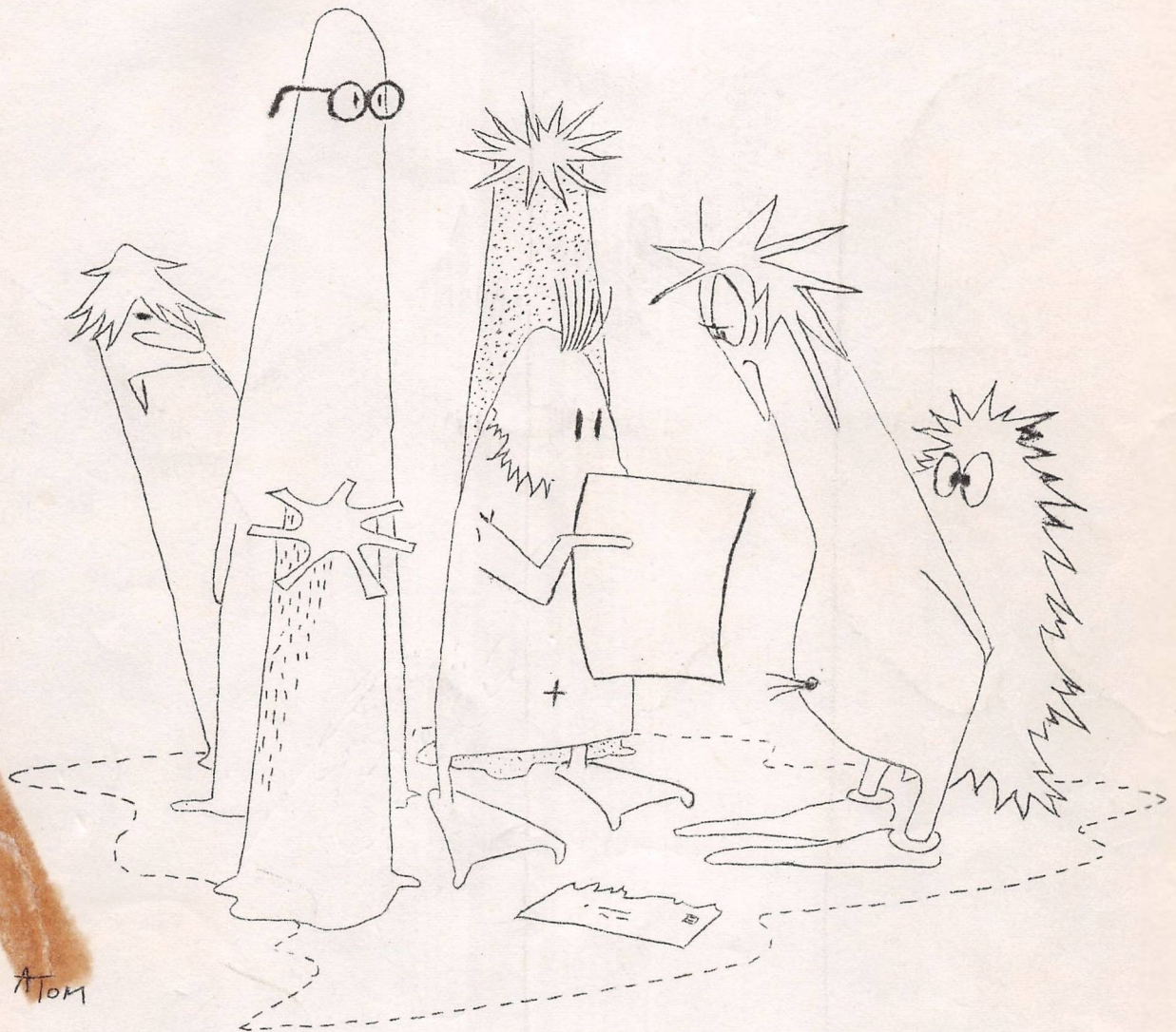


CRY

one hundred forty eight

MARCH 1961



It starts out: "Dear CRYstaff: Your layout is lousy, as usual....."

CRY

our limited liability

MARCH 1901

1000



It is not our "Drama" but "Drama" is not our "Drama"...

I keep hoping this will turn out to be CRY 148 for March 1961, with luck. CRY is published by an unlikely assortment of fans and people such as wally weber, Burnett Toskey, Jim webbert, wally Gonser, and Elinor & F.M. Busby, none of whom actually live anywhere near Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, washington, whence cometh CRY.

People who do not have material of some sort in a given issue of CRY, or who are too cautious to depend on Elinor's rather erratic "trades" policy, are sometimes driven to pay good money for CRY: 25¢ or 1/9 each, 5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/- is the tab, and John Berry (31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland) is our long-suffering UK agent.

CRY is published monthly except when we skip a month on purpose (such as July and September, this year), and is usually published on the Sunday nearest the first of the month for which it is dated. Next issue (149, for April) it's April 2nd.

And for once we get to scoop Fanac: CRYstaffer James C Webbert and SAPSmember Doreen Lee Erlenwein will be married at Palma Ceia Presbyterian Church, Tampa, Florida, on Sunday, March 5th, 3:30pm. Best man will be Wallace W Weber, who did such a fine job of keeping Otto Pfeifer from blowing his lines on like occasion. Jim and Doreen will return to Seattle by automobile, probably visiting a few fans along the way, which might explain why Jim just bought a new .410-gauge tear-gas gun. And in honor of the occasion, the city of Seattle is disbanding the Police Reserve, of which Jim has been a member. Good luck, everybody!

This "scoop" bit grows on you. Herewith a Change of Address:
Terry and Miri Carr, 1818 Hearst Avenue, Berkeley 3, California!

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Gestetner-operating credits: Jim webbert

Miscellaneous publishing & assembling credits: Tosk and a couple of wallys, likely.

we don't go for all this serializing bit any more than you do, but we were not kidding awhile back about holding CRY below 46 pages until after the Con. Of course sometimes, as last month, we get our signals crossed/^{and} end up holding the size down smaller than we had intended, but that's just the breaks. So please, fellas: shorter items, remember? Please?

Things get lost around here sometimes: you'll some of you realize how long ago our coverillo dropped out of sight (and just now turned up again) when I tell you that the original punchline was "It says 'Flee, all is discovered, we know the gink who finked!'" Sorry, Arthur... I hope the plug on page 8 helps make it up some. I didn't enter the plugs, etc (pages 8, 11, and 27) with the Contents, due to space requirements. So now the gang has turned up and we are all yakking and I can't remember what I was saving the space for. wally Gonser is reading Galaxy; Jim webbert is reading Yandro; Tosk is eating sourdough pancakes and talking about planting sunflowers in wally weber's back yard; wally weber is listening & smiling. Buz.

BOYCON OR BUST! (Part 1)

by Terry Carr

PROLOG

Miriam and I had a little difficulty making arrangements to get to the Boycon. For her part it was easy--she wasn't working, so she could go up and back by car and have a nice leisurely trip--but for me there was the complication that I had to work on the Friday before the con and also the Tuesday immediately after. This left me with the delightful choice between going up with Jim Caughran on Friday night, driving all night and arriving late at the con, or paying a comparatively ridiculous price to fly up and back. But it was but the work of a moment for me to decide to pay the money and fly--I hate long trips anyhow, and the faster I can get 'em over with the better. (This quirk of mine, by the way, caused some merriment around Berkeley fandom during the ill-starred year I was running for TAFF--all sorts of fans were threatening to Reveal that I, a candidate for the Transatlantic Fan Fund, hated to travel.)

So Miri made arrangements with Al haLevy to go up with him on a casual two-day sight-seeing trip Thursday and Friday--Al was taking in the Boycon during his vacation on the way to Canada--and I made reservations with United Airlines for Friday night. The only thing that bothered me about flying up was that, from bitter experience, I knew that the time one saved on a trip by flying was usually lost anyway in trips to and from the airports--but fortunately it turned out that Rog and Honey Graham were flying up too, and on the same flight I had, so they said they'd pick me up in their car and drive me over to the airport with them. (They stored their car at the airport for the weekend.)

So Miri took off on Thursday for Boise, and I spent the last two days before the Boycon in growing anticipation of the weekend ahead. Everything was all set: I had a ride to the airport, the trip by air would take just a couple of hours, and Guy and Diane Terwilleger would meet us at the Boise airport to drive us in. As five o'clock rolled around at work I breathed a sigh of relief and reflected briefly on the wisdom of Planning Ahead.

This Prolog has been a lesson to John Berry on how to write a hilariously funny half-page.

FRIDAY

The schedule was tight that evening. I was to get home by 5:15, eat, pack a few things, and be dressed to go by 6:00, when Rog and Honey were to pick me up. Well, true to form I overslept that morning and hadn't had time to pack, but I made up the time it took me to do the extra packing by fixing a couple of sandwiches and eating them while I got ready. I was just finished my third gulp of peanut-butter sandwich and my fourth hiccup when the phone rang. It was five-thirty.

"Hi, Terry, this is Rog. Can you be ready a little sooner? Honey wants to have plenty of time to get to the airport, so we're leaving now. We'll pick you up in a few minutes."

I hiccupped something affirmative into the phone and started dashing around picking up last-minute items. Miri had left me a list, probably in case of just such an eventuality. It said, "Take three changes of underwear and sox. Hair tonic. Razor. Don't forget toothbrush! Bring brown belt for tan slacks. Clean cat-box."

So there I was, running around madly throwing things into the paper sack I was using in lieu of a suitcase (Miri had the suitcase with her, along with most of my stuff), when all of a sudden the doorbell rang and Rog and Honey were there to pick me up.

I flung the door open and hollered, "Come in for a minute; I won't be long," and dashed back into the bedroom to grab some socks. I threw them into the sack and checked off "sox" on Miri's list.

While I stood there panting for a moment, Honey came over and looked over the list. "Look, Roger, Miriam's got everything written out for him, and he's got almost everything done already! Don't forget the catbox, Terry."

I swallowed the last gulp of peanut-butter sandwich, and while the bulge worked its way down my throat I dashed into the bathroom and grabbed the catbox. I was about to pack it when I noticed that Rog and Honey were looking dumbfoundedly at me.

"Oh!" I said. "Oh, er...to hell with the catbox." I dashed back into bathroom and deposited it again, while Pyewacket meowed quizzically at me. Then I went back to Miri's

list and ran my finger down it.

"Everything's ready," I said, putting on my sportcoat and heading for the door. "Let's go."

Rog and Honey got up and came along. "Are you sure you've got everything?" asked Honey.

"Certainly. It was all on the list, and--" I stopped short.

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot something," I said sheepishly, and went back into the house to get the envelope containing my plane ticket.

As I came out again waving the United Airlines envelope, Honey said, "You're sure the ticket is in there, now?"

"Yes, absolutely sure. I put it in there myself."

"Well, why don't you check to make sure," said Honey.

"Okay."

I looked in the envelope. There was no ticket there.

So I dashed back into the house, and did a very thorough job of turning the living-room upsidedown in 72 seconds flat. I couldn't find the ticket.

"What could have happened?" asked Honey, as I stood there in the middle of the floor feeling my stomach drop out of me.

I tried to think back. "Well, Miri called the airport to ask if they served meals on this trip, and she had the ticket out so that she could tell them the flight number. But I'm sure she put it back!"

All three of us ransacked the room again, to no avail.

"Well," said Rog, "we don't have time to look for it. You have the letter of acknowledgment there in the envelope anyhow, with your ticket number on it. Why don't we just go on out to the airport. I'm sure they'll honor it."

I reflected that there was no point in spending time finding the ticket if it would make us miss the plane, so I agreed.

As we went back out again Joe and Robbie Gibson arrived. They'd come to see us off. Robbie handed Honey her purse, which she'd left in their parked car with the door open. "You ought to be more careful," Robbie said.

We all grinned weakly and piled into the car. Goodbyes were said and off we went. It took us a little over half an hour to get to the airport, and Honey spent the whole time worrying and fretting about the heavy traffic, comforting me, and intermittently asking Rog, "Are you sure you don't want a tranquillizer, Roger?" But Rog was driving along in the traffic at a relaxed forty-five, with a cigaret dangling from his lips in characteristic fashion, and for my part I was already beginning to see the humor in my situation; neither of us was nervous at all, hardly.

And there was Honey, chattering a blue streak about traffic and how we shouldn't worry, and squirming in the seat. "Are you sure you don't want a tranquillizer, Roger?"

At the airport we found that Honey had apparently been right to be nervous. It seemed they couldn't honor my letter of acknowledgment and if I wanted on that plane I had to buy another ticket; I could get a refund on the first ticket when I got back, if I could find the ticket and send it to them. Or, failing that, I could wait three months and if nobody had found and used the ticket in that time I'd get my money back anyhow. They were very accommodating. I fumed.

So did Rog and Honey. It seemed there'd been a raise in the rates since they'd bought their tickets, and they had to pay extra money to match the new rates or they wouldn't get on the plane. Both Rog and Honey delivered a few well-chosen words to the men at the United desk, but they just smiled without batting an eye and said they were sorry, but that was how it was.

I weighed the chances of finding the lost ticket when we got back from the weekend. Obviously I couldn't wait three months for a refund; Miri and I would starve to death first, with the hundred bucks out of our monthly budget that we hadn't planned on. But then again, I reflected, that goddam ticket had to be in the house! I was already remembering places where someone could have set it down where we hadn't looked.

So I went over and bought another ticket. And I wrote another check for a hundred dollars. I even enjoyed it--there's a strange sense of cliffhanging about writing checks

like that when you can't afford them (without refunds) that is rather exhilarating. I dropped the check on the counter with a flourish and said I wanted another ticket. When they asked for identification I flipped my wallet open with a snap! in a debonair fashion-- and then thumbed through the thing past my FAPA membership card, my Palascafandom card, and suchlike, to my Selective Service I.D.

And with that done, we had just time to buy a candy bar and board the plane. We did this, while Honey told me everything was going to be all right, because I'd find the missing ticket as soon as I got home, and asked Rog if he was sure he didn't want a tranquillizer.

We settled down, Rog and Honey in seats right across the aisle from me. As the motors revved up, Rog leaned over and grinned, "Don't worry; it'll never get off the ground."

"Of course not," I said weakly; "there's nothing to push against."

And I tried to settle back while the engines continued to rev up. It seemed the god-dam pilot would never be satisfied that all was ready; the engines continued to rev for an eternity. I guess writing that second hundred-dollar check had got me pretty keyed up. I mean, it's not every year that I do that. I fidgeted and fumed, and after another aeon or so Rog leaned over and said, "We're almost there now." That struck the right place in my funnybone, and I laughed and relaxed.

And then suddenly there was the headlong rush of the takeoff, the extra g's pressing me back in the seat, and the very noticeable lift of the plane as it took to the air. I don't know...I've flown four or five times now, but each time I find that there's something very exciting about a takeoff. Probably the fact that each time I'm looking forward to something special at the end of the trip contributes to it.

Once we were in the air I relaxed and dug out a fanzine from the sack and turned to a Vin/ Clarke article. Rog and Honey relaxed a bit too, but I heard Rog muttering, "Now all we have to do is to get back down safely."

It was evening...not dark yet, but the sun was setting over the ocean. I set the fanzine aside and leaned over to look down at the San Francisco Bay Area as we passed over it. The fog had rolled in over San Francisco, leaving the whole area a white, billowing mass with skyscrapers and hills and bridges sticking up like islands in a foamy-white sea. It was great; I love the Bay Area, and from the air it's even more fabulous.

And while I was gazing happily down at the panorama, I abruptly remembered what it was that I'd forgotten to bring with me on the trip. I'd brought my razor, but I'd forgotten to bring any razor blades.

But I was sitting next to a young fellow--a Marine--who was going back to Boise to see his home town for the first time in a couple of years, and he was very excited and keyed-up about the whole thing, and chattered almost constantly throughout the trip. We talked about the world situation, and the base where he was stationed, and flying. "Maan, this is the only way to fly!" he said. "Yes--by airplane," I said. (He was a bit taken aback--he'd meant that commercial airlines were more accommodating than service planes.)

Anyway, I decided I'd like to shave before we got into Boise, so when the Marine came back from the head (he'd been shaving, himself), I asked him if I could borrow his electric shaver. He said sure, and I spent a leisurely fifteen minutes washing and shaving. All the comforts of home, while you're in the air, I thought.

When I came back to my seat at length, I said, "I took my time because I thought it would be a good way to kill some time."

"You were right," the Marine said. "You were probably in there for sixty miles."

About ten minutes later we landed in Boise. Looking out the window I saw our welcoming party: Forry Ackerman, Miri, and several others, some of whom I recognized and some of whom I didn't. When the Grahams and I got to the gate at the side of the field we found that among the group was Guy Terwilleger (who was taller than I'd expected, but otherwise the same genial type of guy I'd thought he'd turn out to be) and Earl Kemp (the Surprise Mystery Guest of the Boycon).

We piled into a couple of cars and headed for Guy's place, where the Spaghetti Feed was still in session even though it was almost midnight. On the way I asked Guy why, when I'd written and asked him if the Mystery Guest were Earl Kemp (Earl had told us DNQ

that he'd be there), Guy had written back saying no. "Well," Guy explained, "it was supposed to be a dark secret, so I couldn't tell you..so all I could think of to do was lie about it."

That reminded me of an old Peanuts strip, wherein Linus, who was deathly afraid of girls, was confronted by a little girl who was determined to be friendly. As he said later, "I didn't know what else to do...so I hit her."

Anyway, we chattered away gaily all the way to Guy's place. All sorts of brilliant things were said, and I'd report them here if I had taken notes, but I didn't. During most of the con and the trip to and from I did take notes, but the first few hours following our arrival in Boise were too excited and enjoyable for me to bother with them. I remember at one point in the car thinking that I should be writing all this witty dialogue down, but Miri was sitting on my lap and I couldn't have got to my pen and notebook if I'd really wanted to anyway.

Most of the way out to Guy's I was talking to Miri. We hadn't seen each other for almost two days, and she was telling me about her trip and I was telling her about mine, and like that. All of a sudden she said, "What did we get in the mail today? Did we get a thousand-dollar bill?"

Miri insists on having an optimistic outlook on life. Her grandmother always used to say that someday they might get a thousand dollars in the mail--well, could anyone prove they wouldn't?--and Miri always looks forward to each mail delivery, just on the offchance that there might be a thousand dollars there.

"Well?" she prodded me. "Was there a thousand-dollar bill in the mail?"

I frowned. "Yes," I said, "...and I don't know how we're going to pay it."

"Poo!" said Miri.

We arrived at Guy and Diane's place to find a party in full swing. All sorts of fans were there--not a particularly large crowd, but they were all fine people. That was the keynote of the Boycon: there were not a lot of people, just a comfortable number, and they were all good people and fun to be with. At the party Friday night were such as the Busbys, Coswal, Guy and Diane, Andy Main, Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Forry, Neal and Judy Glad, Chuck Devine, and so forth.

The party was already quite lively by the time we got there--which wasn't surprising, considering it was about midnight. Guy was in the middle of typing masters for the Program Booklet, and he dragooned me into composing on-master an ad for the Baycon bid for the next Westercon. I did so, thinking that it was kind of silly to come all this way to put out a fanzine. Across the table from me Andy Main was helping by putting the cover drawing on master for Guy.

When I got finished Buz found me a beer and we repaired to the patio, where a session of talk and trading DNQ's took place. Trading DNQ's, of course, is a fine fannish custom, and I sometimes think that one of the primary purposes of conventions is to get fans together so that they can say things they'd never think of putting into print. But ah well...the DNQ's that floated around that evening were quite mild, and hurt no one.

For instance, Forry had told Miri, strictly DNQ, that LA fan Larry Ware was getting married that weekend, and that the following Thursday he was going to bring his bride to the LASFS meeting.....without announcing the marriage. The gag was to see what would happen if the LASFSians didn't know they were married and just thought she was Larry's date or something. Well, this is interesting and kind of amusing, but no Great Secret...except that Forry made it quite clear that nobody from the LA area could be let in on it. And somehow Ron Ellik, who was living in Long Beach (near LA) for the summer, heard that there was some DNQ going around which I'd heard.

"Come on, Carr, you can tell me," he said. "There are no secrets between FANAC editors, remember? Through the portals of our ears pass the best-kept secrets of fandom. You can tell me."

"No I can't," I said.

"Why can't you?"

"Because I can't tell it to anyone from LA," I said.

"But I'm a Berkeley fan!" Ron protested.

"No you're not, Ron," I said. "For the duration of the summer you're an LA fan, and therefore beyond the pale."

"I'm a Berkeley fan!" he shouted.

"No, you're an LA fan," I maintained.

Ron slunk off, muttering, "...drummed out of Berkeley fandom."

A little while later Miri and I and Rog and Honey were talking about the bid we were making for the next con.

"Why isn't Ron Ellick helping the Committee in his bid?" asked Honey.

"I don't know," I said. "Why don't you help us, Ron? You could pin a sign on your tail, saying--"

"NOW CUT THAT OUT!" Ron hollered. "I won't help you."

"Why not?" said Honey.

"Because I'm an LA fan," said Ron, and wandered off smirking.

"LA fans have bushy tails!" I said at him, but I don't think he heard me.

I went back out onto the patio again and joined the lounging group there. More and more people were coming out to get some fresh air and pretty quick we were faced with an acute lack of chairs. But Chuck Devine, a young and enthusiastic Boise fan who was helping Guy and Diane with the convention in various ways, volunteered to dragoon some chairs from inside, and as he carried them out to us he grinned, "I'm the Assistant Chairman of the con, I guess."

We got to talking about our bid for the next Westercon, and Al Lewis (the tyrannical Al Lewis) said that it looked like nobody was going to bid against us, so he was going to bid himself, for Tijuana.

"Tijuana has the largest number of pros of any city on the west coast," said Al proudly.

We groaned.

"What's more," he said, warming to his subject, "they put out some mighty interesting fanzines down there."

"That depends on what kind of sense of wonder you have," said Miri...and that effectively killed that subject.

A little later came a phone call from the hotel, and Guy announced that it was Gregg Calkins. Gregg and JoAnn had just got in and were too tired to come out to the party at this late hour, but they were looking forward to seeing the hotel a little less deserted next day. I got on the phone and said that Miri and I were bushed and would be coming in to the hotel in a few minutes and could we meet them in the bar for a beer; Gregg accepted. And that was how the biggest bar-party of the con started, though we didn't know it at the time.

Guy drove us in to the hotel, dropping off Chuck Devine on the way. When we got there we were so tired we decided to ask the Calkinses if they'd take a rain check on the invitation for a beer; Gregg said over the phone that that was a good idea and we'd head for the bar in the morning, or what might pass for morning at a convention. And so we toddled off to bed.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

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We have word from E*L*L*A P*A*R*K*E*R (SCoaW, Certified) that the ATom Anthology will be available sometime within the next 2 or 3 months; publishing is underway.

The AA is going to run to something like 80 pages of pure ATomics. 80 pages is what it runs to; it doesn't have to run from anything, heaven knows.

I hate myself for being so soft-hearted, but Ella said I should tell you that copies of the ATom Anthology can be ordered for \$1 to Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana. Or for 7/- sent to Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale Road, London S.W.4, England.

The reason why I say I hate myself for being so softhearted on this deal is that if I were not so softhearted, and so broke, I could buy up this entire edition at the list price, leak out just a few copies to stir the demand, and then get rich by selling all the rest of the edition at its true worth!

Oh, you just don't know how lucky you are that I am so softhearted and so broke.

--Buz.

Libby was thinking of the inexplicable telekinesis the Jockaira--or their masters--had used. "I wonder what it would have been like," he said thoughtfully, "if they had been able to domesticate us. They could have taught us a lot of wonderful things."

"Forget it," Lazarus said sharply. "It's not a man's place to be property."

"What is a man's place?"

"It's a man's business to be what he is...and be it in style!"

Methuselah's Children

Strangers to our ghetto may be impressed to know science fiction predicted the A-bomb. They may be more interested to know our best writers have something to say on the life of man, on its meaning, its values and its morals. I think it is worthwhile to set down clearly what men like Robert Heinlein have to say on this subject. The world of science fiction is not irrelevant to the world of today. Our best men have much to say about the life of modern man and, indeed about the life man has lived since he first evolved.

There is one problem all serious modern writers have in common. George Orwell called it, "the decline in the belief in the immortality of the soul." To others, it is the loss of religious faith and the accompanying loss of a set of values which can be held by all members of our culture. To me, it has always been symbolized by the void at the center of things and, thanks to Ernest Hemingway, by the Spanish word Nada. Nada, I have been told, means the big Nothing.

My favorite expression of this challenge to the modern writer is the meditation of the old writer in Hemingway's "A Clean, Well Lighted Place:"

What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew only too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y pues nada. Our nada who are in nada, nada be thy name..Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee.

This loss of values and beliefs is a problem to the fiction writer because all drama presupposes a system of values and assumes that what happens to people is important. If we do not believe life has some meaning, and if we have no values by which we can feel sorrow or joy over what happens to fictional characters, then fiction loses its power. This is why so much modern fiction can be valued for its meaning. The writer becomes a prophet because he is forced to create values and convince us they are valid.

There are ways to avoid this problem. The war story and the story of drug addiction or sexual perversion build their conflict around the hero's struggle to survive or live a "normal" life. The story of adolescence, a popular type, is built on the struggle of the young to mature. The writer is usually vague in describing what maturity and normal life are like. Precision might make us wonder if the struggle was worth it.

Another, more honest solution, is found in writers like Graham Green and our own Walter Miller. These writers have not lost their religious faith. Their only problem is to convince large numbers of their readers it is still valid.

And of course there are the slick, popular writers who build their conflicts around the middle class values held by most Americans. Get ahead, don't rock the boat, obey the Ten Commandments, support your family, without ever offering any very good reason why or asking any really challenging questions. I prefer a nihilistic attack on all beliefs to this kind of stuff.

I like to watch a writer come up to the void. It is a real test of nerve. Will he fall in? Will he recoil and deny his work its fullest power? Will he shut his eyes or mumble a few cliches? Perhaps, unable to do anything else, he will turn his despair into music.

Heinlein doesn't flinch. He has the kind of mind that automatically looks for an answer to the basic questions. Some people with minds like that, unable to find answers,

give way to despair. Others find answers that satisfy them. Their answers are a measure of their stature. Being a fiction writer, not a systematic philosopher, Heinlein has given us several answers.

There is the ending of "Double Star:"

No, I do not regret it, even though I was happier then--at least, I slept better. But there is a solemn satisfaction in doing the best you can for eight billion people.

Perhaps their lives have no cosmic significance, but they have feelings. They can hurt.

He edges up to the void and this time he is a writer faced with a real test of nerve. For in addition to nada, he must answer the political cynicism and the sense of political impotency that damages the civic life of our age. He has spent the book describing the actualities of politics and the ethics of power. Now he demands an ultimate justification for political engagement. And he replies with the simple fact of human pain. A child cries and you comfort it. A man is starving, so you feed him. You do not question such actions. They need no justification. He is probably our most rational science fiction writer, but he answers an ultimate question with the impulses of the human heart.

Then there is the stirring answer of Lazarus Long. "It's a man's business to be what he is...and be it in style!" At first sight this begs the question. It doesn't tell us what man is. It is no guide to moral choice. But Heinlein has firm opinions on the nature of man and he has expressed them throughout his work. Even if he hadn't, the answer of Lazarus is more meaningful than it seems.

Like all literary statements of faith, it draws much of its meaning from who said it and the situation in which it is said. But I think an existentialist might find it meaningful and so would a Buddhist. Existence becomes its own justification. The acorn becomes an oak, not because it is pursuing happiness or some other abstract value, but because it is the nature of acorns to become oaks. The void is there, ultimate why's cannot be answered, but it is enough if a man responds to the urging of his own nature. This is the statement of an artist, to whom things are justified not by what they mean, but by what they are.

The evil of not being human runs through all of Heinlein's work. Later, Lazarus recoils from a biological improvement which drastically changes human appearance and biology. "It may be an improvement, but damn it, I say it ain't human." When Mary Sperling integrates her mind with the group mind of the Little People, Lazarus weeps. (Mental collectivism, the loss of individual consciousness, is Heinlein's favorite example of loss of humanity. The Bugs of "Starship Troopers," the Little People, the Puppet Masters, all have a group consciousness.) In "The Puppet Masters" the invaders are evil not because they kill or threaten to destroy civilization, but because their captives cease to be human. Heinlein faces mankind with a threat much more basic than that used by writers of the run of the mill invasion stories or even H.G. Wells.

Yet men can change and evolve without ceasing to be men. The supermen of "Gulf" retain most of their human qualities. They are an evolution which grows directly out of human culture, an evolution built on the achievements of generations of homo sapiens. Their evolution is a response to a human crisis. Their superiority is the heightened development of a human quality--intelligence. Man will evolve, but in his own way. The continuity of humanity will not be broken. Men may someday be like gods, but they will still be men, as a mature man is different from the child he was but still the same person. "Someday," Lazarus says, "...I intend to march straight into the temple of Kreel, look him in the eye and say, 'Howdy, bub--what do you know that I don't know?'"

In "Childhood's End," Arthur Clarke, with many gibes at present humanity, had mankind evolve overnight, by fiat from an alien race. Heinlein must have rejected that indignantly. Certainly, most of his heroes would.

Heinlein's other answer to the void is a recognition of the mystery combined with recognition that our race is young and ignorant.

"Yes, maybe it's just on colossal big joke, with no point to it." Lazarus stood up and stretched and scratched his ribs. "But I can tell you this, Andy, whatever the answers are, here's one monkey that's going to keep climbing, and looking around him to

see what he can see, as long as the tree holds out."

"Beyond This Horizon" ends on a similar note. There is the hope that the evolution of human culture will eventually reach the point where we know the answers to fundamental questions. After all, we're just starting out. We haven't even left Earth yet. Who are we to despair because we don't have all the answers? And if there aren't any answers, life may be meaningless, but it is still interesting. And that's a good enough reason to keep the show on the road.

This is not an uncommon view in science fiction. One could mention other authors and other stories which express the same idea. But I wonder if science fiction readers realize how different it is from the attitude found in most fiction? Science fiction forces the writer to take a historical perspective. It gets him away from the muted conflicts of our constricted age. Suddenly he is in the midst of meaningful, bustling activity, as he surveys the turbulent, spectacular and tragic history of mankind.

Heinlein believes in progress. Not as something which is inevitable, but as something which is possible and desirable. If he does not believe in the perfectibility of man, he believes in the possibility of indefinite improvement. He makes his readers believe in these things, too. His humanistic faith comes through his work with force and clarity.

Once Heinlein wins your agreement to his basic assumptions, all the rest tumbles into place. The passion for freedom and individuality, Baslam's hatred of slavery, the importance of social responsibility, the admiration for technical skill, craftsmanship, political cunning, scientific curiosity--all those values, opinions and moral judgments that are necessary if we are to build and maintain a free and progressive society. Since his emotions tell him mankind must survive, he proceeds to build his ethics on the practical needs of society. Heinlein believes in civilization.

His view has limitations. There is, for example, the readiness of his heroes to declare their enemies un-human. They do not seem to realize the potential to become an Adolf Hitler exists in every newborn baby. Lack of this insight keeps Heinlein from writing high tragedy. His heroes are decent, intelligent, realistic men at war with the enemies of human society. They are never men trapped by their own weakness and the flaws of society.

But his work is still a victory. He does not duck the great issues. He doesn't whimper and he doesn't bury his head in the sand. He pulls from his experience a faith and a moral code suitable for our time. He calls us to a great enterprise--the evolution of mankind and the exploration of reality. He calls us to a conscious participation in this enterprise. He believes in the integrity of the human personality and he is not afraid of the impulses of his heart. His stories, without faking or bravado, give us the feeling there are important tasks to be done and that life, whatever else you can say about it, is too interesting to lose. I will be very glad to pass his work onto my children, for I can think of few better guides to the moral complexities of a technical society.

-- Tom Furdorn

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Everybody Talks About TV but Nobody DOES Anything About It - -

I guess most of you have already seen and heard more than you really care to know about this thing called television. But it really is not always all that bad; now and then comes the exception that proves Sturgeon's Law (that 90% of everything is crud). Thus it was with "The Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon" that turned up on the U S Steel Hour, of all places, on February 22nd, 1961.

The bit was by no means a literal transcription of "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes, the Hugo-winning novelette which you may recall with warmth. The TV version branched out from Charlie's viewpoint and into those of the people who did the IQ-raising job on Charlie. And of course there is a big swing to the love-interest that was only hinted-at in the original. But the theme of the story still holds-- the girl falls for the Charlie who develops from the hulk who went into the Operation-- it is on the poignant side to see this girl still hung-up on a guy who is falling back into his original moronic condition. For once, I have to say that the toovy did a nice job. I hope you saw this one.

-- Buz.

GEOFF LINDSAY'S LONDON LETTER

Dear CRY,

It may be the old saw about lands across the sea looking the greenest and the even older one about prophets being without honour in their own lands, but one topic of conversation going round fannish circles over here lately is that Britain is at present suffering a deplorable lack of active fannish personalities. It may be a matter, too, of the respective sizes of the fannish communities in Britain and the States or it may be that these days fans shy away from the goshwow attitude of being thought BNFs. The consensus of opinion, though, adds up to the fact that we possess few fannish giants. We tend to think of the really fabulous personalities in terms of fans like Rotsler, Burbee, Grennell, Bloch and Tucker, and the only name in this category that Britain can boast is obviously that of Arthur Thomson. There will probably be outraged cries in response to this statement, especially when the reader gets round to thinking of fans like Walt Willis, John Berry, Ken Bulmer, Ron Bennett and Eric Bentcliffe, all of whom have visited the States in the past ten years. Their reputations have mainly been made from those trips, however, and whilst Bulmer, Bennett and Bentcliffe have no doubt been hardworking fans, they cannot compete with the depth of fannish character shown by the above-named American fans. John Berry made more friends in the States than he has ever known over here and like Walt Willis he appears to be past his peak. At the moment it does appear that Atom is the only name we really have to offer which can be spelt out in capitals.

Arthur used to be every fan's idea of The Quiet Fan and it was with some surprise that we found that once he is drawn out of his illuminated shell he can not only compete with the recognised talkers, but that he can out talk them. We've long known that his artwork is something approaching whatever standard comes higher than brilliant and we've often been amused at the way he might dash off a series of pictures in the styles of Bjo, Adkins or Rotsler or whatever artist is the current rage. Yet his own art work is far above being imitated because of its sheer individuality. Arthur is also a man of ideas as we might have expected from his apt captions on so many of his cartoons and it is pleasing and thoroughly entertaining to hear these ideas expounded in conversation. Truly, he has an artist's eye for observation which takes in every detail and which can add a few of his own. He draws his cartoon characters larger than life, true, but only so much larger that the exaggeration is completely believable.

I said back there that Arthur is a talker "once he has been drawn out of his shell," and this is perfectly true, for he is surprisingly shy and professes a feeling of intellectual inferiority when in company. He is of course not alone amongst British fans in lacking a formal education in more than the fundamentals, and yet he possesses a depth of thought and observation which is very apparent from his art-work alone and which springs readily to the fore whenever he "opens up" in conversation. He is known to London fans as a "stirrer," one who will often argue a point for the sake of arguing, but when one learns to disregard Arthur's facetious comments it becomes obvious that his mind seems to work on two tracks at once. He can evidently talk along a conventional line and can also produce ideas of his own which are not previously realised by the rest of the gathering. Science Fiction Club of London meetings at which Arthur is in top form--he usually is--are social gatherings worth going a long way to attend!

If I deplore the lack of giants, of Name material, in the U.K. of today, the prospects for the future are definitely good. I can't see anyone thinking along these lines coming up with a name better than that of George Locke, as fabulous a fannish type as has ever trodden the stairs of the Parker Penitentiary. As will be known by the time this letter sees print, George is in the army and has recently been posted to the wilds of East Africa. George entered the main swim of the fannish stream in rather an unusual manner. He used to come along to the Globe when the Hatton Garden fannish meeting house was in the last days of its shining glory and he was usually accompanied by two other young fans, Ivor Mayne and Alan Bale. Both Ivor and Alan are talkative, though Ivor often needs drawing out somewhat. George would merely sit on the sidelines, taking note of what was said and saying little himself. When he did say anything it was practically always on the subject of obscure fantasy books, a genre of which he possesses a collection which is

probably second in the home islands only to that of Mike Rosenblum, who after all had a little start over George in book collecting. In those days, three or four years ago, it seemed obvious that Ivor would be a good bet as a future BNF and a fanzine he planned was well supported materialwise, as was shown when it finally appeared about six or seven months ago. By that time, however, Ivor himself had practically disappeared from the fannish scene, reappearing briefly last summer before taking himself off to Sweden, where he is now living. Alan still shows up at the Globe on the first Thursday of each month and still doesn't appear to have matured fully, in or out of the fannish field. How different with George, however.

It used to be the usual practice over here for a fan to ease himself into fandom gently, writing letters to fanzines, writing articles for fanzines and finally producing a fanzine of his own. Mal Ashworth and John Berry are two fans who climbed the ladder by these rungs, but since the days when they first appeared on the scene, 1953-55, more and more fans have burst forth with fanzines which have disappeared, I think, mainly from the lack of this initial and important grounding in writing for others' fanzines. (I think this also applies to the U.S. scene as well as that of the U.K.) George Locke, then, is one of the present day few who went about feeling his way around in the old, accepted sense, and if the conventional manner was perhaps one of an inferior hesitancy, in George's case it was a deliberate and logical step. He held back, in an unusual and far from brash manner, completely commendable, until he knew enough about fandom, until he had that enthusiasm, that "feeling" for fandom well under his control before he began to write for fanzines. Accordingly, as will have been realised from George's fanzine writings, and from his fanzine, Smoke, itself, he has yet to write anything which has not been of the highest standard.

George himself is quiet, modest and unassuming. He is no fool in his chosen profession, as the certificates of pharmacy which line the walls of his home readily indicate. He is widely travelled, having visited several European countries for fairly lengthy spells before his entry into fandom and before his posting to Africa he spent his leaves visiting in Belfast, Liverpool and Yorkshire. He is sensible, full of original ideas and in addition he possesses a wonderfully whacky sense of humour; he is usually recognised as being the brain behind those two fake newszines, Skyhack (which he produced with Ella Parker) and Panac (which he produced in collaboration with Ron Bennett). Over here we are really sorry to have lost George, even temporarily, to the Mau Mau and we only hope that his stay in Kenya only enriches his character and does not alter him detrimentally.

The scene itself over here is generally quiet, probably an indication of the present sense of security of British fandom. Irene Potter has produced a daughter for herself and Ken, and old timer Paul Enever is due to emigrate to Australia. Eric Bentcliffe and Ron Bennett are still busy with their lengthy TAFF reports and Ella Parker is in the throes of producing a bulky Atom Anthology. Otherwise the talking topic is the forthcoming Lexicon, which is to be held in Gloucester at Easter. A pity, really, that you Seattlers won't be there, but CRY letterhacks will be well represented, I should think. Best wishes,
Geoff.

((We cannot agree entirely with the first paragraph of Geoff's letter. Surely Willis, Berry, Bulmer, Bennett and Bentcliffe did not mainly make their reputations from their trips--surely they were brought over because they had already made their reputations. Walt Willis and Ken Bulmer came over before Buz and I entered fandom; I cannot speak of their pre-trip reputations from personal knowledge. The others were certainly well-known and well-thought-of pre-trip. Geoff implies that Walt Willis and John Berry were not hard-working fans: Walt Willis has put out much magnificent material for fandom, and John Berry is without doubt the most prolific fanwriter of all time, as well as an extremely good one. John Berry has more friends in the U.S. than in the U.K. only because he has met more U.S. fans. Geoff states that John Berry and Walt Willis appear to be past their peaks--he must mean quantity rather than quality, but either is currently far more active than any of the American fannish giants he mentions. --Our creebing, note, is only at Geoff's first paragraph. Where he praises Arthur and George, we can but cheer. --EB)) ((Ooops! On re-reading Geoff's first paragraph, I see that I completely misunderstood him and that some of the above comments are not apropos. My apologies, Geoff--but it's on stencil, now. EB))

The time has now come for me to describe our by-the-time-you-read-this bridegroom, Mr. James Cleveland Webbert. Jim is 6'2" and weighs a varying amount, which he announces to us either sadly or triumphantly every time we see him. In shape of head, back of neck, shoulders and general outline of features, he somewhat resembles John W. Campbell, but lacks his hard, needle-sharp look. Jim has light brown hair, which would be curly if not kept very short, slightly prominent brown eyes and a short upper lip. In general I consider him quite handsome and very cute, and he looks wonderful when he is all dressed up, which he quite often is. I expect all the bridesmaids will die of envy on March 5th.

Jim used to converse almost exclusively in tones suitable to the out-of-doors and quite a distance away, but by dint of many gentle admonitions we have worn him down so that his talk is now suitable even to a very small house or apartment. He now has only two disconcerting characteristics. Most of the people in fandom who are 6'2" or over could best be described (if you could only use one word) as gentle. I instance Wally Weber, Terry Carr, Gerald Steward, Guy Terwilleger. But if one had to describe Jim Webbert in just one word, that word would have to be enthusiastic. So much enthusiasm in so large a person has often led Buz and me to protest that Jim needs anti-vitamin pills--but, let's face it!--without Jim's mammoth enthusiasm the Goon stencils would still be languishing in a dark corner somewhere. His other disconcerting characteristic is a tendency to stand on one leg and wind the other one all the way around it. How he does this I do not know and I am not sure that I care to.

Jim is very fond of guns, of which he has a large and ever-growing collection. He also likes explosives and tear gas, and such-like drab artifacts. He likes science fiction, and he enjoys the company of fans--so much, in fact, that he's marrying one. He takes pride in being a fringe-fan, and swears that he will never, never become an active fan. But considering the many hours he gives to fanac every month, if he ever became an active fan he would probably not even notice the difference.

We've known Jim almost two years now, and we've found him to wear very well indeed. He's completely reliable and responsible, and is a good person to fight with because he never cherishes any grudges. We are extremely pleased that he has found himself a charming young femfan, and wish him and Doreen the utmost in good luck and happiness.

Notes to letter hacks, subbers, etc.:

RICHARD F. WALD: I can't cash your check, made out to "Cry of the Nameless." Would you replace it with one to "Elinor Busby," please?

CHRIS BENNIE: Send artwork by all means, provided it's in ink (preferably India) on white, unlined paper, and providing you won't feel too badly if we don't use it or send it back. Bob Smith has sent us some cartoons that we would love to use, but they are in pencil, and hence, unuseable.

HECTOR R. PESSINA: Some years ago Buz wrote a bit of fan-fiction for the CRY, in which (hah!) Seattle had won the convention for the following year and by a curious chance all the members of the Con committee found themselves in Mexico City that Labor Day weekend. We formed a fan club there, and called it 'Los Incognitoes', and put out a fanzine called "Lamento de los Incognitoes." It's too bad we didn't have you on hand, to tell us what the title should have been. At least we know ~~in time for next Labor Day weekend~~ now.

BETTY KUJAWA: My feeling is that an embryo is a human being and is and should be protected by law. I mean a human embryo, of course. I do not consider a pig embryo a human being at all--let the scientists mess around with them, instead. Wasn't it Alan E. Nourse who wrote a story, in which it appeared that humans were descended from piglike ancestors instead of ape-like ancestors, because pig embryos and human embryos were virtually identical? ##England had Catholic monarchs after Elizabeth I. Weren't Charles I and James II Catholic? Seems as if.

BILL DONAHO: Just because Elizabeth I tried to get Mary assassinated, why were her screams of lamentation at Mary's execution 'poppycock'? She didn't want Mary executed--she wanted her ASSASSINATED. I don't know why you can't understand a simple little thing likethat, after Elizabeth Jenkins has explained the whole thing so fully, and I have so kindly parroted her explanation.

RAY HALE: Do you read the CRY? If you do, send us a card so signifying. I know Wally Weber granted you a lifetime sub, but your sub's lifetime will have run out if you do not read CRY.

L. RON FOOS: Same to you, although you we have reason to suspect do read the CRY, since you kicked in to Gerber's Berry Typer Fund (which pleased us mightily).

AVRAM DAVIDSON: I am not sure we have any more CRYs with Wally's Con report. We ran a bit short of that issue. (My first sentence to you is a lie. I know precisely how many copies of CRY 145 are left. We have two copies, and I have not sent them out because there are about 20 people I would like to send them to, and I can't make up my mind. If you want CRY 145, write us a nice short article about science fiction (or any other topic save comic books and gum cards.)

GEORGE LOCKE: If I'd been running the lettercol, I would have titled your letter: LIKE NAIROBI, ALL TEARS. However we hope you have lots of fun in Africa and enjoy the sunshine and are not forced to gafiate completely while you are there.

DONALD FRANSON: In any apa, the person counting the votes in the annual egoboo poll tends to get more votes than he might otherwise have received. That's one reason why we don't want CRY on the Hugo ballot. We don't want any of our friends to feel that they have to vote for CRY or risk offending us. --Save up your love for us, my dear Donald, and vote for us in '62.

So much for mailing comments. I have no room now to discuss good stf of '60. I've barely room to say how saddened I am at Bester's turning out to be one of the Bad Guys. I do like his novels so much, thought "Time is the Traitor" one of the best short stories I've ever read, and consider his picture in ROGUE so agreeably dark-eyed and roguish-looking.

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN SCIENCE FICTION FAN

By Gilbert N. Sullivan

I am that new phenomenon, a serious-discussion fan,
My radical philosophy would terrify a Russian fan,
I quickly enter into any quarrel I can dominate,
There's nothing in the world that I don't champion or abominate.

I understand Castillo and I know a beatnik's got a beard,
There's not a pithzine out in which my articles have not appeared,
I cover subjects A to Z except the letters S,T,F,
The very notes I toss away would educate the N3F.

My typer is the geographic center of the universe,
My output ranges widely from theosophy to looney verse,
But when it comes to argument, hostility or friction, man
I am the very model of a modern science fiction fan!

I point out the deficiencies in others' non-conformity,
I prove that fans and meatballs have a certain uniformity,
I don't take heed of trufans' sneers or notice neos' snickering,
They'll never grasp the meaning of sophisticated bickering.

I tolerate each point of view from cannibal to royalist,
I even try to understand a science-fiction loyalist,
I can't recall Astounding and I never heard of Analog,
For all I know it might be just an antonym for "catalog."

I haven't seen a fantasy since I first read a book at three,
When someone asks, "Who Killed S-F?" I always say, "Don't look at me!"
But when it comes to argument, hostility or friction, man
I am the very model of a modern science-fiction fan!

by Wally Weber, Sec.

MINUTES OF THE FEBRUARY 2, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

President Flora Jones was in the hospital enjoying the fruits of her heart attack. Vice President Vernard Thomas was in a room somewhere trying to convince a group of students that they could learn what an electronics was. Official Coffee-Maker, Wally Gonser, was somewhere else doing something else -- possibly shopping for barbers. Smokey only knows where Official Bem Cary Thomas was or what he might have been doing. The only officer present was faithful, dependable, trustworthy Sec-Treas Wally Weber. As a result, the meeting was not called to order.

This did not prevent the members from voting unanimously to send Flora Jones some flowers in tribute for her unusually original excuse for not being present.

Strangely enough, the meeting had a program. Flora had arranged for Howard Jones, who is probably not related to Flora at all, to talk to the club about CENTURY 21, the fabulous international exposition that will open next year in Seattle. There is reason to doubt that Mr. Jones had expected to deliver his talk to a gloomy little group of seven individuals, but he presented his information and showed his color slides as though he had a packed auditorium, and the club seemed to enjoy it.

After the talk, the unopened meeting kind of adjourned, and the members dispersed, wondering if they had actually attended a meeting or not.

faithful, dependable, trustworthy SEC-Treas,
Wally W.

MINUTES OF THE FEBRUARY 16, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Bob Reid is a courageous man. Two weeks before he had turned his Health Club room over to the Nameless Ones for a meeting, and here he was doing it again.

G. M. Carr, an eager N3F type, was the first to arrive, unless you count Bob. Since your observant SEC-Treas has never seen Mr. Reid anyplace other than at the Health Club, it is only reasonable to assume that he has never been anyplace else and cannot qualify as having "arrived."

The second eager N3F type to arrive was Wally Weber. G. M. Carr had brought newspaper clippings about the giant sloth bones that had been unearthed in an excavation near Hyatt House. By the time Ed Wyman arrived, a plan had been worked out to set the Seacon back ten-thousand years by providing attendees with picks and shovels so that they could dig up their own favorite ice-age monster.

Ed Wyman was no great help either. He was all for setting convention plans back another ten-thousand years by taking the conventioneer fossil-hunters cave-crawling. The possibility of John W. Campbell meeting a dero and turning his editorial powers to promoting the Shaver Mystery was rejected on the grounds that no dero would believe Campbell existed.

Wally Gonser, who seemed strangely uneasy, and Gordon Eklund arrived, closely followed by Jim Webbert, and eventually trailed by Geneva and Linda Wyman, the last to arrive.

Geneva expressed her regret at having missed the previous meeting, but pointed out that she had done her best to attend. She had, in fact, walked all the way to Room 3035 at the Arcade Building and found it empty. The fact that the Nameless Ones had already switched to the present location, Room 212 of the Fisher Studio Building, probably accounted for that. She claimed title to the most poorly informed Publicity Chairman any club has ever had.

The matter of Flora's flowers came up, and the Sec-TREAS announced that in a telephone conversation with the stricken President, Flora had vetoed the plan of sending her flowers paid for with club funds. Suggestions for getting around this difficulty were made and included everything from cutting pictures out of flower catalogs to stealing plants.

Gordon Eklund announced that the Steel Hour TV program on February 22 would feature a dramatization of an F&SF story, "Flowers For Algernon," which the Steel Hour would call, "The Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon." The subject of science fiction TV shows had been eased into the conversation, and it took a while to wear off. By the time it did, "Twilight Zone," "Thriller," and "One Step Beyond," had each received a share of egoboo. The conversation tapered off on Doc Savage, after which the Nameless cast around for a time searching for a

fresh topic. Wally Gonser seemed strangely nervous.

Jim Webbert gave a brief description of the Fan Hilton, which is apparently old, roomy, and ideal. How the conversation got from there to the names of U.S. towns and how much money the U.S. Senate was going to vote for the Century 21 exposition in Seattle is beyond knowing, but that's what happened.

During a lull in the conversation, somebody wondered whether it wouldn't be a good idea to hold a meeting of the Nameless Ones, seeing as how it was a meeting night and all. The main obstacle seemed to be in finding an officer to preside. President Flora Jones was still in the hospital, condition unknown, although it was surmised that the hospital's condition would be very poor if it tried to hold Flora against her will much longer. [Late news: The preceding sentence was sadly unprophetic. The gloomy facts are that Flora is still in the hospital and her condition is now listed as "critical." Flora is in room 405 of the Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini Hospital, Terry & Madison, Seattle 4, Washington, phone MU 2-0500; no visitors allowed. --www Feb. 25, '61]

As the ranking officer, who is not altogether certain how the members meant that word rank, Sec-Treas Wally Weber called the meeting to order at 9:03:50 p.m. SEC-Treas Wally Weber read the minutes aloud. The members abstained from commenting except Wally Gonser who officially went on record as not objecting, although he had been rather restless during the reading. Sec-TREAS Wally Weber reported \$34.60 in the treasury, and nobody objected to that, either. There were no objections even when 25¢ was collected from each of the members. It was about as dull a start as any Nameless meeting has ever had.

G. M. Carr bought the collected coins from the treasury for her own money collection. This transaction started a conversation on the value of money and how some bank was selling silver dollars for 98¢ each and how gold-plated silver dollars were distributed in honor of Alaska. Ed Wyman and Jim Webbert used this for an excuse to get into a technical discussion on the chemistry of removing gold plating. Things were getting too lively, so the chairman asked for Old Business.

Jim Webbert thought back to the days when he had been President of the Nameless and the Secretary had always been giving him the old business, so he gleefully returned the favor. "It said in the minutes that flowers were supposed to be sent to Flora Jones," he reminded. "Has this been done?" The Sec-Treas uncomfortably admitted it had not been done, and referred feebly to the pre-meeting conversation on the subject for suitable excuses. Jim's accusing manner let it be known that feeble excuses were worse than none at all, and then reached far back into the past for the next item of the old business. "A while back I remember the club bought a reel of tape. We were going to record something on it and send it to the Golden Gate Futurians. What ever happened to that idea?" The Sec-Treas argued that Jim had it all wrong; the club had bought two reels of tape. In the end, the besieged officer promised to bring a tape recorder and one of the reels of tape to record the members' voices for the Golden Gate club. Whether this communication between the two leading fan clubs of the Universe will upset the status quo and plunge all fandom into war remains to be seen. Whatever happens, it will have been Jim Webbert's fault.

Wally Gonser eagerly waved his hand to get the chairman's attention, and the chairman, eager to avoid any more old business from Jim Webbert, immediately recognized him. "I don't know if you would call this Old Business or not," he began by way of apology, and then turned pleadingly to Bob Reid, "but is there a rest room in the building?"

Bob informed the group that there was a rest room, but that he had to unlock it first. He got his key ring and hurriedly left with Wally Gonser.

The chairman asked for New Business without noticeable success. Geneva brought up the question of why so many people read science fiction but so few are interested in attending meetings. G. M. Carr suggested that science-fiction was no longer in-group enough to require that a person be a nut on the stuff in order to read it. For some reason, Zenna Henderson received some discussion. Ed Wyman recommended that everyone read the Ferdinand Peghoot take-off in SHAGGY; he seemed to shaken up by it to relate it himself.

Since there seemed to be no discernable connection between succeeding topics of conversation now that Wally Gonser had located the rest room, the chairman interrupted long enough to reconfirm the club's intention of holding a meeting on March 30th at Hyatt House, and then adjourned the meeting at 9:43:40 p.m.

Hon. Chairman-Sec-Treas, Wally Weber

A N A T O M Y O F A F A N - F E U D (2nd of 3 parts) by John Berry

SYNOPSIS: Saul Bugler, unsuccessful as lawyer & fan, agrees to defend Bill Fleming in a slander suit brought by Frank Jamison, on condition that Fleming publish an item of his in Fleming's fanzine, TRENCHARD. Saul works Fleming into stating that although his typer was used for the issue of TRENCHARD slandering Jamison, he had nothing to do with it--that his typer was borrowed at the Pittcon, where he was drunk for two days. Saul and his friend, Patrick O'Shaunessy, try unsuccessfully to interview the Pittcon hotel staff. Saul sends an airmail letter to Archie Mercer. At court, Saul discovers that the opposing lawyer, de Havilland, is being aided by Sam Wilmont, who is Fleming's opponent for the FAPA presidency, and that the presiding judge is very severe.

Next morning, still no O'Shaunessy.

deHavilland addressed the jury for over an hour.

"---and so, members of the jury," he preened, "evidence will be produced to show that Fleming, the defendant brooding over there, sent out this fanzine with the express intent of injuring the prestige of my client throughout the length and breadth of fandom.

Jury, this fandom might be a new phenomena to you, but to my client it is all important. He has put out for years one of the top fanzines, with articles in it by such prominent writers as the author of the novel "PSYCHO", which was made into a film. Consider this, the affronts poured over my client in this libelous issue are indirectly affronts at the contributors of his fanzine. I will not dwell on the words used by Fleming...I see a few young ladies in this court, and such words are not for their delicate ears. In order to defend slander, my friend Bugler has to prove that the assertions are fact. Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, HERE IS MY CLIENT'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE. That shatters the defense without my worthy opponent even opening his mouth. I need say no more."

deHavilland sat down, and Wilmont shook his hand warmly.

"Mr. Bugler?" said the judge.

"Members of the jury," I said, "I fully agree with all that deHavilland has said. The words used in that filthy fanzine TRENCHARD NUMBER 23 are monstrous, and Mr. Fleming wishes to say here and now that he has always considered Mr. Jamison to be of high repute. Yes, jury, my client is emphatic about this. He considers Mr. Jamison to be one of the top three BNF's."

I paused, and pulled out my handkerchief. I wiped my eyes.

"Members of the jury," I sobbed, "I have never won a case in my life, and I appeal to your sense of fair play to make sure that on this occasion..."

The judge broke the head off the gavel hammering it so hard.

"Mr. Bugler," he said sternly, "that was a most improper remark. The jury will erase that from their minds. Mr. Attorney, the first prosecution witness."

"Mr. Robert Bloch," shouted deHavilland...but Wilmont got up to question him.

"Er...Mr. Bloch," he said smoothly, "you wrote the novel PSYCHO?"

"I did," said Bob.

"It was made into a successful movie, was it not?"

"It was, I believe," said Bob.

"And you wrote an article for Mr. Jamison's fanzine?"

"I did," grinned Bob Bloch.

"Your witness," said Wilmont, sneering openly.

"Mr. Bloch," I said, my voice trembling...was this really Bob Bloch..."er, haven't you written for many fanzines?"

"I have."

"In fact, Mr. Bloch...may I call you Bob?"

"YOU MAY NOT," roared the judge.

"In fact, Mr. Bloch, even if you got a letter from the lowliest neofan asking for an article, wouldn't you send a story of some similar feature?"

"I would if I could think of a plot."

"But if you had an idea, wouldn't you write for a neofan?"

"Of course I would."

"In fact, Mr. Bloch, haven't you written for TRENCHARD, my client's fanzine...not the issue in question...but, can you recall...the very first TRENCHARD, when Fleming was a

neo."

"I've written so much..."

I produced the fanzine. Chee, it was a crummy effort. I passed it to Bloch. He read the first few lines.

"Yes, I wrote that."

I sat down, and the judge thanked Bob, and he left the stand.

"Call Marion Zimmer Bradley."

She walked gracefully to the stand.

"Mrs. Bradley, are you the present President of FAPA?"

"I am."

"And is Mr. Frank Jamison a member of that august organization?"

"He is."

"And is his FAPazine SCUPIDLOOP a clean wholesome fanzine fit for any FAPA to read?"

"It is."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bradley."

I stood up.

"Mrs. Bradley, do all those questions equally apply to Bill Fleming?"

"Of course they do."

"In fact, is not my client going to be the next President?"

"OBJECTION!" roared Wilmont.

"Explain, Mr. Wilmont," asked the judge.

"I'M GOING TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT!" he screamed.

"Objection overruled. Jury, forget that objection and all it implies. Really, Gentlemen!"

"Thank you," I said, and sat down.

"Call Miss Felicity Snootbag."

An elderly woman walked with the aid of a stick to the box. She sat down.

"I won't keep you long," said deHavilland. "Er, Miss Snootbag, you are the post-mistress at Peanutville?"

"I am."

"And do you remember the 14th of last month?"

"I do."

"What happened?"

"I got up, washed, listened to the..."

"Er, Miss Snootbag, did you notice a considerable amount of mail posted that day outside your postoffice?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what was so extraordinary about that?"

"Well, the population of Peanutville is only 230, including dogs and cats, the dears, and to have 140 identical items happened only every three months when Bill sent out his fanzine."

"Oh, you know the defendant?"

"Yes, he lives down the street."

"In Peanutville?"

"Yes."

Smirking, deHavilland sat down, and Wilmont nodded his approval.

"Miss Snootbag," I said, "you like cats."

"Objection."

"What is your objection, Mr. deHavilland?"

"Your Honor, this is a serious case, and my worthy opponent talks about cats."

"Mr. Bugler?" said the judge, passing the baby to me.

"I'm feline pretty good this morning, your Honor," I quipped.

"SILENCE IN COURT!" roared the judge. "Mr. Sheriff, remove the next person from the courts who faints."

The Sheriff carried Terry Carr out.

"Miss Snootbag," I said, "you've known Bill all his life?"

"I have."

"And does he like cats, too?"

"He does, dear boy...he has five ginger kittens."

"No further questions," I said, sitting down.

I was happy. I'd caught a juror's eye. Seemed like he might make a good neo.. seemed interested in the fannish aspect of the case. He was taking notes. He grinned at me..or did he have a twitch in his eye, too.

"Call Mr. Crumble."

An old man staggered to the box.

Wilmont examined him.

"Sir, are you a pensioned member of the Chicago Police Force?"

"Yeeee..ee..sss," he quavered.

"Did you work in the Forensic Lab?"

"I.....dddddddid."

"Was one of your jobs comparing the type face of typewriters?"

He nodded.

"And did you have forty years experience?"

"I.....ddddddidddd."

"And did you examine a sheet from TRENCHARD 22 and one from TRENCHARD 23?"

"That I..er..yes."

"And did you come to any conclusion?"

He nodded.

"And what was that conclusion?"

"The same type..er..writer was used to..er..stencil both..um..pages."

"You're sure of this?"

A vigorous nod.

"And you have forty years experience?"

Another nod.

De Havilland sat down and looked at me.

"No questions, your Honor," I said.

There was a gasp from the court, but I smiled at my juror and he gulped visibly.

"Lunch Recess, Mr. Sheriff," ordered the judge.

Good old Pat. He hadn't let me down. Over two sarsaparillas at lunch, he told me of his experiences at Pittsburgh. The reason for the strange behavior of the Hotel staff was because they thought our case involved drunkenness at the con, and that the police were investigating, undercover, drinks served to juveniles. As soon as they heard the true facts, they agreed to let a chamber maid attend the trial..good.....

"Call Eric Slazenger."

It was just as I had expected. Slazenger proved that the off-dun brown paper used in TRENCHARD 22 was of the identical type as the paper from TRENCHARD 23. I stood up and asked if that type of duplicating paper was on sale all over America, and he said it was, and I sat down. Professor Poop proved that he'd studied literature for seventy years, and he was sure that the writing style in TRENCHARD 22 was the same as in TRENCHARD 23. I asked him if he was a Baconite or a Shakesperian. He said he was all for Shakespeare, but to my questions he had to admit that hundreds of thousands of people, people of high literary repute, thought that Bacon had written what was supposed to be Shakespeare's works. I sat down. This went on for the rest of the day..and I was pleased with my progress. When the Judge adjourned until the following day, the prosecution case had finished, and Wilmont was due to sum up the evidence first thing in the morning.

Wilmont's summary was a forensic model of shortness and accuracy. He concluded:

"...members of the jury, I have proved that the fanzine concerned was posted in Peanutville. Fleming lives in Peanutville. The writing style is the same in a normal issue, and in this revolting 23rd issue. The paper is the same in both issues and the same typewriter was used in both. My client has been proven to be of the utmost sincerity and the best of behavior, and I ask you, have you ever seen a more obvious case of slander?"

"The defence will open," ordered the Judge.

I stood up, and ruffled some papers.

"Your Honor, all I wish to say is that I will now prove that my client did not pub-

lish that fatal 23rd issue. He is terribly sorry that it happened, and his whole record shows, I submit, that such scurrilous behavior is entirely foreign to his nature, as a perusal of the first twenty-two TRENCHARDS will show..I'll collect subs after this case."

Wilmont was on his feet like a shot.

"Your Honor," he sobbed, "my worthy opponent is actually soliciting subs for the defendant's fanzine..."

"The jury will dismiss that from their minds..by the way, Mr. Bugler, how much is it per issue?"

"Twenty-five cents or a letter of comment."

The judge write something down..and I saw that my juror was quite pleased about this. I thought, as he looked at me, that his mouth silently framed a dollar, but he could have been yawning.....

My first witness was the colored maid from the Pittsburgh hotel. She said that she was cleaning the floor occupied by Fleming, and she remembered he was drunk for two days and that fans seemed to congregate in each other's rooms without any trouble and that it was quite possible for a person to have borrowed Fleming's typewriter on one day and brought it back the next. Wilmont cross-examined her at length, and brought out the fact that she hadn't noticed a typewriter in Fleming's room anyway.

Then I put Fleming in the bar.

I questioned him for two hours, and he was the model of composure and correctness. He liked Jamison, although they had had written controversies in the past, but that was common in fandom. He certainly did not publish that slanderous issue. Such a thing was repugnant to him. True, he rather envied Jamison's technique with the girls, but that was outside of fandom, and therefore did not enter the fannish province.

Wilmont could not shake Fleming either. He used every trick of the trade, some of which I'd never heard of. But Fleming was cool throughout. He could not be shaken. Even when confronted with the damning evidence that beside the fanzine being cut on his typer and his paper being used, his style was apparent, he was superb. By this time I was biting my nails. Had I miscalculated..now..now..NOW.....

The Sheriff walked out of the court as if on a signal, and came back with a letter. He spoke to the judge. "Surely," said the judge, and handed to letter to Frank Jamison. Jamison ripped it open, and then fainted. De Havilland and Wilmont looked at it, then Wilmont put it in his pocket and carried on with his cross-examination for another twenty minutes.

Breathing heavily, my client left the box, and then I played my master stroke..or rather..I took the biggest gamble in my career as an attorney, and as I said, I'd never won a case.

"Your honor," I said, "I would respectfully ask that Wilmont produce the letter he had just received.

"Objection," roared Wilmont. It was clear now that de Havilland was his minion.

The judge looked at me.

"Your honor, this is a serious case. This mystic letter was produced and handed over while court was in session, and yet I am denied its contents. I want to know why?"

The judge fixed his gaze on Wilmont.

"Well, Mr. Wilmont?"

"'Cos it's a personal letter, that's why."

"Tut tut," I said. "This is a sorry day for American Justice. The Sheriff comes in with a letter while my client is being cross-examined, and it is opened and read by the prosecution while the court is in session, and I can't read it too. Why, your Honor, this is sure ground for an appeal. What can the prosecution lose by showing it..or does it spoil their case?"

I sat down.

The judge pondered.

"I will see the letter, Mr. Wilmont."

"But..."

"Mr. Sheriff, pass that letter to me."

With great reluctance, Wilmont passed it over, and it was conveyed to the judge. He read it, and fainted too.

In ten minutes, the judge recovered.

He addressed the jury.

"I feel it only fair that I should have this letter read to you, members of the jury. I have never come across anything like it in my threescore years as a judge..but it is pertinent to the trial, and it must be produced.. I'll have no argument, Mr. Wilmont.. I will have it produced as evidence. Perhaps you would like to read it, Mr. Bugler?"

I looked surprised.

I opened it, and I fainted too.....

I allowed ten minutes to pass before I got to my feet again. Never did I see so many tense faces in my life..the jury were like a waxworks replica of a morgue convention..and the prosecution's face..yippee..

"Jury," I said, my voice throbbing with passion. "This is a letter requesting a specimen copy of Jamison's fanzine. It encloses fifteen cents. It is in my writing, and IT WAS POSTED TWO DAYS AGO IN LINCOLN, ENGLAND....AND TWO DAYS AGO I WAS SITTING HERE IN SESSIONS.....and although it is in my writing I never posted it..how could I, because I was here in front of you all..and yet the prosecution base their case on the fact that the fanzines were posted in Peanutville, where my client lived....can you imagine that?"

The press rushed for the phone, trampling over the Carrs, and the public in the auditorium cheered loudly.

I sat down, and passed a telepathic thanks to Archie Mercer.

I turned and looked at Fleming, and saw tears in his eyes.

"We've done it, Bill," I said, and he clasped my hands in his.

On re-session the following morning, the demeanor of Wilmont and his gang was exactly the opposite to what I had expected. True, my record in court had been dismal, but when the court had closed the previous night I knew I had won. If the jury had been sent out at that psychological moment I positively knew that they would have found my client not guilty in record time. Accordingly, I had thought that the prosecution would have been surly and annoyed.

But their grins were like slices of lemon. They looked over at Fleming and myself, and then huddled, and I could see their shoulders shaking with mirth.

Hmmmmmm.....

The judge came in, and we all stood up while he found his way to his seat, and he called de Havilland to make his opening prosecution speech to the jury..they had another crack after I'd made mine.

Instead, Wilmont stood up.

"Your Honor, I beg permission to produce another prosecution witness."

"At this stage, Mr. Wilmont?" the judge asked sternly.

"Your Honor, after Bugler's superbly clever trick yesterday afternoon...."

"OBJECTION," I boomed.

"Mr. Wilmont, that was a most improper suggestion to make. All Mr. Bugler asserted was that he didn't post the letter in Lincoln because he was here."

"But ask him if he wrote it, Your Honor...."

"What the hell are you implying, Wilmont?" I yelled at the top of my voice.

"You and your cheap shyster courtroom tricks..that airmail was the shabbiest ploy I ever did hear of..you hypocrite.."

I picked up Montague's "Slander and its Prerequisites," all 700 pages of it, and heaved it across the court. Unfortunately, it landed on the Sheriff's head.

"GENTLEMEN," roared the judge, with all the authority of his eighty years. "Gentlemen, this is an American Court, not a bar room. Pray contain yourselves, else I shall close the court, and the case can be retried next sessions..er..Deputy, help carry the Sheriff out, will you please?"

When they carried him out, the judge addressed himself to the jury.

"Members of the jury..I want to explain to you the tenseness which has crept into this case. Mr. Bugler has never won a case..oh, er..forget that, will you? Both the attorneys have been under a severe mental strain with this slander case, and I am going

to forgive this outburst, and I hope you will. You may call this extra prosecution witness, Mr. Wilmont."

Wilmont hugged himself with delight.

"Call Elmer Bogtwitch."

A youth about eighteen years old, with large owlsh spectacles swaggered in and sat in the box. Wilmont took a sip of water, ran it round his mouth, swallowed it, and turned to his witness.

"I understand you hold a degree with the University of Applied Sciences, Chicago?"

"I do, Your Honor."

"What is the degree concerned with?"

"I am a qualified fingerprint expert."

An excited buzz went round the court. Fingerprints in a slander case.

"How long did the course last?"

"Two years."

"The degree included examinations?"

"It did, Your Honor."

This young buck was supercilious. I ground my teeth. What was to come?

"And what is your present occupation?"

"I am employed in a bank in Cincinnati."

"And what is the nature of your work?"

"Your Honor, a recent idea to combat the passing of false checks is to compare the fingerprints of the person offering the check with his fingerprints we have on file. All our customers have their fingerprints on our file. If a cashier is in doubt, I am called in to make the identification. It will soon be general throughout all the banks in America."

Another excited buzz of interest.

"And are you called very often?"

"Sometimes twice a day."

"And you have identified customers?"

"In three months I caught five persons passing dud checks."

"Now, Mr. Bogtwitch, pray tell the jury something about fingerprints..for example, is it possible for two persons to have the same fingerprints?"

I stood up.

"Your Honor," I said, "we are all familiar with the fingerprint system, and I concede that it is impossible for two persons to have the same fingerprints. Will the attorney please come to the meat of his witness's evidence?"

Wilmont couldn't believe his luck.

"Does Bugler freely admit that two fingerprints from two different people cannot be identical?"

I gulped. What had I done?

"I do, Your Honor," I said.

Wilmont turned to his witness.

"No need to go further in that direction, Mr. Bogtwitch. Now then, suppose you were absent from the bank for a day, and a check was passed, and the cashier wanted to know if it was a dud or not. What could you do there?"

"Your Honor," said the youth, preening himself, "if a mixture of acetone and ninhidrin is sprayed on the check, and the check then gently heated..any latent finger impressions come up quite clearly in red."

"So....." said Wilmont, lending an air of drama to the already pulsating atmosphere.

"So, under the orders of Mr. de Havilland, I examined Mr. Jamison's copies of TENCHARD 22 and 23 with this acetone and ninhidrin mixture."

"And what did you find?"

"I found that the finger imprints, mostly right thumbs, were identical on both issues.. and the finger impressions were not those of Mr. Jamison, whom I understand to be the only person who has handled the fanzines."

I could have objected to that last inference, but it would have been like an ant trying to push over the Empire State.

Wilmont sat down, and I pondered. This was rough. There was one small point I could clear, but it was obvious what the jury would infer....

"You haven't a copy of Fleming's finger impressions?"

"I have not."

"So you do not know whether he made them?"

"I do not know."

I sat down.

Wilmont stood up again, with a smirk.

"Mr. Bogtwitch, nevertheless, you are absolutely certain that the marks on TRENCHARD 22 were the same as on the slander issue?"

"Beyond any shadow of doubt. I have here photographic enlargements showing compassions which I can give the jury."

I stood up.

"No need, your honor," I said. "I do not dispute the evidence."

I sat down. Ruined again. Wrecked, and never the chance to see one of my clever stories in print. But what was the use of trying to fight something about which, technically, I knew nothing?

"One further question," said Wilmont shrewdly, "were the imprints on any specific parts of the pages?"

"Most were at the bottom middle of the pages, as if each one was handled separately."

"Er..another thing..have you ever done any duplicating on a Gestetner or a similar machine?"

"I have."

"And have you any observation to make?"

"Well, I would say that during the act of duplicating and afterwards collating this would conceivably be the part of the page handled the most by the person concerned in the publication of the fanzine."

Wilmont sat down.

"Recess for lunch," said the judge.

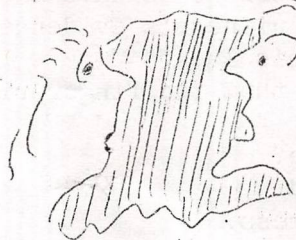
(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

WE MUST DO
IT!



YES,
WE MUST.

WE WILL NEVER
BE FORGOTTEN

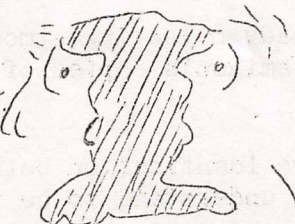


IT WILL BE A
BEAUTIFUL
GESTURE.

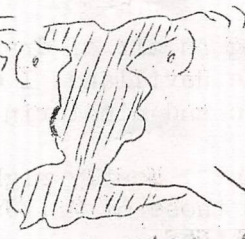


ALL THE WORLD
WILL REMEMBER
US.

THINK OF THEIR
JOYFUL FACES
WHEN
WE
ARRIVE



THE WORLD WILL
NEVER
FORGET
US.



HOW
BEAUTIFUL

I CAN SEE THE
HEADLINES
NOW:
"N3F
SENDS
COFFEE



YES, & THE HEADS
BOWED IN HUMBLE
THANKS

WE'LL BE
IMMORTAL.

Les Piper

& DOUGH NUTS
BRIGADE TO THE
CONGO!"

The Demolished Bicycle

by F. M. Busby

The other day when wally weber was over here, he and Elinor and I got off onto one of our Outrageous Ploys sessions. It must have started when I said "TAFF? What good is TAFF, anyway? All we do is send some idiot to England-- and then he turns right around and comes back!" (I did not mean this, you understand; I think highly of TAFF and of TAFFmen; I support TAFF and urge you to do likewise. But the crack served to set us up for a Silly kick.) Then wally mentioned that a winning TAFF candidate could break TAFF by taking the money and going to Mexico City instead of across the Atlantic: "He could just say he got on the wrong plane", wally said.

Then we got more elaborate, going on to how the winner could collect the money and just stay home, covering himself by arranging for a series of postcards and telegrams to be sent from Lisbon, Tangier, Cairo, Leopoldville, Capetown, etc, all explaining the mishaps that were taking him further off course all the time, with occasional appeals for help and/or more money, and perhaps ending with an illegible scrawl from Lubianka Prison.

But I think the capper was this one. The winner gaffiates and leaves town. He sends a letter to the TAFF administrator something to this effect:

"Thank you so very much. My son always told me what a wonderful thing fandom was, and now I see that he was right. Why, if it had not been for your generosity, I don't know how we could have paid for his funeral."

Do you ever get Fiendish Ideas like that, gentle readers?

"Eggbert" (#10001, a Pocket Book Special by Affiliated Publishers, Inc, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N Y): here is a new cartoon character who operates in a limited environment, mainly because he is not born until the final panel. But Eggbert manages to get a lot of laughs from his embryo's-eye viewpoint. \$1, cheap.

Miscellany: The Campbell editorial and the Mack Reynolds story "Ultima Thule" in the March issue of AliasSF are both quite good but say a little too much the same thing to go well together in the same issue. But Poul Anderson's "Hiding Place" (bringing Nicholas van Rijn back for an encore) is the best item for March, in that zine. ## Garrett's "Random Choice" in the March Fantastic gives the reader a nice puzzle-piece ride; the only trouble is that the reader does not have to get out of his truck to get through the big hole in Garrett's solution to the puzzle. ## The April P&SF is a good issue, yet in looking for an outstanding story to cite I am invariably brought back to the Asimov article, "My Built-In Doubter". A short quote is, I think, in order here:

"What I am trying to say is that doubting is far more important to the advance of science than believing is and that, moreover, doubting is a serious business that requires extensive training to be handled properly. People without training in a particular field do not know what to doubt and what not to doubt; or, to put it conversely, what to believe and what not to believe. I am very sorry to be undemocratic but one man's opinion is not necessarily as good as the next man's."

I should like to see a Campbell-Asimov debate on this subject at the SeaCon... and it should be added here that Doctor Asimov goes to considerable length to make it clear that he does not mean that established authorities are Always Right.

I just sneaked a look at Elinor's column, the part where she talks to the lettercolumn, and I am awestruck at the genius and ruthlessness of this woman I am married to. You see what she's up to, don't you? Well, SAPS is riddled with infiltrators who want more generalzine-type material in the SAPSmailings and who put lots of it in, too. Elinor is simply and fiendishly attacking on the flank by putting M*a*i*l*i*n*g C*o*m*m*e*n*t*s into CRY! Where will it all end???

I would have remarked on the April Galaxy, which has several quite good items (though the Sturgeon is trivial-Sturgeon) and is much better than usual, except that (1) I have only one page available this time, and (2) all the time I have been doing this page, wally Gonser has been reading the April Galaxy. So much for Justice.

Alfred Bester in the recesses of deepest reflection
Created the Perfect Author by means of vivisection--

As we go through life we mature. We discover that for every up there's a down; for every bestowal there's a deprivation. Things seems to balance out in the long run. That's true for most of us I'm sure.

For every realization there's a disappointment.

The latest disappointment on the s-f front is Alfred Bester, Critic. A similar disappointment in recent times was that of Theodore Sturgeon, Critic, in the late VENTURE. Luckily, to balance this particular set of scales there are Alfred Bester, Author and (Hosanna!) Theodore Sturgeon, Author.

In the Feb. F&SF (#117) Bester let loose a tirade against s-f authors wherein he found the majority of them "...empty people who have failed as human beings...they are lazy, irresponsible, immature. They are incapable of producing contemporary fiction because they know nothing about life, can not reflect life and have no adult comment to make about life. They are silly, childish..." but you get the idea by now.

Gee! With such a monstrous authorship we are in a pretty bad way. What do we do now? Give up s-f for 'The Better Life'?

Aha! Mr. B. mentions darkly that there are a few exceptions to the above...and thish (#118) he wheels them out into his operating room. There are seven of them and they are s-f's last hope. However, after a ~~quick~~ quick examination, even these are found mostly rotten and worthless. Oh blackest day! But wait!

Bester will save us! He is going to cut out all the salvagable parts of these authors, discard the rest and saw us together an All Star Author! Yea Bester! Yea Savior!

First under the scalpel comes Heinlein, whom he calls "Big Daddy of them all." Dr. Bester diagnoses Heinlein as fast-paced and compares him to Kipling whom he calls "...the finest prose craftsman of the XIX and XX centuries." But on further dissection he finds Kipling often "...oversimplified to the point of childishness, suffering from acute Xenophobia (my!) and excessively virile (my, my!). And Heinlein too "shares these annoying faults."

Yet Heinlein grabs us by the "...scruff of the neck and doesn't let go until he's shaken .../our/ wits out." Quick, cut Heinlein's wit-shaking ability out of him! We can use that, huh Dr. B.? Label it virility and put it in the bucket.

With a gentle stab at the corpse: "Someday we hope Mr. Heinlein will use his talent to shake a little wit into the reader," to ascertain that there is no life left in the body, Dr. B. wheels over his next patient--Sturgeon.

((Let me interpolate here that I believe this to be a fairly serious topic that Bester is playing with. I don't believe, though, that he approaches the subject with the gravity it requires or gives the authors the respect they deserve. His arch appraisals would be more at home in TIME than here in F&SF. Dr. B. is being pyrotechnically dazzlingly brilliantly Besterish at the expense of other fine authors.))

His thrust at Sturgeon--"...there has been a falling off in the quality of Theodore Sturgeon's work in recent years--no doubt the result of a middle aged spread which can be cured by a stringent physical and mental regimen..." is the unkindest (and most meanly unnecessary) cut of all. Even for TIME that would be crude, let alone an author of Bester's standing.

His quick biopsy of Sturgeon finds that he is not as good an author as he should be but that he is "...a superb craftsman." Since Dr. B. has a bucket full of superb craftsman parts promised him from other sources he chops out a different part of Sturgeon: his humanity. (--And what a ticklish procedure that is.)

Quick nurse, the next case: "Scheckley is possibly the most polished of the s-f authors..." says Dr. B. Still, if you'll look at his chart you'll see that he is repeating himself again and again. "His talent is too keen to be wasted entirely on success..."

(Oscar Wilde, where are you now?)

So, just to be contrary, Dr. B. lops out the success part of Scheckley for grafting purposes and discards the talent.

"...Blish...represents the greatness and weakness of contemporary s-f..." Further, Dr. B. finds him lacking in humanity and not of interest to adult s-f readers though just fine for neophytes. Is there nothing here for Dr. B.? Oh, but how clever you are, Dr.! Dr. B. will use this lack of humanity (dispassion is the medical term he uses), as an antidote to Sturgeon's humanity. After all, Sturgeon had so much of it. It might upset our All Star Author's glandular balance when he's assembled.

"Isaac Asimov's...greatest story was his first..." And as Dr. B. cuts further into Asimov's makeup he finds such maladies as "very little inspired," "he has not grown in stature," "the solid workhorse of s-f" and "lack of a sense of drama..." Diagnosis? "...(Asimov) is not a real fiction writer..." But he brings to all his unfruitful labor such an enthusiasm that Dr. B. must have just that part for his bucket. Clip, clip, clip... out comes the enthusiasm.

Now into Farmer's innards. "...Farmer...has the courage to extrapolate a harmless idea to its terrible conclusion...his weakness is that he is not a genius..." Then Dr. B adds in a truly human aside, "This department knows only too well what an absurd yet agonizing comment that is..." I sobbed loudly at this point of the operation. And on to the next table.. What? We've taken nothing from Farmer? You're right. We have nothing of his in our bucket. Well, like the lion in Oz which he so admires, he has courage and we'll use that. (Farmer must have courage, look at this terrible end he's come to just from all that fancy extrapolating of his, tsk.)

Take the sheet off this patient, nurse.. ah, yes. Bradbury. Well, what do you think, Dr.? "...amazing ingenuity and power...masterly style..." but "...so special in its perfection...one becomes quickly surfeited...and begins to require more robust fare..." If I may make a suggestion, Dr-- Hadn't you better use some of his high style? You don't want to create too virile an author. He might turn on you and destroy you. Remember Dr. Frankenstein, Dr.! Plop; into the bucket goes Bradbury's style.

While Dr. B. is sewing these pieces together prior to releasing his creation to the world, I'd like to speculate on what the author will be like. The All Star Author will be human (Sturgeon); that's a good start. He will be virile (Heinlein); actually Dr. B. described him as dramatically virile. I suppose that means he'll have huge hairy shoulders or something. He'll be dispassionate (Blish); just think, ladies, those nice shoulders going to waste. He'll be enthusiastic (Asimov); which never hurt anybody. And courageous (Farmer); he'll need that to face the critics. He'll have high style (Bradbury); if the wind's blowing the other way though, maybe no one will notice. And lastly, he'll be glossy (Scheckley); with two coats of shellac he'll be appearing in all the slicks: SatEvePost, Playboy, McCalls....

Hmmmm.... You know what? He sounds just like the sort of person that will punch Alfred Bester, Critic, in the nose when he sees F&SF #118.

Wonder if he'll be able to write.....??

--Rob Williams

* * * * *

There is this space, which someone has foolishly left, just as if White Space were a desideratum or a ding an sicht or we could afford it.

So we might just as well plug the Con. The 1961 Con. The SeaCon.

So send the \$2 membership fee to ^{P.O.} Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Wash. It will be a lot simpler that way, believe me, than if we have to nag you.

Make checks payable to Wally Weber or to Seattle Science Fiction Club, so that we can cash them; a lot of superfluous postage can be saved that way; truly.

--Buz.

CRY OF THE READERS

ELMER PERDUE OFFERS AN ALTERNATE PLAN

2125 Baxter Street, Los Angeles 39, Calif.

Cheerio chums:

The response to my last offer, in re sending you the precise time, was disappointingly small. The one answer that I had was from a person who felt that his hour glass might have had too much sand in it. I told him that taking sand out of his hour glass would be in the same class as taking the lead out of his pencil, and I wanted no part of it.

So in order to raise funds for TAFF, let's try the following offer:

Sometime you've all had the experience of trying to sit up for the late, late show on TV and having collapsed before it was over. O.K. You mail me ten cents and a post card, and I will return the post card to you telling how the late movie turned out (whether it was black shirt or white shirt that was the villain) and toss the ten cents into a bucket which will be donated to TAFF for the worthy project of sending one of the two candidates overseas. If enough people contribute, maybe we can send them both over with one-way tickets.

However, the right is reserved to delegate the TV watching task to a sub-contractor, my dog Honeybelle, who may insist on keeping half of the loot for dog biscuits. After all my eyeballs can only follow one program.

love

God

DONALD FRANSON WANTS CRYVOTES COUNTED

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Wally, Buz, Elinor et alii,

February 8, 1961

Whatever do you mean by threatening to take Cry off the final Hugo ballot, even though it receives sufficient nominating votes? Do you consider the last year's winner should step down? This has no precedent, and is a very bad one to start. Wherever used elsewhere it has made the following winner "secon-best" in spirit, if not in fact. I think the other fanzines would rather have a chance to defeat Cry fair and square. Honestly, it's fuggheaded things like this, and the P.S. Miller statement "we have six cups left over so we can only have six categories", that make good arguments for the proposal to take the Hugo awards away from the con committees and put them into the hands of a reliable permanent body. ((Why not look at it this way, Don? Since we're inevitably slacking off on CRY this year due to SeaCon, consider that we're being cowardly in pulling CRY off the ballot to save our face. --FMB)) [As a cover-up excuse, we are using the strong objections of con-fans against convention committee members competing for one of their own awards. --WWW/

In nominating artists for the Hugo, don't forget Alex Schomburg and Virgil Finlay.

Heartily approve of Terry Carr this time, not to favor fannishness over serious-discussion but to agree that numerical fandoms shall not rise again, and applaud his denouncing fans who decide that they are the center of fandom and all, like it used to be Berkeley that said that allatime ad nauseam, and I didn't like it then either.

What is the address of Christopher Bennie of Australia? [Christopher Bennie, 53 Outlook Drive, Eaglemont, N. 22 Melbourne, Australia.]

I read Bester's blast and thought it was pretty good, but hadn't noticed his bit about stf writers not being capable of writing mainstream. What I am concerned about is that the field is choked with mainstream writers who can't write science fiction. Like, Zenna Henderson. "Return" (March F&SF) was a fine, moving story that would have been better if set in Oklahoma, with the protagonist a refined city girl who despises hillbillies. The stf and supernatural in the story only get in the way, reduce credibility,

and manage to produce both idiot plot and deus ex machina. In this particular issue, real sf takes a beating. Only Arthur C. Clarke upholds it. Well, perhaps not; there was one story I didn't read in the issue, Farmer's, even though I bravely strengthened my stomach for it. But, "Starship come! You no go!" frightened me off.

The letter column is past its zenith. No title illo, only 13 pages, Wally giving straight answers, and most of the old timers gone, being replaced by neofans like Elmer Perdue and Don Wollheim.

Why do so many fans pick on Esprit for an article not written by the editor?

Donaho's letter was best, Purdom's penultimate paragraph pithy.

I appreciated Len Moffatt's song. Hope rich got a copy of this.

I just noticed I used three latin phrases in this letter. Is this cultured enough for the New Trend Cry? [Depends on what comic book you copied them out of. --WWW/

Yours,

Donald Franson

JOHN CHAMPION DISAPPOINTED BY MITKEY
CRY 147.

Box 5221 University Stn., Eugene, Oregon

4 February 1961

I was terribly disapp@inted to see Mitkey Rodente's article cruelly excluded. [But it was there! Mitkey just said all he had to say on the subject without wasting words, is all. --WWW/

Terry's column this time was excellent. I haven't read the issue of XERO in question (and I hope you all realize that xero- is a Greek stem meaning "dry") but (a) I like to see people get put down when it's done as well as this, and (b) I somehow feel that it's about as likely that comic books will become the main interest of fandom as Walter Breen joining the Catholic Church.

Purdom writes well again, but I wonder just how well his comments apply to criticism of the science-fiction field. A great lot of s-f is quite openly intended to make money for the author, or to be a sort of hobby, rather than to express his opinions on life or in general be Artistic. Bob Silverberg has said somewhere or other that his hack stories are the ones that sell, while when he tries to do something a bit more literary, nobody buys it. Obviously some authors are trying to say something about life, e.g., Heinlein, Sturgeon, Bradbury, Blish, etc. They don't always do a good job of it; in particular it seems to me that Blish would be a lot better off if he stopped writing science fiction. Purely commercial s-f can essentially be dealt with only by reviewers. Occasionally a story of this type may come along which has more than entertainment value, in which case it is fair game for the critic. However, to me, criticism should largely follow the pattern of "What did the author try to do, and how well did he do it?" and a piece of fiction written to make money succeeds or fails on that basis depending on whether or not it was sold.

Berry starts out well, but I'll hold off judgement till I see the rest.

Art Rapp is not quite correct in his statements about logical mathematical systems; it is not necessary that a new system include the old one, or that the older system be valid within the new one. Case in point: non-Euclidean geometry, which certainly doesn't include every true statement of Euclidean geometry.

Quite possibly ethics could be set up on a logical basis, but since presumably we're interested only in workable systems, there are certain restrictions. Human beings are subject to certain biological restrictions, while math is concerned purely with arbitrary and abstract entities which are subject to no restrictions.

Suppose we wanted to set up an axiomatic ethical system. In axiomatic systems we must always start with certain undefined ideas, because no system can prove its own axioms. Setting up an axiomatic system of ethics would be extremely difficult. If the Buddhists want a rule that says that under no circumstances whatsoever may one human being kill another, and the voodoo cult wants human sacrifice, or the military group wants the possibility of war, how can you satisfy both groups? You can't. Before you can get an ethical system suitable for everybody, you have to get everybody to agree to the statements in the system. In which case, the system would probably be unnecessary anyway.

I'm not at all sure that trying to set up an axiomatic system is a good idea. If we want a means of judging each and every human act, then we should consider each and every act in context, and as a unique case. Any axiomatic system which would uniquely cover every case would be entirely unwieldly. It is generally better to make ethical principles positive rather than negative: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" rather than "Thou shalt not harm thy neighbor".

Letters: Betty Kujawa doesn't have to worry about the test-tube embryo; the Catholic Church told Dr. Petrucci, who made the thing, that he'd better stop immediately; and the good Dr. did, altho not without some argument. See TIME, January 27, p. 32ff, and NEWS-WEEK, February 5, p. 78ff. As for me, if you must draw a line somewhere, the lowest place it should be drawn is at birth.

Best,

John

BILL DONAHO ABOUT THE ELIZABETHAN ERA

1414 8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

Dear CRY,

Feb 12, 1961

Terry sure has a wonderful imagination. While I freely admit that the remarks he attributed to me in his last column are considerably funnier than what I actually said, somehow or other they also support his point of view rather more than did what I actually said. Oh well.....

I greatly enjoyed Elinor's column on Elizabeth the Great. Elizabeth was a very great ruler. Of course her type of genius was very suited to the times in which she lived, but how much was her genius shaped by the times?

Most writers and poets always seem to take the side of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was an excessively romantic character. A very beautiful girl and woman, she was full of charm and vivacity and seemed able to enthrall most of those with whom she came in contact. Mary was capable of intense loyalties and antipathies. She didn't know the meaning of the words "Go slow" or "Take it Easy". Whatever she felt like doing, she did. When she liked you she couldn't do enough for you; when she had a falling out with you, "Off with his head"! There can be no reasonable doubt that she had her 2nd husband murdered. Or for that matter that she had no liking, understanding or sympathy for her country, Scotland, which she treated always as a source of revenue and prestige. She was queen of Scotland. Scotland was hers.

In Mary's dealings with Elizabeth she comes out rather better than Elizabeth, but not too much so. Elizabeth came out on top because she had considerably more brains and self-control and an eye for the future consequences of present actions--something Mary never learned.

As for Elizabeth's imprisonment of Mary and Mary's conspiracies against Elizabeth while kept as Elizabeth's "guest"--the realities of power politics left either little choice by that time. As for the execution of Mary, Elizabeth had no qualms--about Mary -- it was just the idea of putting a Royal head on the block. The maneuvers and pressures by which Elizabeth tried to get some of her devoted followers to assassinate Mary are rather comical if one can forget their grimness. I have often wondered why Elizabeth failed in this as this was the sort of thing in which she excelled, getting others to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. Certainly Elizabeth's screams of lamentation at having signed Mary's death warrant are the veriest poppycock. Elizabeth was a consummate hypocrite, as all successful rulers must be, and certainly no one ever got her to do anything she didn't want to do--or think necessary to do.

You are indeed fortunate to get hold of Tom Purdom. Both of his columns have been extremely well-written and very interesting. In his latest one I agree with his casual dismissal of academic critics, but think he should have distinguished between psychological and sociological analysis in his second category. They are quite different, and for that matter the absurd example that Tom gives of the typical thing that they do is characteristic of only the more extreme examples of the psychoanalytical school. But Tom's ideas about essays and essayists and also his ideas about what makes a story good are so fitting, so right, that all I can say is bravo!

Art Rapp makes very good sense as usual. My major disagreement with him is his assumption that most people are actually trying to live by the moral code to which everyone gives lip service. I think we are already well into that time of transition which is unhappy for all concerned. I also think that an awareness that there are other patterns of living may be a great shock, but that such shocks produce thinking which is in the long run beneficial, both for the individual and for his society.

On his radio broadcast, Kenneth Rexroth made a remark which is in itself a good comment on Rapp's article. He said, "I'm not interested in saving Western Civilization; I gave up on Western Civilization in 1918. I think it's time we admitted that Western Civilization has failed, that it is dead, and go on to something better."

Bill

PFC THOMAS E. PURDOM: HIS COURAGE FAILED

US52493990 Hq&Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Bn, 69th
Armor, 2d Inf Div, Ft Benning, Ga.

Dear Wally:

February 12, 1961

I had planned to write you a long letter in a reckless attempt to see if a tyro letterhack could take over Cry of the Readers. But with the kind of editing job you do, and the shrunken CotR, my courage has failed me.

My favorites for the Hugo are A Conticle for Leibowitz and Death World. I would like to see The High Crusade on the list of nominees. For short stories and novelettes, I think the prize ought to go to Mack Reynolds for his Russian stories; however, in retrospect, the series as a whole seems better than any individual story. My favorite is the one where the two economic systems compete on different planets of the same sun. Actually, I can't offer much to this discussion. I don't have any magazines to jog my memory, and my science fiction reading last year was confined to whatever looked interesting in the Big Three.

Walter Breen: I consider a theory respectable when it (1) doesn't contradict the available data, (2) is logically constructed, (3) is held by people whose mental processes I respect. The Christian philosophy of history meets these requirements as well as any humanistic, Marxist, Buddhist or other philosophy of history. I try to treat theories on ultimate questions the same way I treat scientific theories. Both are just explanations of events which must conform to my first two requirements. Scientific theories, in addition, must meet the further requirement that they are testable; that is, to admit them to scientific consideration, you must be able to devise a test which, if the theory fails it, will disprove the theory. Theories on history and the nature of man are, by their nature, untestable. That means they will probably always remain in the area of the unknown, and whether or not a man feels compelled to believe in them seems to be mainly a matter of temperament. My own temperament only allows me to speculate on ultimate questions, but that doesn't mean I should feel contempt for the many decent, intelligent people who, for reasons that are largely a mystery, feel compelled to choose between competing theories. Of course, there are many religious beliefs which compete with testable theories of physics and biology; these are not, in my terminology, respectable theories. But the Christian theory of man is not in that class.

About those typos, Elinor.... And your remarks about Hal Lynch show he has duped you. Did you know that the last time Lynch and his machine were re-elected to control of the PSFS, Will Jenkins picketed the polling place with a big sign, Keep the Rascals In? He is more dangerous, even, than Flora Jones.

I have calculated that I will be out of the Army after five more Cry's. That is a new way to count the time. Jim Webbert, Wally Gonser, as you turn the crank, take comfort in the thought that every turn brings Purdom closer to liberty. My feelings about the Army are closer to Norman Mailer than Art Rapp.

I hope the World Convention doesn't destroy you.

Tom

CHUCK DEVINE, REJECTED FROM WAHF

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

Dear Couthless,

February ?, '61

Did you know that CRY is negotiable? Really! I managed to buy a subscription to a foreign zine and payed for it with CRYs. You have solved the international money problem. (Now Kennedy will demand we stop the flow of CRYs from the U.S. To heck with gold!)

What fandom does it matter that we are in? (Which is about as incoherent as I can get...) Why stick a number on the poor defend the poor defenceless thing anyway? Must you brand it like a criminal? I'm going to write the Saturday Evening Post about this!

John Berry is more enjoyable than usual. Don't tell anyone but I was afraid that John was slipping. Mass production seemed to be ruining his quality....

Well, if I'm going to send money, why should I bother to say anymore? You people are bleeding me dry. I've got a great Dane, my own fanzine, and a girl to support! have a heart, fellas! Hearts are too messy; we prefer money. --www/

Blessings,

Chuck

DICK ELLINGTON CATCHES UP AGAIN

2162 Hillside Ave., Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear CryPeople,

Feb. 14, 1961

Note the change of address. I have seen quite a few Walnuts--they even make walks (like gravel) here out of crushed walnut shells--but nothing I would rate as a Creek yet.

I was going to comment on Crys, wasn't I? I have from 141 on piled up here.

141: Carr's Solacon of course was utterly fabulous. I've been seeing the DAVE KYLE SAYS YOU CAN'T SIT HERE signs all over the place--I believe we had one up someplace in the Nunnery at one time, and Donaho and Curran have one over the toilet at their pad.

The various cartoon strips continue to be a really fine bit--I haven't found one yet I didn't like, and some of them just crottled me no end.

142: Bogg's article was a beautifully written piece, and quite meaty, but I do sort of mildly object to this business of comparisons between Alice and Oz. I'd hardly rate them as similar or close enough together to stand any kind of comparison at all.

If I went to the extent of making up a list of people fans should avoid having as visitors, I don't think I would hesitate to recommend Rickhardt rather than putting him down. I can and will, if requested, provide a list of fringe types who might pop up who should really be avoided like the plague--none of them actifen though. Such a list would include Steve Crossen, Lennie Glaser, Dave Van Ronk, etc. and, though more cautiously, a few slightly more active fans.

Donaho makes some good points regarding ethics. I know a few real weirdoes by normal viewing who have and live up to codes of ethics completely different and--inevitably--much stricter than anything normally considered in this line.

143: (I don't have the Rich Brown issue to hand to comment on, but it was a gasser and did fool me for a minute). By Ghod, Nirenberg is right--Silverberg does look like an anarchist of classical mien. Like Alexander Berkman on a bad day say.

Betty Kujawa misses Bill's point entirely. To him--or me for that matter--robbing the Bank of America is hunky-dory. Me might not applaud too loudly but we sort of snicker and wish them well mentally. Our ethics, not hers; there is no everybody's ethics.

Stiles: Many negroes like to have fine cars because this is the one big status symbol there's no discrimination on. Car salesmen are perfectly willing to sell them Cadillacs and Buicks without any discrimination whatever.

Burbee: most choice. More? Terry on poor old Sloane also most excellent. Berry's bit this time more better nor usual.

144: Franson's idea appeals to me no end. I am, among other things, a proofreader, and while I'm not about to rant and rave at any faned for spelling errors and typos, an excess amount of same does bug me somewhat--now don't run off and dig up copies of past zines of mine. I am equally guilty for not proofreading. But I can proofread thoroughly and well. If any faned is really interested in improving his spelling or finding out how many typos he is sporting in his current ish I'd be glad to proof a copy for nuttin if the ed will just send me an extra marked "for proofreading".

Gernsback: ho-hum, same old jazz. I still disagree with him.

All of yez to the contrary, it is necessary in this primitive (I use the word advisedly) society to--occasionally--steal food in order to live. It's all very well to talk about "well, you shouldn't let yourself get in that kind of position in the first place" but I doubt the utterers of this have very much experience with unemployment compensation rules and laws or, more particularly, relief rolls and the bureaucracy that surrounds them.

Let's say Joe Doaks loses his job and signs up for unemployment compensation. Being only moderately skilled, he never made very much and doesn't have very much saved for emergencies. He is unable to find work. Eventually his unemployment runs out. He applies for relief. Start looking at the time lapse. Say he lives in California or an outlying district anywhere. Besides his teevee and such like, they want him to sell his car, without which he would be unable to get a job should one arise. Eventually his family just might get real hungry. Beg or steal? I'd steal myself--I wonder what most of you would do.

There are shortcuts. If you can stand the hypocritical swill the Salvation Army hands out, you can eat free there. On the other hand, if you happen to be in New York you can go over to the St. Joseph Hospitality House, run by the Catholic Worker group (they call themselves "Catholic Anarchists") and get fed without the foofaraw. Ditto a place to sleep. These people will fight city hall and risk fines they can't pay before they'll see anyone go hungry or sleep on the street in the snow.

You to the contrary Elinor, the mixed marriages ("fakes" is the in-group term--not used derogatorily) have a hell of a rough time. It's easier to be straight black than mixed. Seattle is pretty good racially. In my teenage days I was shack manager for the Times, running Central Station up on first hill and trying to keep track of the doings of 21 carriers including white, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino and Negro in varying proportions. In two years I never heard, even in the midst of vicious fights and screaming temper fits, any remarks of a racial nature--I just don't think it occurred to them. This was particularly pleasant to me as shortly before this I'd lived three years in Good Old Little Rock.

Berry a gas this time around. This is going to confuse a lot of people.

It's true, for a brilliant writer, Terry doesn't say much.

COTR. Jenkins: I still think Will is funnier nor Asimov, Ellison and sometimes even nor Bloch (zang! comes the lightning), though not as overpowering as the former two.

I would really send Deckinger a loaf of bread but I can only steal one at a time and we eat that.

145: I do appreciate that photo-cover no end. I see now why Walter Breen grew the beard--the same reason I do when possible. Somebody has remarked on the fact that Les Nirenberg and I look a good bit alike and it's summat true. I also wonder how the hell that pic of White and Big Hearted was posed. That's like finding Dave Kyle and Belle Dietz making love.

Berry didn't impress me as being up to snuff thisish. Johnstone's travel reports aren't very exciting but they're very well written and I've enjoyed the two I've read so far, though I admit I wasn't expecting very much.

I would still like to repeat that it's kind of silly to make judgments about people without really knowing the psychological workings that bring about what they do. To a person who sincerely rejects the whole system of private property, thieving wouldn't be a crime. While you might sic the law on him, you couldn't very well condemn him for violating his code of ethics.

I keep coming back to Ammon Hennacy in this kind of discussion (Cry, the Discussion Zine). Ammon is a mainstay of the Catholic Worker movement which I mentioned before. A lot of people disagree with Ammon's beliefs (me included) but every radical I've ever heard argue against him always begins a tirade against his Catholic Beliefs with something like, "With all due respect to Ammon's integrity.." Ammon is wont to fast at the drop of a hat in penance for the sins of the world and can go a surprisingly long time without food and with very little water. He is also a willing jailbird and consistently refuses to pay fines levied on him. He also refuses to pay income tax, affirming that since he is completely opposed to war and part of his taxes are used for same he won't pay any. On Dead-line Day he pickets the Bureau of Internal Revenue with a big sign and leaflets and tells people why he isn't paying his cut in.

Ella has the best idea yet on what to do about a society that permits a man to get to the point where he has to steal food.

Start digging a little deeper, all of you, including Betty K, and you will find, from, say the Sharecropper's fund or the Workers' Defense League, that a surprisingly large number of people do--literally--starve to death every year in this so-called land of plenty. Betty keeps yakking about lawyers and defining legal terms. What the hell did law ever

have to do with ethics? Laws are made by people for their own benefit and, almost without exception, either are or become in time instruments for the benefit of one group at the expense of another.

Where did Thompson get this idea that Harlan is no longer obnoxious? Instead of being a teenage obnoxious little bastard he is now an adult obnoxious little bastard. Alma Hill's suggestions are a gas. At the Nycon we had this idea but it was never successfully implemented. Have a bundle of fandroid tags left if anybody wants them. It was to be a sort of identifying mark for those attending their first convention and was supposed to excuse them for any silly questions they might ask.

146: THE RECRUITER was a bit lacking in motivation at the end maybe but all in all about as good a piece of fanfiction as I've seen in some time.

Berry on jumping really fine--one of his best pieces in some time.

Carr: A vile canard. We just recently did teach Poopsie to go up to Donaho when he is in the beaming-and-weaving stage, pound ferociously on his kneecap and growl, "You gotta sick mind." Her first word was definitely "meow". Mason's kid never did learn to talk as long as we knew him--with Mason around there was no incentive.

COTR. Brown: Well, if you got to go, this is the way--I mean The Way. I almost don't feel bad seeing him go this way. Cheers for him.

147: Gad, Carr reminds me that I haven't read that issue of XERO yet. Must see this to believe it as Lupoff has previously impressed me as a fairly sane type.

Elinor: Most negroes range either to Uncle Tomism or walk around with chips on their shoulders, for which one can hardly blame them.

Rapp: Yeah, I'm one of the Americans who disagree. The mathematical stuff is all very nice but the principal reason most Americans object so violently is that the case in question is a public violation of the code. If you fornicate in private, it's o.k.

Hector Pessina's letter most interesting and expresses almost to perfection the normal neo reaction to fandom. If, as and when I find it, I'll send him that copy of the thing Moskowitz wrote for some commemorative thing or other as a pamphlet biog of Gernsback.

And here's Betty Kujawa worrying again about what the "law" says about abortion. Whyn't she ask what science says and then decide for herself? Everybody wants crutches these days. Some people lean on the churches, some on the party line and apparently Betty is looking for a pair of laws. But I have to second her comments on the Red Cross, and also on negroes--it's a valid point.

Which sort of winds me up--or down rather. I should mention that I'm dumping a lot of Printed Matter if anybody's interested. No, I'm not tired of it, I just get sick of stealing nothing but bread alla time. I have a half ton or so of fanzines, neatly indexed if anybody has want lists they'd care to send along (and money offers) and have a moderately neatly typed list of what I have in the way of prostuff--will send it on request. It includes, besides stf prozines from 40s and early 50s, items like my file of PLAYBOY and other stuff like ONE, BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, SING OUT, AMERICAN HERITAGE, etc. Write for a look if you're interest up there.

I got to quit and go roll cigarettes and watch Hitchcock.

Alors,

Dick

BOB LICHTMAN STARTS OVER:

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Dear Judas:

10 February 1961

Littld did I know, when I wrote into my last CRYletter what you interpreted as "Bob also claims to have broken rich's record for the most consecutive appearances in the CRY lettercol" you would turn on me and put me in that place where I've not been since CRY #126--the Dread WAHF column. You SCoaW (Stupid Clod of a Wally!): All purpose in writing to the CRY is lost. Now I must start all over again. With a letter in #148, it will take me until #162 (barring another such slip on your part) to get me back up to the point I so magnificently fell head over heels from in CRY #147. ((Dumbesillah! WAHFs also count for longevity, especially when CotR is abbreviated--FMB))

I respectfully request that you at least remove my only competition. Namely, don't print Mike Deckinger's letter in #148. Deckinger has been my bane of existence since CRY #135, when he began his current string which now stretches unbroken over the dead hulk of

my shattered thread of continuity.

But now, to CRY #147. The cover, aside from that lovely multigraphing, sort of falls flat. I don't know who wrote the gagline, but it just doesn't fit in.

Bravo for Buz's suggestion that readers should submit their Hugo nomination favorites.

Carr's article very interesting. I note with some amusement that the proponents of discussionzines are beginning to claim amongst the ranks of their sort of magazine such highly fan-centered items as Les Nirenberg's QUE PASADO? and Ted White's fannish VOID.

Tom Purdom's second classification for critics, the "academic critic" who "tries to decipher the book's bymbolic message", is of great interest. You see, I am currently taking English 1B, a course which involves this very thing. And I think the whole procedure of ripping apart a book is ridiculous as hell.

Berry's opus is starting off nicely, but I believe I shall withhold my comments on this until the entire story is in print. From all indications, there's going to be some subtle plot-twistings here. I refer to at present seemingly pointless details being thrown in.

I notice that Chris Bennie, in his otherwise interesting and worthwhile letter, has misreported the ETHERLINE business that was going on in John Baxter's QUANTUM (now called BUNYIP). To understand this business it is necessary to look upon the fanzine ETHERLINE in the same way that the members of the MSFC and other old-time fringe-Australifans do. They sort of regard it as unimpeachable...a fanzine amongst fanzines. But it isn't that at all. It may serve some minor purpose in Australian fandom, as The Oldest Fan Journal or something like that, but in reality it's quite a crudzine. On the other hand, Bennie called QUANTUM a crudzine. Not so. It's at least as good as some of the more frequent Stateside bi-monthlies. For instance, it's as good as BHISMI'LLAH.

John Champion: If Bourne thinks that 146 issues of a fanzine is so damned many, why don't you show him a copy of the current SFTimes?

All these TAFF reports are driving me somewhat batty! \$1 for Bentcliffe's, another buck for Bennett's, yet another \$1.25 for Ford's, and \$1.50 for Madle's. Something has to be done. Choose illiterates to run for TAFF, maybe. Norm Wansborough for TAFF!

See you next month, unless I jump off the top of Sproul Hall first.

best,

Bob

JAMES R. SIEGER AND HIS RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITIONS S74-W20660 Field Dr., Rural Route #3,
Sirs: Waukesha, Wis. February 14, 1961

Re #147. Thanks to the scoundrels in your subscription department, I didn't see the issue with Purdom's article, nor do I have A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ (but intend to buy a copy.). I think that Mr. Breen's comments are uncalled for. So it's propaganda just because the Church is the good guys instead of the bad guys, eh? I might point out that the Catholic Church would probably be the Christian sect most likely to survive any holocaust.

It seems to me that most of these screwballs who scream and moan about "superstition" every time religion is mentioned anything but disparagingly are motivated solely by superstitions of their own. And probably are rationalizing a personal prejudice against the clergy by claiming that religion is false.

No matter whether you consider a religion to be created by man or God, its principal purpose is in the field of ethics and morals. In effect, a clergyman is an expert on these subjects, in the same way as a man who has spent his life in the study of physics is an expert in physics. To be sure, in this group of "experts" there are fatheads who're against almost everything, just as in science.

Let us go into the subject of a Supreme Diety, whether you call Him God, Allah, Gernsback, Walter Breen, or Stapledon's "Spirit of Man". The benighted souls who insist that there's "no proof" for the existence of any such Diety are going into things hind side to. There's no disproof either. After all, Cosmologists and biologists admit that there's no conceivable reason for Life or the Universe existing, but it done did anyway.

The fact that much of the Bible may be fiction proves naught, either. Suppose some scholarly chap published a textbook on mathematics claiming that $2+2=5$. Would the fact that much of his book is nonsense mean that the subject of the book is nonsense too?

The idea of a Deity may be right or it may be wrong; but the foundation of atheism is just as shaky as that of religion. The only proof we have than an atom exists is through the effects it makes, and through theory. And exactly the same applies in the case of God. To look at it from another angle, there are some misguided people who sincerely believe that Wally Weber actually exists. I've never met him, never seen him, never touched him. So, ipso facto, the people who think he's real are simply superstitious.

Some people feel that they have actually s⁴een God, and sincerely believe in his existence. Who am I to say that they aren't right, after all. /I would like to point out that I have seen God and sincerely believe in His existence. He even autographed a Bible, which I now have, when He attended the Boycon. His letter leads off this issue's lettercol. --www/

Thine,

James Sieger, Esq.

PHIL HARRELL ADVISES THE PRESIDENT
HEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va.

Feb. 11, '61

What do you mean putting Phil Harrell, Star Cry Hack, in the Wealsoheardfrom Column? A six page epic reduced to a pultry 23 words! Shame webber.

Atom's cover was too good for words; can't tell you how much I enjoyed it.

I'll follow Buz's second to Elinor's first that we mention our favorites for HUGO nominations. My favorites are CRY, SHAGGY, YANDRO, JD-A, and THE ODD ONE annish, and of course FANAC.

As for Berkeley being an "Has-been" area, I'd like to see what Dick Lupoff calls an "Is-now" area.

I was shocked last year also to see that SHAGGY was not on the HUGO list as I honestly think it deserved it as much as FANAC and CRY. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES is one of the BEST zines out today. And why do you have to Bar CRY from the final Ballot?

Gee, John has a fascinating story going.

For some strange Reason the name Flora Jones sounds horribly like one I just finished writing a Welcome letter to from the N3F and if it is I'm dead. I told her that if she wasn't already a member, to be sure and join the Nameless Ones..... I may shoot myself. She would Have to be the President, of all people. Oh gward I wish I were dead and I'm glad you can't see my face right now. Somebody hand me a plonker; I want to end it all.

I can hardly wait for the CRYCon, but with everybody in Mexico or Canada (which one will it be, Wally? /I'll never tell! --www/) I'll just have to wail and lament my fate from the WAHF space.

Tell me it was another Flora Jones, please. /No. You wrote to the one and only Flora Jones, and now we all know what brought on her heart attack. The club is mailing you a loaded plonker, in case you haven't one handy. --www/

Fannishly yers,

Phil, The 23 word Student Bem

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN GAFMOI

1326 Grand Concourse, Bronx 56, New York

Dear Wally:

February 8, 1961

I was very much interested in reading Art Rapp's comments in Crumbs for Deckinger. I agree with him that drawing up a new moral code to cover all the points he makes is a monumental and damn impossible task.

The big difficulty is not that we need a new moral code. Rather, it requires a willingness to follow the spirit instead of the letter of the code. A moral code should never be confused with a legal statute, for to do so will eventually produce conduct complying with the letter of the moral code but clearly violative of the spirit and raison d'etre of having a moral code to start with.

Then too, a moral code, unlike a law, is never actually the same from day to day. Each happening or change in circumstances varies the applicability of the code. The difficulty is that the speed of change often lags far behind the change which takes place in the degree of conformity of actions by the members of society.

The double standard has, of course, done its share to pervert the moral code. Without

such an outlook, the code would change much faster to conform to actual practice. However, as the Kinsey Report seemed to indicate, most people, while violating the code, believed everyone else was and should be conforming. The moral code therefore becomes static.

I have decided that GAFIA does not properly describe my current state. The only thing I could come up with was GAFMOI (Getting Away From Most Of It). If GAFIA were psychosis, I suppose GAFMOI would be neurosis.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN

RON BENNETT TEACHES PARACHUTE WATCHING

7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England: 16 Feb 61

Dear Buz, Elinor, Wally and the other nameless criers,

Many thanks for CRY's 11th Annish. It was the best eleventh anniversary issue of any fanzine I've ever seen.

Wonderful piece of writing by John Red Beret. These parachute jumps from balloons aren't exactly unknown to me. We can see the balloon and the jumping parachutes quite easily from our upstairs windows, but more important, my class of kids at school can see the jumps too from where they sit in class. I try to make some important point like, "Twice two is....." well, whatever twice two is, and the galaxy of beady eyes swivel over to the left, looking out of the window where another would-be Alan Ladd has bitten the dust. It is annoying!

This piece about people taking some discussions in some zines too seriously is just plain ridiculous. Dammit, I agree with what Terry says. Fandom is coming to an end.

I liked the Progress Report cartoon, particularly the snide cut at the encouragement that was offered the Season by fanzines. Ha!

I liked Ruther Berman's manner of issuing a sweeping generalisation and leaving herself loopholes to crawl through. Minor points of course, but if Alice is a great book without a message, what about Treasure Island?

Friend Lichtman....ah, Robert, you're wrong. One TAFF delegate did top the poll before he had been in fandom (or had even known of the existence of fandom) for the lengthy period of five years. I speak from the depths of my zip-on slippers. I joined the Leeds SFA in August 1953, and first learned about fandom then, writing my first fan piece for the September 1953 issue of ORBIT. I was elected TAFF delegate in June 1958, which seems to be a couple of months too short to fit into Bob's definition. Ah, another faaaan shot down in flames. Dodd was probably right when he called me nasty names.

To split more hairs, this time with Ella, a dangerous pursuit, the Hall-Welham fanzine, which was called Perihelion, ran to four, not three, issues. I looked up both the boys. They were both out and neither they nor Peri has been heard of since. The obvious conclusion might well be drawn, but I'd hate to commit myself on paper, and no, Mal, without paper I'd hate to commit myself, also, so that's another chance you've lost.

Thanks again for the issue.

Bestest,

Ron

STEVE STILE'S MOTHER IMPRESSED BY FANS???

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

Dear Ruthless,

February 8, 1961

What does Atom's cover signify?? (This is what comes of taking an art history course.)

Fandom Harvest read. Muller over. I can say that I agreed with some of Terry's points. However, I can't say that I cared for the tone of Terry's piece. I think it could have been milder, perhaps a little more detached, and less ...well, 'catty' is the term that comes to mind. Meow. I'm looking forward to what Dick will say.

Read Berry's piece and am eagerly faunching to see the end of this case. Berry shows ingenuity in describing, and stacking the cards against, his characters.

Let Ed Wyman be informed that whereas AST oncet had staples, the now shifty and unreliable Analog has glue, which can be boiled off and reused, in case any fan economists (how are you, George Wells?) are interested.

Hector Pessina's letter was read with interest, since I'm interested in the spread of fandom abroad, and, I might add, below. Or perhaps I'm interested because of pure selfish

reasons; being a teenager, I must continue the delusion that fandom is respectable. Several things have impressed my madre; firstly, that fandom on the most part is composed mostly of young adults. Secondly, every fan she's ever met has been connected with electronics (all two of them). /You mean they ran on batteries? --www/ Thirdly, and best of all, fandom is INTERNATIONAL!!' "Some of those nuts live in Ireland!" was the way she enthusiastically put it.

I also understand that Argentina has launched a rocket, which only traveled 65,000 feet, but was at least a beginning. As for Hector's club modeling itself after the procedures described in the Minutes...well...uh...uh...

sincerely,

Steve

NORM METCALF MAY VOTE FOR "SIRENS..."

Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida

Dear Wally,

14 Feb 61

See: egoboo already.

Terry Carr: You've gone and saved me the trouble of writing Lupoff. His "egocentric" idea of Ninth Fandom sort of got me the same way it did you and you've expressed the entire idea much better than I could. (By the way, Comic Art is supposed to come from Don Thompson and Forgotten Worlds from Ted White.)

Elinor: According to your own handy, dandy Hugo ballots, Sirens of Titan isn't eligible since the copyright date is one year too early. /("...all book copyright dates..." The hardcover "Sirens..." is 1960 according to our informant. We're open minded. -- Anonymous))_7

There's one thing that's been ignored in this discussion of "trends". Namely, the percentage of fans involved is very small compared to the number of fans who aren't interested in such. Compare the circulations of the sf fanzines with the "fannish" ones. Of course, sf fans aren't as vocal a minority as "faanish" fans and don't have the fannish esprit de corps so their ideas don't count for much around the pages of Habakkuk, Cry, etc.

Furthermore, while a great many fans are discussing something they know, others are not. (The latter usually don't have anything worthwhile to contribute, but somehow, some of their letts see print.)

Wollheim: Something's wrong with the God circuit around here. You see Tyndall was in existence during WWII when Bob Peterson was the first fan to be stationed here. Of course, if you want to claim it vanished during the interim I won't mind. In fact, if your Ghu powers could make it vanish right now I'd be happy. Go on, I'm waiting....

Best,

Norm

TED FORSYTH DESCRIBES THE PARKER ~~PA~~ PALACE

11 Gerndale Road, LONDON SW4, England

Dear Wally,

8th February 1961

CRYS 145 & 146 are both to hand. Joe is still looking for 144 though he has 145 & 146.

Most of Elinor's column is taken up with artwork this time. Not actual art but description. If you like Atomillos then you will want to order the Atom Anthology: \$1 through Betty Kujawa or 7/- through me. I've seen some of the stencils that have been cut so far and can't stop drooling every time I think of them. There will be a restricted run-off, so get your orders and money in soon if you want copies. Ella (S.C.o.a. W.) Parker is doing the duplicating and, of course, Atom is cutting the stencils.

It is suggested that the Parker Penitentiary deserves an article to itself. Joe Patrizio's article in Orion 25 gave a good description of the outside of Parker's Palace. That's right! The only reason the house is still standing is that it is held by the buildings on either side. Joe gave me instructions on how to find 151. "Turn right when you leave the station and walk past the row of crumbling mansions", he said. "You will come to a building which is being held together with massive wooden staples. After crawling between the timber you will cringe from the heat emerging from a heap of ill-balanced rubble. That is 151."

Heat is to Ella what sauce and sugar are to George Locke...not just additions to life that make it more interesting, but vital necessities that are required in extremely large

quantities! Needless to say, Ella has a room right at the top of the building where all the hot air collects. Perhaps I'd better not say anything about the hot air generated there!

Below Ella's personal room is the one we are using for Club meetings. On entering this room it is possible to see why the structure is in danger of collapsing. Almost every square inch of wall space is occupied by an Atom original. Facing the door is a huge illo held in position by seven padlocks and protected by an electrified barrier. This illo is in colour and shows a group of fans surrounding an overworked duplicator from which issues a stream of ORION pages.

On the other walls can be seen a series of varied illos ranging from the last (unpublished) bacover for Nebula, through an assortment of bems, to a montage made from SF- and fan-publication cuttings. Since all the pictures are framed (courtesy of Jim Groves) you can imagine the stresses set up in the walls of the room. I have offered to relieve the stresses by placing some of the illos on my walls which are much stronger but I do not think my offer will be accepted. It is not so much the way she screams, "NO!!!!!" that causes me to drop the subject but rather the elegant and graceful swipes she gives with her horse-whip.

I have a feeling we may be winning, though, since we managed to depose Ella at the Club elections and now have Ethel Lindsay as Club chairman. I wonder whether the women are going to have a monopoly of this position?

Yours,

Ted

JOE PATRIZIO UNVEILS THE SPY?

11 Gerndale Road, LONDON SW4, England

Hi, Wally,

11th Feb. 1961

So CRY has planted a spy in London. There has been a lot of speculation round these parts about who this Geoff Lindsay is. Those so far mentioned are George Locke (outsider) Ella (outsider), and Ron Bennett (favourite), but personally I don't think that it is any of these. For my money the only person who has all the necessary information is Fred, Ella's brother. I don't know who you think you're getting these articles from, but I bet you're wrong.

Hwyl was very unusual this issue. It's not very often that you find a book on history being discussing in a fmz, and it's even less usual to find a book on British history being discussed in a US fmz. If you don't already know, there were repercussions from this period of history when our present queen took the throne. A great many people in Scotland resented the fact that the queen took the title Elizabeth II, and not Elizabeth II of England and Ist of Scotland, because Elizabeth was never queen of Scotland.

I don't think that rich brown is going to gafiate. I'm sure he's just practicing writing for some woman's magazine.

Have you ordered the Atom Anthology? Goodness knows how long in page count it's going to be. At present, things are working like this. We go up to Ella's, and she says to us, "That's another dozen stencils I've given Arthur. Just how long is he going to keep this up? Does he think I'm going to keep him in stencils for the rest of his life?" We go up to visit Arthur. He sits there moaning. He says, "I've run dry. AAARGH! Another load of stencils! Won't the woman ever stop sending them? Just what does she think I am? How long does she expect me to keep this up. Is she going to feed me stencils for the rest of my life?"

Best,

Joe

ELLA PARKER PRESENTS GUEST WRITER, ERIC BENTCLIFFE

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn,
London. N.W.6. ENGLAND.

Dear CRYminals including Wally;

2-2-61 & Feb.8th.61.

If I look like running onan'onan'on will you remind me in good time to stop and leave space for Eric Bentcliffe who is spending a few days 'under sentence' here, to say a few words? /Gladly. --www/

A fotocover is always popular. Dikini was no surprise as I've seen loads of pics of him. Both Walter Breen and Norm Metcalf were a surprise; I hadn't expected Norm to look so

young and I didn't expect Walter to be so tall or well built.

I don't know who else apart from Les Nirenberg has written anything about the Pittcon as I haven't seen any mention of it any where, so I'm compelled for the moment to accept Wally's word that what he says went on did in fact happen.

The theme of John's piece is not new, but I like the way he handled it. Does John have the recipe for 'enthusiasm pills'? How else does he prevent his brain from becoming wearied at the thought of so many deadlines to be met?

I very much liked Ted Johnstone's account of his summer working holiday. Usually insects and the like don't bother me, but in such profusion and variety as Ted found them would, I think, prove too much for my strong nerves. The very word "scorpion" makes me shudder, I don't know why. Tarantulas on the other hand sound harmless; maybe because of the similarity in pronunciation to Tarantella - if that's how the dance is spelled?

Yes, I'd been looking forward to this continuation of Terry's vacation. The account of getting Jane Jacob's into the house without Miri's Grandmother knowing made me chuckle reminiscently. I had held a fan party that was slated to last all night. A crowd of them decided to up and go out for breakfast very early on Sunday morning and I had warned them to go downstairs as quietly as possible so they wouldn't disturb the folk in the flat beneath mine. They had to pass the bedroom door of these people to reach the front door. Jill Adams got the giggles at the worst possible moment and as she crept down the stairs her rather full skirt got caught on the top of an empty milk bottle that was awaiting collection. It was like a skittle alley. All the way down two flights of stairs the milk bottles went clattering and Jill and the others couldn't move either up or down the stairs for laughing. They might just as well have gone clumping past their door and they wouldn't have heard so much noise. I'm glad to say there were no reproaches next day.

The more I see of Les Nirenberg's stuff the better I like it - and him! It's very difficult to take the mickey out of fandom without falling into the trap of bitchiness or malice, but Les does it somehow. Thank God for a laugh at ourselves.

While reading Alma Hill's letter I was reminded of a conversation I had some time ago with Ted Tubb and Vin/ Clarke on the subject of neos at Cons. In theory they are supposed to have themselves such a good time that they are hooked on fandom. What really happens is of course, just as Alma described it. The actifans are busy greeting each other like long lost pals and the neo wanders out never to be seen again. Ideally, there should be a steward or someone on duty to introduce newcomers until their initial shyness wears off, but who's going to miss out on valuable Contime and do the job? /May I remind you about leaving space for Eric? --www/ I've actually left plenty of room for Eric to make some pertinent comments.

Hi folks,

Since Ella kept me talking until something like 4.30a.m., I find it difficult to make any coherent comments - let alone pertinent ones - as opposed to Ella's 'impertinent' ones. It wouldn't have been too bad if she'd let me talk too!!

As a further excuse for being brief, I'm sot in The Globe, with a glass of Lager and a gaggle of fans on hand. What more can I say except SING ON WALLY WEBER.

Best to you all,

Dear Walrus;

Eric

I warned you I'd be back and here I am. Eric was here for the BSFA meeting and had to answer all the same questions that he'd already answered for me. Some of the lads there weren't fans and knew little about fandom. When we told them that fandom had sent Eric over there paying his fare for him, they were all agog to get in there pitching. It's really something to see that feral gleam come into their eyes. Takes me right back to my youth! /And might I say, that's a rather.../ Step lightly there, Weber! /...uh...short trip. I mean, not too short a trip, you know but...uh...er.....--www/

The inimitable Buz has page 3 again and what a nice change to see Tosk's name back among the 'contents.' Isn't it time you tried to wangle something in writing from him for CRY? He's been so quiet lately.

Hoo yes, Elinor, let's have more of this profile lark, please. I love the sound of Buz and but for two facts I would faunch for him. (1) Wally has offered me the hand of Tosk and I've accepted; (2) You have already bagged him.

If what rich brown threatens is true, then I agree with the use of a black border for his letter. rich, you can't do that to us. I still think you could cut down on the activity that prevents you getting on with your book instead of giving it all up at once. You'll miss us, I hope, and make a comeback, yes?

Nancy Thompson: wha oppen to Thomee? TTFN stands for Ta Ta For Now and was the signing off phrase used by one of our comedians (alleged) Tommy Handley, in a radio show that ran during the war years and after.

Walter Breen: I will keep forgetting about your State lines. I tend to forget that you could starve in one State if you had lived in another one for the preceding six months or so. I shuddered at your account of the couple found dead. It isn't uncommon for much the same kind of thing to happen in London. One old man was found sitting in a chair at his table; he lived alone and had been dead for a couple of days. People are very afraid of having it thought that they don't mind their own business. This also accounts for the length of time a child has to endure cruelty at the hands of its parents or guardians; the neighbors don't think it's up to them to interfere in what is not their affair.

Happy Fanning. sinSEREly yours.

Ella SCoaW.(Certified.)

WALTER BREEN ON COUNTERFEITING HOBBITS.

1205 Peralta Ave., Frabulous Berkeley 6, Cal.

Dear Gate-CRYshers,

Terry: Since a facetious aside to Ted Pauls in my loc in XERO 3 was evidently what touched off the Lupoff editorial, I feel I had better put in a few words of clarification. Dick Lupoff thinks comic books are going to be so important from now on because articles about them have been appearing in quite a few zines; the Ray Nelson piece in HAB 5, written last spring, is perhaps a better instance of what L. means by "sophisticated sercon stuff about comics" than the lesser material more recently appearing. Personally I think the field is simply much less wide than stfsy. Comic book fandom would almost by definition have to focus on the past. The result for our fandom: either a transient comic fad, or a splitting off by a bunch of comic book fans to join an already existing comics fandom.

Purdum: If "all human achievements spring from primitive and infantile impulses", then so does the psychological and sociological analysis which says so, and so does your article. But this is not a put-down; I hope you do not fall into the freudian monkeytrap which identifies "primitive and infantile" with "sick". Doubtless Beethoven's neurosis had something to do with his compositions, but neurosis didn't make him a composer, nor did it make his music "sick". I wish you had emphasized more the subjectiveness of your criteria for art. Grace and power are OK words; but in omitting the cognitive content or "meaning" you are leaving out a great deal. Some stories are primarily entertainment (plot), others primarily exercises in style or characterization, still others primarily vehicles for ideas; and many are mixtures of these types.

Ruth Berman: It isn't easy to comment on a 6-line snip, but I'll try: The Problem of the Elves is not necessarily soluble by Elves' adapting. Particularly when it's very young Elves and older, stronger hobbits and orcs, and when the Elves are without the emotional support provided by the presence of other Elves. What happens too often then is that the young Elves try--how successfully I leave to your imagination--to become counterfeit hobbits. Adaptation is a two-way street. And adaptation does not mean "adjustment", whatever else it does mean.

30 and goodnight,

Walter Breen

AVRAM DAVIDSON KNOSE

410 W. 110 St., New York City 25, New York

Dear Cry People:

Feb 14/61

Many thanks for CRY. Sometime you must describe my nose, too! ((You have a nose of dignity and substance. -- EB))

Could you please please send me the Convention issue of CRY, please? /Get off your knees and steall9¢ more stamps to send us. 6¢ just won't do. --www/

Din Sawsnig,

Avram Davidson

GEORGE LOCKE MOVES

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

Dear CRY,

2-2-61

I'd like to announce a change of address. I'm being posted, to Nairobi, in the next week or so, and my former Connaught Hospital address will be no use any more.

Berry's parachute article was a beauty. I once had to put a parachute on. It was in the Cadet Force, and they decided to take us all up for joy rides in Chipmunks. These are fairly fast, very maneuverable single-engined monoplanes and were flown in roughly the fashion you'd expect a Spitfire desperately evading twenty Messerschmidts to be flying. They gave us parachutes, or, at least, they gave us each an extremely heavy and incredibly complicated package of something. They told us not to pull certain metal things painted in red, and told us to put them on. Three cadets well-nigh strangled themselves before we were all trussed up in the correct fashion. Then we tried to walk with them. If you can imagine staggering in a hunched position, desperately trying to stop half a dozen canvas straps striving to remove the last vestige of your manhood, across a muddy field strewn with boulders, you might get a faint idea of one of the less painful moments of the scene. The aircraft held just one of us and the pilot. "What sort of ride would you like? Gay and happy?" I sort of muttered, "Gay and happy," feeling rather sick at the thought. He took the machine off. A more correct description would be 'he yanked the machine off the ground.' He called this maneuver a split-ass take-off, and it consisted of shoving the left wing into the ground just as the aircraft left the ground. After knocking half the daisies for six, the gay and happy pilot left that wing pointing straight down at the ground while the Chipmunk roared towards the stratosphere in a steep bank. It missed a haystack, which surprised me. The pilot then inquired after my health. I told him it could have been a lot better, but that he was free to do his worst, since I knew he would, anyway. This was his holiday from driving a London taxi - and his attitude of mind had obviously stayed with him although he'd left his cab garaged in Pimlico. He made the gay and happy pilot with various maneuvers known as spins, loops, stall turns and one outside loop. My health deteriorated rapidly, and I was feeling within an ace of vomiting, when he decided to ease up. "How about some hedge hopping?" He didn't wait for me to say no, and roared earthwards. For five minutes, we hugged the earth, occasionally lifting to avoid a hedge or a cow or some poor innocent man. We then came to a wide river. The gay and happy pilot said: "We made our wheels awfully muddy in that field we took off from. I think they could use a wash." The plane turned in towards the river, where a number of anglers were each trying to land the record fish. The gay and happy pilot laughed. "Let's scare the pants off them!" He edged towards them, a few feet above the surface of the water. They snatched their lines out of the water smartly. "Ha, ha. Isn't this great?" The aircraft edged towards the water. Suddenly, it seemed to catch something. The plane lurched. Immediately it roared skywards. The gay and happy pilot wiped his face. "We nearly bought it, then." I ask you, John, what good is a parachute at that height?

TTFN

George

KEN CHESLIN WANTS TO WORK FOR HIS CARD

18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs.,

Hi Croy,

England

I see in the credits in CRY 145 the name of one Donald Franson. Wally, please let him know I got the note....and a THING which claims to be a CRY LETTERHACK card. I do really appreciate it but a single letter, or an excerpt from a single letter, should not, in my opinion, warrant a CRY HACK CARD.....I mean, it should be something to work for, to look forward to earning like. Well, I got it...you sent it..OK. Thanks, a lot.

ken the cheslin

BOB SMITH AWARDED A PRIVATE ROOM

I Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA

Dear CryEds:

20th February '61

I got hauled up before Major Ratbaggy the other day. You remember him? "Look here, Smith," he says, as I stood, chin-in-chest-out, in front of his desk. "I've had a complaint from the local military post office about somethin on an item you received recently!" He glared at me. "It was in the nature of a warning to the postman to "beware" of the per-

son to which that...er, magazine was going." I grinned. "Oh, that would be the Crystaff having their little jok--" "Arrggh!" The Major's face turned bluish, his gnarly hand slapped the buzzer that summoned his sergeant-major. "That name again! I can't stand it ...Sar'-Major, take him away...lock him up again...longer, this time...Cryeragghh!"

Anyway, it's a nice cell they put me in, and I even got to take my typer this time, and that offending issue of Cry - 146.

I'm sorry to see Rich Brown gaffiating, and I'm glad he finished that letter when he did; another half-page would have had me in tears.

I'm with Ruth Berman; science fiction, first and foremost, must be readable. It must be enjoyable, stimulating and thought provoking, and I don't think Mr. Gernsback has any of these qualities in mind when he suggests that the field should "educate". It's quite easy to find examples of Mr. Gernsback's "educational" stories, and you don't have to go back to the 1930's, either - just pull out any issue of his Science Fiction Plus.

Bob Smith

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM COMMENTS ON BESTER

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

Dear Nameless:

Feb. 18, 1961

Cry is generally quite delightful reading. There are many things quotable, but I stop here only to note F. Busby's comments on Bester. I wish someone would go to work on Bester all the way. It appears to me, from my professional editorial chair, that Mr. Bester simply hasn't got the time to read each month's crop of sf novels in order to write the column he's being paid for in F&SF. And to avoid losing that monthly stipend he's invented an easy way out. Don't read any of these novels, because that takes too many hours of work. Instead dash off a condemnation of all current stf and most stf writers. Pan them all, and thereby excuse yourself from refiewing anything. Saves endless hours of reading, and makes you sound like a real brain.

Personally I think Bester himself exemplifies all that is phoney in some writers. I personally can't read his novels because I find them endlessly shallow, with flashy television characterization, comic strip situations, and pseudo-deep philosophy.

Best wishes.

Cordially,

Don

SHELBY VICK LOOKS AT CRY

Box 269, Lynn Haven, Florida

Ah, so --

August 15, 1960

So this is CRY.

...so what?

I mean, here it comes into Vick Mimeograph Service. I look it over. I note that the cover is interesting enuf; like the button marked 'belly'. No spotty reproduction. But -- Well, it's full of typos my customers never would allow. There's practically no artwork. The articles and features are mostly headed up with just typing. Poor make-up!

I mean, just what is it fen see in CRY, anyway?

You say, "Contents"? After all, what is there to a contents page (excuse me; a 'page three')? What is there to a Kettering Report? What is there to a Yellow Brick Road? (By the way; I think I must like the Oz books better than Redd. Admittedly, Gardner and Nye seemed to make some ridiculous conclusions, but I don't hold their conclusions against Baum...) What is there to a (hah!) Plow? What is there to a (snorfle) Hwyl? What is there to a (chuckle) BNF'sville cartoon? What (haha) is there to a (heheh)(chuckle) Fan Fare? Or (hooah) Minutes? Or (snicker)(cackle) CotR?

Yea, bo! Maybe there IS something to this CRY after all. More?

Cerely,

Shelby Vick

PS - Ah -- this letter is a wee bit late getting mailed. But I thot I'd use psychology --by comparison to the Norwescon stickers, the letter oughta seem real timely!

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

DONALD W. ANDERSON who says, "Terry Carr hit some good points in this issue. There is a place for serious discussion, and I have put in my two cents worth a couple of times. But

I have to be serious 8 hours a day at my job, another hour or two while reading the newspaper and listening to newscasts. Allowing 8 hours for sleep, that leaves 6 hours to do as I please, and I'm not about to promote ulcers by being too serious during that period, too." DON FITCH fears that comic book fandom is the coming thing. "Fandom is changing; it is going to be very different in the future, and the comics are going to be an important part of it." MIKE DECKINGER regrets to report he has no time to write. He sends lovely money instead, and expects to be moving soon. HELMUT KLEMM, producer of the bi-lingual fanzine BUG EYE, talks about the German edition of Galaxy which folded in 1959 after 15 numbers. "Yes, I dare to assert," he asserts, "that our German Galaxy was better than your original edition, both in layout and stories!!!!" He also reports that he is fifteen years old. BETTY KUJAWA reports, "I went an' hadda 'meet' wid Killer Kemp an' his mob in Gary, Indiana!!" and she sends a card with the mob's signatures to prove it. ROSS CLANCY sends us two sticky quarters, an introduction by Les Nirenberg, and the information scrawled in a spastic, alcoholic style that, "I am 5 years old and I whant yor magasin." Well, what can we expect from readers are recruited from candy store customers? MIKE McINERNEY sends currency and a warning that he will be letting us hear from him again, sooner than we think. But then we never have thought very soon. R. L. WILLIAMS wants a dollar's worth of the latest CRYs, but will take pink jelly beans or licorice if we haven't any CRYs. He prefers the taste of the CRYs, however. Another one of Nirenberg's recruits, no doubt. DON THOMPSON sends us a "...psionic quarter. Remove the tape and rub your fingers over the 'head' side. Notice how sticky?" He got it as change when he bought a copy of Analog. WILLIAM HANLON scribbles a plea; "Help! Send Cry. Withdrawal is no longer bearable." I guess he found out the hard way, you can't beat the Cry habit by the "cold pterodactyl" method. MARTIN HELGESEN suggests we call the convention the PuVention, so that we could use as a slogan, "An ounce of PuVention is worth a ~~\$\$\$~~ pound of cure." DICK LUPOFF, JOE ZIMMY, LAWRENCE CRILLY, DAVID ETTLIN, and P. F. SKEBERDIS send us lovely money. MIKE DOMINA wants to know where the first part of Ted Johnstone's "The Hobbit on the Road" appeared. Also where, when, and for how much will the one-volume "The Goon Goes West" appear. And he want CRY #145 with part II of "The Hobbit on the Road" in it. Well, we don't know where part I was published -- we thought the piece we published was the first part, we don't know when or how much for TGGW, and we are out of CRY #145. Some days it just don't pay to ask questions.

See you in #149.

from: CRY

Box 92, 920 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash., U.S.A.

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Printed Matter Only

Fling this at:

A number after your name means you have future issues coming to you.
A zero after your name means you have outlived your sub. If you see no number there, then you either got one free or you need glasses. Yes, you!

Ella Parker
151, Canterbury Rd.
West Kilburn
London NW 6, England

