback. I'd like to have some notes on his life that I could include in the bulletin of the Club so that those members of the club who don't understand English can read them from translations. Here in my country I have found out that most young readers, especially high school and university students, like to have plenty of science in their SF stories. There was a SF magazine here called MAS ALLA (Beyond) which has folded. This magazine used to include a lot of scientific articles and especially short footnotes along with novels and short stories. Well, I have talked to a lot of M.A. readers, including engineers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, etc. and most of them have agreed that even if they enjoyed reading stories of science fantasy or pure fantasy, they always preferred those stories with some scientific subject or just the articles on science and the footnotes. Oddly enough I have found many students of Engineering or Exact Sciences, Medicing or Law who confessed they were very fond of Ray Bradbury's stories. But most SF fans want stories with good foundations like those written by ASIMOV, CLARKE (these two are the favourites of most readers) SIMAK, STURGEON, HEINLEIN, STAPLEDON, A. E. van VOGT, JOHN WYNDHAM, JACK WILLIAMSON and many others.

I also enjoyed Terry Carr's FANDOM HARVEST and Revengeville by Les Piper. I was surprised at reading at the top of one of the readers' letters the name Will J. Jenkins because I knew this was one of Murray Leinster's pen-names. Was the letter really written by Murray Leinster? [Because I am evil, I wanted very much to lie to you Hector, just like I do to everybody else. Unfortunately Elinor Busby will poison my food at the next Cry-publishing party if I lead you astray. Therefore I must regretfully admit the letter was written by another Will Jenkins. I doubt that Murray Leinster has even heard of CRY. I will say that the Will J. Jenkins who wrote the letter is obviously a much more intelligent person than that Jenkins who never heard of us. --www/

I have read Mike Deckinger's letter in Cry 144 and want to ask him what kind of music he likes. And Please what does BNF stand for? [Big Name Fan; the title refers to fans who are well-known to most other fans. It does not refer to fans whose names contain more letters than usual. I want you to know it is difficult for me to be this honest with you.w/

Donald Franston's article was very interesting and I had much fun reading it. I wish there were more articles like the Address of Hugo Gernsback. [Thanks, I think. - DF]

Hoping to hear from you someday and wishing forgiveness for taking so long in writing my comments on your fanzine (it is Summer here, see!) I wish you a very HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Yours truly,

Hector R. Pessina, and Argentinian

ATOM INTRODUCES HIMSELF

17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2.

Dear Cry:

England

13.1.61

I am Arthur Thomson. I live in London. I am a fan.... Well, it's been so long since I've written to you that I thought I'd better tell you who I am and that yes, I dig the scene.

Well it's 145, the one with those fine fotos on the cover and that ghastly long letter from Ella Parker in it... no, scrub out that last bit... 'seems that most of the Crys these days have looong letters from Ella Parker in them. Wasser matter, hard up for material? Anyway, some of the monster pictured look almost human, though of course you can't say that for the Bentcliffe pic. That leer he has on his face is definitely inhuman. (I speak as a personal friend of his. At least he has slept at my house. I never did see him leave, though. When I got up the morning after I showed him into the spare bedroom, all I found was an empty whisky bottle and a plastic fried egg.)

I refuse to believe that foto is of Les Nirenberg. Why it destroys all my cherished illusions of him, like he is a long/tall bean pole of a guy with a twisty grin and piece of candy stuck in his ear.

Enjoyed Wally's anecdotes on the Pittcon, but hey, information please; just what is 'MIX'? [It's what people put in the glass to spoil perfectly good liquor because they don't know any better. --FMB]

I guess I'm a little late to get in on this thief/loaf of bread biz, but apropos of it there's a news item here about two men apprehending a man stealing some butter from a parked lorry. The driver went to phone the police; when he came back, the thief was there but the two men had run off with the butter. The thief has been remanded for a medical report.

Talking of news items, a Canadian airline has added a notice to its rules which said that it is an offence to enter or attempt to enter a plane whilst it is in flight. (Egads!)

Enjoyed Ron Ellik's moving account. Les Nirenberg's little tale (which, of course, is quite different than Ron Ellik's big tail) was quite haha.

Letters....I notice in the Ella Parker letter, Wally accused Ella of getting soft. Don't you believe it. Only last week I arrived early at Kilburn for the SFCL Sunday club meeting and found Ella soaking her hands in vinegar. She explained that it toughened them up for swiping club members round the ears to keep things in order.

I had a bit of a shock when reading Ethel Lindsay's letter. That bit where she says about not giving Ella Parker a gavel...I read it as navel and was brought up short in horror that Ella might be sans navel. I mean, sometimes she acts like she isn't human, but I though that Ethel had found out it was really true.

I'm all mixed up with this loaf of bread business and can't get it to one side to comment lucidly on the letters...I mean, running through my mind I keep seeing headlines like... Loaf of bread steals thief....or Loaf of bread bites policeman...or would you let your loaf of bread marry a thief? Very confusing. It seems all half baked to me; I prefer cake anyway. I know which side my bread is buttered on, but it's all corn, pretty run of the mill stuff, really.

Arthur

MIKE DECKINGER DETECTS A FLAW

85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey

Dear Ed.,

1/16/61

Whoever ran off the January CRY deserves a lesson in proper fannish etiquette. The last page, page 46, was published correctly, but every other damn page was upside down.

rich brown had a nice little story in RECRUITER. I thought it was extremely well done and deserved first place in the zine.

Berry was very amusing. Of course he's done nothing to alleviate my fear of high places, or cats (clawstrophobia).

Piper's "Soft Sell" was very good. If this is what N3F recruits must be satisfied with -- a few passionate kisses -- I'd like to know what FAPA recruits get.

So Terry Carr feels my KIPPLE article takes two pages just to tell that most television stinks. Well, if that's what Terry wants to feel, it's his right, but I might point out I also (a) gave several reasons why it was in this position, and (b) tried to offer suggestions to alleviate this condition.

Tom Purdom's analysis of the Miller book was very well presented. What's Walter Miller doing now, anybody know?

I appreciate the way Nancy Thompson has come to my aid, and why doesn't everyone heed her? It certainly is unfannish and mean ganging up on me all at once. I may do something dreadful, like...well like watching two hours of soap operas on tv. Then think of how my CRY letter will be. /Mighod, I'm sorry!! --www/

I wouldn't call VENUS EQUILATORAL and MISSION OF GRAVITY just educational. A better adjective for them would be "damnable dull". I can't stand books that sacrifice entertainment for facts.

About spelling errors. Why doesn't someone mimeo up a thousand or so little cards and distribute them to various fans who read fanzines regularly. Instead of writing a letter to the fan-ed accusing him of inefficiency or ignorance, they can fill out the cards. After the fan-ed receives these cards, he can distribute them as quote-cards so that others will be able to benefit from these observations. How about it Wally--in one word tell me what you think of my proposal. /Swill!! --www/

I've never heard of anyone becoming a CRY-addict like Chuck Devine. There is only one way to break the habit. He is locked up in a small room, completely free of all fannish matter. No matter how much he pleads he is simply not permitted any fanzines to read. If he can last out the first week, he'll definitely be on the road to recovery.

I've heard copies of CRY do odd things, but actually knock on Ethel Lindsay's door? Are you sure you don't mix vitamins in with the ink, Wally?

Sammy Davis Jr. has never been overly proud in public about the fact that he was a negro. It is a sad commentary on the situation in the U.S. when a fine performer like Davis feels he must justify his race to the white man. May Britt does not mind, and neither should he.

Hey guess what, AMAZING is copying from CRY now. The latest issue has a reprint of Gernsback's speech. Go ahead and sue them, Wally, ok?

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger

BETTY KUJAWA AND THE TEST TUBE EMBRYO

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

Wally, honey, sweetheart, baby.....

Wed. Jan., 18th '61

/Oh ghod...her again! --www/

(oh ghod...her again, he groans...)

Yeh....me again commenting on the 11th Annish -- CRY 146. Cheer up, bubi, mayhaps you will get a respite -- we fly to Florida again round Feb 15th and won't be home till almost April. Now if you play your cards right and contact Your Man In Havana, well... on about Feb. 26th or 27th we'll be flying over on our way to San Juan, Puerto Rico -- and back again around March 6th on the way to the shoot in Palm Beach -- if you can just get through to Fidel and tell him where to aim the anti-aircraft guns--you'll have it made, kiddo.

Never fear I shall send you phassionate postcards along the route. /Have a nice trip, dear. I want you to know, in case you survive the flack over Havana, I am taking the advice of George Nims Raybin and am suing Gene for alienation of your affections. --www/

I've been mulling something Real Serious and Deep over and over--yeh, really. You note that A.P. wire service news item from Bologna, Italy of a few days ago???

"TEST TUBE EMBRYO LIVES 29 DAYS, SCIENTISTS SAY

A group of Italian scientists claims to have achieved human fertilization in a test tube repeatedly and to have kept one embryo alive for 29 days.....

The team said their experiments would prove helpful in research on problems of paternity and determining the sex of a child before its birth.....the 29-day-old had been destroyed because it became deformed as it grew...they have carried on their experiments for five years...etc..."

Now at the risk of sounding like a stock character, a bit-part actor in Bavarian costume outside the Castle Frankenstein muttering, "It's not man's place to tamper with the work of God..." I sincerely wonder about this sort of thing. Haven't really made up my mind, understand. But it DOES give one to pause...no?? I mean I certainly go along with science, etc., and am NOT EVER an antivivisectionist---but.

They ain't "creating" life---but they are "starting" a human life and it gives me a creepy uncomfortable feeling to realise that's a fellow human being that's being started on his way--a life that, as of now, has no hope of "birth." Mayhaps I should check with lawyers or doctors to find out what constitutes "human" in this case?? Is an embryo or foetus at that stage a fellow human? In laws on abortion, I'd say it would be construed as such---eh?? I'd really sincerely like to hear what others feel on this---maybe I'm missing some point here that could set my conscience at rest.

You never looked better than you do on the cover of CRY 146. But stop leering at me like that. Sorry. I was just trying to make out whether you had a navel or the bottom of a test-tube there. --www/

RECRUITER by rich brown, I found excellent--only one jarring note, alas, the transposition of the names Ben to Bob there at the start of paragraph 7 which threw me off and made for much backtracking and confusion. rich showed much insight in this tale, it seemed to me.

Berry outdid himself this time!! I read it to Gene who was as interested as I. When we reached the bit about jumping with the kit-bag tied to the leg - sticking it out the door, being whipped round and under the tailplane--oh my ghod! My respect for Mr. Berry leapt even higher when I read that.

J. Les keeps on topping himself in my estimation--this seduction of Boyd into the N3F---chuckle, chuckle.

Now on Elinor's HWYL I could write a book--two books, even. Lemme say in one way I agree with her--sort of (or, rather, agree with Elizabeth Jenkins) but in another, as one whose ancestress served Mary as a Lady in Waiting thru those last years of imprisonment right up to the day of the execution, and as one who's read and read on the subject, I feel E. Jenkins didn't show the whole picture.

God forbid that England should have ever been taken over by a Catholic Monarch, etc... but Mary, herself---well... I guess she's one of the people of history who have always fascinated me.

FANDOM HARVEST also outdid itself this time. I am with Terry on his opinion--it seems MY attraction to such zines must stem from more my interest in people than the actual topic discussed.

Purdum's book review was an excellent one. I hope he'll do more like this.

Sorry to see rich brown leave us. But isn't it refreshing to see a fan take leave of us without bitter remarks and general telling-off of fandom???

Mike Deckinger's putting The Red Cross down as a "truly philanthropic organization" makes me for to laugh---and laugh sadly. Surely most of us by now have read the percentage of Red Cross, Christmas Seals T.B., and other charity set-ups--the percentage of your dollar--how from 40% to 95% of it goes to pay for advertising, really lush incomes of the personelle, etc??? There is only ONE town where I'd feel safe in giving a penny to organized charity---the Los Angeles Area--where they really check and demand a full accounting of ALL monies taken in. For us here our only protection is to do as Gene and I---give direct to one actual person we know---with NO middle syphoning off into "expenses."

I (in reply to Ella) am "for" Sammy Davis. 'Till I, myself, have lived thru the experience of being a negro anywhere in America, I ain't a gonna jump them for any reaction attitude or behavior. I remember reading the report of the writer who deliberately stained his skin black and tried living in the deep-deep south as a negro, and I hope many many Americans heard or read of it, too. I defy ANY bigot or that sort with their talk of how it really isn't all that bad to be black in the south (or the north) to try posing as one just for one whole day. If only we could put ourselves in others' places once in awhile--how many things could be improved and settled.

And with that High Thought I'll let you off.

Kisses---

Betty

WALTER BREEN SERIOUSLY DISCUSSES.

1205 Peralta Ave., Fabulous Berkeley 6, Calif.

Dear CRYpulous Ones,

Not that I expect to get any answer, what with rich's gafiation, but I can't help wondering just what was the point of his "Recruiter" story: FIAWOL is a dangerous refuge, rich is losing his own sense of wonder, a recruiter's lot is not a happy one, or this is the way of all ~~11/24/81~~ fans? In many ways it's the strangest piece of faanfiction to appear in recent months. A most disturbing item, particularly for CRY.

Berr: I'll be interested to hear Art Rapp's comments on the fen (I'm one) who object violently to the razzing of neos by the more experienced jumpers. I say it's sadism and I say the hell with it. Good Factual Article, though.

Terry Carr: You take a lot of answering. In the first place, how many people are saying that Serious material is per se superior to fannish material? All right, I get tired of a steady diet of conreps and tripreports and Minutes of this or that faaaanish group, just as I would get tired of a steady diet of prozine reviews. I want a wide variety of stuff and ask only that it be competently written and provide a new slant. Mailing comments are something else again, and they don't really come into the present discussion.

You say that many faned automatically assume that so-and-so should be given space to air his opinions, no matter how wretched his style, no matter what the origin of his ideas. It's by now a truism that fans have a considerable diversity of interest. Without bothering to go into the usual line of argument about its being a free country and everyone having the right to, etc., I'll just add that it's unsafe to assume that an outsider is--if a fan--ignorant when he starts expressing opinions on a topic other than whatever he is professionally interest in. Some fans genuinely know what they're talking about, like Harry Warner on music. [Hurry up and get well, Harry Warner!!! --CRYSTAFF/

It is to a certain extent true that fans are interested in personal reactions rather than Serious Discussion. But it is also true that fans--some of them anyway--are interested in Serious Discussion and that others are still on the faaanish kick. And that their interests shift around from time to time and from topic to topic. Fine. Fandom is surely wide enough, and all that.

You, however, bring up a straw man in attempting to put down the notion that there is something "intrinsically more noble and lofty about...discussionzines than the most frothy of faanish humor." Four or five people who applaud a new trend aren't going to destroy the Brandon cult.

Purdom: Unmitigated nonsense. If you are not a christian, who do you consider the ad hoc theory of sin a "respectable" thoery? The only reason anyone takes it seriously is because he is influenced by propaganda. I only wish that you had reviewed the Miller book in a more objective spirit, without having to be so tender-minded about the religious propaganda (which, despite your denials, the book does contain).

Buz--I begin to wonder about that Basic Plot. Like, where's the bear trap in a story like "Thang," or "Mewhu's Jet," or "The Hurkle is a Happy Beast," or "In Hiding," or--so help me--"Dandelion Wine?" ((Wait a minute, now. Did I say "ALL stories use the Basic Plot? Or any plot at all? --FMB))

Nancy Thompson: TTFN--I would guess something mundane like "Ta-ta for now."

Www: (Yes, you're a letterhack too--you hacked mine to bits.) You misunderstood me on ethical codes. An ethical code is a decision procedure for classifying actions as desirable, undesirable, or anything in between, with the premise that a highly desireable action should be performed if possible, a highly undesirable action should be omitted if possible. The same action can be classified as desirable in one code, undesirable in another. Now in terms of a more humanistically oriented code, some theological codes (and some laws) can and do appear as fuggheaded. The implication is that "THE" code of ethics--were such a thing ever to be formulated--would have to be free of partisanship for one group of believers, one race, etc. It is possible to develop humanistic criteria by which we can make judgments about particular ethical codes. It is in this frame of reference that my remark about "something being the law or the mores doesn't make it desirable" acquires meaning.

30 and goodnight,

Walter Breen

PFC THOMAS E PURDOM, TYRO LETTERHACK

US52493990 [bunch of scribbling] 2d INF DIV,
Fort Benning, Georgia January 19, 1961

Dear Wally:

Well, you've done it. The Cry has grown on me. When it comes I get a warm feeling and I get to wondering what the gang is doing this month. That just goes to show how desperate for human contact you get when you're in the Army. [Human? --www]

I think the Cry is my substitute for The Gilded Cage, a coffee house in Philadelphia which has served me for some time now as a kind of informal club. Talk at the Cage is a wee shade more serious and not fannish, but it is now a regular gathering spot for the better element of the PSFS, and that's the kind of group the PSFS is. I guess Cry is a kind of mail order coffee house. (I can't find the menu, though.) [We call it page 3.]

I pretty much agree with Buz's comments on writing. But by making the characters live, I think the critics simply mean creating the illusion they are real and doing this so well the reader cares what happens to them. Buz puts his finger on the key element--motivation. I think another important element is the irrelevant details, things like what the man smokes, how he votes, how he earns his living, what he thinks of his wife, etc. A skillful writer will always be on the alert for a chance to inject this information into the story without slowing up the plot line.

People who get self conscious about their serious discussions and sneer at less serious discussions should be barred from all useful and pleasant associations, not just fandom. The other people I object to are people who interrupt serious discussions at parties by saying, "We're here to have fun."

This is my first real attempt at Cry hacking. How am I doing? [Fair.--www] You think I'll ever be able to write a real ~~145~~ fan letter? You know, the kind where they have slashed out and other ~~145~~ witty things? [You'll make it. --www] I doubt it. I think I'm doomed to being the serious type of Cry reader.

Tom

P.S. I forgot to mention Berry's article. Very good. You should get George Heap, the perennial Secretary of the PSFS, to tell you about his paratrooper days. It doesn't sound like Berry's version at all. Maybe we American types just can't take heights.

JOHN BAXTER WONDERS WHY

29 Gordon Road, Bowral. N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.

Dear CRY,

23rd January '61

145 is the second issue of CRY I've received in the last quarter. What have I done? [You are a victim of CRY's unfathomable trading system. I'm sorry, but there is nothing you can do about it. --www]

It's a long time since I've seen such a choice collection of berr-sodden countenances as that displayed on the cover of CRY #145. Art Rapp stands out strongly from the other assorted vagrants. That uniform! So slick, so pressed, so military - my first thought was to look for the key that winds him up.

Mervyn Peak's books have never appealed to me a great deal, probably because they're so stolidly British. Fantasy - and especially British fantasy - has its conventions, and Peake sticks to them with fanatical fidelity.

I wonder if the humour magazine PUNCH gets to the US? You might be interested in seeing the issue of October 26th and those of the 8 following weeks. Each contains a short literary parody written in the form of an sf short, and rather amusing they are too.

The average piece of fanac may just be sublimated sex, but I'll bet that Ella Parker's fanac is a safety valve for the strongest maternal instinct in two continents. Ella is so motherly that it hurts!

In an idle moment, I worked out your typos-per-issue percentage, and it's about .335%, the highest I've so far found in a top-ten fanzine. But don't let it worry you.

Enuf,

John Baxter

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, FOR WHOM PANAMA CITY WAS FOUNDED

66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills

Dear Nameless:

74, New York Jan. 19, 1961

Rich Brown coming and going in the same issue. Downright weird, I calls it. Even odder is the references in fanzines that seem to have cropped up during the past year to a

place called Panama City, Fla. and a base called Tyndall. This is one of those equally weird things that happen to me that convince me that either I really am the embodiment of Ghu and everything is being done for my benefit, or else this is all a sort of play with a few thousand actors, a lot of shadows, and a few settings.

Up to Oct. 1959 I never heard of Panama City, let alone Tyndall. Then like a bolt from the blue I got an invite from the USAF to visit this unheard of spot as their guest. I was there, saw it, went around Tyndall, came back to NYC. People up here never heard of the place either. I saw no fans there, of course. Then suddenly in fanzines this place setting pops up. It seems suddenly to be crawling with fans, fanzine publishers, activity, whatnot. I'm suspicious. It's too pat. It's not subtle. It's amateur writing. Rich, Norm Metcalf, and a curious reference in Cry's last page to Betty Kujawa in that spot.

Panama City, Fla. It was a nice place, too. Rather newish, too, come to think of it, that Tyndall. Probably thrown up a few days before I got there, and everyone rehearsed in their parts. Or--maybe--do you think my going there, passing through it as it were, sort of--ugh--infected it?

A horrid thought, let's drop it quick.

John Berry was quite interesting, though not remotely faaan.....

Cordially,

Don

DONALD FRANSON PREDICTS SF BOOM

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Wally, etc.

January 22, 1961

John Berry's story of paratroop school, though unfannish, is the best thing I've seen by him.

Disagree with Terry Carr when he says, "the average person's opinions on practically anything outside his own field...are...worthless." It is not true in this instance, because he is talking about fans, who are of more than average intelligence and awareness. Who but a science fiction fan will think about the far future or worry about it, since it doesn't affect his immediate round of affairs? What Joe Blow says may be dull and predictable, but not what most fans have to say.

And I wish people would quit equating serious-with-science-fiction and fannish-with-humorous. The current crop of serious-discussion has little to do with science fiction, and much of it is non-fannish also. Everything fannish is not automatically humorous, either. For an example of a mixture of all types, see, er, Cry.

All right, I'll say something different about science fiction. I predict another boom. In stock market circles, this is generally a safe prediction when a low is reached and seems to have levelled off. Another reason is that science fiction has been out of the public eye for some time, and they will soon begin to get curious about it, and then will have a desire for it, and look for it, and will find it in increasing quantities as the demand grows. And don't tell me there is nothing new to write about. I thought that myself, about 1932, but quickly learned better. The field is infinite, if writers would consider Newton's statement about the seashells and the ocean. Anyway, prepare for the boom.

I challenge Lynn Hickman's statement that there are more fans of any classification in the Midwest than on the West Coast. Stf, fanzine, club, active, inactive, or in the wood-work, there are more fans in California than in the whole of the rest of fandom, almost.

Incidentally, the only fan I've heard of in connection with Chicago is Earl Kemp, and only Space Cane is plugging Indianapolis. Where's the activity, eh Lynn?

Ken Cheslin: Your idea of amateur SF writers' apa is a good one, for the main reason that mailing comments, if compulsory, could help improve the writing. The trouble with fan-fiction is that nobody comments much on it in genzines, and criticism is needed more than egoboo or eccchs.

George Raybin; I for one am mighty glad to hear the suit is settled.

Yours,

Donald Franson

and now we present:

the WEALSOHEARDFROM column

Aha! Surprised you, I bet! You expected the letters to go on and on and on and on as they usually do, didn't you? You didn't really think I'd have the courage to cut things off this soon, huh? HAW.

There is this letter from Cpl GEORGE LOCKE in which he reports: "Must look in the British Museum some day, and sort through their files of British fanzines, of which it is supposed to have a complete set. Comes under the copyright laws or some such. Something croggles me about the BM, though. First is that it takes usually a good hour before you get to see the book you want. Second is their habit of stamping a good selection of pages with one of those embossing machines. One of the rarest fantsys ever printed, THE SHIP THAT SAILED TO MARS, is notable mainly for the 48 magnificent full-colour illos it contains, and each and every one has a massive great stamp transforming a two-dimensional picture into a three-dimensional mess. The third gripe is - I could have stolen that book as easily as anything. You stick your name and address - any old name and address would do - on a card with the title of a book. You hand it to an old gentleman, he does something mysterious with it, and you wait for some-one to bring you the book. You slip it into your case surreptitiously, and walk off with it." BOB LICHTMAN comments at length on rich brown and his gafiation, and describes rich as, "an extremely powerful faanish fiction writer." He suggests a book for fans who want to improve their writing. The book is The Elements of Style, by William Strunk and E.B.White, the Macmillan paperback edition of which is \$1.00. For \$1.25, Bob will mail you a copy. (Write Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.)free adv.). Bob also claims to have broken rich's record for the most consecutive appearances in the CRY lettercol. ROY TACKETT suspects rich may be a fake gafiator. Roy seems to recall that his younger daughter's first words were "Republicans are no damned good," although he admits she might have been coached a little. He also detailed the hilarious occasion of his first experience with a debarkation net, an exciting story that would have seen print had he sent it to a more ambitious letter-editor. EMILE GREEN-LEAF shamelessly admits he is trying to do some professional writing, so that he can collect rejection slips. He says, "Then I'll have incontrovertible evidence as to why science-fiction is going to hell in a bucket: they're rejecting my stories." CRAIG COCHRAN wonders about rich brown's gafiation. "What if he adopts a penname?" Craig muses. CHUCK DEVINE tells about how he knocked off another gas station to get money to sub to Cry, and he sends us the quarter to prove it. FRED HUNTER wants to know what happened to his copy of CRY #144. The overseas post office had bounced it back to us because we hadn't mailed it in an envelope or wrapper. One of these days we might try again. NORM METCALF says, "On Serious Discussion zines I'll have to agree with what SaM said at the Pittcon in a group talk. He was holding forth that having fans discussing subjects on which they usually know very little is ridiculous. If he wants to really know something on the subject, he'll go to the sources." RICHARD BERGERON says Cry is the only fanzine he subs to. I guess our undependable trade system is paying off. PHIL HARRELL is amazed how I could reduce six pages of his letter to one page in the lettercol. He should really flip this time. DON FITCH, in commenting on the rich brown story, says: "The recruiter cannot be blamed for the disenchantment, disillusionment, and burning-out so often observed in fandom--this sort of thing is common among bright young people; the attrition of creative powers comes about despite, rather than because of, fanac, and the recruiter has performed a service in that he gave these people a chance to shine, if but for a day." STEVE STILES wants to know, "What does Terry Carr's cover signify?" He's got me there. Does a cover have to signify something? ED GORMAN writes a couple letters, mailed just six days apart. On his comment on #145, he says of Ted Johnstone, "He must be a very inventive person, or lonely, or wistful." He doesn't know why he has that impression, however. His comment on #146 is four pages long, one page of which is devoted to Terry Carr and Serious Discussion type fanzines. In general he approves of S-D type fanzines, with some reservations. He remarks, "It's the writers of Serious Discussion fanzines that I wonder about. They all seem so damn sure of themselves -- and so aggressive. Actually, I think we have the editors -- all we need now are equally good-minded writers to fill out the rest of the pages."

RUTH BERMAN says, "It still seems to me that the problems of the Elves is mostly to be solved by the Elves." Later on in the letter she deals with Elf-Hobbit friendships, and indicates that if such integration must exist, it should be the Elf that adapts. As she puts it, "The Elf cannot like the Hobbit's favorite games, foods, music, and occupations, any more than the Hobbit can like the Elf's. But the Elf is better able to understand most things--including the Hobbit's likes--than the Hobbit is." MARTIN LEVINE presents us with information on Thomas O'Connor Sloane, who was made famous by Terry Carr's column in CRY#143. Martin reports, "He edited the 'revised and enlarged' 1937 edition of Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Formulas, Processes, and Trade Secrets. The book has since been revised again (Books, Inc., 1954, as Fortunes in Formulas) and Sloan's middle name corrupted to O'Connor on the title page." Martin gives us an excerpt from page 154 on "How to Take Castor Oil," mentions a few other books Sloane had written, and ends with the information that he died in 1940 at the age of 88 or 89. DON THOMPSON sends a postcard pleading for his copy of #146. JAMES GROVES comments on #145. Jimmy apparently has trouble believing the photos of Andy Main and Les Nirenberg on the cover. He wants to know if the songs mentioned in the Ted Johnstone article are available in printed or disc form, and, if so, where. BOYD RAEURN writes: "Dear Wally, CRY this issue is uniformly excellent. (Try saying 'uniformly excellent' a few times, and then see if it really means anything. It sounds nicely flattering though.) I had almost decided not to comment until I re-read Terry Carr on the Serious Discussion zines, and felt that I must send a few words of praise for his remarks, which have been long overdue in print. They should be reprinted in a wide circulation zine at least once a year, and in addition they should be printed in every convention program book. Perhaps then we may be spared the types who leap around at conventions crying 'Why do fanzines print all the chatter they do instead of discussions on World Affairs and like that?' I read plenty of discussions on all sorts of mundane subjects by people who have a pretty good idea of what they are talking about, and I couldn't care less what Joe Phan or Ted Pauls happens to think on those subjects. Huzzah, Terry Carr!" And turning his thoughts from Terry Carr to J. Les Piper's expose of NFFF recruiting, Boyd declares, "My answer to page 15 is 'NO!'" KEN CHESLIN sends us a paid advertisement to the effect that I need him. And now, I think I can be sneaky and squeeze in LEN MOFFATT's words to be sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Fanation," called:

THE RICH BROWN GAFIATION

The rich brown gafiation
On three pages of the Cry
Created lacrymation
In this ancient fannish eye.
T'is a sad situation
When a Good Fan says Goodbye...
Goodbye, rich brown, goodbye...

Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Goodbye, rich brown, goodbye...

The Cry goes on forever,
And we hope rich will return.
May fannish spirit never
Cease within his heart to burn.
From your mundane endeavor,
Rich, to fandom once more turn...
Return, rich brown, return!

Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Sorry, sorry gafiation!
Return, rich brown, return!

from: CRY
Box 92
920 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash.
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