

# CRY

APRIL 1961

one hundred forty nine



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CRY



Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4,  
brings you C\*R\*Y 149, April 1961, of which this is

Page Three

Yes, it is now Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, as of April 10th. Quite a jolt, isn't it? So anyhow, this unforeseen wrenching of our ancestral roots notwithstanding, CRY (from its new address at Box 92, 507 3rd Ave) will continue to appear about the first of nearly every month, will continue to sell for 25¢ or 1/9 each (5 for \$1 or 7/-, 12 for \$2 or 14/-) with the sterling payable to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, N.Ireland, and checks sent to Seattle for CRY helpfully made payable to Elinor Busby. CRY will continue to be free to contributors including the lettercol if you make the grade there, will continue to be exasperatingly inconsistently available for trades, and will continue to bug people who feel we are not taking this furshlugginer hobby SERIOUSLY enough. From Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, we shall continue, then, to be the same feckless rabble you've come to know and love.

Through Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, come these C o n t e n t s:

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Pictorial-type material is by: pH 1, Nirenberg 21, weber 28, Box 92, 507 3rd Ave.

People who cut stencils, and how many: wallyw 19, Elinor 17, Buz 4, wallyG 3

The hand at the crank of the Gestetner is the hand of James C Webbert, bridegroom. He will be cheered on by our new CRYstaffer, Doreen Webbert, girl bride. The CRY-staff now consists of 2 wallys, 2 Webberts, 2 Busbys, and Burnett R Toskey, Ph.D. ... just in case you were running out of things to worry about... 507 3rd Ave....!!

SeaCon Progress Report: Membership was around 230/235 the last time Jim mentioned it. Poul Anderson and Hans Santesson are latest additions to the program; Hans will also legal-beagle the guardhouse lawyers at the business session, as Parliamentarian backing up Jack Speer in the chair for that meeting. Things are perking along, like.

Progress Report Report: ProgRep#2 has gone out to our members; the copy-deadline for PR#3 is May 15, 1961 and like we need some more ads, fellas! The rates are(cash with copy):

(Space)	(Fan Rate)	(Pro rate)	(Width & height of copy)	
Full page	\$8	\$12	6 1/2" x 10"	These copy sizes do not include margins; you can run your "black space" to the sizes given, and the margins'll be added around the edges OK. Copy will be photographed and litho'd as received, so watch those ol' typos!
Half page	\$5	\$8	6 1/2" x 5"	
1/3 page	\$4	\$6	6 1/2" x 3 1/4"	
1/6 page	\$2	--	3 1/4" x 3 1/4"	
1/16 page	\$1	--	3 1/4" x 1 1/4"	

This is the easy way to make yourself and/or your fanzine known to the membership of the SeaCon-- or you may wish just to circulate greetings with a punchline! So be a Public Figure in fandom-- live it up big with an ad in PR#3 (by May 15th, like!)

CRY-progress Report: CRY #150, for May 1961, will be published Sunday, April 30th. CRY#151, for June, will likely be published Sunday, June 4th. Then we skip the July issue and crystal ball gets a little cloudy after that, but I expect that #152 for August will be cranked-out Sunday July 30th, with luck. Further, deponent says nil. ==1961-model slaves available now, in color! Help build America; buy one today!==



## M I N U T E S

BY HON. SEC. wally weber

## MARCH 2, 1961 MEETING:

The meeting was not opened by Flora Jones, who had grown impatient with studying widely divergent theories on Life-after-death and had gone to get some first-hand information. Depending on what she found out, she may or may not have been present.

In an effort to keep the conversation from becoming too concentrated on science fiction, G. M. Carr and John Swearingen began a discussion of a form of fantasy known as "politics." It soon became apparent that the two did not share the same viewpoint on the subject. Since Mr. Swearingen outweighed Mrs. Carr by a dangerous margin, other members of the club rushed to her defense. F. M. Busby agreed with G. M. that an additional tax burden would be more than justified by the increased government services that would be made available as a result. Walt Willis admitted he knew very little about American politics, but sided in with Mrs. Carr because of his respect for her judgement and the soundness of the ideas she presented.

Unfortunately, the discussion was soon diverted from one of logical debate to one of prejudice and personalities. Since Walt was in the States as a voluntary witness against Shelby Vick on espionage charges concerning Shelby's activities in 1952, there had been a certain tension in the room with the two of them there, and it was a matter of moments for the two of them to come to blows when Shelby began supporting Mr. Swearingen's arguments. Bob Reid tried to separate the two when his display of health foods became endangered by the struggle, but succeeded only in drawing other attendees into the fight when they thought Bob was interfering unfairly.

The police eventually arrived and hauled everyone off for a night in jail except Gordon Eklund, who had been sitting so quietly on the top shelf of food displays that the officers had failed to notice him. There was no official adjournment of the meeting.

Accurate and Hon. SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

((Secretary's footnote: The preceding report may contain minor factual errors since the SEC-Treas had not been in attendance and nobody told him anything about what went on at the meeting.))

## MARCH 16, 1961 MEETING:

Bob Reid was not there to open the meeting room for the Nameless Ones, but his wife arrived to do the honors. Mrs. Reid politely informed the SEC-Treas that she and her husband were planning to close the health club and the Nameless Ones would have to find some other place to meet. She carefully refrained from mentioning anything about the events of the previous meeting.

Without formally calling a meeting to order, the members discussed the plan of meeting March 30 at Hyatt House, and decided to go ahead with the proposed meeting. Wally Weber offered his home as the site of the April 6 meeting, and G. M. Carr offered her house as the place to meet on April 20. The Nameless have turned nomad once again.

Gordon Eklund revealed that he had seen the movie on communism, "Operation Abolition." G. M. Carr immediately tried to pry information out of him as to what he thought of it, but aside from observing that the movie had not been entirely impartial in its viewpoint, he kept his opinions mysterious as usual.

An article from Daphne Buckmaster's fanzine, whatever its name is, in which it was suggested that geneology so carefully recorded by the Bible could be evidence that man's development was and is the result of mysterious interference from outside the race, led to a discussion of genetics and strange mutant strains. Even counting alien interference, nothing came up that could explain the development of the Nameless Ones.

Switching from science fiction to horror, the club eagerly went over the details of the recent "witchcraft" murder in Seattle. It seems the closer the Convention approaches, the stranger Seattle news becomes. Possibly this is nature's way of preparing non-fan residents of the city for what will happen over Labor Day weekend. Or possibly it is only another example of common, everyday alien influence.

The Nameless left room 212 of the Fisher Studio Building for the last time.

Influenced but Hon SEC-Treas, Wally Weber



## MARCH 30, 1961 MEETING:

Since no formal arrangements had been made with Hyatt House for holding the Nameless meeting, the members were very much on their own. Jim and Doreen Webbert, F. M. and E. Busby, Wally Gonser, and Gordon Eklund arrived very early with the intention of eating dinner. A booth in the Coffee Shop was taken over for this purpose, and the group nourished itself on fine food and fabulous fannish chatter.

The meal was well in progress when Wally Weber arrived to loom over the seated feasters. Somehow, the long, thin, starving shadow of Wally Weber falling across the table had an upsetting effect on the members' appetites, and individually and in various combinations they requested the Sec-Treas to sit among them. The looming officer refused to sit down, apparently enjoying his lofty view of the meeting. Polite requests having been of no avail, Doreen resorted to stern measurers.

"Sit down or I will tell all of fandom what you did in the grocery store," she said, and Wally dropped into the booth like the dead duck he was. Even worldly F. M. Busby paled at the nature of the threat.

The conversation then went to lighter subjects, beginning with cannibalism and proceeding to a recapitulation of local murders.

Unbeknownst to the group, John Swearingen was trying to locate fellow Nameless Ones, and was having very little success. The man at the desk had never heard of us. The employees in the dining room had no idea who or where we were. Even the cashier in the Coffee Shop said she knew of no science fiction club. John's wife, Kathleen, was with him at Hyatt House under the impression that he had stopped "to see a friend and make a phone call," so his search had to be made without her knowledge; his furtive manner was no encouraging the hotel employees to help him any more than necessary.

At last John located the group, and the Sec-Treas was shamed for not having made more formal arrangements for the meeting. Since the Nameless booth was already filled to maximum capacity and no other booths were empty, Wally Weber led the Swearingen's on a short tour of the Convention site. The main meeting hall was in use that night, but the tour was able to include the display room and the swimming pool. There was a bit of a problem with John when he spied one of the waitresses from the bar in what little there was of her costume, but Kathleen managed to restrain him without too much effort; evidently John has made mistakes in grocery stores, too.

The tour was joined at the swimming pool by the rest of the Nameless from the Coffee Shop. The thought of everyone going in for a dip naturally came up, but since John was the only one who had brought a swimming suit, the club decided it was too early in the convention season to test the hotel's tolerance.

Construction of the final wing of the hotel was far enough along for F. M. Busby and Wally Gonser to disagree on the size of the new lounge, which will be one of the convention's accommodations. Wally ended up pacing it off, arriving at compromise dimensions.

After the tour, the Busbys and Webberts went home, and Jerry Frahm and Ed Wyman arrived. The party returned to the Coffee Shop, spreading out into two booths, where they were soon joined by Vernard, Smokey, and Cary Thomas.

Vernard mentioned his appearance on TV with regard to his hobby of bee-keeping, and announced that his group would appear again on TV the following Saturday morning. (Elinor Busby had reported earlier that she had seen his first appearance and thought he was excellent. A star has been born!)

Vernard also mentioned a plot for a science fiction story that had occurred to him one day when he was counting up his honey. In a way, it tied in with a discussion at the previous meeting where it was speculated that the evolution of human beings had been the result of alien interference. Vernard's story was basically just that, except he had provided the sinister purpose behind this interference; the aliens were keeping humans for the sole purpose of providing them with ear-wax.

That was probably as close as the club came to discussing science fiction that evening. The meeting dispersed between 9:30 and 10:00 o'clock sometime, and peace descended on Hyatt House like fallout after the blast.

Very Honorable SECRETARY-Treasurer W. Weber



## Anatomy of a Fan-Feud

(part 3; conclusion) -- by John Berry

((Saul Bugler, lawyer and fan, is defending Bill Fleming, FAPA-presidential-candidate, against a charge of slander brought by Frank Jamison, another fan, whose attorney is being aided by Sam Wilmont, who is Fleming's opposition for the FAPA presidency. Bugler refused Fleming's offer of a \$500 fee; he has never had any of his material published in a fanzine, and he forces Fleming to agree, if acquitted, to publish a Bugler story in his fanzine TRENCHARD, the zine that had contained the slanderous attack on Jamison.

Bugler's defense is that while Fleming was drunk, someone else used his typer and duper to produce the offending zine. It's a good defense, conducted with considerable dramatics and pyrotechnics, but Bugler would be happier about this line of defense if it contained a grain or two of truth-- the fact is that Fleming is guilty as hell and Bugler knows it.

Consequently, when a fingerprint expert testifies to the effect that Fleming's prints appear at the bottom of each and every sheet of paper in the offending zine...))

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I couldn't eat any lunch. Even Pat had left me. Fleming said nothing, just gave me dirty looks. I had thought I had been prepared for any contingency, but it had never occurred to me that fingerprints would be brought up...and the evidence was damning. I had done all I could...I had proved that the expert didn't know if Fleming had made them, but the inference was there for all to see. The prints were not made by Jamison...but the same prints were on the 22nd and the fatal 23rd issue. I returned to court in the afternoon in a dejected state. And as I've told you before, it certainly wasn't a new feeling.

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Back in court, just as the judge came in, Pat swayed into court, and ambled toward me, and dropped a piece of paper on my desk. I read it, and could hardly resist screaming "THANK YOU, ROSCOE" at the top of my voice.

This case certainly swayed one way and then the other...now, I hoped, it was my turn.

"Your Honor, I know this is not the correct procedure, but could I have your permission to ask for the return of the last witness?"

Wilmont leapt to his feet and vigorously objected.

"Why, Mr. Bugler?"

"Your Honor, some additional evidence has come to hand, and as this witness was in any case an extra prosecution one, I feel that I am entitled to question him again, although I admit I have already had my...er...stab at him."

"I will grant this request. The prosecution was allowed to call him as extra evidence, and I feel it is only fair that the defense should have a similar opportunity to hand in additional evidence."

I had to play for time until Pat came back with the 1958 CRY.

Elmer went to the box. He was still confident. I wondered what he'd be like in ten minutes.

As I stood up, I saw the CRY drop on my desk. Good old Pat...he was an old fan, but not as tired as I had thought.

"Elmer, were your parents divorced?"

Wilmont shot up, and shouted the loudest OBJECTION! I ever did hear.

"Mr. Bugler?"

"All this is pertinent, your Honor...in fact, I think I may surprise you and the jury, and the worthy attorney biting his lips over there."

"Objection overruled. Pray continue, Mr. Bugler."

"Thank you, your Honor. Er...I wish to hand in a copy of CRY OF THE NAMELESS for 1958."

Another inevitable objection.

I explained that this was a case concerning fandom, that CRY was an established fanzine, and that it was direct evidence.

The judge permitted it, and I handed it to him. He looked keenly at it, passed it to Wilmont, who literally flung it across to the jury. He was purple with rage.

"Now then, Mr. Bogtwitch, were your parents divorced?"

"Y-yes."



"And you stayed with your mother?"

"Yes."

"And she remarried?"

"Yes."

He was biting his lips now.

"And, of course, her (and your) new name was Bogtwitch?"

"Obviously."

"Good...now then....what was..."

Wilmont crossed the courtroom and looked at me, his lips, working wildly, three inches from mine. He turned to the judge.

"Your Honor, what is this? This...this charade? What has this got to do with fingerprints, or the case in general? Why, my parents were divorced. What difference does that make?"

"Ah," I said. My moment of glory. "BUT YOUR PATERNAL PARENT'S NAME WASN'T JAMISON!"

Another rush by the press, and Terry and Miriam were crushed underfoot again.

The judge ordered silence.

"Ask your question, Mr. Bugler," he said, smiling at me.

"Elmer, what was your father's name?"

He paused, but he had to say it.

"Jamison."

"Thank you...you are in fact, Frank Jamison's brother?"

"Yes."

"Members of the jury, please notice the photosheet on the front page of CRY. The picture was taken when Elmer here was fourteen, but I'm sure you'll have no trouble in recognizing him or his BROTHER." I stressed BROTHER.

"Mr. Wilmont?"

"No questions, your Honor."

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After another recess, Wilmont and I addressed the jury. He had the last address, as was the prosecutor's right, but I gave my all in my speech to the jury. My own favorite jurymen was coy and smiling.

"...and in conclusion, members of the jury, I feel that I have proved to you beyond a doubt that the prosecution has failed to prove my client posted the fanzine, or even issued it. True, it was posted in Peanutville, but wasn't a letter of mine posted in England posted when I was in court here? The chambermaid confirmed that my client was drunk for two days, and anyone could have had access to the typer...and I feel I must point out that Jamison was at the convention, too, and don't lose sight of the fact that he could have sent out this issue, slandering himself, hoping to ruin my client. The duplicating paper can be bought anywhere in America...but I want to finally deal with the fingerprint evidence. The prosecution cleverly brought out the fact that the same fingerprints were on the 22nd issue, which my client published, and the 23rd, which he didn't. This infers that my client published both, and fingerprint evidence being what it is, at first sight this seems conclusive. But how about the men who made the paper, and stacked it in reams? Couldn't they have made the fingerprints? But this is my main point. Granted that the fingerprint evidence is good, and I admit that, isn't it strange that the person who produces this damning evidence is the brother of the man WHO BROUGHT THIS SLANDER CASE TO COURT? I thank you for your kind attention."

Wilmont concluded his address very shrewdly. He dwelt on the fingerprint evidence, and on the fact that, well, Elmer and his client were brothers, but they hadn't lived together for three years...what difference did that make? He spoke for three hours, and he used the sledgehammer technique. By clever inference he brought out important things he hadn't proved. He was good. Very good. At last he finished his dramatic act, and the judge addressed the jury for a further hour and a half. He was neutral. He didn't veer on one side or the other...he dealt with each item of evidence and let the jury make up their own minds. He concluded with, of course, the conventional observation that if there was any doubt at all my client should get the benefit. Then he sent them out to make their decision. I tried to catch my juror's eye, but he seemed to be in a hurry to cast his vote. I didn't know what to think.....

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I couldn't wait for the verdict. I went back to my office. At first, I planned to write my article for Bill, but that was surely presumptuous. The case hung in the balance, and it could go either way....I smoked cigarette after cigarette. My mind roved over the whole case, trying to see if I could have done better. It was superb luck that Pat had recognized the Jamison brothers from an old CRY photosheet...it didn't detract from the fingerprint evidence as such...but it raised a doubt as to the wiseness of taking note of such evidence when it was given by the brother of the prosecuting fan. I mentally kicked myself, because, looking back, it was plain that I missed the boat. Wilmont, in his endeavor to press the fingerprint advantage home as far as he could, had brought out the fact that Elmer had duplicated, and knew all the jargon connected with fanzine work. I had missed that. Thank Ghru Pat had noticed it, and had looked back through his old files to make sure of his hunch.

I thought about the tit warbler, and its robbed nest...and...

The brakes of the Thunderbird screeched outside...I waited...the footsteps paused outside the door...hell...which way had it gone, and as soon as Bill and Pat came in... I knew...I'd won my first case.

"You were superb, Saul," said Bill. "...wonderful...how can I ever thank you...You'll come to my party tonight..." He danced around, shook hands with Pat and myself about ten times, and ran out, his Thunderbird whizzing down the high street.

"I knew you'd do it, Saul," said good old faithful Pat, pouring me a tumblerful of damson home brew from his flask.

"And I couldn't have done it but for you, Pat," I said. How proud I was to have this old man with me..."but now, if you'll leave me, I want to work on that story for Bill tonight."

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It was my masterpiece. All about a dragonfly and a toad who started an apa...it was only about seven pages long, but I put all I had into it. I walked down to Bill's hotel, feeling mighty proud.

Wilmont and Jamison and Elmer were there. They stood around Bill and slapped his shoulders in comraderie...they said they'd known he hadn't done it, but it looked so bad at the time.

Wilmont and deHavilland came over to me and congratulated me on my case. De Havilland intimated that my clever sobbing that I'd never won a case had surely swayed the jury, but the thing was that I had won my first case...and as Bill hadn't sued for counter-damages, he was quite happy...the best man hadn't won, but still, juries were unpredictable.

I tried to give Bill my mss, but he said that would do in the morning, now was the time for rejoicing...so I just naturally joined in with the rest, and got myself a little drunk, and Bill had to take Pat and myself home...

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Pat called for me in his old Ford, and we chuffed round to Bill's hotel.

The clerk looked surprised.

"Mr. Fleming left last night," he said, "... but he left this note for you."

Ghod.

I walked sadly outside the hotel into the hot sunshine with Pat, my old fannish friend. I knew what was to happen. We sat in the Ford, and I ripped open the envelope. Inside was a check for \$500...and a short note.

Dear Bugler,

Sorry I couldn't stop but I've got to work on TRENCHARD #24, giving the write-up of the trial, which you handled in a masterly fashion.

Saul, I just cannot accept material from you. I know I promised, but I was desperate...so here's the cash instead. It was money well spent.

Regards,

Fleming

"See that, Pat," I said. "He's working on #24...that means he DID publish #23.... and he didn't want my material, after promising."

"It's not so bad, son," said Pat. "It's not so bad. You have \$500; that will buy a mass of fannish equipment. Why not start a fanzine of your own? FANAC will give coverage to the trial, and everyone will want to sub...and that young man on the jury...he's a neofan if ever I saw one...why, if you like, I'll be joint editor..how's that...cheer up,



Saul...you're in BNFdom range if you take advantage of it now."

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"You really mean that, Pat?"

"I do..."

It was true.

At least, my material would be published, even if I had to do it myself.

It would have been nice to have sat back and waited for the postman with a fanzine with my first story in it...but, well, I had a big file of rejects, and they would fill several issues, and like Pat said, my very own fanzine.....

Pat started up the old Ford, and stopped outside the shop which sold Gestetners.....

John Berry

1961

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from THE CASE OF THE DOPED-UP DOCTOR by Avram Davidson

The famous Jezail bullet which Watson, by his own account, received during what he oddly terms "the fatal Battle of Maiwand" ("Sure, it's killed I am, entirely!") is one of the most mysterious missiles in the annals of military medicine. In "A Study in Scarlet" it throbs in Watson's shoulder; in "The Sign of (the) Four" it throbs in Watson's leg; in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" Watson is able to tell only that the throbbing is going on in "one of his limbs." Now, as a Jezail bullet is no mere splinter of shrapnel, able to drift erratically about the body, but a sizeable chunk of lead, which would surely have become encapsulated and stayed put, Watson's uncertainty as to its location admits of but one conclusion, viz. there was no Jezail bullet! But, oh, boy, what a lovely excuse it offered!

Excuse for what? Why, for Watson's being a cocaine-addict. It wasn't Holmes at all, it was Watson!

\* \* \*

One can see the sordid scene clearly: Mrs. W., who by now knows that something is wrong, and has a pretty good idea of what, trails Watson into his dispensary just as he is about to take a nice refreshing dose of nose-candy, or schmeck. "Oh, John!" she says. "Not that dreadful med'cine agayn?" "It's the Jezail bullet, me dear," says Watson, groaning piteously. "Demned thing gives me no rest--throb, throb, throb, morning till night, harumph." "Let me make you a nice hot cup of tea," she says, swishing out in her nightie; and while she is filling the kettle and blowing up the fire, Watson pulls out his works and takes the badly-needed fix. Oh, how lucky for him there was no Harrison Act and that dope was easy to get as moustache-wax: Viva Victoria Regina!

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Holmes's task in dragging Watson off on a case at a moment's notice--ostensibly in order to employ his assistance; actually, of course, to try and keep him from the habit which he so ungallantly (and ungratefully!) ascribed to Holmes--was made easy by the willingness of nearby Drs. Anstruther and Jackson to take over Watson's practice (what there was of it) at any time. This willingness presents no real mystery. The medical profession is, after all, the last of the medieval guilds, the greatest of the secret societies. It is almost impossible, in the eyes of physicians, for one of their number to do wrong. They will look on blandly for years while the inept practitioner murders his patients by the score, and regard with the utmost placidity his diagnosing cancer of the liver as 'yellow jaundice,' his giving cathartics strong enough to purge cart-horses to appendicitis victims... Dr. Watson addicted to cocaine, is he? Why, bless you, that's just his little weakness... You may safely wager, however, that if Watson had been guilty of Unethical and Infamous Conduct--say, removing a gall-stone for a guinea under the regular fee--Jackson and Anstruth would have had his name in no time: "Struck off the Register," by gad; and we all know what that would have meant--the glass of rum and the pistol with one bullet in it; or else perpetual exile in the remoter colonies or the Treaty Ports. From this dreadful fate the unfortunate Watson was saved only by the unremitting efforts and care of the best friend a man ever had: MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Avram Davidson



by Rob Williams

"Of Human Bondage" is similar to "Little Lulu" in that both of the leading characters suffer physical afflictions. Philip has his limp; Lulu has no neck nor knees. But there the similarity ends. Philip is supremely conscious of his defect, it colors his every action. Lulu, on the other hand, has never mentioned nor called attention to her disability. In fact, she bravely seems unaware of it.

"Little Lulu" is a work of such grandeur and scope that all other works of literature must be judged by this one. It is a thinly disguised Morality Play and its subject is one of importance--sex. Her bold outlook at the sexual nature of life is what first attracts readers to her. Certainly she is one of the most erotic of all fictional heroines.

Lulu herself is, of course, based on a character in the Greek Drama--Medea. To anyone even superficially acquainted with both Medea and Lulu this is so obvious as to call for no further comment.

A genesis of the other characters in "Little Lulu" is not within the bounds of this present article. Here it can only be stated that Alvin is clearly patterned after Alyosha Karamasov.

For those interested in the genealogical lineage of Tubby, Wilbur, Willie, Annie, Gloria, The West Side Gang, Mom, Pop, et al; I can do no better than to refer them to a book by Lillard and Pendergast. My generally astute colleagues Wilson Lillard and Crompton Pendergast<sup>2</sup> correctly surmise the identity of Gloria as of ...In Excelsis Deo and that of Annie as ... Doesn't Live Here Anymore fame. I hasten to add my concurrence with their judgement. However on the subject of Iggy they make the generally prevalent assumption that he is taken from an obscure Balzac vignette. In such an otherwise admirable volume this is all too glaring an error. I feel that this is the place to correct this common canard.

Iggy is truly an original creation and has no precedent in our entire literary heritage. If you will but follow "Little Lulu" from month to month you will see that this at first simple person is in reality of a complexity so unfathomable that other literary enigmas become puerile by contrast.

It is my belief, soundly anchored on fact, that Iggy is the pivotal character on which the whole edifice of "Little Lulu" centers. Without him the whole structure would collapse like so much multi-hued poppycock.

Here are my reasons for believing this:

Somebody is keeping Lulu happy--you will notice that ninety per cent of the time she is, by the look on her face, in the throes of sublimest ecstasy.

Alvin seems to me too holy, too young; yes, altogether too unworldly to be engendering this condition in Lulu. Some of you may think it is precisely this spirituality of Alvin's that has led Lulu to such a blissful state-- If so, listen to the following quotation, which I believe will change your point of view.

Lulu has just run into Alvin in front of her house and she says: "I'll give you such a smack!"

Lulu, in her slavish concern for young Alvin, displays a maternal instinct of overwhelming intensity. The great tragedy of Lulu's life is her inability to conceive and bear children. (Whether this is due to her age--six or seven, or to some feminine disorder is not discernible.) Alvin functions as a child substitute for the one Lulu needs so badly.

To suggest Tubby as the cause of Lulu's happiness would be most ignorant. Lulu

<sup>1</sup> If any reader is unschooled in "Little Lulu" may I suggest they study an issue or two of that remarkable work before reading this article. "Little Lulu" by Marge (Marjorie Henderson Buell) Volume One, Numbers one through one-hundred and forty two.

<sup>2</sup> c.f. Marge's "Little Lulu" and Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," A Comparative Criticism by Lillard and Pendergast. Nome Press, 1951



plainly regards him with repugnance. (Tubby<sup>11</sup> is also rejected by Gloria--who bears a striking resemblance to his mother. Tubby's only outlet is food. He consumes eatables in such astonishing quantities that one can only be thankful his super-normal appetite is so channeled. If ever Lulu or Gloria were to relent, theirs would be an unsettling surprise. His voraciousness if guided toward its true goal would only result in an extreme case of satyriasis. This facet of his personality puts one in mind of Dickens' Oliver Twist. You will recall his pleas for more food were likewise merely a subterfuge for more earthy appetites.)<sup>3</sup>

Neither Willie nor Wilbur can be cited for Lulu's quixotic behavior.

Quite simply, what it is is this: Lulu is having an affair with Iggy.

Notice the haggard look on Iggy's face, his furtive movements, his reluctance to look his mother or sister in the eye--all symptoms brought on by his involvement with Lulu.

It is true that he may occasionally stick out his tongue and loudly "Brrrrrtt!" at Lulu, but this is a pathetically unsuccessful attempt to hide the depth and passion of his real feelings.

Her secret affair with Iggy accounts for her cheerful nature. But now we must examine Lulu's other side, the gloomy Lulu.

In tandem with her cheerfulness she has, at times, a manner of despair that is frightening. Her character is of such duality as to be disconcerting to the faithful reader; confusing to those approaching Lulu for the first time. When, in the midst of her happiest moments, a darkness passes over her merry features, it is as disturbing to the reader as sudden lightning on a sunny day. When Lulu drops her carefree joy and youthfulness to utter "Baw!" or "Waw" we are struck to our cores with a feeling of hopeless abandonment that seems unalleviable. It is at these times that she seeks solace in her dream world.

Lulu's phantasy world is worthy of closer scrutiny than any of my colleagues have given or, indeed, any that I have time for in the present article. I should like to mention, however, Witch Hazel and Little Itch. These creatures of Lulu's fancy are personifications of her schizoid tendencies.

The sight of Witch Hazel as she flies through the air on her broomstick is a form of wish fulfillment significant to any Freudian. Little Itch, by virtue of her double entendre name, opens up myriad vistas of speculation.

I hope that in this brief discussion I have touched upon a few points of interest to the general reader. This has not been meant as a comprehensive study of "Little Lulu." That would be a futile undersaking for any critic due to the endless variety of interpretations that may be put on this work. To my knowledge only "Hamlet" approaches "Little Lulu" in offering a choice of so many differing conclusions.

Naturally I have touched only a few highlights concerning Lulu. I fervently hope that the readers' interest has been stimulated enough to make them delve into "Little Lulu" for themselves.

In closing, I should like to remark that if Lulu's scatological value is what first draws the reader, then it is Lulu's concern with the important issues of life that holds the reader. The problems that confront her are the problems that confront each of us: Does a yo-yo travel faster going down or coming up; what would it be like to be a snowman.. Her valiant persistence to unearth the answers to these and other such problems assures her a place with the immortals.

But her warmth, compassion and genuine concern for others is what guarantees her position as a cornerstone of world literature. For hers is essentially a message betokening love in a lonely world: "I'll give you such a smack!"

--Rob Williams

<sup>3</sup>c.f. Chatterley, Amber, Toffee and Twist, A Study in Image Replacement by Norman Kall which appeared in a recent issue of READER'S DIGEST.



by Terry Carr

## SATURDAY

Saturday morning, late, we went down to the lobby and ran into Bill Donaho and Jim Caughran, who had driven up overnight in Jim's car; they were completely beat and immediately retired for several hours. We wandered into the con suite up on the second floor, where all sorts of posters and auction material and such were on display. Copies of the current CRY and SHAGGY were available there, and there was a big display of photos of the week before's Midwescon, where the Chicago crew had thrown a party sponsored by the Seattle group to get people drunk enough to promise to support the Seattle worldcon bid. Miri borrowed some felt pens and made up some signs plugging our bid for the next Westerncon ("Bring Home The Baycon" was the slogan--it had been suggested years before by local fan Bill Collins, when San Francisco had been bidding for the '54 worldcon, but he hadn't thought of it till everyone had left for the Philcon so it had never been used.)

After a little socializing in the con suite we wandered out for breakfast, and when we came back we went to the pool, which was in back of the hotel; the motel connected with the hotel (the Owyhee) was just beyond the pool. There were several fans there, including the Busbys and Calkinses, and we immediately invited them to the bar for a drink, as per arrangement. Somehow on the way to the bar we picked up a few more fans, like Donaho and Ronel and Elmer Perdue and Barbara Gratz and Jean Bogert; some of these joined us at the table. An extremely enjoyable time was had by all for a couple of hours, talking of FAPA matters and the handiness of having a swimming pool at a consite and standard subjects such as foreign beers and sex. The Owyhee bar served an extremely good beer, as Buz mentioned later on, toward the end of the con, when we realized that that afternoon was the only gathering in the bar; it seemed strange that that gathering was unique, considering the excellence of the beer. But then, there was good booze elsewhere too, most of the time.

The session in the bar gradually broke up as people wandered off to lunch or to the pool or to catch an afternoon nap. The next gathering was that afternoon, in the coffee shop, where a batch of us congregated over coffee and orange juice and such light liquid refreshment. We pushed three tables together and gathered around them and chatted quietly.

I don't remember just what the subject was, but at one point during this session Bill Donaho maintained that he was evil and debased. No one from Berkeley tried to refute this, but Sid Coleman argued with him that he might be good and true and beautiful.

"I am evil and debased!" rumbled Bill.

"Well, do something evil and debased for me," said Sid.

Bill kicked him in the shins under the table.

The afternoon wore on and our stomachs started to growl, and we were all looking forward to the banquet that evening. The gathering in the coffee shop broke up as most everybody went off to change for dinner and shower and such (it was quite warm in Boise that July 4 weekend). Miri and I got to the banquet room a little later than most of the others, and found ourselves sitting quite a way back down the table from the speakers. I commented that this might not bother, because Rog, who was Guest of Honor, had been working intermittently on his speech for the past month, and we'd heard most of it three or four times already as he tried out various lines for laugh-value. And just as they were getting ready to serve the fried chicken, Miri remembered that she didn't have her camera, so I went up to the room to get it.

Coming back through the hall I passed a porter carrying someone's luggage, and striding behind him in bermuda shorts and teeshirt was someone who looked familiar as we passed.

Three steps later I wheeled and said, "Jack!"

Jack Speer turned around, recognized me, waved, and said he was in a hurry to change in time for the banquet. I went on down and stopped to tell Guy that Jack had just arrived, but he'd heard it himself just a few minutes before. I went back to my seat, and discovered that the banquet table was almost completely full; fortunately I'd had a



wife to save my seat. Forty-two people registered at the Boycon, and forty-one of them were at the banquet--the missing member didn't arrive at the con till later that evening, which means that the Boycon banquet had a 100% turnout--undoubtedly a record that has never been matched by any previous stfcon.

The fried chicken was excellent, and when I finished my first helping I decided selfishly to finish off the rest of the chicken on the plate allotted to our section of the table. As I emptied it, a waitress came along and filled it full again. Eyebrows went up all around the table at this, and some other plates were emptied. They were promptly filled.

Ron Ellik likes to think he is a champion eater or something, so he dived into the second plate in front of him and polished it off, then looked up brightly to see if he could get any more. "I want more chicken," he muttered; "what kind of a hotel is this, only giving us two huge servings? That's not enough to feed a growing squirrel!"

A waitress refilled the huge plate at Ron's end of the table.

Goggle-eyed, Ron attacked this plate too, with the help of such as Andy Main and Chuck Devine. They polished it off and as Ron was wiping his fingers on a napkin the waitress refilled the plate for the third time (the third refill, that is).

Undaunted, Ron and crew set to and worked their way through this plate too, though a bit slowly, I thought. (I smiled superiorly at Ron and his cohorts as I finished my third helping; I wasn't trying to set any records.) And when the plate was again empty it was refilled.

Ron frowned and lifted the plate to look under it. "Has this thing got a false bottom?" he muttered.

It was great fun, but of course, the waitress won. The hotel had provided enough chicken for fourths, fifths, and sixths if necessary, and from the confident look on the faces of the waitresses I felt certain they were prepared to keep on serving fried chicken unto the twentieth helping if necessary. However Ron Ellik is a sensible person, and he knew when he was licked. He loosened his belt and said to the tablefull of people hushed and watching, "I guess I'm done." And then we all turned to the other end of the table, where Forry Ackerman, the m.c., was getting ready to rise and give greetings to all us fans of sci-fi and fried chicken.

While we were waiting, Chuck Devine, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and said right out of the blue, "You're the best fannish writer in the world, aren't you?"

Now, I'd be the last person to deny that I often like my own writings more than is probably warranted, and in fact I've often kidded myself in print about my little conceits. But there are times when even the most godawful bigheads among us get stopped, and this was one of the times for me. My head jerked up and I stared at Chuck for a few moments and at length decided that he'd been perfectly serious. (My first reaction had been to say, "What kind of a crack is that?--which may seem an inappropriate rejoinder to such heady egoboo, but you'd understand better if someone were to say that to you.)

I said, "No, I'm not the best fannish writer in the world." I really couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Guy said you were," said Chuck. (This wasn't strictly true; Guy told me later that Chuck had been asking for suggestions as to who to ask for material for his fanzine, and Guy had suggested me first.)

Fortunately, at that point Forry began his opening remarks, so I didn't have to wrack my brains to say something modest and unassuming to Chuck. Forry began by mentioning that while he'd been sitting next to the Guest of Honor during the meal he'd stolen all of Rog's notes: "I'll be using his gags, so you'd better laugh!" He went on to chitter-chatter about movies and such. "I see we have the star of 'The Ten Commandments' with us this evening," said he. "--Elmer, would you rise?"

Among forthcoming movies he mentioned, "Ma and Pa Kettle Meet Jim Webbert."

He went on with various newsnotes from L.A., including a mention that Ray Bradbury was working on the Shirley Temple Show for tv. Sid Coleman said brightly, "Ah--is he doing 'Small Assassin'?"

There was more potpourri of news and gags, of course. Forry mentioned that J. B. Priestley's "Doomsday Men", a story of the moon falling to earth, had been bought for the movies. "They're filming it in Collide-o-scope," he said. On the magazine front, he said,



things were looking up, with new concepts and new magazines galore: "I understand they're coming out now with a Jewish version of Playboy...to be call Sin Agog."

"No no," called out Sid Coleman, "it'll be called Playgoy!"

Forry and Sid would have made a wonderful vaudeville team, I'll bet.

Anyhow, Forry introduced Rog eventually, and Rog stood and launched into his talk. "I have a wonderful room here at the hotel," he said. "It has an unlisted number. And I slept like a top last night--standing up with my head spinning. I was standing because I'd got one of the brooms stuck under my shirt, and my head was spinning because the janitors forgot to put the cap back on the ammonia bottle. But it's a real nice room."

After the preliminary jokes Rog launched into a rather more serious speech on s-f, which went down as easily as the fried chicken had. And when he came to the end of his notes he was enjoying himself so much (Rog loves to talk) that he went on for ten or fifteen minutes more, extemporaneously. "I know most of you here," he said, looking over the faces at the table. "For instance, I know Jack Speer...we're old enemies. Come to think of it, we never made friends, did we, Jack?" Speer grinned, stood up and shook hands with Rog. Rog went on to tell at length about the big feud in the middle forties between Rog and Ziff-Davis on one hand and Forry and Jack on the other. It's an interesting and amusing story, but for some reason--probably so as not to embarrass Jack or Forry or get into any arguments with them anew--he left out most of the funny parts he usually told. As it was, when he finished he turned to Speer and said, "Isn't that about how it happened?" and Jack smiled his inscrutable smile and said quietly, "not exactly."

Well, after Rog's talk the session broke up, only to be reconvened a few minutes later in the Seattle suite, where there was a party thrown by Earl Kemp on behalf of the Chicago in '52 bid. The bathtub was loaded with mix, the table was loaded with potables and glasses, and the chairs, bed and floor were loaded with fans--some of whom eventually matched the condition of the bathtub, table, and room.

I was sitting at Forry's feet talking with Gregg Calkins and Elinor Busby about art-work-stencilling when all of a sudden during a lull I heard Sid Coleman in the second conversation to our right saying, "I'm writing a story about the crew of a Dean Drive spaceship...they're looking at their full-color visiscanner, which works by the Land process--when suddenly they notice the dials are sticky!"

Well, that conversation seemed a bit too silly for a high-type fan like me, so I turned back to our own group, only to hear Gregg chattering gaily about how he was coming down with some Dread Disease and would die at the convention. "All I ask," he said as he waved a can of beer grandiosely, "is that you bury me in the FAPA plot. Cremate my mortal remains and scatter my ashes through the next FAPA mailing!"

"You'd need sixty-eight identical ashes," said Elinor.

"Egad," I said, "can't you just see it in the listing of surplus stock a few mailings hence? 'One ash of Gregg Calkins--1/2. A bargain!'"

"Yes!" said Gregg, "--and then I could write an article called 'I Was A Piece of Ash For FAPA'!"

As you might surmise by the brilliant intellectuality of the conversation, the party was in full swing and the alcohol was having its effects. In fact, just about then Gregg stood up to go get another beer and almost fell over. "Goddam, an earthquake!" he hollered.

Gregg is a real funny fellow--I really think he's terrific.

Well, eventually the party-room began to thin out--the entire convention had been in it that night, but people started going off to bed around 1:00 or 2:00. Also, we ran out of liquor and mix. It was a horrible state of affairs, so Gregg and Joanne and Miri and I and a few others decided to go out for more. We moved the base of operations down to the convention suite at the other end of the hall--the consuite was open all night, since no one was sleeping there. We went out and got some goodies and continued the party for a short time, being joined by the Busbys and Wally Weber in the consuite. But eventually I tuckered out and went off to bed.

#### SUNDAY

I awoke to find myself alone in our room; apparently Miri had stayed up all night. It was nine o'clock. I dressed and shaved and went down to the lobby, where Miri and



Barbara Gratz and Wally Weber were sitting and talking.

"We're on a convention Marathon!" said Miri, looking disgustingly wide-awake. These people who stay up all night are always more chipper in the morning than people like me who go to sleep at night.

We went out to breakfast, and I confess I don't remember a thing about it; I still wasn't awake. But my notes say that Barbara quoth, apropos of something or other, "It was an exotic room--when you walked in you thought you'd be shot."

The auction was convening back at the hotel, so back we went. Al Lewis was auctioneer--apparently Guy had planned on having Daugherty or somebody like that as auctioneer, but none of conventiondom's experienced auctioneers showed up at the con. So Al Lewis, an extremely competent and obliging guy, consented to step in and handle it. Al had never auctioned anything before in his life--but then, neither had most of the rest of us.

Al turned out to be great. He was a born auctioneer--chattering incessantly, cracking jokes, almost literally pulling the bids from people. He held up an original illo and chattered, "This is a good one...this is a good one...what's your bid?...take a look at some of the others and you'll see that this is a good one!" He had the original manuscript of Mildred Clingerman's "Stair Trick" up for bid, and both Jean Bogert and Ed Wyman were after it. "Jean," he said, "you don't want to go back East without this, do you?" he said. She raised the bid. "Ed," said Al, wheeling to the other side of the room, "you're not going to let this get away from the coast, are you?" Ed raised it again.

And so it went. Al displayed an amazing talent in getting bids from people and making them like it. On occasions he even bid for them, which was so ridiculous that nobody could stop laughing long enough to protest. And they paid for the stuff too. It was probably Al's auctioneering that kept the Boycon from going into the red.

Miri and I even bought some stuff. We picked up nine early-forties Startlings for \$2.50--we're nuts for old pulps. (I like to read 'em and Miri gets a sense of wonder just from their musty odor.) And at another point Al was auctioning two issues of Science Fiction and the first issue of Comet--both mags from the early forties, our weakness. Nobody was bidding for them, so Miri shrugged and bid 20¢. Al was horrorstruck; he grimaced and looked so pitiful that I raised the bid to 25¢ myself. Everything thought that was terrific--Miri and me bidding against each other--but the fact was that I would have been ashamed to buy the three mags for 20¢. But nobody seemed to want to raise it above a quarter, so Miri raised it to 30¢ and that was the price we finally paid for them.

After the auction came the business meeting of the con. I made the bid for Berkeley, managing between flashes from cameras to blurt out some stuff about how we had a great committee that was all set to put on a fine con and how we really wanted the con and so forth--the standard stuff. It was all true, too. When I got finished with the bid I called on Rog to second the nomination and tell a little about the hotel we'd chosen. But Rog was in one of his Puckish moods, since it was obvious that nobody was going to bid against us, so when he got up to the rostrum he reeled off what must have been the most outrageous nomination speech ever given at a con.

"We've chosen a real fine hotel," he said. "I forget the name of it, but I may have written it down somewhere. Anyway, we've checked it out thoroughly, and it's the perfect hotel for a convention. We went down there and there were bums and winos and shady characters sprawled all over the lobby--the manager said they wouldn't mind at all having science fiction fans staying there. At least, one of the managers did--there are two managers at the hotel, and the other one told us to go to hell. But I don't think we'll pay any attention to him."

He went on in that manner for what seemed an eternity, while Honey slumped down further and further in her seat and intermittently squeaked, "Roger, stop it! Roger, wait'll I get you alone! Roger!"

But Rog enjoyed himself. After he finished I went back to the rostrum again myself and gave the assemblage the real story on the hotel--how the 1956 Westercon had been held there and we'd told the manager to check his bar receipts for that weekend, and when he'd done so he suddenly became enthusiastic over the prospects of having another s-f con at his hotel. Honey came up and said a few words on what terrific cooperation we were



already getting from the management and so forth. Then we both glared at Rog and sat down.

Guy called for any other bids, and after a brief pause Elmer Perdue stood and put in a bid for Hawaii. Everybody craned their necks to stare awestruck at him, and Guy asked him if he was moving to Hawaii or something.

"No, I don't even know anybody in Hawaii," Elmer admitted. "I just think it'd be a nice idea to hold a convention there."

"I'm afraid I'll have to rule the bid out of order," said Guy, smiling.

Then Chuck Devine stood and bid for Boise again in '61.

Guy fixed him with a glare. "Are you planning on running the convention yourself?" he asked.

Chuck withdrew his bid.

So the vote was held, and it was unanimous for Berkeley--except for Chuck Devine, who abstained.

"I think this should be a unanimous vote," said Guy. "I'll call for another vote. Chuck--vote for Berkeley this time!"

Chuck gave up and voted for Berkeley, and it was unanimous.

After that we all took a break for lunch before the Fanzine Editors' Panel was to begin; we all went down to the coffee shop. The panel consisted of Elinor Busby, Gregg Calkins, me, and Earl Kemp, with Ron Ellik as moderator. Earl had been rung in at the last minute as a replacement for John Trimble, I think it was. Andy Main had at first been considered as a replacement, but when Earl had shown up Guy figured he had more experience, so Andy was out. Anyway, Ron assembled the panel members in the coffee shop and we discussed plans for the panel while we waited for lunch. What with everyone trooping into the coffee shop at once, the service was a bit delayed. Considerably so, in fact. We had so much time to talk that we practically ended up holding the panel discussion right there while waiting for our food.

Ron was getting nervous because of the delay. At the table next to us sat Guy and Diane and some others, and their orders were taken and they were served before we could even flag down a waitress to get menus. About the time our orders came Guy's party got up to leave, and Ron noticed with horror that it was time for the program to start.

"Eat your food quick!" he said, "or we'll be late!"

"We can't be late," I said. "We're the program."

That stopped him; he quit chomping so furiously on his cheeseburger.

"Besides," I said, "I get hiccups when I eat burgers too fast, and you don't want a panel member with hiccups, do you?"

So we ate at a comparatively leisurely pace. When we got upstairs everybody was waiting, so we started the panel immediately. It was slow starting; Ron had prepared a list of questions comparing activity in the apas with general fandom activity, and we chattered on in turn about personality in fanzines and friendship via the printed page and how much deadlines are to be feared, and other such semi-esoteric stuff. We would have felt pretty bad about going on at such length about such stuff were it not for the fact that most everybody at the con was an active fan, well-acquainted with what we were talking about.

But there was one fellow there who had never heard of fandom before. He'd arrived the night before, just at the tail-end of the big party; seemed he'd heard there was an sf con in town and he wanted to meet Bradbury. Unfortunately, Bradbury wasn't there, but he was intrigued by the fannish types and stuck around for the rest of the sessions. I never did catch his name. ((Bob Wilson)) But anyway, after the fan-panel had been going for half an hour or so he raised his hand and asked, "What is this thing called FANZINE and how do I get a copy?"

The natural reaction was of course forthcoming: everybody in the room laughed, and someone said that Sylvia White published it. When the noise had subsided Ron ruefully gave a brief, polite explanation of fandom in fifty words or less. The explanation probably only served to confuse the poor fellow more, I'm afraid.

At any rate, the conversation thereafter veered to where it usually does on fan-panels: What's Wrong With Science Fiction. Earl Kemp, who had just published "Who Killed Science



Fiction?", started it, but it wasn't long before everybody on the panel and many members of the audience were getting in their licks too.

It was during this discussion that Gregg Calkins, sitting on my right, made the mistake of saying, "...for instance, nobody comes up to me anymore and says, 'Who was that stf writer I saw you reading last night?'"

Before I could stop myself, I blurted out, "That was no stf author, that was my wife!"

Ghod but I hate myself when I do things like that.

Ron Ellick turned to me during the ensuing dead silence and said, "You can be replaced by Andy Main, you know."

But the discussion of stf went on. I went into some pretty fancy orations myself, and enjoyed myself hugely. As I remarked in an aside to Gregg, it was a strange and wonderful feeling to sit at a table on a platform with all these faces turned up to you waiting for your pronouncements. "Just as if we knew what we were talking about!" I said. It was lots of fun.

At one point while I was talking Miri raised her hand in the audience to ask me to clarify a point or something, and we discussed some point or other back and forth for about five minutes. And everybody sat and listened respectfully and apparently even interestedly. At last the humor of the situation struck me, though:

"My wife and I are holding a panel discussion," I remarked.

Eventually Guy stood up and called the proceedings to a halt, suggesting that we all take a break and gather round the pool for awhile. So there was a general scurrying about as people went up to their rooms to get their swimming suits, and in fifteen minutes there we were, all of us out at the pool.

That was the great thing about the Boycon: there were only 42 people there, but they were all good people and the number was just small enough that we could all congregate in one place for a party or a swimming session. This particular afternoon found most all of us in the pool, a situation which struck us all so funny that we got quite silly, really.

The water was a bit cold, and we were shivering as we stood waist-deep in the water talking and joking. Andy Main started bouncing up and down to keep warm, the water providing buoyancy enough to make it comparatively effortless and fun. Elinor and I and Ron and Miri and a whole bunch of others soon joined in the game, and pretty quick half the goddam convention was in the pool, blithely bouncing up and down and discussing fandom. It was the silliest damn thing I've ever seen at a convention, and I wish I had a picture of it. It struck us so funny that we got to talking of founding a whole fandom -- Water-Bouncing Fandom. We could have our own fanzines on the subject -- WATER-BOUNCING TIMES and BOUNCEAC and BOUNCE OF THE NAMELESS. We could have Serious Articles like "Whither Bounce Fandom?" and "Bouncing is Just a Goddam Hobby" and such. Eventually, when we all got tired of the game and people started gafiating from our little splinter fandom, we could wind everything up with a massive volume called "Who Killed Water-Bouncing?".

Oh, we had ourselves a ball there in the pool. "Anything two or more fans do together is fanac!" hollered Ron, bouncing madly up and down.

Eventually the bouncing party broke up, as Chuck Devine and Jim Caughran and Andy Main and some others started dunking each other and generally horsing around. Everybody was in high spirits.

"Help, he's drowning neofans!" gurgled Andy as Jim dunked him.

Eventually Bounce Fandom separated and everybody went off to dinner. Miri and I were with Diane and Wally Weber and Jim Webbert and a batch of others at a restaurant around the corner where we had to wait so long for a waitress to take our orders that Jim called a meeting of The Nameless Ones to order while we waited. It was a brief meeting, though, just long enough for the club (represented by Wally and Jim and a few others, like Miri and me, who had attended Nameless meetings in the past) to vote to buy a membership in the Baycon.

Pretty soon the door opened and in trooped most of the remaining half of the convention. All weekend it seemed as though the convention membership was a single entity: everybody was always congregated in one place. "Fans just naturally sort of coagulate together," said Diane.



When we'd finally got our meals and eaten we had to hurry back to the hotel, because we were already almost an hour late for the second auction. But of course it didn't matter, since almost all of the convention had been at that restaurant.

The most notable thing that happened at the second auction was the auctioning of Don Day's beard, which had created such a sensation at the Seattle Westercon the previous year. Don, unable to attend the con this year, had thoughtfully shaved his beard and sent it as a replacement or something. It was neatly mounted in a box, and when it went up for auction Ed Wyman said he'd donate a photograph of Day wearing the beard to go with it. The whole kit was bought by Al Lewis himself; he said he was going to give it to Bjo and John Trimble for a wedding present.

Following this there was a showing of LAfandom films, Unicorn's "The Genie" and Rotsler's "Rock Fight." Al Lewis showed a batch of slides of fanphotos, too. And after that there was another party in the Seattle suite, this one being to plug Seattle's worldcon bid for '61.

Unfortunately, it was at this time that the previous night's total lack of sleep suddenly told on Miri; she just collapsed and I had to put her to bed before the party started. The comparatively high altitude of Boise, combined with the lack of sleep, had her feeling really terrible. Al haLevy gave her some codeine pills and she went right off to sleep.

I was feeling pretty beat myself, so I retired early from the party, read for awhile, and went to sleep.

#### MONDAY

Monday morning we were comparatively refreshed, but depressed. This was the last day of the con, and leavetaking is always depressing.

We had breakfast with Jack Speer and wandered back to the pool, where the fans were gathering in little bunches. No program had been scheduled for that day, on the theory that on the last day the fans would want to have plenty of time to talk. It had seemed at first like a good idea, but actually turned out to be somewhat disastrous: with the last day entirely given over to saying goodbyes it ended up being pervaded by a pall of gloom. Probably some top program item should always be scheduled for the end of a convention in order to prevent this.

We went up to the consuite, where Jim Webbert was saying goodbye to everybody, standing beside his already-packed suitcases. There's nothing so depressing as a packed suitcase on the last day of a convention.

"I guess I won't see you at the Philcon," he said. "I won't be able to make it."

"Nobody'll be able to," I said. "The con's in Pittsburgh."

"Oh," he said. "Just as well, then."

Guy was at the consuite, helping people with this and that in between finishing up convention business with the hotel and such. He looked tired but sort of happy.

"When I get home," he said, "I think I'll sit down and write a conreport, just for me. It won't be published. It'll just be about all the little things I've seen at this convention that have amused me. Probably nobody else noticed them, or would be interested. But I want to write it all down for myself."

Around noon Miri piled in the car with Caughran and Donaho and they took off for Berkeley. I went back to the pool and finished shooting up the roll of film in our camera, with pictures of the Grahams, Guy and Diane, the Kemps, the Calkinses, Jack Speer, and so forth. Jack has a very intriguing face--his eyes are always half-shut and there are laugh-wrinkles around his mouth and the corners of his eyes. He really looks extremely genial.

When I was taking his picture he said, "In most photographs you can't even see my eyes--they just come out as dark slits. I had photos taken when I was running for state senator, and they had to scrape some emulsifier off the negative so that I'd have any eyes at all."

I never found out how he would have looked in the pictures I took, because I'd mis-set the camera and none of the photos turned out.

I wandered around the pool wishing I could go in the water again, but my suit had been packed in one of the suitcases that Miri had taken back in the car. But Earl Kemp



said I could borrow his suit, and I borrowed the key to their room and went up and changed. I lounged around in the water for about an hour.

Then Diane came by and invited a bunch of us out to their place for dinner before leaving. There were Rog and Honey, Wally, Earl, Nancy and their kids, and probably one or two others. We arranged to meet in the lobby and I went off to pack my suitcase and check out. When I'd done that I ran into Earl, who invited me for a beer while we were waiting for the others. We discussed things to do with SAPS and s-f clubs and conventions and had an extremely nice, relaxed time. In fact, we were about to order our third beers when Guy found us and told us that everybody else was waiting. So off we went to Guy and Diane's house.

It seemed appropriate that the convention should start with dinner at the Terwillegers' house and end the same way. The party that last evening was a lot smaller, though, and a lot more tired. The conversation at dinner was relaxed and quiet; we ate in the twilight on the patio and spoke quietly. There was little joking, and what there was of that was mostly puns (Rog: "It was a house of ill-fame; the walls were naughty pine.").

After dinner we lounged around in the livingroom. Wally was the most tired of us all: not only had he stayed up all night Saturday night, but Sunday night too. "Every now and then if somebody mentions my name I remember that I'm awake," he said.

We'd been sitting in the livingroom for half an hour or more when Guy suddenly noticed which chair Wally was in. "Oh, Wally, you don't want to sit there," he said. "You're not comfortable there."

Wally thought a minute, frowning in concentration. "You're right," he said solemnly. "I've been uncomfortable all along, now that you mention it. But I didn't notice." So he moved to another chair.

A little later he said, "Will somebody tell me if I'm having a good time or not? I can't tell, and I might have to write a conreport or something, so I have to know."

We assured him that he was having a great time--after all, look at the illustrious company he was in--and he settled back in his seat contentedly.

But pretty quick it was time to drive Wally out to the airport. We were ready to leave when he suddenly noticed that he didn't have his camera, and we spent ten or fifteen minutes hunting it down. When we finally found it it looked as though we might be late getting him to his plane. So we piled into Guy's car and hurried to the airport.

"In his condition he won't know if he caught the plane or not," said Rog.

"I wonder where the plane is supposed to take me?" mused Wally.

Well, he got there just in time to trot out to the plane and get on before the door shut. My plane, according to my return ticket, was due in another hour, and for some reason we went back to Guy's house for half an hour and then came back to the airport; maybe it was because I hadn't brought my luggage.

Anyway, an hour later I presented my ticket at the United Airlines desk and began my second run through the United gauntlet.

This wasn't the flight I was supposed to be on, said the fellow behind the desk. My plane had left an hour ago.

But, I pointed out, the time they'd written on the envelope the ticket was in was now.

That didn't matter; it was the wrong flight number.

Well, could I get on this plane? It was going to San Francisco, wasn't it?

Yes, but this was a flight with a stopover in Portland, where I'd have to change planes. There'd be an extra charge for changing planes and fouling up their records (I wondered briefly why they thought they needed help doing that), and they might be able to get me on this plane. There'd be a two-hour layover in Portland.

By this time I was so thoroughly disgusted that I had half of a letter to United's management drafted mentally by the time I'd finished paying the extra fees. Rog and Guy made commiserating noises and we stood around glaring at the United desk until shortly later they called me over and said I was in luck; I could take their plane.

So I growled goodbye to Guy and told him what a good time I'd had and all. I probably sounded like I'd had a wretched time, what with the leavetaking depression and my anger at United Airlines, but I really meant every word I hissed and spat at him.

So I boarded the plane and settled down to a little reading on the way to Portland.



I dozed off over a Clark Ashton Smith story, though, and woke up as we came into Portland and I was bumped off.

I presented myself at the United desk there and asked what flight I was to board in two hours. He looked at my ticket and so forth and informed me gravely that they didn't guarantee that I could get on that plane, but they'd put me on the waitinglist in case any of the reservations were cancelled. But I could definitely get on the next plane after that--it was to leave at nine in the morning.

Marvelling to myself over the wonders of our modern age and occasionally muttering, "Boy, this is the only way to fly!" I retired to a seat in the lobby and read three stories from those early-forties Startlings we'd bought at the auction; they were utterly lousy stories but I loved 'em. Maybe it was because of my dark mood and the fact that they made me feel so superior.

As I finished the third story a voice announced over the loudspeaker that my flight for San Francisco was being held up in Seattle for repairs.

That did it. I went up to the American Airlines desk and asked if I could switch onto their next plane for San Francisco, which was due in half an hour. They said sure, and courteously and efficiently made the arrangements with United; the change of planes cost me nothing.

So half an hour later I boarded an American Airlines plane and collapsed into a seat to sleep until we got to San Francisco. There was this gorgeous stewardess on the plane, but she ruined everything by saying over the loudspeaker at the end of the flight, "Both Miss Jones and myself have enjoyed having you aboard." I really thought only stewardesses in Shelly Berman skits made such stupid grammatical errors.

At San Francisco International Airport I retrieved my luggage and went looking for a bus to the city, where I could catch another bus to Berkeley. And I found that there were no busses running at this time of night and my only alternative was an expensive limousine coach. Feeling numb and uncaring, I took it.

The coach let us off on the other end of San Francisco's downtown business district from the trans-bay bus terminal. I stood in the cold night air at 3:30 in the morning and contemplated walking fifteen blocks with my luggage. What in the hell am I doing here? I wondered.

Fortunately, a taxi cruised by and several sailors and I made a deal to go in together on a trans-bay taxi trip, splitting the fare. Half an hour later I arrived home and tumbled into bed.

I wasn't quite asleep, though, when a car pulled into the driveway and Miri came in. So we had some hot chocolate and discussed our trips back; Jim Caughran's car (in which Miri had been riding--Al haLevy had been on vacation and had gone on to Canada from the con) had broken down somewhere in Nevada, but an hour later Al Lewis and crew had come by and pushed them to a mechanic twenty miles hence who had fixed the car. It seemed like it had been kind of a bad trip for both of us.

So we fell into bed and I set the alarm for eight o'clock. At that time I got up and phoned my boss to tell him I wouldn't be in till afternoon. Then I went back to bed.

#### EPILOG

The ticket that I'd lost turned up the next day under the telephone, where one of our friends had left it. We stopped payment on the second check I'd written to United Airlines and I sent the original ticket to them with a blistering letter, telling them that still owed me five bucks. I quoted check numbers and flight numbers and everything.

A few days later they wrote back and said I'd made a mistake, that their system was set up so that it was foolproof, and that I still owed them two-fifty. But in view of the amount of trouble I'd had, they were willing to call it even. And they added that they hoped I'd continue to fly United.

Fortunately, the next Westercon is in the Bay Area.

--Terry Carr



# SERCONVILLE

21

ALL RIGHT, LET'S  
SEE WHO'S  
FANNISH.



WE'RE  
FANNISH



WHAT'S THE  
OK WORD FOR  
'61.



INGVY IS A  
LOUSE!



THAT'S OLD



WHO SAWED COURTNEY'S BOAT?

SOUTH GATE IN  
'85.



CHARL BRANDON LIVES?

FANWOL?  
ACKERMANNESER?

AH SWEET IDIOCY?

FITAGH?

HYPHEN?

LIGHTHOUSE?

FANAC IS  
INDISPENSABLE?



HE'S NOT FANNISH!



John Piper

NOW THEN,  
WHAT IS THE  
WORD?



DISCUSSIONZINE



IT'S A JOY TO KNOW YOU'RE  
A WELL-ADJUSTED FAN.





H W Y L

by Elinor Busby

Flora Jones died last CRYday. She was 76 years old.

She died of a heart attack in the hospital where she'd been sick for a couple weeks. We'd thought she was getting better, but we were mistaken.

We were all of us fond of her. She was five feet, or under, and had bright, fierce, friendly eyes and a little pointed chin and full cheeks, and was a cute little woman.

Flora's main interest, apart from her daughter Virginia of whom she was very fond and proud, was astrology. She taught classes in astrology, as well as drawing up exceedingly complicated horoscopes. She also taught numerology, and once delivered a series of lectures on Masonic symbolism. She was a veteran of many schools of thought, mostly mystic, but up to and including dianetics and scientology.

I guess she was also a science fiction fan. She was extremely fond of going to conventions and arguing with John W. Campbell, and I heard her mention a science fiction story once. It was "Dear Devil," by Eric Frank Russell, and I think it was her favorite science fiction story.

In all the years we knew Flora she was poor and in bad health, but she never whined about either circumstance. She'd mention her poverty, or her bad heart, or her arthritis, sure, but rather matter-of-factly. Somehow, she didn't seem to consider these things very integral. One felt that inside Flora was still a hopeful and adventurous young woman.

She didn't let her bad health keep her from doing things that she wanted to do. Being a railroad man's widow, she had a lifetime pass, and so could manage to travel every year and DID. She broadened her experience in other ways, too. I don't know whether she ever tried peyote, but I know she took CO<sub>2</sub> a few times, and a year or so ago she told me about having taken lysergic acid. She almost died, she said, but it was worth it. She had had a Mystic Experience that she wouldn't trade for anything!

The thing about Flora was, she had courage and zest, and was completely herself at all times. I liked her, and shall always feel the richer for having known her.

\* \* \*

It occurred to me that I might as well describe some of Terry's Boycon cast of characters. So here goes!

TERRY & MIRI CARR are both tall, slender, fine-boned people with broad shoulders and long legs. Being of similarly elegant and elegantly similar appearance, they look extremely well together. Terry is a handsome young man with dark wavy hair and regular features. He looks (to my mind) rather like James Arness. I think perhaps he also looks like Wm. Butler Yeats as a young man, but am not quite sure as I have never seen a photograph of Yeats as a young man, or Terry as an old one. Miriam is a lovely young woman with high cheekbones, a long straight nose and very full lips, with a short upper lip and dimpled chin. The modelling of her cheekbones, cheeks and chin is extremely nice, and she has pale, delicate fine-textured skin and very small, fragile-looking hands. CHUCK DEVINE is in his middle teens. I didn't notice how tall he was, because it was apparent he hadn't his full growth, but I have a vague impression that he is a medium-size sort of person. He has straight blond hair, straight dark eyebrows, a long stern nose, dark brownish gray eyes, and long flat rosy cheeks. His coloring is striking, and the austerity of his features contrasts interestingly with the youthful frolicsomeness of his personality. A most attractive young neofan.

ANDY MAIN is another attractive young neofan, but of very different physical and personality type. Andy is of medium height or a fraction above, and has extraordinarily cheerful looking features--a turned up nose and all that goes with it. He has brown hair falling slightly over his forehead, green eyes, and is extremely healthy-looking. But just as Chuck combined austere features with a frivolous nature, so Andy combined frivolous features with an extremely serious and sincere personality.

AL haLEVY: Last month Buz and I watched "The Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon." Afterward I said to Buz, "You know who Dr. Strauss reminds me of? --Al haLevy." And Buz laughed and said, "What! You too?" So then we told each other how much like Al haLevy Dr. Strauss was. So, if you watched "The Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon" and remember the doctor in it, you will have a general impression of Al haLevy's appearance, stance, speech, and even, personality. These Mad Scientists!



JIM CAUGHRAN: Jim is well over six feet, and when he walks by a table something falls off it. His features are vaguely Lincolnesque, though much better than Lincoln's, and he has beautiful eyes, perhaps the most beautiful of anybody in fandom. Jim is about 20 yrs. old and youth is not becoming to him; but I prophesy that when he is 25-30 years old he will be strikingly handsome, with a terrific presence, and will become increasingly attractive every year from then on.

GREGG & JOANN CALKINS sort of match, just as Terry and Miriam do. Gregg is a heavy-set young man of medium height, with blond hair and yellow-green eyes, almost the same color as his hair. He has pleasant features and an extremely pleasant personality. JoAnn is a charming and very pretty young woman of medium height, with a slim athletic build. Well-tanned, she has short blond hair with yellow-brown eyes which exactly and precisely match it. She has an elegant small head, well-set on a strong neck, giving her a somewhat faunish look, and a mouth that, when not smiling, looks as if it is just about to. Both Calkinses were full of fun and friendliness, and both gave an impression of happy sanity. AL LEWIS is a short, sturdy-built, forceful, handsome young man with dark crew-cut hair and beautiful green eyes with thick dark eyelashes. Curiously enough, despite his forceful nature, he is very considerate and thoughtful, and is one of the easiest, most comfortable people to have around I know.

RON ELLIK is another forceful fan who is easy, comfortable, and extremely pleasant to have around. He is one of the funniest, most loveable and charming people in fandom. I may as well frankly confess: despite all protestations of neutrality I broke down and voted for the dear Squirrel. I couldn't help myself!

BARBARA GRATZ might perhaps have the most beautiful eyes in fandom, now that I think of it, and not Jim Caughran after all. Her eyes are a wonderful blue in color, with thick lids and long curling eyelashes. She is a small, exotic-looking girl with a full figure. Her most typical expression is one of friendly innocent wonderment, but her comments are sometimes perceptive and pungent.

JACK SPEER looks a little like Arthur C. Clarke, I believe, but as I've never seen Arthur C. Clarke I could be wrong. Jack is between medium height and tall, and is blond and smiling and composed-looking. Terry is right! Jack has an inscrutable smile.

EARL KEMP is tall, and very thin and narrow, with a bony head and prominent facial bones. At the Boycon his narrow pointed chin was pleasingly adorned by a very small pointed beard, and I was particularly struck with his sweet wicked smile and luminous light eyes. Although I'm trying to describe people just as they appeared at the Boycon, I must inform you that when I saw Earl a couple months later at the Chicago railway station the first thought that flickered thru my mind was "Legolas!"

\* \* \*

Gee I wish people would put SCIENCE-FANTASY on their Hugo nomination ballots. Nobody has so far, and it's my favorite prozine. And a story by J. G. Ballard, pubbed therein last year and entitled "The Soundsweeper" is one of the most unusual and interesting stories I've read. And those Brunner stories--was that "City of the Tiger" pubbed in 1960? It was surely a humdinger. Another thing that nobody seems to be mentioning on their Hugo ballots that I consider worthy of mention is Play of the Week. Of course, it isn't fantasy all the time, but it's fantasy more often than not. Shouldn't it be eligible? I think it should. Or, perhaps, should just individual fantasy plays thereon be eligible? But how to pick amongst 'em? If one could remember their names. They showed "Archie & Mehitable" in 1960, didn't they--and there was a superb story that I didn't catch the name of, about a girl who was being wooed by the ghost of a dead murderer--he almost got her, but fortunately the adorable what's-his-name (he played Trinculo in the TEMPEST) was successful in bringing her back to life. I liked it. "The Tempest" was marvellous, too, or was that in 1961? No--it must have been in 1960, because it was before we got the aerial on our tv. For that matter, "Macbeth" was in 1960, and that was fantasy too, and very excellent. Gad! There's lots of wonderful fantasy on the tv. Some people think "Twilight Zone" is good, so perhaps it is. I watched it once, but thought it rather a drag. It was the time the bank teller got telepathy for one day only. You can imagine all the ramifications, can't you? They didn't omit a single cliché, not one.

As for novels, "Unearthly Neighbors" is the best thing/Chad Oliver's ever done, and he writes quite substantial stf, don't you think?

Elinor



AN INQUIRY INTO THE THEORY OF RECURRING CYCLES  
or What Price Numbered Fandom?

by Donald A. Wollheim

It would seem that some twenty or so years ago, give or take a few, some sercon type having boned up on Toynbee and other Great Minds of world history analysis, and being temporarily deluded with the grandeur and glory of what he conceived to be a tiny enclosed world, named Fandom, came up with a Toynbee-type theory of eras of historical fandom. He carefully charted the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires and continental land masses, showing how capitals and kings, dynasties and press moguls rose from the primeval mud, blossomed for a few short months in the fannish sun, and faded or were routed by the New Barbarians from the chartless plains of the neofannish plasma, only to have the process repeated again ad infinitum. And taking his opium pipe from his mouth long enough to set his conclusions down on paper, he managed to set up an historical chart which fandom has, for reasons unknown, swallowed hook, line, and sinker (to mix a metaphor).

In short, nobody seems to have questioned this elaborate hokum of First Fandom, Second Fandom periods of transition, interregnums, Seventh Fandom (Phoney and Real), Eighth Fandom, and now the further outlook. An article by Lupoff hinting darkly at the coming Decline and Fall of Eighth Fandom and the approaching dawn of a new and stranger Ninth, has provoked one heated retort from a BNF of the "outgoing" era. Already the barricades are being manned to fend off the looming mass of the new barbarian invasion, whose standard we are told is the scarlet long-johns of Superman mounted defiantly in the cold breeze from the Far East Coast of America.

But why not question now this spurious theory of fan history? Why is this "fandom" the Eighth, why the next the Ninth? Having myself the advantage of a long view on fandom, having survived in one way or another fan wars of the first two or three so-called fandoms, and now having taken a look at modern day fanac after a lapse of twelve or so years, I have come to the conclusion that this theory of successive Fandoms is simply one that has proven itself, that is worthy only of discard, and that some other sercon types should go to work and probe the real case of fan history.

For what I see is that this fandom is just a continuation basically of the same fandom as 1936. I see standing as kingpins, as key factors, still many of the same names as in those days--Forrest Ackerman, the pillar without which Los Angeles would disappear; Harry Warner, the untouchable commentator of the East; Moskowitz, around whom Newark has revolved for twenty years; Speer, the rock of Fapa; Taurasi, the constant historian of pro operations; Tucker, the pundit Gibraltar of the Middle West. The roles of the organization First Fandom are full of names who are still important contributors. CRY itself claims to have run 147/monthly issues, which surely takes it back two or three "fandoms" historically.\* The N3F was founded in Denver in 1941! The Fapa earlier than that. The Lasfs and the Psfs as old, and both remain. So what's all this talk of fandoms coming and going?

I submit therefore that the world of science-fiction fandom is still somewhere in the middle of its First Epoch. That basically the same pinions, the same main foundation stones remain, that its traditions have become solidly fixed and are not yet undermined, and that it probably has another twenty or thirty years to go.

Of course there are changes internally, clubs rise and flourish in certain areas, diminish in others, new fanzines rise and old fanzines depart, some new bright names rise to prominence, older names vanish for longer or shorter periods, but so what? This is part of the natural order of a single fan history, and it has all been consistently connected with the past. There has never yet been the clear absolute break with the entire past tradition and leaders that would denote a new epoch. It may come some day, but it is not visible today.

To take a historical analogy, we don't claim that the inauguration of a new president automatically signals a new period in U.S. History. American history does have periodical shifts which can be perceived now that the country has gone on a couple hundred years. The period from 1812 to 1860 is one such period; although the differences between 1813 and

\*The first 74 issues of CRY came out, with fair regularity, every two weeks. It was free, and was seldom more than one, two or three sheets of paper. CRY-as-we-know-it had its still meagre beginnings with #75. CRY #1 was January, 1950, CRY #75, November 1954.



and 1859 are considerable, both in personalities, in centers, in industries, yet we recognize it as a consistent growth and development without a real break. The period from 1865 to 1898 is another such. From 1900 to 1916 is still another. From 1919 to 1941 is essentially all one period. And from 1945 to date is a consistent whole, despite different administrations and presidents.

So fandom basically hasn't changed enough to claim any new fan epochs. It's all been the First Fandom and it still is. It won't be time for a Second Fandom until all the magazines are dead, all the fan leaders gone, all the fan clubs vanished. Then, someday, on a new foundation, a new and second fandom. But that time isn't yet.

Away then with this nonsense of numerical eras. Time to take another look at our little semi-enclosed worldlet.

--Donald A. Wollheim

\* \* \* \* \*

FILLERS

by Rob Williams

### Fashion Preview

Laura Blueankles, tell me:  
Close your eyes, what do you see?

A VISION OF THINGS TO COME! A RACE OF WOMEN WITH BRIGHT BLUE ANKLES!

Women's fashions sway  
And what was once chic  
Becomes tres passe.

Laura Wiggams, is it true  
That you've dyed your ankles blue?

Kathryn Lovelace, it is said  
You have dyed your elbows red.

Anna Hutchins, oh, I think  
Your clavicles are bright pink.

Olive Lamont, lovely maid,  
Have you dyed your bosom jade?

Susan Olson, does this mean  
You have dyed your bottom green?

Women's fashion sway  
And what was once chic  
Becomes tres passe.  
But please-- this is sick!

### Psycho

Robert Bloch-- Help! Eek! Yow! And oh, oh,  
oh!  
Your story called Psycho frightened me so.

I sit getting smellier by the hour.  
Too damned chicken to get into the shower!

### Explanation Please...?

Theodore Sturgeon, in a book called "Venus Plus X,"  
Tells us not to get the wrong ideas about his sex.

In "Some of Your Blood," though, there's no apology within,  
So may we safely assume the worst in this case then?

--Rob Williams



## The Science Fiction Plowed Under

by Renfrew Pemberton

Reviewers of Kingsley Amis' "New Maps of Hell" are handicapped to some extent by the copyright-notice blurb, which specifically mentions mimeo as a forbidden means of reproducing the book's content, and which makes no mention of short-passages-for-review-purposes or anything of that sort. Mr. Amis may not be writing for fans, but you can see he's heard of them.

I had been getting along perfectly well without this book for some months, but today I was stricken with a strangely overpowering urge to buy and read it. For one thing, today it turned up on the stands in the 35¢ Ballantine edition.

Although the very name of K. Amis brings some fans to a fast boil, I found his appraisals quite fair in many cases. It is important to keep in mind that Amis is in the position/who enjoys the stuff himself, is writing his book not to the S-F field but to the Literary World and (so) must beware of sounding goshwow at the risk of being put down by his audience. Considering that Amis is after all quite the Literary Bloke, it's difficult to fault his attitudes, objectively.

His facts and conclusions, however, are often quite something else again. Even keeping it firmly in mind that Amis is discussing the field as of about 2½ years ago at the latest, some of his most categorical statements are belied not only by current trends but by examples existing several years prior to Mr. Amis' summations. A for-instance: he pats the field on the back for outgrowing the habit of clobbering aliens just because they are there (like Mount Everest), but wonders when our authors will come to imagine that perhaps the natives are not obliged to put up with us at all, exploringwise. Whereas stories built around the "no interference with the locals" theme had been around for some years prior to this wistful plaint by Mr. Amis.

Amis is well-read in the field, surely, but it is obvious that he is not so well-read in it as he lets on. This appears when he (justifiably) lauds the able Fred Pohl, but unjustifiably denigrates (a favorite Amis word) the equally-able late Cyril Kornbluth. And on what basis is Kornbluth put down? "Not This August" is certainly not the best of Kornbluth, or typical of his particular genius. Amis offhandedly summarizes the "Syndic" as dealing with minor wars after a major war, which is just about as far as anyone can miss the point, I'd say. These two works, then, form the basis for the Amis evaluation of Kornbluth, which is perhaps the outstanding blooper of the book. Or at least, comes close.

This less-than-complete familiarity with the field leads Amis to spoil some otherwise good points by winding them up with some categorical statement to the effect that science fiction never produces some given treatment of a particular subject. You've been nodding in agreement up until the clincher, but suddenly you are brought up short by the realization that this thing Amis says is never done in S-F has been done at least three times by Sturgeon, and once each by a couple of other fellas. It doesn't have to be Sturgeon; he just came to mind in the particular case of the handling of sex in S-F as discussed by Amis. And I could just as well have used Farmer, for that one, even.

Amis has allowed himself a well-greased loophole, though. Early in the book he goes into quite a long thing about the difference between science-fiction and fantasy (he does not like fantasy, he says), capping this with a nice little epigram as to how science-fiction bothers to make excuses for being so far out in left field, and fantasy doesn't. Along with this descriptive differentiation, though, and masquerading as part of it, are several of the main points Amis makes about science-fiction later and at greater length, and which don't stand up too well when faced with specific examples overlooked by Amis. You see how it works. Early: "S-F doesn't cope with sex, though some fantasy does". Later, 3-4 pages on how S-F and sex don't mix, capped with the categorical statement that brings you up shouting "Now look here; how about this job of Sturgeon's?" Amis need only say: "But my good man, I've already defined S-F and fantasy for you; obviously



the piece you cite is fantasy and in no way denigrates my conclusions regarding science fiction!" In other words, since Amis has defined zilches as trog and glunts as non-trog, you can't possibly show him a trog glunt because the thing is obviously a zilch by definition, or it wouldn't be trog. Howcome you so STUPID?

It is easy to find <sup>differences</sup> between Amis' evaluations of specific writers, and yours and mine. Amis finds a lot more depth in Scheckley, and a lot less in Simak, for instance, than I do. It seems most superficial to dismiss Simak as the folksy back-to-nature philosopher (on the strength of his recent items in GALAXY, likely) while completely ignoring this writer's major preoccupation with the unity and common purposes of all Life, as shown in the "City" series, "Time Quarry", etc.

And while Amis is quite taken with "Gravy Planet / Space Merchants", he has no excuse for crediting that work with introducing the concept of the Rulership by Corporations (with Clan-connotations)-- de Camp's "The Stolen Dormouse" did-up that theme very nicely, 15 years earlier. Now it is all very well to stand up & shout that ASF was hard to come by in England in 1940. My answer is that you and I know this, so howcome Mr. Amis (who is after all writing an Authoritative Work) did not either (1) mention that his source-material is incomplete, or (2) have his Ms checked-out for bloopers before getting quite so pontifical?

There are other examples, but also there have been lots of other reviews of this book and likely there'll be more, so these should suffice for now.

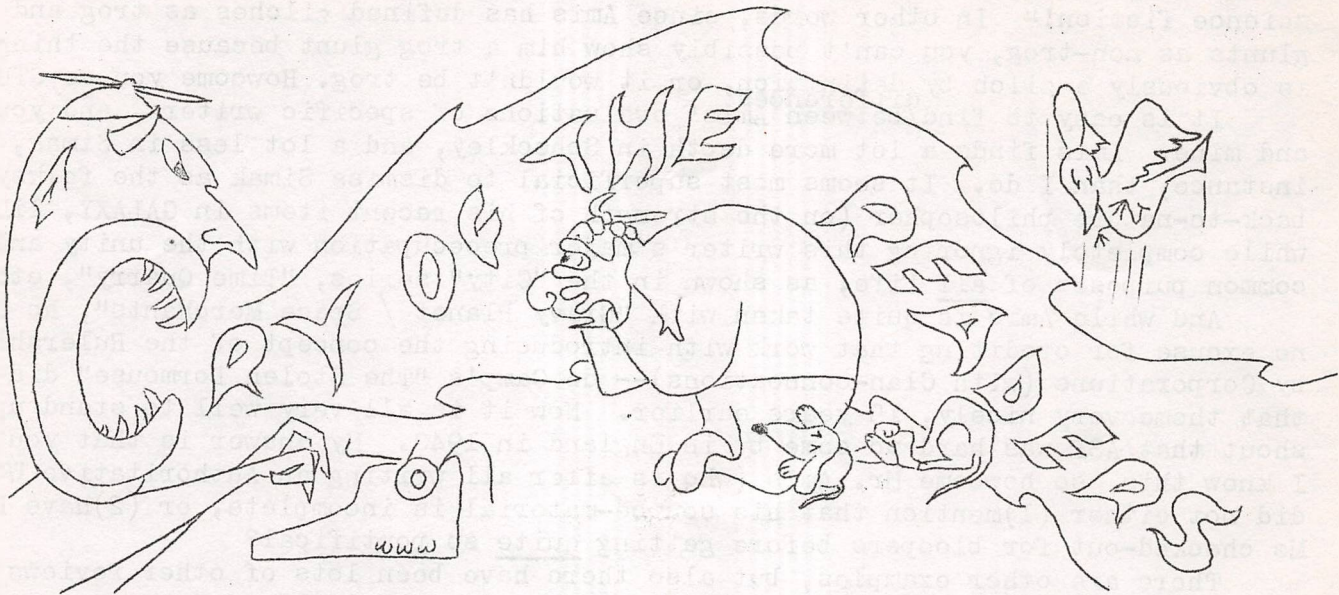
I do have one major difference with Kingsley Amis, in our respective attitudes toward science-fiction. He makes a great point of science-fiction as a vehicle for Social Satire and/or criticism of the current scene; he gives examples, and summarizes the Moral (in each case) much more sharply than I really cared to see it. I like my social criticism a little more diffused than Amis likes his; it is perfectly-OK for a story to have a Moral, but I prefer to let this percolate thru to me slowly and luxuriously, and not to be hit with it in one-sentence moralizing, whether by Kingsley Amis or by one of those sledgehammer editor-written blurbs I was griping my head off about a few years back. It's like the old gimmick of the concentrated-food pills; they may have the same metabolic effect as a steak dinner, but it doesn't fill the bill in other respects. If I want to pay out good money to be preached to, there are a lot of member-hungry churches quite handy, thanks.

It's possible that Amis likes a good story with or without The Moral, same as I do. It could be that he hit this point so hard because he, like science-fiction itself, needed to provide his audience with a good excuse for being so far out in left field. Could be.

Those are my gripes at "New Maps of Hell". They are essentially minor gripes; I enjoyed the book immensely and found much in it of speculative interest. Some of the author's suggestions for possible themes and treatments could be of great value to a writer who would like to break away from current-formula but who is so saturated with it in his own reading in the field that every attempt at a "break" turns out to be merely a new "twist", still well within the Formula. Certainly I hope the book can be put to this use by writers in the field; the need is urgent. Probably the most irritating thing about this book is the cover blurb, which reads as follows: "The Book That Made Science Fiction Grow UP!" I mean, if it had succeeded in this attempt, the bragging would be more palatable.

Prozines, current crop: Simak starts a 4-partner in April AnalOg; this can't help but be the best serial in here for a long time, and it looks pretty good so far. I hope you have the April Galaxy; the Surgeon is the author's usual minor-key plea for Somebody Out There to <sup>move in and</sup> smooth his subconscious out like an Army bed, but whether Gold or Pohl set this issue up, it has some good ideas in it, even if Leiber does waste his time telling us why cats like to drink out of the john. The (35th Annish) Amazing is a Collector's Item, and that's all. \*\* I think the May IF must have absorbed all the clunkers that would otherwise have been in the April Galaxy: it's not all that bad; there's lots of variety and most of it was fun to read ONCE; but it's caricaturish, like. \*\* This has been a Nostalgic Bit..





MSgt L. H. TACKETT COMMENTS FROM IWAKUNI

USMC H&HS-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac,  
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco,  
Calif. 25 February 1961

Things:

CRY one hundred forty seven arrived so herewith some belated comments. Belated inas-  
much as I am now one of your overseas readers located currently at Iwakuni, Japan, about 20  
miles from Hiroshima, a city which was in the news a few years back for some reason or  
other.

TCarr scores heavily with his response to Lupoff's 9th Fandom editorial. However, an  
ancient Japanese fortune-teller has revealed to me that Lupoff's 9th Fandom is merely a  
transient heralding the emergence of 10th Fandom whose geographical center is the navel  
and whose common interest will be the contemplation of same. Umm. There is something to  
be said for that--it all depends on whose navel is being contemplated.

Purdom's item was of interest although apparently only a cover from which he could  
sneak a punch at Starship Troopers. Relax, Tom, you're in the army. You get a vote.

Art Rapp on morality. (There will be a 30 second pause while everyone makes a pun  
about a moral's rap.) My own feelings on the subject as brought up by Art can be summed  
up: you tend to your business, I'll tend to mine. Which is as good a moral code as any.

COTR: Short this time, ne?...Donaho: The trouble with KIPPLE and XERO is that in  
their reaction to fannishness they've swung too far in the other direction. A balance of  
fannish foolishness and sercon makes the more enjoyable zine. ...Purdom: Parties are not  
held for the purpose of conducting serious discussion. Parties are held for the sole pur-  
pose of getting drunk. ...Franson: Re preparing for the boom -- should we dig shelters?

How about putting in a plug for me? I've recently acquired a tape recorder and would  
appreciate some taperespondents. [O.K. Send the end of the cord and I'll do it. --WWW]

Roy Tackett

DONALD FRANSON WITH A SHORTER ITEM

6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Hugo-naughts,

March 8, 1961

In answer to your request for shorter items, here is one:

Incident At Seacon. An old fan and an old pro met at the convention, and casually  
began talking about stf. The pro had forgotten to wear his name-badge, and the fan didn't  
recognize him at first, so he asked him for his opinions on various stf writers. The pro  
gave them at length, and after some time, it began to dawn on the fan just who the old pro  
was. "You Bester?" said Al Ashley.

And this, if you don't print it as an article, makes my 28th consecutive CRYletter  
since #122 (including WAHFs in #132 and #146), and foo to Lichtman's claims.



I'm starting to get impatient checkmarks from faneds, about fanzines I received which I intended to write a letter of comment on. I am cutting down on letters, so I divide the fanzines into those for which a letter is not necessary or expected, and those on which I must write a letter. So, after doing this, I don't get around to commenting on the "must" fanzines either, and the first thing I know another issue arrives and the letter of comment I didn't write is dated. So, faneds, if you checked "comment, contribute, subscribe or else" I'll send you an else eventually.

The cover on #148 is one of Atom's best. The back cover quotes are interesting. In between the CRY is the same old top fanzine.

Yours, come gafia or high water,

Donald Franson

BOB LICHTMAN INVENTS ARTOWKR

6137 S Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Vootie:

13 March 1961

Quite frankly, I'm glad you put a new caption on the cover illustration, because I don't get the old one at all. The cover this time, however, was almost totally undistinguished. Don't you think it's about time you featured another Garcone cover? I don't think the newer readers realize that CRY used to feature artwork by this great, undiscovered artist. Why, Garcone even gets points on the SAPS Pillar Poll under Artowkr. (That typo was unintentional, but let it stand. Artowkr is the form of drawing after artowrk, which Bruce Pelz invented.)

Terry's Boycon report--the first half thereof, that is--is the usual high Carr standard stuff. I mean, Terry has been doing this incredibly fine writing for so long it sort of automatically turns me on. Just be glad, I guess, that people whom TCarr is with say such funny things.

"Strangers to our ghetto," says Tom Purdom, thus making fandom sound like an Orthodox Jewish sort of thing, "may be impressed to know that science fiction predicted the A-bomb." Somehow, I rather doubt that statement. I think most people realize that stf had predicted the A-bomb. (One of my aunts (Hi, Marie!) found out about it from the article on Campbell in the Saturday Evening Post, and I think she was impressed. For that matter, I'm impressed. What's more, I think it taught science fiction authors to be a little more careful about what they predict. -- www/

Suddenly I feel old and tired. But mainly this was a very uninspiring lettercol, for some reason. What's wrong? Weber, start writing better letters.

Terkis,

Bob

HAL LYNCH DEFENDS HIS BANDIED NAME

McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23rd St., New York 11, NY

Dear Cryterions

March 9, 1961

I think my main purpose in writing is to defend myself against the way Tom Purdom (fun-loving Tom, we used to call him) has been bandying my name about your lettercol. What he purports to be inside stuff on political maneuverings of the Phila. SF Society is actually only the professional fiction-writer's imagination warming up for another Sordman story; a far more accurate portrayal of club doings in the city of brotherly fandom can be obtained simply by reading your own M\*I\*N\*U\*T\*E\*S, changing the names to protect innocent Nameless Ones. It is indeed positively spooky how often accounts of your meetings coincide with what goes on at the Philly club. Tom's description of me as the eternal ruler of the PSFS is obsolete; I am once more a private citizen and could join Someone in a golf game if I could play golf.

The articles written by TP are better than his letters, anyway. His discussions of noted SF authors are extremely well worked out and provocative. However, I am disturbed to see that his articles have started another weary round of the old arguments pro and con religion. Will some old-time fan with a large collection kindly send all these people on both sides copies of fanzines of 1934, or '35, or '37, or whenever it was that this subject was raked over and over and over and over and so on?

Mr. Berry turns to the law. The story is quite good but I miss the wilder flights of the Berry fancy.



Granted that Dick was rather mistaken, Terry's last Harvest was a wretched lapse for both him and for Cry, no matter how many eager readers rise up to applaud. The Boycon report, however, shows the illness was nothing permanent.

I have somewhere about a new fanzine called GAUL put out by Steve Tolliver and some colleagues of his at Caltech. All three seem to be some kind of fugitives from Disneyland, and in their excellent publication, one which no red-blooded fan should be without, they describe a stimulating intellectual exercise called "Rocketsledding", a form of activity which apparently tones up both body and soul at the same time. (It is a sort of dynamic Yoga.) The description of the physical location of this sport, a Caltech dorm, reminds me somehow of the facilities you have reported on as the site of the GREAT EVENT next September. Naturally I immediately thought, isn't there some way these young scientists can demonstrate this healthful activity at the Con? Of course managers and staffs of hotels are a notoriously backward lot. Therefore I think it would be best if you would mention nothing to the Con hotel representatives at this time. You can explain it to them afterward.

Somebody explain to John Champion why authors write what they write for money. I might just mention that it is more difficult than not to avoid expressing something of yourself and your attitude toward life, even when you are writing something you absolutely despise and are slanting it as much as possible for a market. Money is a reason without being an explanation.

must close

Hal Lynch

AVRAM DAVIDSON PUTS HEALTH BEFORE MONEY

410 West 110th St., NYC 25

Dear Cry Crowders:

March 8/61

The arrival of your Number 148 offered some sort of solace for a cold/rainy/hail/sleety afternoon, on which I dared not leave the house, a persistent cough in the chest... well, er, persisting; although I am way overdue on what I assure myself is the last trip needed to complete at the 5th Ave Library my researches for my current Cavalier assignment, "The Day Rodger Young Died." I need the money, but I need pneumonia less.

Foist, I must thank you for reminding me that the word hwyl has a y in it. I had omitted it when using it in a short short entitled, "The Singular Events Which Occurred Principally In A Hovel On An Alley Off Of Eye Street," which will probably appear in F&SF, as better-paying magazines are proving obtuse about it. No wonder. They could afford to buy the story, but the title would bankrupt them. --www/ One night, at a Hydra meeting at Basil Davenport's, an etymological discussion came up, and I suggested, rashly, that "it might be from the Welsh." Basil very testily said that his father held that "there are words in the Welsh, but there are no words from the Welsh!" Can you prove him wrong with a for instance? After I looked up Welsh in my dictionary and found it derived from Anglo-Saxon words, I gave up. Readers! Halp! --www/

I thought that Gilbert N. Sullivan's "Model of a Modern Science Fiction Fan" was very good.

I thought that Bob Williams's very witty commentary on Bester's Adjudication of the Seven Best Sci-Fi Writers was very witty.

Are you aware that "Geoffrey Chaucer", who was a mere sewer inspector, did not write the Canterbury Tales, but that they were in fact written by Roger Bacon? James Blish has the proof of this, but is suppressing it.

On p. 40 Ella Parker says, "The very word 'scorpion' makes me shudder, I don't know why." Having seen both the yellow and black varieties, I can tell her she does well to shudder. She goes on to say, "Tarantulas on the other hand sound harmless, maybe because of the similarity in pronunciation to the Tarantella--if that's how the dance is spelled?" It is, ma'am; and the name of the dance is derived from the name of the spider, Lycosa tarentula, "whose bite was supposed to cause tarantism...a nervous affection characterized by melancholy, stupor, and an uncontrollable desire to dance." It is widely accepted at present, I believe, that the "affection" was actually caused by rye-ergot poisoning where it was not, as it probably mostly was, caused by mass hysteria.

I regretted to see that you thought fit to print Dick Ellington's insults of Harlan Ellison. I am surprised at Dick and at you-all. What purpose is served by this sort of



personal villification? Hasn't there been too much of it in fandom all down the years? The trip west seems to have soured Dick, and I am sorry for it. ((Wally did Dick wrong, out-of-context. Dick's original 6-line paragraph on Harlan was in the tradition of "we always insult each other like this" and had a fierce flavor of backhanded joviality to it. -- FMB))

Best,

Avram Davidson, Knight of the Knose and  
Lover of Mankind

PFC THOMAS E. PURDOM REVEALS MORE ABOUT THE PSFS

US52493990, Hq&Hq Co, 2d Med Tk Bn,  
69th Armor, 2d Inf Div, Ft Benning,  
Ga. March 15, 1961

Dear Buz, Wally, Elinor and everybody:

A couple of things for Cotr, in case this isn't too late.

Walter Breen: No, I don't equate "primitive and infantile" with sick. I don't think Freud did, either. This is just a disparaging way of referring to the basic human drives; and the type of critic I was attacking is the kind who thinks he has debunked some human achievement when he triumphantly discovers its source. With the rest of your comments, I have little disagreement.

My thanks to everyone for the nice comments on the first two essays. Yes, my thanks to Walter Breen, too. I'm having a lot of fun doing this. But-- why doesn't somebody else take a stab at it, now that we seem to have demonstrated it's something fans will read with enjoyment?

Cry has really corrupted me. I even read con description articles like Boycon or Bust with enjoyment.

While I was home, my wife and I went to a PSFS meeting. Will Jenkins was elected President. That pushes Lynch into the background, but he's still the power behind the throne. Don't be misled by the humour Jenkins is always throwing off. That's only a mask. Fandom has never been so threatened. I warn you now-- if you see Jenkins and Lynch at the convention and they ask you to join them in a game of Charades, get away from them fast. Remember what happened to the oysters when they went walking with the Walrus.

Tom

L. RON FOOS DOES, INDEED, READ CRY

1334 Las Lomas St., Yuma, Arizona

CRY Eds, especially Elinor, Greetings.....

March 9, 1961

DO I READ CRY ??? EGAD....

I not only read Cry...I re-read CRY.....save up all my copies ---presently have them solid back to CRY lll...Alice inadvertently destroyed previous copies....and after the initial reading, let them pile up for a year and then re-read the lot again...

(What he means is I threw them away ((except for pictures)) after I finished reading them. Then he discovered this and I of course stopped this vicious habit.

--Alice Foos)

DO I read CRY....Ha...

Now, how can I express, substantially as well as verbally, my continued enjoyment of CRY? As you know, our life-time sub came about as a result of Wally doing us the favor of accepting quite an accumulation of SF magazines and pocket books for the Fen Den. Now, since moving down here in the torrid zone we have not at any time quit accumulating. Unfortunately, due to weight considerations and distance, I'm afraid a repeat performance is out of the question.

However, a suggestion: We probably have surplus just about every pocket-book size that has been printed during the last 5 years....make out a list of....say....about 20 titles you lack or you could use dupes of....send me the list and I'll make up a package...

(Ron is a mad dreamer -- there's that carton of nothing but pocket books I gave to one of our daughter's Armed Forces friends. Then last summer I sent lots to she and her husband in Hawaii. Of course I have stacks & stacks by my bed that I haven't yet had time to read but nobody need think I'm going to give those away till I've read them. We still do have at least 3 cartons of old magazines & books. --Alice)



Good luck with SEACON...and my sincere sympathy for your forthcoming travail.  
Special greetings to WALLY GONSER .....

L. Ron Foos

[The Fenden is adequately overstocked at the moment, but if we come up needing anything in particular, we'll think of you. We'll think of you, but we'll write Alice; we know who is in charge of reading material at your place even if you don't. Rest assured or uneasy, depending on how you regard the matter, with the knowledge that your lifetime subscription is in force and reinforced. All you have to pay is attention to CRY. --www/

PHIL HARRELL AND THE SUDSY GOO

2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia

Dear CRYptic ones,

March 11, 1961

It started out like any other morning. I woke up. Something I've gotten into a nasty habit of doing now days. Climbed out of bed and walked into the door; then I remembered to open my eyes, but enough trivia. I had just received my check for the month so I made my monthly seige on down town. Iwent to my Hecto store, and as I went in the salesman handed me my wrapped package of Hecto refill (I am a regular customer). I got home and was reading thru a book that said, "The Tokacs composition contains soap, and can therefore be washed off much easier for new use. The smoothness of the surface is also increased without showing more sticking capacity with the first impressions." So, as I had trouble washing my Hecto and some with sticking, I decided to try it.

I started melting the refill, and to make sure I got enough soap in I added a capful of liquid detergent ("A capfull will do a dishpan full") which didn't look like enough so I added another and another and still another. Then I stirred it in and for good measure I added a packet of Gelatin, unflavored type, and let it boil in a pan of water. Well it appears that the ounce of Lux I added was too much 'cause after I used it and went to wash it off it looked like one of these SOS soap pad commercials, when she drops the pad in the mixer. I've never seen so much foaming. It cleans off real easy tho. Now if I can only figure out some way to get more than 6 impressions at a time on it I'll have it made. Still it's a proud and lonely thing to have the only Foaming action hecto in fandom, and maybe the world.

Now on to CRY 148.

If there's one person that can really do justice to a conreport, it's Terry Carr.

Tom Purdom can really write, and most intelligently at that.

I always look forward to Geoff's letter every CRY and I hope they continue.

The name John Berry is universal for magnificence.

J. Les Piper did it again. Delightful.

Looking forward to the nextish, I remain,

Fannishly yers

Phil

The Student Bem From Absolutely...

DICK ELLINGTON REACTIVATED

2162 Hillside Ave., Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Cryers,

March 16, 1961

How's that for regularity? Ex-Lax Ellington, the Whiz Kid.

Terry's Boycon report sort of serves as a case history of Gresham's Law in action or something. Nice, as usual.

Purdom continues to be utterly fascinating. I've come to really look forward to his piece each issue and now frankly believe it's the high spot of Cry for me.

I did see "Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon" and thought it was really a nice job. It was billed quite blatantly as "Science Fiction" which shocked me no end.

I tend to agree with you Elinor, more than Lindsay, about the Anglofen. An interesting bit, nonetheless.

HWYL: I really am going to have to start reading a few prozines again if only to find out why everybody is so down on Bester.

I like your fiendish ideas no end. As a matter of fact, on at least one occasion, at least one TAFF winner was tempted to leave half the money and just immigrate. That would be a real ploy and could quite possibly happen.



Without even having read the Bester stuff in question, the Williams piece sets my hackles up and I will probably end up agreeing completely with Bester, no doubt influenced in this course by this article. Are there really people around who consider this sort of thing a logical argument? It ain't you know. [But it's a lot of fun. --www]

I'd like to see something from Purdom on army life--could be quite readable. I'm in the lettercolumn in case you've lost track of me.

You're printing that bit about me selling zines brought a lot of response. Actually, this is a point I really think should be brought to the attention of some of the pro and fan editors. When you have fanzines like FANAC, CRY, SHAGGY and a few others, on whose appearance you can count and that have fairly wide circulations, paid ads of a restricted sort from some of the pros would be decidedly advantageous. I'm thinking of it in relation to prepublication offers for books at reduced prices--prepublication orders are always important as hell to a publisher anyway.

Sieger makes a point but I think he makes it badly. I object to the contention that authors shouldn't put "propaganda" in their stories. I see no objection to arguing and hollering and disagreeing with the ideas expressed, but I can't see any reason for objecting to religious themes and ideas being expressed, or--say, Heinlein's philosophy or for some of the really blatant anarchist propaganda some of the authors include. Eric Frank Russell for instance damn near gives a lecture at times but it's interesting, valid in the story and simply good reading so why kick about any of it?

As to clergymen being experts on ethics and morals, this is a false generalization and should at least be confined to "their own systems" of ethics and morals.

I note that Wollheim's criticism of Bester would stand as a jacket-blurb for 9 out of the 10 novels he selects for ACE to publish. I wonder how many of you have read "Who HE?"

I picked it up years ago, read it and enjoyed it immensely, then lent it to a rather sick type Catholic young lady who read it and then burned it, stating that it was a disgusting book and needed to be burned.

See you next time around.

Alors,

Dick

WALTER BREEN REFUTES A RELIGIOUS CONCEPT: NAMELY GOD  
Dear CRYptarchists,

1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6,  
California

Did that original punchline to your March coverillo refer to the gink who finked on Harlan Ellison? ((Nope, the gink who revealed the existence of the Six-Fingered Hand, or CRYcult, to the CRY gang. --FMB))

I'll wait till the rest of Terry's conreport comes out to comment at length; right now "first-rate!" is my first rating.

Articlehack Purdom: A dreadful state of affairs indeed, if religious illusion is the only alternative to nihilism; and honest illusion is still illusion, still wishful thinking. I agree with you about Heinlein, but think that his various answers can be reduced to something like this: "A full, unique, individual life, lived in style with the utmost zest, is better than anything less; a person capable of this is worth preserving, and the multiplication of such people contributes to human evolution--and is worth any sacrifice save what might increase human misery in the long run. And I believe that the development of a finer type of human being will not increase human misery in the long run." So stated, this is a good first step to a truly human ethics.

"Gilbert N. Sullivan," if he is anyone except Don Franson or possibly Bruce Pelz or Les Gerber, should be nominated for Best New Fan of 1961. Bravo!

Letterhack Purdom: The Christian philosophy of history is logically constructed, I agree, but it does contradict some available data and fit others only by a great deal of ad hoc reinterpretation of them. In addition, accepting it requires that one swallow whole all the ancient nonsense about original sin and man being made up of a body and an immortal soul. See Walter Kaufmann's "Critique of Religion and Philosophy" in which data contradicted by the Christian philosophy of history are ably covered at length. The Christian and marxist philosophies both suffer by demanding prior faith in a group of unprovable propositions in terms of which everything else must be interpreted, rather than allowing speculation free play.



34

Sieger: Look, man, the word "propaganda" means material with an ulterior purpose. There is pro-church and anti-church propaganda; pro-racist and anti-racist propaganda; pro-communist and anti-communist propaganda. The word isn't automatically a pejorative. And if you think a clergyman is an "expert" on ethics and morals, you have a lot to learn. Some may be expert in that line, but it is not a defining characteristic. And listen to any bible belt radio station if you think evidence is lacking for ignorant, superstitious clergymen.

As for whether there is proof or disproof for the existence of a god, I can only say that Thomas Aquinas constructed five proofs, all of them easily shown to be fallacious; the same holds of the other thirty-odd proofs more recently devised. As for disproof, I can offer you the following: Thomas Aquinas says that one single being, God, is the cause of all perfections in all things, and at the same time the maximum in each perfection. Do these perfections not exclude each other? Taking this argument into the field of ethics, we encounter Epicurus and the problem of evil. Either God is unable and unwilling to do anything about evil, or unable but willing, or able but unwilling, or able and willing. If the first of these, he is no god; if the second, he is impotent or at best finite; if the third, he is himself evil or at least complacent about it; the fourth alternative is impossible, because he has not done anything about it--he has not "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb" (ask any victim of the Agadir earthquake). This suffices to refute at least the conception of God as Mr. Omnibenevolent Omnipotent Omnis-  
cience: he cannot be all three simultaneously. Self-contradictory properties constitute a good argument against the existence of their alleged possessor.

As for the notion that the evidence for God is the same kind as the evidence for atoms, I suggest that you name some state of affairs which is explained by the God hypothesis and not explainable by any other hypothesis so far presented. (But don't bring up miracles. Events are miracles only to those that already Believe. "If a miracle is by definition utterly improbable, it is infinitely more probable that our senses, or our informants, have deceived us." --David Hume.) Until you do, I remain skeptical.

Mike Domina--I don't know about part I of "Hobbit on the Road", but part III is in BHISMI'LLAH! 6 and part IV will be in ProFANity 8. You'd probably better ask Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, or c/o Trimbles, 2790 W. 8, LA 5.

30 & goodnight--

Walter Breen

BILL DONAHO BRINGS EGOBOO FOR SHEEP

1441 8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.

Dear CRY,

March 14, 1961

As for Elinor and Elizabeth the Great, I am afraid that Elinor is placing too much reliance on the novel. Elizabeth may have wanted Mary assassinated, not executed, but she realized that her throne was in danger if Mary lived any longer and made up her mind to do what she had to do. The screams of lamentation were carefully presented to try to get rid of as much of the shocked reaction of other people as possible.

Charles I wasn't a Catholic by the way. His queen Henrietta Marie was, though, and both her sons, Charles II and James II, were. But of course during his reign people merely suspected that Charles II was a Catholic and he may not have been. But he certainly had Catholic leanings and on his death bed received the last rites of the Catholic Church.

Donald Franson writes the best Gilbert and Sullivan parodies around. For my money he is even better than Isaac Asimov or Randy Garrett. This one is particularly delightful.

Tom Purdom was interesting, but I think he exaggerates a trifle about Heinlein. I also remember Heinlein's other justification for politics as a career, also from Double Star: "Politics is the only game for grown-ups". The struggle for power is a fascinating pursuit (power to do good of course), much more interesting than the exercise of power as Fritz Leiber pointed out in Gather, Darkness! Tom doesn't say so explicitly, but I gather that he would agree that Heinlein carries individuality too far. Wasn't it Buz who said that Heinlein is always on the side of the wolf against the sheep? Sheep can be pretty irritating, but human society is built on cooperation. Without cooperation, even the sparks of genius of individuals would be lost.



I think Geoff Lindsay makes the basic mistake of evaluating American fans by their personalities as revealed in fanzines and British fans by their personalities as revealed in person. Most American fans seem to evaluate Fabulous Fannish personalities--both American and British--by what they read in fanzines, which is mostly all they have to go on.

I have frequently gotten the impression that Alfred Bester knows little about the science fiction field, and reads little in it except his own work--even when reviewing.

I would like you to straighten out a couple of points: (1) Is On the Beach eligible for the drama award? (2) Is Transient a novel or novelette? (3) Is the NRRCP eligible for short story or novelette? I'll never tell. Frankly, I suggest you vote the way you feel like voting on anything that might possibly be eligible, and let the Hugo Balloting Committee make its arbitrary decisions after the nominating votes are all in. --www/

I would like to argue with Purdom on his Hugo choices. Canticle yes and it will undoubtedly win it, but why Deathworld over The High Crusade? The High Crusade was much better written, was a better novel and better science fiction. Could Tom be low-rating it because it was funny? I would also like to see Rogue Moon nominated. I don't think it is nearly as good as the other two, but do think that it deserves the honorable mention of nomination. Deathworld does not belong in such company.

But Tom, just where and how--not to mention why--do you go about separating the Christian philosophy of history with Christian beliefs about various historical facts, about human nature, etc? Also how many people whose intellectual processes you respect hold this theory of history and are not Christians? As someone pointed out about Thomas Aquinas, if an intelligent man is committed in advance to the support of any theory he can find out all sorts of plausible reasons for holding it.

Well, enough for now.

Bill

MIKE DECKINGER STRIKES AGAIN

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Cease all the revelry, cork up the bottles, and don't send the cat to the vets; I've returned to the pages of CRY. Please note that this new address of mine is: 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey and good after April 1. I'd appreciate the other readers of CRY taking careful note and sending all letters and fanzines there.

Terry Carr's minicon report, "Boycon or ~~Bbb~~ Bust" was an entertaining bit of prose. I wonder if he's been able to locate that confounded plane ticket yet.

Buz, I saw the Steel Hour feature you were referring to, and I was partly pleased and partly disappointed. Charlie Gordon, as played by Cliff Robertson, wasn't too convincing. His behavior as a sub-intelligent person lacked the true feeling a person of this sort would be expected to act in. When I think of the Charlie Gordon in Keyes' story, I think of Lon Chaney Jr. in "Of Mice and Men". Now he would have been superb as Charlie.

Geoff Lindsay's true identity is obviously that of Cecil Pachyderm, Bennett's mascot. And I defy the elephant to deny this.

Berry's story is well done but I don't want to deliver any opinion till I read it completely.

Who's Rob Williams, please? He must be someone else of renown, like Clifton Fadiman.

Thank you Dick Ellington for giving an example of where stealing is justified in our society. You see Buz--you see everybody?

Most marriages today are mixed, since they involve individuals of an opposite sex. Let's outlaw them right away.

ANALOG now uses neither staples nor glue. The sticky substance holding the spine together is the effects of the Heironymous machine.

Tarantulas may sound harmless, Ella, but they damn well aren't. Maybe I'll mail you one, in a loaf of bread of course.

Now don't forget, it's now: 31 Carr Place, Fords, N.J., which is just half a mile from Fanning Estates (honest).

SIN cerely,

Mike Deckinger



MR. EDWARD JOSEPH GEORGE GORMAN JR. PROMOTES SERIOUSNESS  
Sirs:

242 10th St NW, Cedar Rapids,  
Iowa

Your amateur magazine has recently come to my attention. There is about this...ah, CRY (if I may be so bold to refer to it as such) a great deal of wit and urbane charm. For instance, the March issue was highly regarded in these quarters because of Terry Carr's piece. It was a highly amusing episode(s) and I shall look forward to more in the same vein.

Tom Purdom strives dilligently toward perfection and will soon reach it. His article on Heinlein was quite well done. Quite, quite well done.

As to the remainder of the (excuse my slang) "'zine", I can only forward my regret that Cry isn't more serious. Really sirs, I'm amazed to find that such a potential mind as Wallace Weber would indulge in such freaks of typography as having his name in small letters.

We must have a more serious outlook on life: and must cut down these letter "hacks" who thrive on minor puns.

SERIOUSNESS AT ALL COST!

I hope that you consider my proposals, Mr. Weber, and I hope that by the time this letter reaches your "pad" (My mouth should be bathed for that one.) you will have had a change of heart, as it were.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Edward Joseph George Gorman Jr.

((Change of heart? That letter damn near gave me change of life!))

STEVE STILES COMMENTS ON A CON REPORT

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

Dear Fellers,

March 9, 1961

I was quite happy to see another con report in the Cry. Hessir, nothing like a good old conreport. Yessir.

Terry's mishap about leaving his ticket at home reminds me of when we almost left our cat in the icebox. We were just about to leave when we discovered Kippy (that's his name) was missing. I headed for the icebox to try to keep my strength up. There was Kip, under an overturned bowl of gravy (it was pretty hairy that night) and in a shower of upset milk. He wasn't too happy; I expect that he had a traumatic experience, has claustrophobia, and is a nut. I know one cat that has one up on him, though--he used to like to sit in the oven, but that's another story. Anyway, I just love to comment on con reports.

Tom Purdom's piece of Heinlein was all too short for my taste. Quite a lot of my love for Heinlein's stuff stems from the very aliveness, realness, of his characters and eras. I've always regretted shelving a Heinlein because it's like losing a world.

I haven't read the Bester piece in question. I take it the main objection is that Bester says naughty things about science fiction writers. Naughty, naughty Bester! Doesn't he realize that all pros are absolutely perfect, and need no room for improvement, or criticism, whatsoever? When he says the great Asimov has a "lack of a sense of drama", he is clearly wrong. Who can forget those ringing, mature phrases that run through Asimov's "Homo Sol"?

Skeebix,

Steve

CHUCK DEVINE THINKS WITH INK-STAINED HANDS

922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho

Dear Wall-ee,

March (Probbaly) 1961

I think I shall strangle Twig with my ink-stained bare hands. He told me that Terry's con report wouldn't be pubbed until June. I was sitting here in my fanroom, quietly waiting for June and not really caring if I got any of the in-between CRYs (See, I love you for your ego-boo.....). There I innocently open CRY and staring me in the face (well, that's what I call it) was BOYCON OR BUST. Gahhh! If I'd have missed it.....

Carr's piece was very good. I really think Terry is a fine writer. (I told him at the Boycon banquet but not quite in those words.) (Talk about neos making fools of themselves.....) (And I suppose Terry will bring that up too...)

Gibberingly blesst,

Chuck



FRED HUNTER'S CRY'S GREAT

Dear Wally,

CRY 146 was great.

13, Freefield Road, LERWICK, Shetland Isles, Scotland  
23rd February, 1961

Yours faithfully,

Fred Hunter

P.S. Whaddya mean - "THAT won't get him a free ish?" Not long enough? Well, how about "CRY 146 was REALLY great"? No? Ah, well....

Stand-out item for me was John Berry's paratrooping bit. Really chilled me, I swear. I get dizzy standing on a six-inch high footstool and snarl with envy at those rock 'n roll cats who lope along with ease, three feet of crepe rubber between the soles of their feet and the ground.

HWYL was thoroughly enjoyable, as usual. There was quite a brouhaha in parts of Scotland when our present Queen Elizabeth was crowned. Lots of people resented the insignia on mail boxes, etc. which, soon after the Coronation, was changed to E.R.II. They maintained that Elizabeth the Great never ruled Scotland and, indeed, were quite put out about the whole affair. It all blew over, eventually. We Shetlanders took no part in such demonstration, of course, as even now we inwardly hold no allegiance to either Scotland or England. Natural enough, I suppose, because it was only by a quirk of fate that the Shetland Islands ever passed from Danish rule.

Terry Carr's sercon discussion on sercon discussion was most sercon. I think he put his finger on the nub of serconism when he stated that faneds merely wanted reactions from the readers; a gag that's used in a million newspapers and magazines every day. A wily Editor eyes a tottering letter column - writes a controversial type letter and BAM!! - reactions pour in by the sackful.

Dear Wally, "CRY 146 was great".

Yours,

Fred Hunter

ERIC BENTCLIFFE SQUEBILLS

Dear Folks,

47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England

February 23rd

CRY 147 came in just yesterday, and is as excellent as usual....was amused by Arthur Thomson's memory of my last stay at Brockham House, when I left behind an empty whisky bottle and a plastic fried egg - it's all true, it was after the Worldcon in '57. He doesn't mention however how tasty the plastic-fried-egg was!

These cartoons of Les Piper's are getting to be extremely good, I like the DNQSVILLE one very much. Damn it, it's all so true, too.

Elinor, Steve Schultheis told me at Pittsburgh that the PLAY would be appearing in GUMBIE - I'm looking forward to it as well.

John's serial starts off well, the Minutes were, as usual, excellent, and the letter-col a fine garnishing for the meat of the balance of the contents. Now what are we going to have for dessert?

Yrs Squebillishly

Eric

JOE PATRIZIO REPORTS FROM THE EAST

Dear Wally,

11 Ferndale Road, LONDON. SW4 England

6th March 1961

Once more, out of the East, you are receiving words of praise and adulation, borne on the silver wings..well, the 'adulation' bit might just get me a free copy.

Terry Carr seems to be in a bit of a bad mood nowadays, really lashing out at all and sundry (two very fine people). I haven't read the article that Terry was slating, but I can say that I enjoyed Terry's article, even tho' I didn't know what he was talking about.

I enjoyed very much the start of John Berry's new serial, but while I'm on the subject what happened to the rest of that other one he started a few issues back? It's in Cry #50, I think. --www

A well thought out argument from Art Rapp. One thing that I think I should mention is the apparent difference in the approach to other people's morals that UK and US citizens seem to have. I don't think that anything like outcry of public opinion as Art describes



at the beginning of his article has ever taken place in Britain. In general, the British don't give a damn what other people's morals are like as long as they aren't annoyed by them. Most of us can accept others having diametrically opposite morals.

The Crygang might be interested in the SFCoL, and the meeting we had last Sunday.

This was held in Courage House, the stately abode of President Lindsay, (our President that is). We all got there early except for Ella, and when the rest of the members realized that we didn't have to wait for her to open the meeting, there was a rush to get things started, and finished, before she arrived. Ethel said, "I declare this meeting open quick Jimmy-read the Minutes", whereupon Jimmy garbled them out, and had no sooner finished them when Ethel said "There's no new business so I now declare the meeting closed." but the door burst open and we had to carry on because Ella had arrived with enough new business to keep us occupied for the next four hours.

This meeting was notable for the fact that we sent our first tape out, this to Betty Kujawa. After each of us had mumbled a few idiot expressions into the mike, and Arthur had, against fearful odds, given his famous seagull imitation, some bright member had the idea of finishing up with a song. Now, for the life of me I can't think why. Betty had never done anything to us.

Best,

Joe

DICK SCHULTZ CRIES AGAIN

19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

Dear Wally;

March 17, '61

What an abysmal CRY. It seems odd to see such small CRYs coming out with such obstinate regularity. You must see what can be done to reverse the tide of smallness in the CRY. We're working on the size; it's this blasted regularity that's almost got us licked. But someday.... --www/

First off, the joke on the cover of this month's CRY is about as pointless as the one on last month's cover, and I got that one.

Terry Carr's BOYCON report/documentary/fictionalized truthful survey has started out all right. One thing wrong, though. I think I don't like serials. Next time put something like this together in one issue, will you? But right now I'd like to know if Terry ever found his tickets.....

Erk. Just now got it. Chuck Devine. Carrying chairs. Asst. Chairman. Erk.

Tom Purdom should feel quite proud of himself. The article in this CRY, and another of his in CRY, are one of the few items I've copied out for mailing to a few non-fans I know. Purdom's thing is good.

I agree with Tom to a certain extent. But Jenkins/Heinlein's viewpoint has changed somewhat in recent years. From the idea that Man can accomplish anything if he sets his mind to it, to the idea that what man accomplishes may not be worth anything. Maybe the big Nada is finally creeping into Heinlein's work. Or maybe I'm just reading my own creeping Nadaism into his works.

The Geoff Lindsay letter mentions Grenell, Bloch, Tucker, Burbee and Rotsler as American "active fannish personalities". Who, besides Rotsler, pray tell, is doing anything in fandom today? I guess distance gives on an odd sense of values.....

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN SCIENCE FICTION FAN is very singable, swingable and all that. Nice, as the Cheshire cat put it.

Les Nirenberg seems to be down on the N3F somewhat, or maybe I'm just thinking what isn't there.

Exactly, Mr. Franson. One of my greatest beefs against stf in today's mags is the fact that now that Westerns in Outer Space is passe, they are now setting SatEvePost stories on the asteroids. Gargh. Ma and Pa Kettle on Titan. The Egg And I on Ceres. John's Other Wife on The Long Voyage.

Phooey on Zenna Henderson and her dippings into stf, and all her ilk.

Ellington's comments about the morality of stealing to keep soul glued to flesh is much more cogent than Deckinger's ever was, but he still misses one point. Namely that 999 out of a thousand cases of theft involve people trying to get something for nothing, when they are able to get what they want legally.

TTFN,

Dick Schultz



PUCK COULSON, YANDRO EDITOR, TRADES WITH BANK!

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Hi-

3-23-61

You must have fussy banks out there, Elinor; I cash checks made out to "Yandro" all the time. (Well, not all the time; I'm not that lucky. But I have received more than one made out that way, and I have simply endorsed it "Yandro" with my name underneath, and I have had no trouble at all in either cashing or depositing them.) Foo on big cities with their stuffy, regimented bank tellers. Small towns do have their advantages. (Of course, the Wabash bank is pretty stuffy, too, from what I hear, but I've never done any business with it at all; all my trade goes to my home town bank in Silver Lake.) /Remind me to tell you sometime about the time the Nameless Ones started a savings account here. --www/

The "model of a modern science fiction fan" hit home; part of those descriptions were of me, and the rest fitted various more or less prominent fans of my acquaintance. That's good humor; it makes fun of a lot of fannish pretensions, without singling out any one individual for scorn.

Williams has a point, but not much of one. He puts his foot firmly in his mouth in the beginning with his attempt at sarcasm; "With such a monstrous authorship we are in a pretty bad way." Which only serves to remind us that we are in a pretty bad way. So? Perhaps Bester was right? The rest of the article is based on a rather silly analogy; Williams' criticism of Bester is considerably more ridiculous than Bester's criticism of the other stf authors.

Norm Metcalf's letter: while I personally feel that Carr was wrong in his assumption that beat philosophy discussions are more of a trend in fandom than comic book discussions, Norm is confusing the issue by saying that only a small percentage of fans are involved in the "trend". He's right, but so what? Only a small percentage of any group is ever involved in any trend with perfect apathy; the small minority makes the noise and, in effect, constitutes the "trend".

Yours,

Buck

THOMAS SCHLUECK ROBS TWO FOR ONE

Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Western Germany

Hi, CRYers,

25-3-61

Yes, I'm the boy whose sub has been paid by Chuck. Isn't he a nice fellow? Has to rob a gas station to get CRY for me. (I had to rob two to get his sub on a German zine!)

I've been receiving three CRIES till now, but been silent. CRY usually arrives 6 days before deadline of the next issue. You mean that to be enough to read and to comment? Er, you may know we Germans to speak another language, and er, I'm still not up-to-date with reading. (But typer's been grinning and egoboo been pushing...you know this feeling?)

But let's come to CRY itself. After having spent half an hour by fumbling around, I finally succeeded in opening CRY's staple-envelope (to which I hope to get used till 1980!) No. 146 was the first CRY I ever saw; and I liked most John Berry's column which seems to be part of every ish. (He also pubbed his TGGW here, did he? A re-written account is being pubbed in Germany's top-zine SOL by now.) I am very much interested in the TGGW-booklet which is to appear soon. I'm proud of having moved another fan over there to do a gas station burglary to sub on it!

And today CRY 148 has been coming in, having a cover that is merely marvellous. Is there any resemblance of persons on this cartoon to living fmz-eds?

Terry Carr's BOYCON-report is well-written and amusing, but seems to lack the certain deepness I like in reports of any sort. I would have liked much a detailed description of fen and places in Boise. But I suppose it was too short a visit.

What I missed here, I found there: Geoffrey Lindsay seems to be one of the most regular visitors of SFCoL-meetings. His descriptions of ATom and George Locke were highly informative. They give readers a certain knowledge of a person, as if they met it personally.

A question: Would I, for example, be allowed to participate in HUGO-Poll-voting, though I've had no chance (and time) of reading as much stf-things in English as "normal" American fen? /Anyone, even you for example, can vote on the nominating ballot. Only convention members can vote on the final ballot, but anyone, even you for example, can be



a member of the convention by sending us your membership fee, or having somebody hold up a gas station and send the money in for you. Also, votes are not limited to American stories authors, artists, fanzines, and magazines. It would be interesting to have the "World" conventions live up to their name and present awards to deserving people and things outside the English-speaking countries. In case you have trouble translating this answer, it only means, "Yes." --www/

Lemme finish by supporting Helmut Klemm: Our GALAXY was certainly better than yours now (because of its "reader's digest character"), but it had to fold because there was nobody to recognize this.

Yours,

Tom

DICK LUPOFF TALKS TO HIMSELF

215 E. 73 St., NY 21 NY

Dear Both,

Just received CRY 148, and we also have 146. What happened to 147? This I ask especially in view of the conversation which has taken place no fewer than a dozen times lately between assorted other fen and yhos:

OF: Are you going to answer him in CRY?

Me: Answer whom in CRY?

OF: Terry Carr.

Me: Answer him what? Did he ask me something? I don't even know Terry Carr.

OF: Didn't you read what he said about you in CRY?

Me: You mean those few words in 146?

OF: No, two whole bloody screamy pages in 147.

Me: Well, I'll have to see about that after my CRY 147 arrives.

Can I get 147, or are you must guarding my tender psyche? What did Carr say?

Dick

JAMES SIEGER HAS TO DIG A HOLE

Field Dr., Rural Route #3, Waukesha, Wis.

Greetings.

March 6, 1961

Got #146 and 148 the same day. About time. My letter in the latest issue is probably abridged, but I didn't dare read it -- one look at the heading, I shuddered and passed on. [R.I.P. --www/ This chap Weber has the uncanny ability to make a fatheaded letter look even more fatheaded, and my latest was a dilly. Murder. Another fiasco like this and I'll have to skip the country.

Please write my address in the form as above; I've been sensitive about that string of numbers ever since Wollheim pointed out that it resembles those used by convict authors. As if I don't have enough troubles; everybody kicks me around. The only honor I got was when Cartier used me as a model for his jacket of Verrill's THE BRIDGE OF LIGHT-- I'm the one with the beard.

I notice that in the biogs in HWYL the biographees' ages are never mentioned. How come?? [They'd be out of date in twelve months anyway, so why bother? --www/

Back to convict addresses: I notice Purdom's looks suspicious also. Could it be that he's in some sort of prison also? He seemed to intimate as much in a letter.

Maybe, in writing that letter on religion, I should've pointed out I haven't had a bit of religious training or instruction in my life. Just like to champion persecuted causes, that's all.

And now I have to go and dig a hole to hide myself in...

[Watch out for guards!ww/]  
James Sieger

NANCY SHAKES HANDS -- THOMEE SHAKES NANCY

3616 Panola, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Wally,

3-7-61 4 a.m.

Here's my excuse for not writing, for what it's worth. There was this boy I met, see. And then we got engaged and -- well, I have been rather preoccupied.

Here's for #148 with only one staple.

Cover: So that's how ATom sees the Crystaff. Hmmm, it's nice to know I'm not all alone in the mental picture I had drawn. You look like an -- interesting -- group.



Lettercol: Once one gets used to the idea that COTR is going sercon, it's not so bad. It's gotten to where I even enjoy it now.

Hi, there, Ella Parker. I didn't gafiate. I just wanted to be coaxed. Thomee is safely locked up but -- eek! Get away you li-----

Hi, Ella. Sorry I had to do that to ol' Nance but she rather gets in my way. This business of locking me up in her subconscious is cramping my style. But now that I'm out, I'm going to send Cry a little thing I wrote and no one can stop me!

(Brief struggle) Gasp, pant, whuffle.

Well, she's all subdued again. Now, where was I? Oh, yes! I was going to comment on The Anatomy of a Fan Fued. (Pardon me -- Feud.) Now I discover that I shall have to wait and see. I don't really believe that part 3 will get published. I seem to remember Simon Twink.

The whole issue is vastly entertaining, but two articles completely dominate my thoughts. One is Williams' blast at Bester, which is as fine an example of needling as I have seen in some time. One has to applaud; so one does. Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap. Consider that an ovation.

The other effort is Tom Purdom's eulogy of Heinlein. This is hero-worship, but it is not blind. Besides being technically well written, it shows that Purdom has really and seriously looked into his subject. Give the lad an ovation for me, too. My poor vocabulary doesn't provide the superlatives I need.

Guess that's all for now, since this is my last sheet of paper.

'Bye,

Nancy

P.S. Pardon the bad spelling and the lousy handwriting, but I've been out of cigarettes for a couple of hours and my hand is shaking so that I can hardly hold the pen.

RUTH BERMAN SKIPS CLASS TO CRY

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minn

Dear Willow Waly O,

March 6, 1961

As I sit writing now over on the campus, across the river, up to the building with the gargoyles on top, and down into the basement, my French class is letting out. You see, I had an eight-page research paper due in English class today. I thought, just because I knew exactly how I wanted to arrange my material, it wouldn't take me long. Hah! So when the alarm rang at 6:50 I turned it off and went back to sleep. My kindly older brother took the paper and promised to deliver it to the kindly old English professor. So here I be, thoroughly enjoying a day home from school, reading, letterofcommenting, and (sigh) in another hour I go to campus anyhow to take the laboratory final.

Terry Carr disgustingly good, as usual. Look, Terry, if I am going to read the funny passages out loud, it's no fair to make them so funny that I break up laughing. Tom Purdom is obviously trying to Take Over Cry. He does it very nicely. "Anatomy of a Fan-Feud" continues well. I don't know how John plans to get out of it, but it is true that fingerprints can be forged. Tony Boucher said so in The Case of the Crumpled Knave.

Din Sawsnig? How unkind. We just find out what TTFN means, and then Avram Davidson comes out with another cryptic close. Ah well. At least you have no writers among the CotR like my dear distant cousin in Scotland who used to say (and perhaps still does)

Cheerio and Zei Gezunt,

Ruth Berman

DON THOMPSON SPEAKS OF COMIC ART

Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio

Wally et al,

10 March 1961

CRY #147 and 148 arrived yesterday. I was awaiting CRY with somewhat more than the usual amount of anticipation because I had been informed by correspondents in cities where fanzines are not held up two or three weeks by POs that Terry Carr was making half-assed statements about comic fandom in general and indirectly libeling the hell out of me.

I find that Terry was misrepresented, primarily because of his tone of voice. [?? ww] Terry made only one h-a statement, above par for fan columnists: "I won't get snide and ask if Lupoff is perhaps to be the editor of either COMIC ART or FORGOTTEN WORLDS." No,



Terry, by all means, don't be snide. Make an insinuation that doesn't stand up, but for God's sake, don't be snide and ask for correct information.

No secret has been made of the fact that Ted White plans (or at any rate planned) to edit FW or that I am planning on putting out CA. In fact, Terry ran a plug for me in FANAC not long ago which brought me two responses.

I didn't agree with most of Dick's comments either, but there was nothing in it which deserved the castigating Terry delivered. I may agree with what Terry has to say, but I'll oppose to the death his right to use that tone.

Actually, CA is NOT a fanzine, but virtually the only people I know are fen, so most of the circulation will be among fen. Anyone interested in getting CA can get it for trade, contributions or for 20¢ an issue, from me.

Enough of this; I shall comment briefly on CRY 148.

Tom Purdom's essays are very interesting, intelligent and thought provoking, but I would prefer he was putting this effort into the creation of equally interesting, intelligent stories.

Best item in a very good issue is Rob Williams' "Calling Dr. Bester." I agree with Wollheim that Bester just doesn't have time to do book reviews. I mourn the absence of Boucher in that department. Tony could review more books better in less time than anyone.

I vote a definite "NO AWARD" for prozines, by the way. F&SF is the best we've got, but it's not good enough for an award.

Helmut Klemm's comments on the folding of the German edition of GALAXY in 1959 reminds me that Jean Linard reported GALAXIE (French edition) had folded 2 or 3 years back. And yet, GALAXY still proudly advertises its international editions. Shameless old Horace Gold.

Best,

Don

JIM GROVES PRESSED BY WORK

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

Dear CRYgang

28th March 1961

I've been neglecting you of late haven't I? Work presses y'know.

Now to the comments. There's damn little one can say about a con report other than that I liked it, or variations thereon. I see an ad for the ATom Anthology. I can heartily recommend it. I've watched it in production - cowering in the corner taking notes of all the words Auntie Ella is using on that poor innocent duper as she peels each page off the drum! Talk about sweat blood and tears! Imagine, 250 copies, 80 plus pages, slip-sheeting all the way. "Greater love hath no fan....."

Tom Purdom on Heinlein is one of the best things I've read about his work. I'm surprised tho' that he didn't quote further from "Double Star", where Lorenzo comes up with the following:

"The show must go on.' I had always believed that and lived by it. But why must the show go on? - seeing that some shows are pretty terrible. Well, because you agreed to do it, because there is an audience out there; they have paid and each one of them is entitled to the best you can give. You owe it to them. .... I decided that the notion could be generalised into any occupation. 'Value for value.' Building 'on the square and on the level.' The Hippocratic oath. Don't let the team down. Honest work for honest pay. Such things did not have to be proved; they were an essential part of life - true throughout eternity, true in the farthest reaches of the Galaxy."

That's one of the best bases for a code of ethics that I've come across for some time.

Now we come to Geoff Lindsay. I did think at first that this might be our old friend George Locke in a new cunning disguise. Thisun rather clobbers that idea, unless the first one was George and this someone else. Ella Parker mayhap? It is rather suspicious that 'Geoff' doesn't mention Ella among the London 'giants', very suspicious indeed.

Only two days to the LXICON!

TED FORSYTH - the Penitentiary can't fall down; I've got it firmly screwed to them ATomillos. Wishful thinking will get you nowhere.

signing off

Jim Groves



CHRISTOPHER A. MILLER GETS OFF THE WAITING LIST  
Dear CRYcrowd,

44 Wheatclose Rd, Barrow-in-Furness,  
Lancs, ENGLAND. 15/3/1961

OK, so you don't know who I am, well, then, just re-read that return address.

The other day, at the last meeting of the ~~Will Parker Fan Club~~ SFCoL, someone, Jimm I think, asked me if I get CRY. Of course, I told him that, "I don't get it; I only sub to it." He called me an idiot, or words to that effect. This got me thinking. I had assumed that our arrangement was quite usual, and now here is a BNF like Jimmy who doesn't even know about this sort of thing.

I had always understood that to "sub" to a fanzine was to send it some money, to enable it to carry on, and, from what Ella and the others told me about CRY, it certainly seemed to be the sort of mag that was well worth supporting, the same as TAFF. I must admit that I was a little bit disappointed when you didn't even bother to acknowledge my sub; after all, most charities do. I am a little short of money at the moment, but, as 6 months are now up, it is time for me to send you another "sub", which I hope you will acknowledge.

I am a little puzzled by your system. I had thought that, when a subber had been sending in money for a long time or did you some special service, he was put on a waiting list for the actual mailing-list. Then as the people on it failed to keep up with their mailing requirements (I assume that it is a letter printed every issue or so) the waiting lister came in. Where do I stand at present? Couldn't you perhaps squeeze me in now that I'm an SFCoL member??

Until I hear from you,

Bestest,

Chris Miller

[What a (blush) coincidence, you writing like this just when we happen to have an opening on the mailing list! (Er...it might be a good idea not to talk about the...uh...waiting list business...uh, heh, heh. It's difficult to explain to a new fan but...er...we would ~~be~~ hate to see you embarrassed; true fans don't talk about the er uh waiting list.) --www

CHRISTOPHER BENNIE IN THE HEART RENDING BUSINESS  
Dear Wally,

53 Outlook Drive, Eaglemont, N.22.,  
Melbourne, Australia. 5-3-61

In CRY 146, I liked Recruiter. When I started it, for a while, I thought it was actually remeniscences, and even now I'm not quite sure. It really has quite a lot of power.

The review of "A Canticle for Leibowitz" was one of the most balanced reviews that I've read anywhere for a long time; I do get sick of Bester's rantings in F&SF and it's a relief to see a sane review for a change.

When I first read of the Deckinger bread appeal, I wondered how best to meet the need of this poor starving fan's family. In my fiddled way it occurred to me that no one had suggested that he grow his own wheat and make his own bread. So as a special favour I'm sending 12 grains of wheat to him which, if he plants and nurtures carefully, should give him a large enough crop to make a loaf and some over to plant next year.

CRY 147: I arrived home one night after a Melbourne SF Club meeting to find the horrible thing on my bed...eccchh!!! I let my eye wander down the contents till; "Letter from Australia"...well YOU know the rest. Now Bob and JMB and JMF are all threatening to cut me off for taking over the CRY before they did. Because of this I still won't get my CRYhack card and I still have to go through the heart rending business of sending LoC's!!

Cover Atom as always... and I leave you to ask "Always What?" A plea for seriousness in fandom; undoubtedly the best item in this. Ghu prezerve us from a Serconzine devoted to discussion of comics. Enjoyed Purdom's article, but not as much as the one on the Miller book which, in spite of Breen, I think was a very well balanced review. "Anatomy of a Fan Feud;" enjoyable Berry. It's amazing how quickly one acquires the Berry habit.

good old cotr conducted by inimical wally weber ghood heavens! theres a street named after our john baxter and god lives there!

the worst until next time;

Chris



## THEWEALSOHEARDFROM COLUMN:

LAWRENCE CRILLY would appreciate knowing the address of Helmut Klemm on the chance he could work out an arrangement for getting magazines printed in Deutsch, and is also interested in finding somebody to send him SF magazines from France. Lawrence Crilly's address is 951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey. GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN sends us the scraps of page 44, which is all the post office managed to get to him, and says for pity sakes send CRY to 280 Broadway (second floor) New York 7, New York, where it will be delivered unmangled. LENNY KAYE informs us his dog has become interested in CRY and won't give it up until Lenny threatens to withhold her supply of Dog crunchies. He also sends us sticky money. D. ANTONIO DUPLA has made the mistake of attempting a subscription to CRY through some Spanish subscription agency, and they want invoices and things like that. The correspondence is getting interesting. ROB WILLIAMS tells us, "There are only five magazines worth taking today: Horizon, Saturday Review, Harpers, Good Housekeeping and Cry." Then he goes on to warn, "Of course tomorrow is a different story." CRAIG COCHRAN wants to know why we won't send him CRY, pointing out that the only reason he hasn't subscribed is that he can't afford it. PAT KEARNEY sends us lovely money from England and asks, "Who are you anyhow? Surely you are not named Box 92,920? When your name is mentioned here at Ella Parker's Pen, you are called "THE CRY GANG" and everyone prostrates themselves upon the floor muttering dark mutters." MARTIN HELGESEN has a solution for Ron Bennett's problem with the parachutists. "All he has to do is set up some machine guns concealed with material taken from a local theater. Then when they start jumping, he simply opens fire. (I suggested concealing the machine guns with material taken from a theater to make Bob Shaw happy. That way he will be able to read once more about twin Vickers firing through the props.)" MSgt L. H. TACKETT wants his CRY sent to Route 2, Box 576, Albuquerque, New Mexico, even though he is in Iwakuni, Japan, sends a lovely money order, and say... and says.... Well, I give up trying to pick out a sample of Tackett wit from the abundant supply in this letter. Roy, how come your wunnerful wunnerful letters keep ending up here in the dread WAHF? I can't stand it any more. I'm going to save this one for next issue, even though I have to invent a filing system to do it. DON ANDERSON, MARTIN LEVINE, CHARLES DE VET, GEORGE R. HEAP, EDDIE BRYANT, KEN HEDBERG, GORDON EKLUND (Gordon Eklund? Good Grief, I though I just invented you for the Minutes!), and MIKE DOMINA all send lovely money. LEE SAPIRO says we should concentrate more on criticism of stf as literature.

That does it up dripping green for another relentless issue. Already I have the feeling we'll meet again under similar circumstances. TTFN

--wwwwwwwww

from:

CRY

Box 92, 507 3rd Ave.  
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U.S.A.

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The number after your name tells you how many future issues you have coming to you, and we do our best to see that you get what's coming to you. Lack of such a number may mean you got a free one, or it may mean you are doomed for life. (Our life, not yours, probably.)

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