

# Cry

OF THE NAMELESS  
DEC. 1958



'T WAS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS



CRY sells for \$2/year, 5 for \$1, or 25¢ each, from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington. Weber, Toskey, and a couple of Busbys are responsible.

I've been lying to you, all this time: I have said that CRY is available on trades. Toskey informs me that this is not the case and never has been. CRY, he tells me, goes to subbers, contributors (published letters count), and the editors of zines reviewed in any given issue of CRY. So that's why I sat up most of last night reviewing fmz and feel like hell today. But, SORRY, NO TRADES; that's the word from Toskey, and he is the Circulation Dep't! Might's well fight City Hall...

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Illöcs this time: ATom 26 29 38, Barnes 31, Bryer 35, Donahue 37, Jonrette 32, C 14.

This issue rounds out another year of CRYfanac, with a total of 496 pages for 1958 (not counting blank sides, but counting covers, Buck), as compared with 367 pages for 1957. I think the saturation point has been reached; CRY is a mite too big for comfort, this year. Future policy, such as it is, will be to try to hold the beast to slightly under 40 pages (and thus, 6¢ postage) per issue. Reasonable?

This is as good a place as any to note that no responsibility can be assumed for the return of unsolicited material unless return postage is included. Lately, mss have sometimes arrived with postage-due, which is sort of rubbing it in. A 4¢ stamp doesn't go far enough, sometimes. Not that we usually have to reject very much material, but just lately now.....

The NAMELESS have put us in a bit of a spot, by changing WesterCon plans more than somewhat from the type of Con that they bid for and for which we supported their bid. They're sort of going Big-Time: the Benjamin Franklin is on the order of a Prestige Hotel; its Outrigger Room (bar and dining) is considered a showpiece and is consequently not the most economical place to dine and imbibe. (The hotel's room rates, however, are as moderate and reasonable as those of any suitable place.) The unkindest cut, however, is that the Outrigger requires a coat and tie on male patrons, all year round and without regard for summer heat, and I'm an open-collar man of long standing. However, at great personal sacrifice, we propose to scout the neighborhood for convenient, more tolerant bars-- the kind faans like. And, while I do not consider the Franklin to be exactly appropriate for a regional fan Convention, I expect that it will work out fine except for this idiotic Necktie Thing, which will inconvenience some of us but not everyone. But it does bug me...

In view of GMCarr's blast in SAPS & FAPA last fall, it might be as well to admit, freely, that there is too much Busby in this issue, but that this is not a deliberate thing, and that it will be held sternly under control in future, if I have anything to say about it. Like, it's boat, today. ---Buz



# THE SCIENCE - FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton, with furrowed brow

So maybe the Pen is mightier than the Sword, but did you ever try to beat a typer into plowshares?

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, as you know, turned out to be not defunct, but bi-monthly. For January, Dan Galouye's "Trade Mission" leads off; a puzzle-job on imminent interstellar conflict. Odd thing about the kicker: if this one had made Astounding, I'd have been on the lookout for Galouye's windup; as is, I didn't really see it coming. Actually, I don't see what kept it out of aSF, except for the adjectives.

"Ward of the Argonaut" (de Camp & Pratt) is a Cavagan's Bar story, and I'm not sure why this one missed F & S F-- F U certainly has a composite tinge, this month.

Rob't Williams' "Diamond Images" varies his formula of the Nice Young Guys and the Bad Guys and the Wise Old Man-- this time it's two Wise Old Men.

Ivan Sanderson, in "Now Meet the Non-Terrestrial", calls upon mythology (including the Biblical) and some discoveries in the realm of ancient maps and artifacts which, frankly, are 100% News to me, to prove that this earth darn well must have been Visited quite a bit in pre- and near-historic times. If his statements are factual, it's a strong case. Interesting reading, anyhow.

Harry Harrison's "The Robots Strike" is a flashback told by the Wise Old Robot, and rather routine to rate the cover illo, though less trite than could have been...

"The Enlightened Ones", by Edmund Cooper, is another tale in which the alien primitives turn out to be Highly Advanced and above all this childish civilization routine. The exploring Earth crew is handled very well, but the Advanced Primitives are too filthy stinking sloppy to be convincing as mature supermen.

Harlan Ellison's "In Lonely Lands" talks of man and space, death and friendship, alien ways of thought with familiar basics-- a nice sensitive piece, entirely unlike the blood-and-guts stuff this writer has predominantly offered elsewhere.

"Time to Change" is Bertram Chandler's treatment of the theme of eradicating a dictatorship by hitting it in its vulnerable past via time-travel. This one is intriguing, if a bit equivocal in its conclusions, for effect.

Mr. Santesson really should allow himself an Editorial as well as his "Universe in Books", since he breaks out into editorializing anyhow, but has to shut himself off too soon and get back to books. I find the editor's personal observations at least as interesting and enjoyable as anything in the column, particularly as here, where he does a Solacon Summary, denies that stf should fold "because reality has caught up", and prints a couple of pages by a Professor of Parapsychology, besides reviewing items varying from ACE DoubleBacks to "contact-case" testimonials. Fun.

Evelyn Goldstein's "Man's Castle" gives still another picture of the post-atomic world-- gentle, but merciless.

In lieu of Civilian Saucer Intelligence, this month we have Norbert F Gariety with "Too Hot To Handle", a supposedly factual article which deals with purported saucer-debris in the form of hard-to-analyze slaglike materials. When the Smithsonian Institute gives up, it seems, analysis is attempted by means of hypnosis. Well, what price Hieronymus, eh? This one is on the weirdo side.

The bimonthly schedule seems to be helping the readability of FU. Next step would be more liberal use of longer items. Easier to review that way, you know.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES waited until after skipping the Oct & Dec issues before beginning a four-part serial-- a kindly move. "Caduceus Wild", by Ward Moore & Robert Bradford, starts out with the anti-Utopia of the Medical State and holds interest very well up to the cliffhanger that ends Part I. It appears safe to predict that this won't be a straight black-and-white potboiler; the relative values have to be in-depth to maintain interest through 3 more installments; and there are hints, even this early. There are some choice touches in here; the hymns of the Caduceus Church are so outrageous that it takes a moment to realize that the attitudes aren't too exaggerated from those held by many of our contemporaries.



=5=  
(continuing through darkest SFS with all the latest equipment)

George H Smith's "Perfect Marriage" is a wry little bit, and the moral is a lot more believable than the ostensible rationale (or obvious gimmick, that is).

"The Cyclops Gun" (Stanley Siegel) is half puzzle-piece on how to neutralize the super-weapon that's outlived its usefulness, and the other half implicit tsk-tsk-ing at the Cold War. All handled quite well, except the Big Menace isn't too believable-- with a whole peaceful planet available, why not stay away from the Gun?

Margaret St Clair's "The Anaheim Disease" is, with two reservations, a most ingenious and enjoyable story of the Invader Foiled. Unfortunately, somebody (the writer or the editor or a casual critic) had the idea that no story should ignore today's bogey of Radioactive Doom, so the first and last paragraphs were grafted onto it. The story is complete without them, and to my mind, better. How say you?

The editorial deals with stf-detective stories-- their hazards and rewards. It is pointed out that the criteria for good mysteries apply also to the stf type.

"Make a Prison", by Lawrence Block, is surprisingly weak for this magazine. Not only does the ending depend purely on omission of pertinent detail, but so much must be omitted (to allow such an ending) that the story never comes alive at all. The author tries, but he has set himself a thankless task this time.

Bob Madle ("Inside Science Fiction") discusses "stf" movies, the '57 PhilCon, and sidellites on satellites. I hope that the complete omission of fan-interest items is coincidental rather than an indication of future policy. If US fandom loses its last prozine contact, TAFF has been something less than a Good Thing.

This issue's lettercol contains Willis Freeman's ratings on SFS over a year's output-- his third effort of this sort that I've seen and/or recalled. Interesting.

SUPER-SCIENCE, Feb: the grapevine (like S-F Times) has it that here's the last issue of SSF of the pre-AllMonster vintage. If so, it's likely the next-to-last issue to be reviewed here; there are limits, and I occasionally set them.

Dan Galouye's story is handicapped by the title "Beware the Robot!" (Suddenly, it's 1939, and Adam Link walks again.) This story starts off with a fine puzzle, and develops into a really nice partial-solution-cum-secondary-puzzle, but really poops out with an author-gives-up ending. Why, you'd think the guy had never read "My Name Is Legion", and absorbed the moral thereof.

James Rosenquest's "Horror In Space" is a fairly naive who's-the-monster job. I suppose this is a start toward the Monster emphasis promised for this zine.

"A Place Beyond the Stars" (Tom Godwin) is rather a tour de force: the elderly climax was so well-hidden in the more modern treatment that I didn't suspect it.

Eric Rodman's "Waters of Forgetfulness" (the long piece, here), maroons some people on a planet whose native water causes regression and degeneration to the point where folks starve by forgetting to eat. So our hero lands to rescue some castaways, but of course it all goofs up, or how could we go 32 pages? Toward the middle and end, I get the impression that the characters are moving only at the author's whim, having been unsuccessful at achieving any life of their own.

Bob Silverberg's "Reconditioned Human" (they must have a lobotomy case doing the titles for this zine-- or are tranquillizers Better Than Ever these days?): this is a right nice piece dealing with the possibilities of reconditioning the criminal element when caught, and subsequent complications.

"Ego-Transfer Machine", by Geo H Smith (see parenthetical comments last paragraph; the guy who titles for SSF would have made "Slan!" something like "The War of the Telepaths"-- "The Demolished Man" would be "Crime Does Not Pay", I'm sure): this one isn't really much better than the title-- it's told from a victim's point of view, and the characters aren't allowed to violate the author's ridiculous concepts of how people behave.

There are also one-page articles in here, and a piece on missile-guidance systems (aptly titled "Missile Guidance Problem"). As far as I am concerned, the market for one-page "Science Briefs" is stone-cold dead.

We are all done on this page. Let's venture onward & into a new zine; the sooner SSF goes All-Monster and out of this column, the better.



ASTOUNDING, Dec: Conclusion of Poul Anderson's "Bicycle Built For Brow" goes on with the comic-opera asteroid kingdoms and develops the first Beer-Powered spaceship in the history of sf. (Rightly, this ranks with the introduction of the "spaceship powered by Sex Drive" to the Spectator Amateur Press Society a few years back, by a young lady who was then a member of that august organization.) While the comic-Irish dialogue palls after a bit, there are a lot of good belly-laughes and admirable improvisations in here. I notice that some of the reviewers are panning the hell out of this piece-- well, granted that it isn't Significant, but there is, throughout, the impression that Poul had a lot of fun writing this one, and I had fun reading it, too. Nuff said.

Disappointingly, the rather intriguing Emsh cover had no story behind it. Tsk.

The H. Beam Piper who offers "Minister of Disturbance" bears little or no resemblance to the man of the same name who perpetrated things like "Time Crime" awhile back. Here There Be Live People, not cardboard cutouts. Nice piece of misdirection on the theme of court politics in a somewhat decadent space empire.

"Triggerman", by J F Bone, deals with the problems of the man who has his finger on the nuclear Answer Button; it's a good taut piece-- a crying shame that the point should be betrayed by one of Campbell's "hey lookie" blurbs.

"Pieces of the Game" (Mack Reynolds) probably marks the first appearance in aSF of a homosexual hero (now, Mack doesn't name it in so many words; he just harps on the guy's effeminacy, mostly by the dialogue). The gimmick is, how come he is a hero; possibly it's a bit contrived, but it's ingenious nonetheless.

Randall Garrett's "Queen Bee" copes with the nasty problem of a group of cast-aways, one of whom is a vicious, amoral, and absolutely Necessary psychopath (the only female in the lot). Actually, I was expecting them to make a basket-case of her.

"Seller's Market", by Chris Anvil, points up one of Campbell's Pet Points very cleverly. Unfortunately, JWCjr is unwilling (again) to trust his readers to catch the point, so he tells them all about it in the blurb. Here we have Earth opposed by aliens with the powers of Mandrake the Magician: they can cloud men's minds just like the Shadow or whoever, and impose hallucinations in place of crummy ol' reality. The story's point lies in why they aren't so omnipotent after all, and it's good.

Maybe I could get Amelia to paste pieces of paper over all the blurbs before I read Astounding, from now on. It might pay off; the material is otherwise good.

GALAXY (Now! 196 pages, it says across the corner of the cover), Feb: here's the 4th & final part of Scheckley's "Time Killer", ending in the only (overall) way this story could end. I'm slightly grotched at the way the kicker depends upon one short lone paragraph in the first chapter-- the "prologue", actually, as it's so divorced from the main body of the story, until the end-- and Amelia points out that the heroine never comes to life in any way-shape-or-form: she's shown in two very contradictory aspects which are neither explained, reconciled, nor made believable. OK, let's face it-- in this story the Love Interest is tacked-on & not integral, and this is a weakness. Nevertheless, "Time Killer" is an outstanding story.

Simak's 48-page "Installment Plan" unfortunately achieves length by use of an extensive background-building sequence (about 14 pages) that advances the plot not one whit. It's a puzzle-piece, but the puzzle does not even give a hint of its existence until the 17th page. This, my friends, is known as P\*A\*D\*I\*N\*G-- aside from that, this is a fine piece of mild-suspense puzzling, with some nice touches.

"Pastoral Affair", by Chas Stearns, is reminiscent of the wartime aSF stories in which the Vicious Axis Officer was foiled by the Kindly Old Recluse Scientist; I hope this theme doesn't get too high on the Hit Parade during this here Cold War. Stearns' treatment and solution are more pleasant than most of the ilk.

Fred Pohl has "I Plinglot-- Who You?", and I hope I may be pardoned for saying that Fred has been reading too much early-'50's Russell lately. It's longer, more involved and suspenseful, but oh, that poor old genocidal Alien Invader!



(more on Galaxy, considerably-- 196 pages, that's a lot, even if Baby IS Fifty)

Willy Ley discusses life in the ocean depths, if you're interested (I am).

J F Bono's "Insidekick" is in the action/suspense/puzzle/unsuspected-development pattern in which aSF & Galaxy were fighting to out-do each other, 5 and 6 years ago. Those were good days for the reader, and a little more of this wouldn't hurt. Whatever did happen to F L Wallace??

I simply do not dig Floyd C Gale of the "Five Star Shelf". Not only does he avoid straight-stf for fringe-stuff at every opportunity, but he manages to review books that others have covered so long ago that I've nearly forgotten the very existence of them. The man is obviously intelligent and well-intentioned; I do not see how he can consistently produce a column so poorly suited to his readership.

"Forever", by Ned Lang, conduces thoughts of 1984 in connection with the means for immortality. Everybody, it seems, had to get into the act; the author is an ironmonger of the first water.

Rereading, I don't seem to have given a fair picture of my impressions of this first large bi-monthly Galaxy. There's a lot of good reading in here; a lot of the panning is due to second-thoughts-upon-skimming (to find a good hook for comment-- it's a hazard in this reviewing racket). Incidentally, H L Gold is still, or again, asking for reader's opinions and preferences in large quantities and much detail. From here on out, a reviewer who has not responded to this editorial plea has very little grounds for griping. (I responded, first thing-- nobody's going to take away my right to gripe-- not even myself.)

F & S F, Jan: Reprinted (from an anthology which I do not locate, this late in the evening) is Boucher's "The Quest for Saint Aquin", certainly a classic, and I am not overmuch for religious science-fiction, at that. This, however, is choice.

Doctor Asimov, the 100-proof Good Spirit, ruminates on the theory of Ice Ages and deduces that we're burning the candle at both ends and making an ash of ourself. And with "good old non-radioactive coal and oil", yet.

Avram Davidson's "The Woman Who Thought She Could Read" concerns the occult powers of certain Old-Country types, and the tragedy of misunderstood dialect. Good.

"The Silver Eggheads", by Fritz Leiber, strikes me as too much waste of good talent. Now dammit, Leiber can write with power. He can chill, thrill, or shake the reader. So why doesn't he, instead of turning out these padded frothy deals? Oh, there's good satire here, in spots, and other ingenious touches-- but basically it is corn, and in a who-could-care framework. 42 pages of typer-twiddling, it is.

Boucher's "Recommended Reading" is itself must-reading, as usual. This time, Mr B calls our attention to the "Inside" takeoff on F&SF, with warm sportsmanlike evaluation of Ron Smith's zine. Mr B is a Good Man, as you undoubtedly know.

"Explorers We" (Philip Dick) is a wry and offbeat picture of ever-returning spacemen who are not all they seem to be, and who don't seem to know it. Weird.

Rob't F Young's "Santa Clause" is a Satan-pact item that almost reconciles me to the continued existence of the theme. Young's logic is a hard gemlike thing...

"Meeting of Relations", by John Collier, is an allegory that deserved being reprinted from wherever it first appeared.

On the other hand, George P Elliott's "Invasion of the Planet of Love" (and now who's making with the goofy titles?) says approximately the same thing, except with much heavier foot and more obvious bitterness. A little too overdrawn.

Gordon R Dickson's "The R of A" is just plain good fun-- very good. Starts off looking like a shoddy Madge-type imitation of Thorne Smith, but picks up rapidly.

Good issue, aside from the letdown on the Leiber, and the strained Elliott.

NEW WORLDS, July: too old to review, but with the prophesied near-collapse of the stf field this-side, you might like to augment your reading by subscribing to this one (monthly, \$5/yr incl postage, to Nova Publications, Ltd, Maclaren House, 131 Great Suffolk St, London, S.E.1, England), even though it runs to at least one US reprint per issue. Stories in this zine seem to have a little different approach; I find it interesting, but haven't subbed yet. And that's it, until next month.



# ...YOUNG KING CARR...

CHARLES BURBEE

I saw an amazing thing the other day. Ron Ellik ogling two gorgeous 16-year-old girls.

The thought of Ron Ellik leering at girls is shocking. We all like to think of Ellik as being a fan devoted to the production of fanzines, fanzine articles, and traveling to meet fans. But if he is going to start looking at gorgeous girls like a normal person this may all end.

I know for sure he is ogling them because only the other day I saw him doing it. Not only do I have 20/20 vision but one of the girls was my own daughter.

It is a mind-croggling thing to think that Ron Ellik may change from a BNF to an ordinary kind of fellow who chases girls. It makes me wonder what Terry Carr will do about it.

I mention Terry Carr because I think he is the most significant fan who ever lived. I think he is the silent, unknown ruler of present-day fandom. Fandom is the way it is because Terry Carr wills it so. He broods up there in Berkeley, formulating fannish opinions, creating fannish customs, mores, coining phrases, plotting feuds, styling fanzines, and if I am not mistaken, inventing people.

Terry has probably created a goodly number of top fans, and maybe even a fringe-fan or two just to round things out. It is quite possible that he has called into being a large number of you who are reading this. Do you ever have the feeling that Terry Carr made you up--your hair, your eyes, the way you talk?

If he is unhappy with his work, he simply says something like: "Carl Brandon does not exist," and all of a sudden Carl Brandon never was, and all the fan articles he wrote are beginning to fade from the paper. So you see he can be cruel.

But if he is happy with his work he goes all out. And I think he's very happy with Ellik. Ellik is his greatest achievement. He even created a mother for Ellik. Matter of fact, he created two mothers for Ellik, one that Ellik understands and one he doesn't understand, installing them for convenience's sake in a single body.

Terry Carr, god-like, wishes to brood in Berkeley instead of traveling to spread the Word, so he creates legmen. It is obvious that Ellik is his legman. Carr takes Ellik to his mental bosom, plugs him into the god circuit and loads him up with all the Fan Thoughts for Tomorrow, Fanzine Titles, Article Ideas, etc., and Ron goes forth to drop these ideas in the right places, reporting back at intervals for further plugging-in on the god circuit.

It's pretty obvious that Ron Ellik is a fine legman. A good legman has got to be a genial fellow of mild appearance who never needs to sleep. He must be able to mix instantly into any fan group and speak the language fluently, whether it be Fourth Fandomese, Seventh Fandomese, or even Burbee-Lancy Fandomese. I can vouch for that last. He can talk to me exactly as though he's just come from a LASFS meeting circa 1944.

What a legman he is. He is virtually everywhere. At the Solacon I noticed that. At 3 AM one morning I was prowling the halls, entering one fannish room and another. Every time I opened a fannish door (or one was opened to me) I saw Ron Ellik on the other side, mingling like crazy. A time or two I didn't see him just beyond the door, but within minutes that door would open and there would enter



Ellik who would immediately begin to mingle.

It is general knowledge that for years now he's attended every convention or conclave or meeting of folks vaguely interested in sf. Wherever a group may form, he is sure to show up before long. If four or five of us should gather anywhere in the US right now, I feel sure that inside of half an hour Ron Ellik would show up and genially enter into the conversation, splicing himself in so neatly that most people would go home with the impression that Ellik had been there all along.

I think Ellik is especially equipped by Carr to travel so swiftly and surely. I think he's got some sort of fan detector (a built-in thing) that registers the presence of every fan in the world. When two or more fans get together, they send out signals of combined strength and it is to these signals that he is drawn.

Simple, isn't it, now that I've explained it?

Carr and Ellik, Publishing Giants. That's what they are. Every time I pick up a fanzine it is full of Carr-Ellik stuff. Quite often the mag is a Carr-Ellik mag. The Carr-Ellik team controls 90% of the top fan writers. It controls 90% of the top fanzines. As a matter of fact, Carr and Ellik between them comprise 90% of fandom.

With Carr the guide, or god, or whatever he is. Running fandom according to some master plan of his. I can only guess at the details of the plan.

I call him guide or god because frankly a lot of this has been conjecture. I can't prove very much of it. I do know that Carr radiates a fearful silent strength. I think that a sign of godhood. And he's got a sort of omniscience. For example at the Solacon he asked me if I'd write a Con Report for him for one of his forty or fifty fanzines. I said I would except that my report would consist of a lot of sketches about people whose names I didn't know or couldn't remember. Then Terry said something that would have to be considered strange coming from anybody but a god: "Go ahead and write the report, and I'll fill in all the names."

I don't really know if he created Ron Ellik. I do know that Ellik awes me, though. Because when I look at him I am struck with the realization that those ~~big~~ genial eyes have seen every known fan!

But now maybe Ellik is developing a personality of his own, ogling lovely girls. It's a sign of normalcy. In our Half-World, normalcy is not the norm. If Ron goes off the beam, fanwise, what is going to happen to Carr's Big Picture?

Will Carr cancel out Ellik? Will one day Carr turn to someone and say in his faded-typewriter-ribbon voice (thank you, Elinor, for that phrase): "Ron Ellik is a hoax, you know."?

I doubt it very much. I think Ellik is too important to his schemes. Soon as Ron gets back to Berkeley, Carr will plug him into the circuit again, maybe step up the frequency a little so as to eliminate girls from the Ellik brain, and the status quo will be safe for a time.

But if Terry Carr ever starts ogling girls it will mean the end of fandom as we know it.

((Excerpt from letter dated Nov 30, 1958: "Carr said that story was not true because he was now engaged to Miriam.

So it looks like the end of fandom as we have known it.

--Burb"))



=10=  
LITTLE JOPHAN'S STORY HOUR - FMB

What's the matter, Uncle Buz? Aren't you feeling so good tonight?

It's just a slight allergic reaction from something I read here in Sandy Sanderson's APE5.

You mean "Little Bo Pest"? I thought that was real cute.

Well, it is pretty clever; it's just that I don't agree that the WSFSmess is so one-sided a question, all black&white with Good Guys and Bad Guys and like that. Sandy is working too hard at being one-way.

Are Sandy and the Dietzes and Mr. Raybin really this little girl's uncles and aunt?

No, little Jophan; that's just a gimmick to point out that they're supposed to be the Good Guys.

Do you think I should call the FenDen Bunch "Uncle Wally" and "Uncle Tosk" and "Uncle Otto"?

No, you just keep on calling them all "Uncle Meyer", like Ron Ellick at Burbee's knee. Actually, Little Bo Pest isn't real at all; she's a fictitious character that Sandy invented in order to present his discussion at the proper level. Just as you are a fictitious character that I have invented for the same purpose.

I see. I thought it was funny, my showing up here all of a sudden with no past and no toothbrush. But Uncle Buz: do you mean that Uncle Raybin and Uncle&Aunt Dietz aren't the Good Guys at all? Are they the Bad Guys, then? Is it Uncle Kyle and Uncle&Aunt Falasca who are really the Good Guys? I always liked Uncle Teddybear Sims, when he was awake.

Knock it off, little Jophan; that's the point -- this Good Guy-Bad Guy routine is the whole trouble with the Inchmerry position -- Sandy doesn't seem to realize, or be willing to admit, that just about everybody in this entire fracas has done some goofing -- each of them considered himself to be trying to do the right thing, but a lot of personal bias got into most people's motives, too. A lapse of judgment is not the same thing as villainy.

But wasn't it a mean thing for Mr. Kyle to take a fannish feud into court for \$25,000? Shouldn't fannish feuds be settled in fandom, as Rich Eney says?

Yes, they should, Jophan; I agree with Rich, and so does Dave Kyle. He probably didn't like it much when he was hauled into court and his bank-account attached over the NyCon vouchers.

Then why didn't he pay them and get it over with?

He thought he should be allowed to see the Financial Report, rather than just being billed with no verification.

But isn't \$25,000 a little bit out of line?

Certainly it is. Kyle wasn't having any luck about getting to see that Report, and he was taking an awful pasting in various fanzines that you don't see around much any more for some reason. So in effect, his lawsuit said "Put up or shut up."

Which did they do, Uncle Buz?

What ever happened to Dave McDonald and "Edsel McCune"?

Oh. I see what you mean.

I thought you would. Yes, a number of people began taking a more realistic view of the situation, when they had a good look at all those big numbers.

Arithmetic bores me, Uncle Buz. Let's talk about all the illegal things everybody says everybody else has been doing. Was the London business meeting really illegal?

Technically, according to the corporation's charter, I guess it was, Jophan.

There's a clause that says something like "authorized to transact business within the territorial limits of the continental United States", so while the London meeting was not prohibited, it certainly doesn't bear the Seal of Approval from the state of New York.

Well, I don't think that's Right; the fans should be able to hold a convention wherever they want to. Don't you think so?



Yes, I do, Jophan. But that isn't what it says in the WSFSinc charter on file in the state of New York.

But didn't Mr. Raybin help write that charter? Wouldn't he know about all this? So why is everyone so shocked and surprised?

Jophan, your ol' uncle is not Omniscient, and I assume Mr. Raybin isn't, either. Being a busy man, it's possible that he simply overlooked the point.

But why was it brought out that the London meeting was off the cuff, Uncle Buz?

Well, most of the fans at SouthGate thought the corporation should be dissolved, but they were worried that they might not be allowed to get their case on the agenda of the business meeting. So they --

What do all those big words mean?

They were afraid they wouldn't get to open their yaps in meeting, Jophan. There is a lot of red-tape concerning business meetings of the corporation; it's set up so's to make it almost impossible to make any important changes.

You mean, the people who started the corporation tried to rig it so outsiders couldn't rock the boat?

Well, let's say that the organization was designed to be inherently stable in an administrative sense.

But that's a Good Thing, isn't it? Wouldn't things run smoother that way?

\* \* \* \* \*

No, I guess they didn't. But why not, Uncle Buz?

Jophan my boy, I don't know why New York fandom has never been able to get along with itself.

Never? Isn't this New York feuding a new thing? I mean, besides the hassle down at Portland in 1950, that you told me about?

Remind me to let you read "The Immortal Storm" sometime, when you're older.

OK, but so far you've only explained why the fans wanted to dissolve the corporation; you still haven't said why all the fuss about the London meeting.

Declaring the London meeting illegal was only part of the maneuvering to get the Dissolution issue before the business meeting. I'm not sure that it was either necessary or desirable to drag the point up at that time, as it seems to have caused a lot of confusion and raised a number of irrelevant side-arguments, away from the main issue.

And what was that, Uncle Buz?

That the fans wanted the corporation dissolved, and voted in favor of having it dissolved.

And is it going to be dissolved now?

Heaven only knows, Jophan. Mr. Raybin is trying to convince us that it can't be, but I find it hard to believe that the state of New York has no machinery for dismantling a non-working organization, no matter how badly fouled up it is.

Do you think Mr. Raybin is dragging his feet, maybe?

This is possible; I can see how he might feel like dragging his feet, but I wish he'd stop it, if he is.

Well, look -- if Mr. Raybin is blocking action, doesn't that make him a Bad Guy?

Not especially: he took a bad beating in terms of popularity and prestige at SouthGate, and he's unhappy about it, and not about to help anybody tear down the remains of his playhouse. But he's not really hurting anyone by it. It would be nice if he'd devote his attention to finding out what can be done, rather than making a point of what can't -- but he's only human, after all.

Uncle Buz, aren't you worried that Uncle Meyer Weber will get tossed into the bucket for using corporation money for the WesterCon next summer? Mr. Sanderson says that the '59 WesterCon is an accessory in latching onto WSFSinc property without a license.

How about that, huh?

Don't worry about it, Jophan. Uncle Wally Meyer set that money aside to be passed on to the next WesterCon, anyhow, so that if the corporation makes a bonafide legal application for it, it's available.

But how would he know if it's legal or not?

He wouldn't; he would ask Jack Spoor.



Uncle Buz, why did Mr. Kyle pull all that fancy stuff about the London meeting and all, to break up the WSFSinc?

Oh yes, Sandy did say that, didn't he? Actually, my boy, Kyle did not start the hassle about the London meeting, and he did not go to the Solacon with the intention of breaking up the WSFSinc.

Aw, how do you know? Everybody tells a different story; how do you decide who's right?

Well, Jophan, this I know, because I was present in the group that eventually decided to push for a vote-in-meeting to request the end of the corporation by action of the directors.

Well, gee whiz! What did happen?

Dave Kyle didn't think dissolution was the answer; he thought the WSFSinc could be salvaged and the various disputes settled, and claimed that the corporation had not had a fair chance to show the good that it could do.

Mr. Sanderson doesn't put it that way.

Mr. Sanderson wasn't there; neither were any of his sources, unless they are unbelievably lousy reporters. Eventually, Kyle reluctantly agreed to go along with the push for dissolution, and to urge the Con Committee to allow consideration of the question in his capacity as a WSFSinc Director.

But what about the London meeting?

There was a question as to whether it would take all or just part of the Directors to swing the Committee. Then someone (not Dave Kyle) came up with the business of London-elected Directors being illegal, and read from the charter to prove it.

Well then, how about Mr. Sanderson's saying that none of the Directors were legally elected, because the NyCon elected six while the charter said only three?

Jophan, I guess it only bears out Dave Kyle's statement (to this same group) that the corporation's only fault was that it had never yet performed an action that was wholly legal according to its charter and by-laws. In fact, the by-laws didn't even conform to the charter, which governs.

Then Mr. Sanderson would be right in saying that the original 3 Directors should still be the Wheels?

That's right: Kyle, Raybin and Saha, in alphabetical order.

But now you're agreeing with Mr. Sanderson, and I thought you were on Mr. Kyle's side!

Jophan, lad, I never said Dave was Omniscient, either. And why shouldn't I agree with Sandy when he comes up with a right answer?

But I thought you were mad at him.

Nope, the only thing that bugs me about the Inchmery Gang is their refusal to admit that there's more than one side to this hassle. Sandy and George Raybin both say that the original 3 Directors should be considered in charge (unless they've resigned, of course; I haven't kept track), and they're right on this one, near as I can tell.

Would this throw out the vote at SouthGate?

How would it? That vote was only a petition to the Directors to dissolve the corporation. Without regard to legality of any meeting, it was an overwhelming expression of fannish opinion. Added to the views expressed in fanzines for the past few months, it's obvious that most of fandom doesn't want the corporation. Whether anyone can agree on who the Directors are, and whether those Directors take action, is purely a matter of the good faith of the individuals concerned. If anyone wants to play dog-in-the-manger and say "Whether you want a corporation or not, I won't help dissolve it", there's nothing you or I can do about it.

How come the Inchmery people are so mad at Mr. Kyle?

It's a looong story, Jophan. Dave promoted a chartered-plane to London for the Con there. The London Committee made reservations for the passengers, at the Con hotel, and a bunch of schnooks walked out on the hotel and left the Committee stuck for the amount of whatever guarantees had been made.



Did Mr. Kyle make promises to the Committee and then back out on them, or what? Or did the Committee feel that Mr. Kyle should have got the money from the schnooks, himself, like with judo?

A good question, young fellow. Somewhere along the line, someone went overboard with hearty promises and the Committee was stuck with the gaff. I can't help feeling that the hotel's new management could have been a mite predatory about the whole thing, but that's only a hunch; I don't have enough facts for a solid opinion. At any rate, if Kyle made guarantees to the Committee without something in the individual passengers' papers to back him up on it, he had holes in his head but should still pay off. If the Committee went out on a limb to the hotel without some sort of solid backing from Kyle, the holey heads are more on the east side of the pond; that's a cruel comment on the Committee's obvious generosity and helpfulness, but, well --

You mean, it don't pay to be generous if you can't afford it, huh?

"Doesn't" pay, Jophan. And I wouldn't put it quite that way, either.

Well, how would you put it, Uncle Buz?

I'd put it that the Committee was clobbered badly by the misfire of their hospitality. They goofed by trying to throw all the blame onto one man and then by putting the arm on the Solacon Committee with something less than tact. I wish this deal would simmer down, so that a project could be worked out to help reimburse the Committee, but it'll never happen in this situation.

Are you still mad at Mr. Sanderson for just printing his own egoboo from your letter to APE#5?

Well; I wasn't too much impressed by his plea of "no more space", when he allowed several pages for his own side of the argument. I wonder how much selective editing he did to the rest of the lettercol, besides my stuff.

You mean, so it would look like he was out in front, all the way?

"As if he were out in front", Jophan. Quit watching those cruddy TV commercials, for CRYsake.

Aren't you going to get into a feud with Mr. Sanderson and some other people, this way?

I hope not, Jophan. If Sandy simply can't tolerate any opinions that differ from his own, I'm in for a blast. But in that case, I'd have no further interest in communicating with him anyway. Let's hope that we can get across the idea that disagreement is not malice.

Don't you want to feud with anybody, Uncle Buz? What kind of fan are you, anyway? The only kind of feud I like is the fun-type feud. I don't get into the other kind if I can help it.

Well, I guess I'm ready to go to bed now, Uncle Buz.

OK, Jophan. Here, you can read the "Immortal Storm" while you go to sleep.

You sure I'm old enough?

You can't get these deals into perspective too young. Good-night.

- = - = -

Join the Detention-- NOW.

D C in '60

Terry Carr for TAFF

PuCon in '61

Make Berry Come Across

First Fandom is not Dead!

Gay Paris in Sixty-Three

Anna Moffatt says you MUST sit here

The WesterCon will be here July 4th-- where will YOU be?



## ALL THE WAY

## JOHN BERRY

The neo-fan idly flipped over the pages of the book his father had given him for a Christmas present. It demonstrated with diagrams and thumbnail sketches, plus a few chapters of small print, exactly how to make a one man motor boat for fifty dollars. Two months before, Gary had been absolutely thrilled at the prospect of making his own motor boat, and he had in fact requested his fond parent to buy him that particular book. And then that chance reading of IMAGINATION, most especially a certain Mr. Bloch's column, had inspired him with a new and glorious enthusiasm. He didn't really know an awful lot about it, he confessed to himself in front of the roaring log fire, but it seemed that folks called themselves 'fans' and they published their own little magazines, called, appropriately enough, 'Fan'zines. They wrote to each other, and sometimes argued with each other, but notwithstanding there was something different in their approach to things, and in their individual ways of expressing themselves. Gary dropped the motor boat volume, and picked up the two fanzines which had so far arrived as a result of his financial speculations. He'd read them through so many times that the pages were tattered. Even from his perusal of such a minute quantity of fanzines, he realized several things, one of which was that he'd have to steer clear of a certain G.M. Carr. He pondered over the advertisement he'd replied to in IMAGINATION. 'Be a fan' it said seductively, 'send us 25 dollars and in a short time you'll hear from us, and everything will be explained to you and you'll have a wonderful fannish time.' It said much more, too, but it didn't really say anything, he realized. He'd saved up almost 25 dollars to purchase wood and fittings for his boat, but in the first flush of neofannish exuberance he whipped it into an envelope and rushed it to the quoted Box Number. Of course, Gary realized, it was Christmas 1958, and it was snowing outside, not really too much, that was to come, but enough to probably disorganize the mail.

He heard his brothers and sisters shouting and laughing in the other room as they played with their toys, and he smiled nostalgically. Heck. He was seventeen, and sure they were only kids.... He lay back and watched the flames shadowed around the walls, and he looked into the heart of the fire. If only he could afford a Gestetner.....

His mother opened the door, and she had a surprised look on her face.

"A man to see you, Gary," she said uncertainly. "A rather strange looking man."

Gary shook himself, and walked to the front door....and opened it.

A young man stood on the doorstep. It was snowing heavily. At the end of the avenue Gary saw a broken-down car with a caravan behind it. He saw footsteps in the deep snow leading to his doorway, to the man standing there.

"Gary Frinklefooter?"

He nodded. He looked at the strange headgear the man was wearing...sort of burnished metal with a propellor on top of it, a rather snow encrusted propellor.

"Yes, I'm Gary, who are you...I don't....?"

The man on the doorstep took a step forward out of the driving snow. He seemed a mite disappointed.

"I thought you'd know me," he explained wryly, "surely you've heard of BAG. No? I'm Barry Gunnell. I publish SWEEP, and I'm in SAPS, OMPA, and FAPA. I'm a BNF, and according to some people I rate after Bloch and Tucker."

"I've heard of Mr. Bloch," said Gary apprehensively. "But I haven't read many fanzines. In fact, I've only read two. I'm - I'm...."

"Oh, don't be so ashamed of your status," growled Gunnell good-naturedly. "I was a neofan once, back in '51."

"What do you - er - want?" asked Gary. He had sensed that fanzine editors, faneds were they called, were keen to get subscriptions but he thought there should have been a limit. After all, it was Christmas.

"Didn't you send 25 dollars to Box 374?" asked the man.



"Oh yes," said Gary, "I was wondering..."

"Well, here we are," explained Gunnell, his hands wide apart, "all ready to initiate you as it were. You see, our service is especially designed for neofen such as yourself who live a considerable distance from any other fans. Er. Ahem. Are you coming into the caravan, or do you have a den or a room we could use for our fanac session?"

"Fanac session," Gary breathed in awe. "Fanac Session. Why yes, come up to my room; I'll tell my mother you are here; can you stay the night? Have you got a Gestetner with you?"

"Such enthusiasm," smiled Gunnell. "I've got Rankin Walker with me, you know, the pro."

"A pro," breathed Gary. "Bring...bring him in too, and the Gestetner, and, everything else...I'll come and help you....sir."

Without any protection against the weather, he waded after Gunnell to the caravan. Gunnell opened the door, and Walker was seen to be fast asleep, a recent science fiction anthology held tightly in his arms.

Gunnell shook him.

"We're here, Rank," he yelled, and Walker woke up.

"What idio...what neofan's house are we at now?" he asked sleepily, seeing the delighted figure of the said neofan standing respectfully back. As Walker stood up and yawned, the anthology slipped into the snow. Gary rushed forward and picked it up, wiped the snow off and handed it to Walker.

"If you've got a copy of this, I'll autograph it for you," muttered Walker, stepping down into the snow, and picking up two heavy suitcases, "are we in time for dinner?"

"Yes, yes," stuttered Gary, "let me...let me carry the Gestetner, please."

Gunnell smiled knowingly, and let Gary's sweating fingers grip the worn handle on the metal cover. He carried two more suitcases and they walked to the house.

Mrs. Frinklefooter stood on the porch, her hand over her mouth, and she looked at the two strangers as they stopped before her.

"Ma, these are two BNF's," explained Gary, "Mr. Gunnell and Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker is a pro, and he's going to autograph my anthology, and they're going to show me how to be a fan and...and..."

"Your son sent us a fee for this service, Madam," explained Gunnell. "The service is especially designed for neofen...for young persons who don't get the advantage of coming into contact with other science fiction fen. We have a caravan down the street, although we would appreciate it if you were able to, er..."

Gary looked at his mother with imploring eyes.

"Of course, gentlemen," she said; "we have a spare room. I presume you'll be...?"

Walker spoke. "We have a similar call to make tomorrow to another young man who lives about a hundred miles from here, and as long as the snow isn't too deep, we intend to leave tomorrow morning.

Mrs. Frinklefooter smiled, and ushered them inside...

Gary took them to his bedroom, and under Gunnell's directions, they put the bed and the other mundane furniture along one wall, and set up the Gestetner on a table in the center of the room. Walker took a bunch of prozines from a case and scattered them around the floor and on the bed. Gunnell took a half emptied tube of duplicating ink from his case, and smeared a black thumb down his cheek, and also down Gary's cheek. "You look the part now, son," he smirked. Walker stacked a half a dozen reams of colored duplicating paper under the table, and flung a bunch of letters and envelopes around the room. They stood by the door and looked the room over with professional care.

"Hmmm," mused Gunnell, "It does look like a fan room, I suppose. Pity you forgot to bring that Ekberg pin-up, although that technicolor enlargement of Sylvia Dees playing the guitar serves well enough. Get your typer out, son, and we'll start."

Gary produced the typer, which had belonged to his father, and placed it on the end of the table. Gunnell took off his jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeves, lit a cigarette and let it droop from the corner of his mouth, and hunched over the typer, his fingers poised.

"We'll bash out a one shot, Gary," he said. "Any ideas, Rank?"

Walker put his anthology down.

"Let me see, is this neo taking the 25 or the 35 dollar course?"

"The former," muttered Gunnell, looking hopefully at the neofan.

"That's eight pages," mused Walker. "Tell you what, you write a couple of pages to



introduce Frinklefooter here. Bring in a few allusions about him pleading with me to autograph his anthology and suchlike. Mention the huge feed his mother's going to give us soon ...hmmm, I can smell that turkey even up here.... meanwhile, I'll write a three page article on how I sold my first story." He turned to the overawed neofan. "That leaves three pages for you, kid. You've never had anything published, have you? No, I thought not. Weeell, you've plenty of scope. Tell 'em how you've always wanted to meet me, and how you pleaded with me, aw, you know all about that, and what it feels like to be in the presence of BNF's, and like that. Spread it on thick; fans like it."

"Pass me the stylo, Rank," muttered Gunnell, his eyes creased as the smoke wafted past them, "mebbe you'd like to print the title in yourself, Gary? This here's called a stylo. Don't press too hard. What about a title for the oneshot, Rank?"

"Ummm. How about HERO WORSHIP, or MY GREAT DAY, or ALL THIS AND WALKER TOO, or...."

"Howsabout RANK FANAC," muttered Gunnell darkly. "Jeeze, Rank, you always get the egoboo, or you try to anyway. Remember I know about that story of yours rejected by Merrill. It wouldn't look good in SWEETINGS, would it?"

"Huh, you can talk," sneered Walker. "Don't think I don't know about all those TAFF votes you garnered."

"Take care, Walker," hissed Gunnell. "Remember you've got more to lose than I have. I correspond with Larry Shaw, you know."

They stood up and faced each other aggressively. Gary stepped forward.

"Please," he said slowly. "Please don't start all this trouble just over a title for my oneshot. How about calling it GARY'D UNANIMOUSLY. It's a pun, see. Fans make puns, don't they? Isn't there a chap called Willis makes them?"

"Ah Willis," the BNF's muttered. They took off their beanies reverently. "What a loss to FAPA," added Gunnell.

The silence must have lasted a full three minutes.

They all cleared their throats.

"Well, I guess GARY'D UNANIMOUSLY will do; what say, Rank?" asked Gunnell.

"Sure, sure, hey, what's that delicious odor mixed with the roasted turkey. What time do you usually have dinner, kid?"

"'bout eight thirty. Can I stencil a page, please, Mr. Gunnell?" asked Gary anxiously.

Gunnell breathed smoke through his nostrils. "I'd better do it, Gary" he said, not unkindly, "I can stencil very quickly, besides which, I expect you'd much rather crank the Gestetner, wouldn't you, and help us to staple and everything. If you're keen enough, I might even see fit to let you address some of the envelopes. That reminds me, the 25 dollars doesn't include postage for the oneshot...that'll be another let me see, fifty times four... another two fifty should cover it."

Gary nodded enthusiastically, and started to print his own brilliant title on the stencil Gunnell had passed to him.

The door opened, and Gary's little sister peered round it with big blue eyes.

"Mommy says dinner is ready," she said.

They sat round the table, which was loaded with fine things.

Gary introduced the two BNF's to his father, who said a few conventional pleasantries, and the meal started.

Gunnell was between Mr. Frinklefooter and his daughter, Shirley, aged six. He started an earnest and, it must be admitted, intellectual conversation with Gary's father about geology, a hobby which, it transpired, interested them both very considerably. "Although of course, sir," explained Gunnell, "I'm a pretty big noise in fandom...science fiction fandom, that is, and I have several times considered the possibility of turning away from it and making geology my main interest, but, well, I must confess that it would be a great blow to fandom if I did. I don't want to give the impression that I'm indispensable, but OMPA, FAPA and SAPS even revolve around me...I sort of finally sum up all the controversies, although the last one was a pip. G.M. Carr can certainly dish it out. And, of course, Madle....I say, sir, have you ever studied the strata of the Grand Canyon. I must say that...."

Rankin Walker sat between Gary and his mother. Whenever his mouth was partly empty, which wasn't often, Rankin would turn to Mrs. Frinklefooter and lavish praise on her for the excellent way the meal was cooked and served.



"...mmm...that Apple Sauce was out of this world, Mrs. Frinklefooter. I must get the recipe from you for my dear old mother. She takes a considerable interest in me, you know. I remember she positively refused to allow me to cash my first cheque...it was a short story for SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES...and gave me the money it was worth instead. And do you know what she did with the cheque, madame...ah, I will have another glass of port, please...she framed it and hung it in her bedroom. I must say Gary here seems very good fannish material. He shows considerable discernment for one so young. He spotted my story immediately in that anthology, and positively insisted...."

The children went in with their mother to the play room to see what else was on the christmas tree. Rankin expounded at great length to Gary about the different personalities in fandom, and the people he had met.

"...Bloch is a very ordinary person, you know. He has no sense of self importance like some of the big name pro's have. I was just saying to Silverberg the other day that it is a great pity about his column being stopped. You entered fandom that way, didn't you? Yes, I had breakfast with Tucker at the last Con. He's a very busy man, you know. He couldn't believe that my fifteenth story was about to be published in GALAXY. I'd certainly sub for it if I were you. Also...."

Gunnell and Gary's father talked quietly and seriously at the table, and then Mr. Frinklefooter gave him a cigar and took him by the arm and led him to the library.

"Don't know what the hell Gunnell is playing at," remarked Walker later. "We'd better go up to your room and finish off the oneshot. You can type fast, can you...good...you sit down in front of the typer then, and cut the stencil to my dictation. I can illo a mite. We don't need Gunnell really, you know. Since I turned pro I haven't done much of this. Now then, let me see.....here we go.....It was snowing hard, a veritable wall of downy-like snowflakes formed a barrier in front of us as RAG and myself drove the trusty rod to our destination, the abode of a neofan named Gary Frinklefooter who, it transpires, has developed an avid affection for my stories. He said...."

Gunnell came up later, whilst they were duplicating. He had a large red volume under his arm, "The Amateur Geologist." He seemed reluctant as he put it down on the bed and helped the others put the issue together.

"Here's a list of the fans I think you should send your one shot to, Gary," he said. "You'll find a bundle of envelopes in that case over there....you mother had kindly allowed Rankin and myself to stop for tonight in the spare bedroom. I'm going to retire now, Rank; don't wake me up like you did at South Gate. Goodnight, Gary. Looks like it's going to be a pretty good oneshot."

He picked up the geology book, and opened it as he passed through the door.

"He's been a BNF for many years now, Gary," explained Walker. He had hypnotized himself to think that Gary was mad about his stories, and Gary really felt somehow sorry for the pro, because the only story of Walker's he had read had almost turned him inside out with remorse. The newsagent had told him that particular prozine was dying, anyway. But his encyclopedic knowledge of fandom and its members awed Gary, and because his attention to every word of Rankin's was so obvious, Rankin thawed out a little in his attitude to Gary, and eventually deigned to call him by his christian name....an honor, he pointed out, not usually conferred by him on neofans. He talked until the early hours of the morning.....

The next morning the snow had ceased. Walker and Gunnell rose late, after breakfast in bed, and packed their cases. Gary carried the Gestetner to the caravan again, and asked them for their autographs before they departed.

Gunnell signed with a flourish, and climbed into the back of the caravan, still clutching the red volume which Gary's father had given him.

"Drive for a while, will you, Rank?" he asked, "there's something really interesting here ...oh, say, thank your mother again for the hospitality, Gary. And I think you're going to be a BNF yourself one day. That title was very good. Very good. Adieu. Hope you liked the course."

Gary, a tear in his eye, waved a hand towards Gunnell, and followed Walker round to the car.

"I'll keep you in touch with which prozines my stories are appearing in," Rankin smiled. "You're oneshot was pretty good, and I'm confident that lots of faneds will get in touch with



you. I think you'll agree with me that this neofan course has been very successful; wish I'd thought of it before. Gunnell's a great help, of course, but..."

"I hope he wasn't disappointed in me," said Gary humbly. "I'm new to it all, you know. I've only ever read two fanzines, and..."

"No, no, BAG thinks you're pretty good fannish material, he does, honestly; he told me so this morning. Don't forget to tell your neofannish friends to write to Box number 374... tell them they'll see every side of fandom, just as you have."

"Thank you, Mr. Walker," said Gary, "and I do really like your stories; and from now on I'm going to read them all. It's just that I think BAG...er, I mean, I think Mr. Gunnell was bored with me. He seemed far more interested in...."

Walker smiled as he got into the driving seat. He opened the window and put his left hand on Gary's shoulder and looked at him. A serious glint was in his eyes, and yet he showed a rare streak of consideration as he explained the situation squarely to Gary.

"You see, Gary," he said, "I told you that you'd seen every facet of fandom, and you have. Understand that Gunnell has done everything in fandom...in fact, one could almost say he'd done too much. And I think that in retrospect, you've been privileged to see the one great lesson in fandom. You see, Gary, BAG is tired. The great spirit of Roscoe is gradually flowing from his veins. This should be an unforgettable lesson to you. I want you always to remember it. Because, Gary, BAG is slowly getting away from it all. He has caught the dread germ. It is known as *gafia*."

He let the clutch in, and the car and caravan made a crisp noise as it crackled across the dry snow. Gary looked after it until it turned the corner.

He thought he understood!

(the end)

DETENTION NEWS, from BIGHearted Howard Devore  
(other comments by F.M. Bysby)

Howard says: "Not much news yet. A\*S\*I\*M\*O\*V is toastmaster; Willy Ley will be on the program, as well as Tom Scortia (and others -- we assume)."

Not bad, for a start; ~~Asimov~~ A\*S\*I\*M\*O\*V is terrific, any time.

Howard continues: "We promise to give you just what you want: the people you want, the program, and all such crap."

If he really means that ("the people you want"), this is the best deal all you young single fellas ever saw in your lives. Personally, I'm sceptical, but what can you lose? They're going to have a Convention, too.

Howard has been working rather long hours lately, so he says: "I haven't got the time but would appreciate it if you'd fake up a letter from me for publication."

Well, by golly, I sure will, for the next CRY, if I have time. Meanwhile, back at the point of this pitch, your \$2 memberships for the Con are obtainable from Jim Broderick, 2218 Drexel Ave, Detroit 15, Mich. (make it "James" on checks etc.).

The boys are selling ads in the Progress Reports (which you'll get when you get your two bucks out of mothballs and in to James): here's your chance to be famous for only a few measly dollars. For \$7, you can take a full page to say: "7th Fandom still lives! Drop dead!" For \$3.75 you can squeeze "Yngvi is a louse, but you should see my landlord" on a half-a-page. \$2.75 will get you 1/3 page on which to plead: "I lost the cardboard cylinder out of the middle of my Aug 1955 AMAZING, and will do anything for a replacement except pay money." I won't even tell you the tariff on a 1/6 page ad, as I'm sure it's a typo. NOBODY sells ad-space that cheap. Anyhow, these rates are all for faans; pro's pay a liddle more.

OK, Howard; can I have that July '39 UNKNOWN now?



JOHN BERRY SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.....

"Yes, Buz had divulged the plan to me, and to be frank with you, I was overawed by it. After losing the TAFF ballot by such a relatively small vote, I reconciled myself, somewhat unhappily, to never having a chance to visit the States again. That such a visit is once again possible is indeed great news to me.

But as regards your questions.....yes, I shall be able to make the trip OK if the fund raises sufficient money. I'm allowed 40 days off per year, so I can take them all together. So presuming twelve days for the boat, I shall be able to spend almost four weeks in the States.

I was a little despondent about losing TAFF, but now everything is shining again. I should have said early that, of course, I shall be utterly pleased and thrilled and DELIGHTED to make the trip, if it becomes a reality. I'm rather poor at describing exactly how I feel on occasions like this...esprit de corps and all that sort of thing, but I must say in all sincerity that I feel terribly humble that you all had the idea in the first place, and that you've all taken the trouble to attempt to make it become a reality.

This airmail is just to reply quickly that I shall be able to come if things work out well, and to let you all know how I feel."

/s/ John

The Bring John Berry to the Detention Fund was organized at the Solacon by a group of John's friends. We pledge that all donations will be used as intended or returned to the contributors, if for some reason, the fund does not succeed. Everything over \$2 will be returned.

The Berry fund is a one shot deal. We will work to bring Berry to Detroit and will bend all our efforts to that end. There will be no TAFF candidate until Easter of 1960 and that will be an American to Britain type deal. It will not be until 1961 that a TAFF delegate will come to an American convention. We intend to complement TAFF, not conflict with it.

John Berry deserves the support of fandom now. The Detroit committee has already promised a hotel room for the duration of his stay in Detroit and has also donated artwork that has been raffled off. This is real support, but we need yours too. Please send your check or pledge (to be paid by March 31, 1959) immediately. LET'S GET BERRY TO COME ACROSS!

JOHN BERRY TRIP FUND COMMITTEE

F.M. and Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W., Seattle 99, Washington

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Dick Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, New York

\*Nick and Noreen Falasca, 5622 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio

Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland

Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Steve Schultheis, 477 Woodlawn, Apt C, Springfield, Ohio

\*Send all correspondence to Falasca

\*\*Send all contributions to Rickhardt (checks to: William C. Rickhardt)



The Proof Of The Pubbing  
a last-minute substitute by F M Busby

Carl Brandon couldn't make it this month, so I'll fill in a little coverage. But remember: send your zines for review to Carl Brandon, 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Cal.

A number of firstishes in: let's take them first, even though it means that we may not have room to review the Special Edition of Weber's WHIZZ-GIZZ-ONCE-IN-A-WHILE, specially edited to honor the jailing of an ex-editor of Whizz-Gizz. That Weber!

MAMMON #1 (Autumn '58), Jim Moran, 208 Sladen St, Dracut, Mass. Fifteen pages this time (plans are for quarterly publication at 10¢ a copy, free to contributors including successful letterhacks). Very well mimeo'd on stiff heavy white paper; either Jim & his sidekick Kutzie are rich, or they have a Good Deal on Paper, or they wanted to lose some weight anyhow. Contributions are in urgent demand.

Jim's writing has a good fannish touch, even through the self-consciousness of firstish editorializing. Other contents include a Stony Barnes story that's been tightened up considerably since I saw it last, a "Solacon Incident" by Rich Brown (it's faaanfiction, in the best tradition), "Shakespeare Reviews Fanzines...." "and Views the WSFS Hassle"--- with the help of Bruce Pelz (that's how it reads, along with reading every bit as well as the mundane counterparts for which the SatEvePost pays good money), "The Bad 'tata" which is fanfiction by "Kutzie" and in dialect at that, and a chatter column by Les Gerber, who finds it hard to believe that the chairman of a Con run on the scale of the NyCon could fork out \$100 on a Convention weekend without knowing where it went. Live and learn, Les.

MAMMON looks good so far; just keep Kutzie off fanfiction, Jim.

PSI-PHI #1 (Jan '59), Bob Lichtman, 6137 S Croft Ave, L A 56, Cal (he gives 3 addresses, but this one should do). Ten heavy slick pages plus bacover, printed only on one side. Also planned-quarterly, also 10¢ (this one 6 for 50¢); 16 pages is the prediction for #2, and a 1 March deadline with contributions requested for all over (or rather, from all over): articles, fiction, artwork (line drawings), letters. Ads are taken, at rates ranging from \$1.25 full-page and on down.

Bob does most of the writing himself this time, including a short story which after all only takes up one page. His sidekick, Arv Underhill, does a bit of the editorializing and bemoans the stereotypes of today's stf. Bob also has a couple pages of fmz-reviews and likes CRY.

The ditto-work is extremely effective on this hyperslick paper, and the writing is pleasant and literate, though struggling under the usual firstish handicap of not really having too awfully much to say. Stick with it, men.

LNF (one-shot, but precursor to other LNF Publications, it says). Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave, LA 56, Cal. 8pp including bacover, and printed on one side only. This time it sounds like spirit-duper trouble, and if so--- fellas, either get rid of it or whip it--- onside duping is a losing game. But they kept it logible. In with Don is Bob Lichtman of PHI-PSI; it seems the boys plan a string of interlocking zines. This issue is free (no policy stated for future issues) and contributions are once again faunched for.

In here we have a rival to the Goon and Webfoot Soames--- the L.N.F. From the "LNF's Casebook" comes "The Case of the Bodraggled BNF", and I would not mind seeing more of these deals, at all (especially with the "PuCon in '61" squibs across the page-bottoms). And y-o-u are offered the opportunity to become an LNF Agent.

Well, this one is a little thin, but it's sort of fun.

Can't seem to find any more firstishes, including one I was going to chew the hell out of if I could've found it. Somebody (blame it on the dogs) has fouled up the Current Fanzine stack; it now includes a "Writer's Yearbook" and the 1957 Edition of the Civilian Employee's Handbook of the Alaska Communication System (this one should fold; it will never have much popular appeal, especially to the Employees).



HI ("The Illegible Fanzine") #3, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. Hmm, #2 is here, also, it seems; I can't seem to find CHULA, which was a ten-page zine that was stitched instead of being stapled. Ted wanted 10¢ for it, which seemed a bit steep, but I expect he was planning to expand when he said that. But back to HI: these are 3¢ each (stamp money), #2 is 4pp & #3 is 6pp; I can make out a few good punchlines here and there, but the blurb is all too correct. Due to repro difficulties, HI is all too truly "the illegible fanzine"--- not completely so, but I'm too tired and too rushed to try to decipher it this time of night.

MOOR PARK (Goojie Pub #2, Nov 58). Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St, San Francisco 10, Cal. 19 pages incl bacover, well-mimeo'd, 15¢ or 2/25¢ or trades or contributions or "review in yr fmz and prove it. (i.e., send me a copy)", the girl sez.

This starts off with some quotes from Rotsler & Burbee letters, with editorial comment. Then there's some "the other day"ing in the best Berkeley manner; Miriam gets off onto the implications of an "On The Road" quote ("to Slim Gaillard the whole world was just one big orooni"), and it's sort of lively all along.

Next is Bloch's "Letter To A TAFF Winner" in which it is pointed out that the Englishmen live in the damndest places--- such as England. Bloch is, natch, Superb.

After that, Miri makes good copy of the local paper's lettercol, and then we have the best and most faannish column I've yet seen from Ted Johnstone; this boy is Shaping Up.

Mo'or Park gains a lot from Miriam's fannish connections, granted--- but don't underestimate the girl's faanish talent, either--- the connections just help her get off the ground quicker and more easily; the gal has the touch.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #39 (Oct 58), thish co-edited by Djinn Faine and Charles E Burbee (who states that his influence does not extend past the page he wrote). 29pp, part mimeo and part ditto, nearly all easily-readable except for a bit of the ditto. The Word Is that Djinn is too busy to do any more editing, but that others in the LASFS will probably take over the job. Subs are 20¢ or 6/\$1, to 2548 W 12th St, LA 6, Cal. Also it gives trades, and zines to commenters & contributors.

The best of this issue is the Burbtorial and Bloch's pitch on how fandom could move in as the Nation's Current Fad when the Beat Generation poops out. Ron Ellik's "Squirrel Cage" is not up to the usual Ellik style-&-standard; he writes this as if he were harrassed or handicapped in some way--- like as unto a one-shot session.

Three other people report on the same Hallowe'en party described by Ellik, to the point of diminishing returns. Al Lewis writes off John Campbell in favor of A. Boucher in the future of stf (remember stf??); he may be premature about this.

Ted Johnstone's LASFS Minutes, as given over the phone to Al Lewis (or maybe it should be "Al Lewis' Minutes, as received by phone from Ted J") suffer quite a bit from the divided responsibility, but the boys both seem to realize it.

There are several pages worth of other things in here that I do not dig very much at all: story, pomes, etc. Nonetheless, I'd like to see Shaggy upsurge again. Wish the Stenofaxed pics had come out more clearly; would love to see the originals.

The DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT (Official Organ of the 2NF), #1: N'n'N Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. No price, no date, no schedule, and few qualms. This one is strictly for kicks, and my only gripe is that the narration is too fictionalized in spots--- I'd like to see the Straight Story of how the motel owner pulled a gun on Bill Donaho (serene in the knowledge that he couldn't miss Bill, without turning his back on him completely). But 2N have quite a bit of fun in here, besides support for some very good causes.

THE SICK ELEPHANT, by George Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, N.Y. Ten or so pages, 10¢, purportedly ditto. George began by producing hecto sheets asking 80 fans to send him a dollar each, so that he could buy a ditto and repay his benefactors by publishing a 20-page zine. This might sound silly, but bighod in this ten-pager he says he has his ditto. Maybe next time he'll start using it. (Reviewed in absentia: this is another one that got lost, somehow.)



YANDRO #70 (Nov 58), Buck & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana. 15¢, 12 for \$1.50 (this is monthly, Jack), approx 20 pages (Buck and I keep score by different systems, so why pick nits on pagecount?). #70 is not a representative issue of Yandro--- not with 8pp devoted to a Hal Annas story, it isn't.

I always find the Coulsons' editorial-pages pleasant reading; either or both of them may be happily making comments or vehemently chowing somebody out--- it still reads interestingly. The Dodd column varies widely for interest--- from complete ho-hum (to me) on movies, to absolute delight when in this issue Alan unmasks the Tuckerosque tendencies of the English TARZAN comic book (I will not quote this; you will have to read it yourselves). This time, Dodd is utterly priceless!

Yandro's lettercol is usually a rewarding bit of reading, and this time is no exception. I wish Buck would ease off on the parenthetical inserts, but he disagrees with me on this question, so I guess he won't. He doesn't barge in and ruin a line of argument by ruining the continuity (like GMCarr), but those slant-parentheses /like this/ aren't the easiest things in the world to follow.

Inevitably we come to the Hal Annas story; I wish we didn't have to. All I can say is that it would have appeared in OTHER WORLDS, probably, if the zine hadn't folded, and that it's a pity that neither Annas nor Palmer have ever outgrown the early-adolescent picture of Life, or Sex, or how to plot a story!

EQUATION, v2nrl: Rich Brown and Paul Stanbery; 1317 N Raymond Ave, Pasadena 3, Cal. About 64 pages, no price, a lot of kidding about schedule, and too damn much eyestrain. Now it happens that I like Rich Brown, but it also happens that I am highly subject to eyestrain and strongly prefer not to have to resort to glasses. So I have not read many of these 64 pages, and am saving them for a quiet sunny day next summer. I have noticed that there are some more-legible pages in the middle, but I am a front-to-back reader myself, and the hell with you skimmers; you miss all the best parts. Rich, you are nursing a viper in your bosom with that Zotz Press.

FANAC #29 (Nov 16, '58): Terry Carr & Ron Ellick, Room 104, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Cal. 7pp, well-mimeo'd, 4 for 25¢ or 9 for 50¢; send scuttlebutt (or better yet, send real live bonafide news, but FANAC will print rumors and honestly label them as such. There are elements who deplore this, but I told you anyway). Terry is bugged at CRY #121, but not always for the Right Reasons. There's a Forrest J Ackerman column, and sometime I would like to know Ack's record for the number of different ways he has rendered his own name in his own column.

FANAC is indispensable, and sometimes it is better than it is other times.

TWIG #13, Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright, Boise, Idaho. 15¢, 6/80¢, 12/\$1.50. Good job of ditto (tho I hope he doesn't commit Best of Fandom 58 to this limited process); about 40 pages. Ol' Twigger seems to run a bit slaunchwise to the main currents of the microcosm, and who can blame him, living in Boise and all.

A Good Thing is Don Franson's spoof of MacBeth-as-a-modern-stf-novel. Also good is Dick Lupoff's analysis of Budrys' "Who?"; dunno if I agree with Dick 100%, but he makes some points that are worth discussing, as is the book.

Dan Adkins does the fmzrevoos; he is bugged by CRY #120 but wavering. (Before I forget it, there is some terrific artwork in here, and much of it by ol' Dan'l, too.) And herewith is one of the "scattiest" (i.e., printed verbatim as received) lettercols in the business. As an admitted anti-addict of fanfiction, I can get away with saying that Twig's own story in here is not exactly in my line of enthusiastic response, though competent enough, I'd say.

TWIG is of interest, and write the Twigger about "Best of Fandom, 1958".



APORRHETA #5, H P Sanderson, 236, Queen's Road, London, S E 14, England. APE is currently monthly, 15¢/copy or \$1.50/yr. #5 runs to 38 pages by my count (which is what it would count for credit in an apa) and a bit less by Buck Coulson's--- but then, Buck is a purist--- doesn't count covers.

Has it struck you, by now, that this column is as much gossip as it is reviews? Being as I probably can't snow you much longer, I might's well swear you all in....

In Ape, Bryan Welham argues that Werner von Braun is one of the Good Guys and not one of the Bad Guys. Sandy further describes his Hi-Fi installation. And Ron Bennett shows a commendable talent for circumventing fuggkaddisms aboard the "Queen Mary", and carries on from there (but doesn't get ashore, yet. I imagine that the Bennett whim for dividing his TAFFreport between many zines will be the apoplectic death of many a hearty fan). ((This has got to appear sometime, collectible.))

Barry Hall's "Reaction Chamber" argues TAFFworthiness with P Fandergaste.

Penelope Fandergaste (who he, you say? I don't know) ignores Barry Hall and gripes about folks who ignore Penelope, and the who-she? angle. It's fun in places, this PF column, but the critter gets all shook on C Brandon, Graduate Hoax, while fuming because folks aren't properly playing "who's Penelope?".... well sure I got the difference, & I enjoy P Fandergaste also, but still it seems to me.....

Joy Clarke usually (and this time, too) has real fine chatter and happy talk.

Sandy's own "Inchmerry Fan Diary", which is in essence the ideal format for fan pubbing, starts off on a sour note, by griping like hell about Fanac's printing of RUMORS, without mentioning that Fanac is also labelling them as such. Sandy makes some points that would be very good ones if it were not that he ignores available facts. I think that Sandy maybe picks sides and sticks to them come what may. And certainly he cut the guts from my own letter--- but then it's his zine, isn't it??

The deeper I dig into APE#5, the more I'm convinced that Sandy is absolutely sincere in what he says, throughout. Now, I wonder what it would take to convince him that an opposing view could be equally sincere, and that the "facts" are to be found somewhere in between....

APE is one of the more interesting zines, regardless.

We have some recent GAMBITs from Ted White (who stalked the portcullis at 2712 N Charles St, Baltimore 18, Maryland, the last we heard): these are 26, 27, & 28. GAMBIT (along with its predecessor GAFIA) has generally been free for the intelligent asking, so feel free. Ted has been writing some pseudo-Burbee lately--- this is almost inevitable with people who are exposed to Real Live Burbee, or even "The Incomplete...."--- I tell you, it takes character to sit back and only crib from Burbee in a quiet and semi-recognizable sort of way. It's the breaks, and Ted is to be commended for jumping posthaste back into his own style. and CONGRATULATED, for getting engaged and married and all like that.

Anyone who does not have the SouthGate Final Report should have a look at one. The Solacon, despite all the hassles, made money and passed it on to their logical Con-obligated successors. The HOTEL, of all people, ended up friends with Rick-the-Treasurer (this is not exactly precedented)/.

The Con's business meeting was as functional a job as I've ever seen--- and I've seen a lot of red tape, too. Regardless of personal feelings, Anna lowered the boom at the Right Time, in order to prevent the WSFS mess from fouling up the evening session. It could have been pretty messy, you know.

I don't dig the Matheson speech very much; does anyone know what the man had to say? Meanwhile, back at the darkroom, the pics are very interesting. Hell, I love pics; I wish the ones in the Final Report had been done by a more elaborate process.

It would be a Far, Far Better Thing if Brandon would dig into a regular schedule from here on out, and protect me from this last-minute on-stencil mess.

But, on the other hand, time and tide wait for no man, and the CRY isn't much better--- Sometimes I think that the CRY may disown the lot of us and strike out on its own. And what a relief!



## MINUTES

by W. Weber

### 217th Meeting of the Nameless Ones:

Twelve Nameless Ones found their way to the otherwise deserted office of the Cameron Construction Company, located somewhere in the wilds of Seattle. We may never know just exactly where it was located, but at least we arrived. In order to bring the attendance total to a fannish thirteen, Ernest Knowles was introduced to his first (and at this date his last) Nameless Ones meeting.

Wally Gonser was considered to be the host by virtue of the technicality that he had made the arrangements for the new meeting location. The Wyman family, which alone made up 38.4% of the attending persons, furnished all the good things to eat. Dick Nulsen contributed confusion. All of us did our bit whether we received credit for it or not.

Although the conversation included the same stimulating variety and interest as conversations at previous meetings, the major portion of it seemed preoccupied with the matter of selecting a site for the forthcoming Westercon. President Weber's suggestion that the convention be held at Swampouse was met with less than total approval and, in fact, was very nearly followed by impeachment proceedings. The President saved his office by swiftly pointing out that an ancient club law required any person responsible for removing the President from office to assume the duties of the vacated office.

A great many alternate sites were suggested for the convention, but the list was shortened considerably by removing those suggestions that were likely to result in police raids, high mortality rates, or too expensive property damage. To be sure, the remaining list provided for a comparatively unexciting Westercon, but the club members had to keep in mind that after the Westercon, Seattle will only have a little over two years to rebuild for the ~~XXXXX~~er, SEACON in 1961.

It was decided that various members would investigate various possible sites and report back at the next meeting. They were cautioned to be vague about the nature of the convention until the motel or hotel was irrevocably committed.

As interest waned in regards to convention sites, the discussion turned to a complex combination of food and finances. It was pointed out when club attendance grows, it would be impractical for any one member to furnish the refreshments for all those hungry faces attending the meetings. A policy of club-financed refreshments was discussed and, strangely enough, agreed upon. Treasurer Geneva Wyman protested that the resulting drain on club finances would force the members of her family to find jobs and work for a living. This did seem unfair since it is well known that ex-treasurer Royal Drummond had embezzled sufficient funds to enable him to support his family. Fortunately Flora Jones conceived the plan of assessing the membership 25 cents per person each meeting in order to pay for the refreshments and still provide an income for Geneva's treasury. The plan was voted in and the first collection of I.O.U.'s was taken immediately.

The meeting was climaxed by the now traditional haircut given to President and Secretary Weber by Vice-President Gonser.

### 218th Meeting of the Nameless Ones: (October 19, 1958)

Once again thirteen persons found their way to the office of the Cameron Construction Company for a meeting of the Nameless Ones. Proceedings were delayed a bit by the absence of the President, who was detained by an important duty (looking at slides taken by Joe White of the Brussell's World Fair). Eventually the busy President arrived with copies of POLARITY #3, which he proceeded to peddle. Even Dick Nulsen bought a copy; we have seen nothing of him since.

The possibility of buying up the incorporation papers of the Young Democrats, which was incorporated under the ambiguous name of Northwest Conference, was suggested and soon rejected. (It later turned out the Young Democrats decided to keep it anyway; another example of clairvoyance in club decisions.)

The meeting ended quickly to prevent running over to the next page.



219th Meeting of the Nameless Ones: (November 2, 1958)

Nine Nameless Ones attended this, the last meeting to be held in the office of the Cameron Construction Company. It seems the club had been too powerful to continue meeting there in a common ordinary office and decided to look for another place. There are some who hint that the fact that the construction company was closing the office for good had something to do with it, but of course there is no truth to the matter.

CRY #121 was distributed and read. Wally Gonser immediately started an argument about a bit of information contained in the report on the Southgate convention. He stated that it was not possible for him to have had a room on the 14th floor of the Alexandria Hotel because there were only 11 floors to the hotel. The rest of us excused his show of ignorance, however. Imagine, contesting any information that has appeared in the CRY!

A letter from Malcolm Willits was received and read to the club. The letter put away for once and for all the ugly rumor that Malcolm was in any way connected with our armed forces. Of course he does put out a fanzine that has a number of soldiers on the mailing list, but we can all rest easier now knowing that in a time of crisis, Malcolm will be called upon to defend our nation only after the pregnant women have been used up.

Rose Stark reported on the possibility of changing our meeting place to the Pilgrim Congregational Church, located at Broadway & Harrison. It was revealed that if four members of the club would take out \$12 memberships in a group mysteriously referred to as THALIA, it would be possible for the club to meet at the church absolutely free for a period of one year. After making quite sure the facts were confused, the club voted to sacrifice Geneva Wyman as a test member of THALIA so that the club could try out the new location for three months to see if a church could hold up better than a construction company.

The problem of where to meet for the next (220th meeting) time was quickly solved by accepting the invitation of Evelyn Stroud, one-time dictator of the Nameless Ones who has spent most of her life since that time travelling the country to escape from her sordid past in the club. She has at last accepted the fact that she cannot run away from the Nameless and is now once again at the mercy of the club. Geneva Wyman was assigned the task of contacting and misinforming Evelyn, and passing on complicated instruction on how to get to the meeting for the confusion of the rest of the members.

The next problem was a difficult one, and we cannot be certain even at this date that it has been satisfactorily resolved. The problem consisted primarily of what became of Flora Jones' glasses, and was made more complex by evidence that Rose Stark and Flora purchased their glasses in the same dime store. Rose, being bigger, ended up in possession, which was nine points of the law, and the issue will remain settled until Mrs. Jones completes her Charles Atlas course.

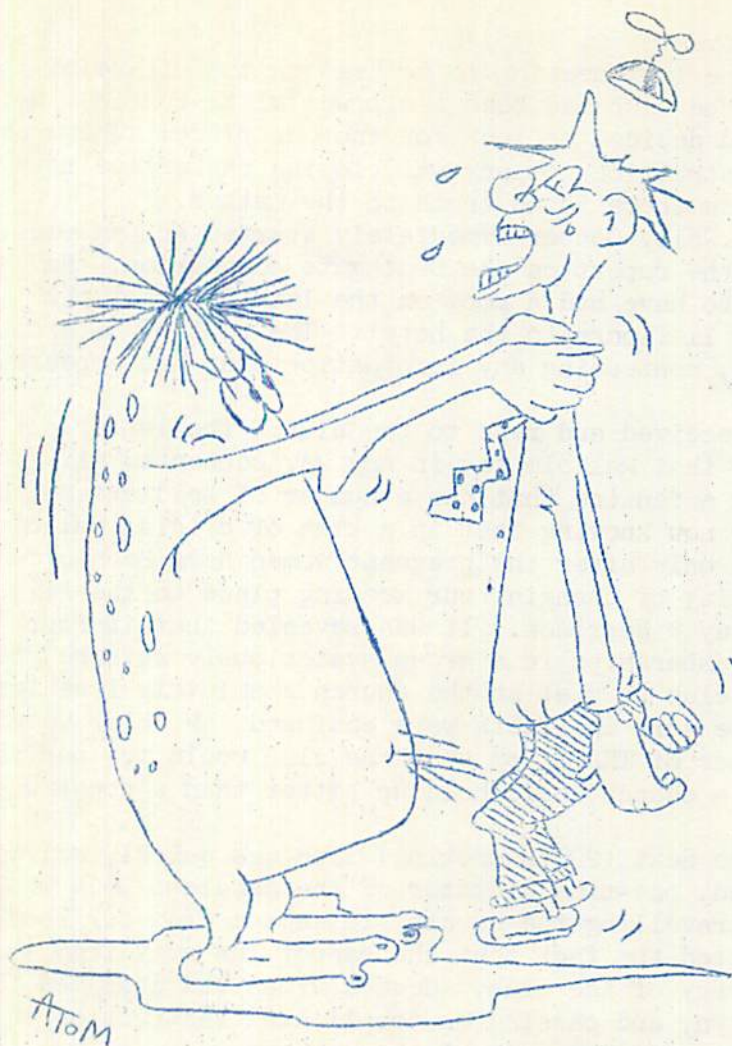
Somebody brought up the idea that a convention site should be picked just in case anyone from California might be interested in attending the Westercon. By sticking a pin into the Seattle Telephone Directory, the Benjamin Franklin Hotel was decided upon. We all chuckled over wondering what the management of the Benjamin Franklin was going to think next July 4th weekend when fans throughout the West would converge on them for a convention, and the management wouldn't know a thing about it.

Planning then went on to the matter of holding the Nameless private Westercon in Frank & G. M. Carr's home-brew storage place. There will be no problem in avoiding any interference from out-of-town fans because the Carr home is difficult to find even for veteran Seattleites, but no way has as yet been determined in regards to how we can avoid interference from Frank & G. M. Carr.

The problem was still unsolved at the end of the meeting, but hopes were expressed that a decision would be arrived at next meeting when ex-Dictator Evelyn Stroud would be available to help.

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COMING NEXT ISSUE -- "THE TRUTH ABOUT VASHON ISLAND" -- THE 220th MEETING EXPOSED! WOW!!  
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# CRY of THE READERS

GEORGE, BUT NOT ATW

Dear CRYers,

With issue #121, you stayed in your same category: boring...

The cover did not interest me. I knew only a few people there. I knew most of the fellas on the last photo cover but not here.

When are you going to decide on one fmz reviewer? Hope it's settled now. When are you going to review THE SICK ELEPHANT. You've gotten 5 copies so far, ((Two, I believe.)) what do I have to do, publish a "ghood" zine? Well, you sorta reviewed one, thanks.

The prozine reviews have never meant much to me though once in awhile you hit a copy of Madge I read.

Guess your fmz reviewers read different ones than I.

I wish you'd relise that some of your cliques are losing you alot of interest. The letter column seems more like personal correspondence, this you must agree with me.

John Berry hits the spot sometimes.

You really were mean to good ole Marlo, pubbing his horror story. Maybe Gerber thinks that characterization is the most important thing, I think it's the plot.

Your letters don't even have the regular guys. You better stick to them, it may be hard to get new suckers.

Let me sum up what I think of the last 9 issues. Sure, there were good points. But your zine is not interesting to fandom, only to a select bunch in fandom, that you probably call, subconsciously, the good guys. It's very juvenile. I know



quite a few fellas who've tried to "get in" with you guys but you just refused to "play with them." That's life I guess, "Go play in your own sandbox."

Don't get excited, I talk to cops this way all the time.....

Lonesome George (George Wells)

Box 486

Riverhead, N. Y.

((We had to print your letter, Lonesome, because we were so thrilled at being accused of being cliquish and exclusive --- catering to a select bunch. This doesn't happen to us every day, you know. Who are these fellas we refused to play with?))

#### SAGE OF SOUTHGATE RETURNS

Dear Elinor & the Bunch,

I have been meaning to write, but then who haven't I been.. This time I have at least nerely read a whole issue.. Things have been going so that I hardly read all of the good fanzines I get, and I haven't been writing any of them.. Maybe I'll save time by not telling you what I haven't been doing.

There are a couple things regarding CRY that I do want to say.. First off about Carl Brandon as a reviewer. Ronel explained to me the reason for this. So they can write, and no one will know who is making the remarks. This is a good point, but I don't like the idea of different reviewers under one pen-name. In brief reviews like this the reader has to depend on his knowelage of the reviewer in order to evaluate the statements made.. A critical reviewer is all right, but you must know from experence were you are apt to agree with him, and were you diss-agree. If different people are doing it, it is even worse than reading the reviewer for the first time.. For while the Bay Boys do think about things much the same way, one might pan one part of an issue while another would have prased another part, giving a different approach.. Any of the group is more than qualified as reviewers, and I'm glad to see them doing it.. But I do think it should be only one should do it, or some note given that it is not the same reviewer doing it.

Another thing about reviews, I'm a ferm believer in rating things in a review by a point system. In the couple review columns I have done, I have handled it this way, and fans seemed to like it. A reviewer in 10 or 15 lines can hardly express his opinion of the value of a story or item. He talks about plot or points of interest.. But what is worth talking about may not give the reviewers true fealing of worth of the item.. If though he rates things (I have always like the 1 to 10 system, with "1" as the worst posable example you can think of, and "10" as the best that is done. With "5" being average, sort of good enough to be worth reading, but nothing outstanding.) the reader can tell at a glance whether he liked the story a great deal, or though it was a dog. Of course this is only the re-viewer's opinion, but by compairason the reader can learn how much he can depend on the reviewers ratings to correspond with his own.. I'd like to see CRY, as one of the major reviewers in fandom, adoupt some system like this.

Now, as I seem to be telling you how to run your magazine, I might as well go on to the debate over your letter column, and what to do with the neo-fan letter hacks... -- Well, 'as a 5th Fandomer, who started as a letter-hack when that fase of fandom was at it's peek, I'm all for your stand...up to a point.. I do think 13 pages is a little high, and would personal rather see about 8.. But this doesn't bother me, except when it comes time to pay the bill.. I'm 100% in favor of your using the newer fans letters. Not only can the old moss-backs get published elsewhere, but from pure missonary viewpoint you are doing a good thing by helping new blood get into circulation.

(-o While turning the page I read Sanderson's latest blast in Aporrheta #5, and feal a strangling sensation comeing over me. I don't quite know if I'm choking, or it is a erge to do it to some one else. Now he is accusing Anna of misappropriation of funds and fraud. Not merely serious, but legally libalous charges. And I see you people and Detroit are linked as excessories for receiving money. I'm frankly ctoeled. What can you do with a --- like that? They are of course



unfair to blame Anna, as she acted in declairing the SOLACON not under the WSFS Inc., with the approval of the Committee, and our advisor A.B. White.//He overlooks --- as usual --- the fact that everyone joined both the World Con, and the Westercon. The books were kept that way. If there was any question of our right to operate as we did as a Westercon. Grock!! o-)

But back to what I was saying about letters.. Back in my letter hack days it was a grate thrill to see my name in print. But it didn't happen just because you sent a letter in. My spelling put me under a handycap, even though it tended to make me more remembered. I had to have something interesting and importen to say to get past the blue pencil. As un-critical as Merwin, and the editors of Planet were, it had to be something they thought would interest the readers.. Eather for fun, or for serious thoughts. And I think you could apply this rule a little more fearcely with some of your readers letters. Make them try to say something that is worth printing.. And, if they make fools of them self in print, be a little rough on them. Letter writing is an art as well as anything else, and the best way I know is try to get the approval of some editor..

A word of thanks for Wally's Solacon report. The pictures were very good of everyone... Maybe I should be gratefull I was wearing a vail, all my other pictures are even worse... You managed to make Burbee look as young as Graham or Silverberg even. And I happen to know he is at least three years older.. At least.

Lastly a word on the words spoken for Kent Moomaw. While I never had direct contact with Kent, all of us are indeed a little poorer due to his being gone. Kent was one of the more promising of what I can't help but think of as the "new bunch." I can not share your horror at his taking his own life though. Perhaps this is because I have never felt a black fear of death itself. It seems to me no more to be feared than falling asleep at night. (And if there is an afterworld, worry will not change it.) Whereas life can easily become so grim, and the future so hopelessly empty that the long sleep is something to look forward to. An end to worry, which can be greater than pain in distroying the workings of the mind.. Most problems are so easy to solve to those on the outside. And often even the person wated down with trouble knows what should be done logically. But few of us are truely master of our Fate, except in this one great last act.

Yours,  
Rick Sneary  
2965 Santa Ana Street  
South Gate, California

((You make a valid point about Carl Brandon -- but so far it's just one person. Personally I dislike the point system in reviewing fanzines -- though Carl may certainly use it if he wishes to do so. In/fanzines, the point system places an excessive strain on the reviewer and on the editors whose zines are reviewed. In prozine reviews it might be of use. ##Sanderson's latest Ape clotels us too. Buz had written Sanderson a nice letter helpfully pointing out some flaws in his arguments in the previous Ape---Sanderson printed his own egoboo. Period. Without the slightest hint as to what the letter was actually about. ##I'll try to be fiercer with CRY letterhacks, Rick. What would you have said to ol' Lonesome, above you?))

#### LEN ME YOUR EARS

Dear Creators of Cry #121, etc.:

Pemby's reviews were even more enjoyable this time because I have taken time to read some of the stories he reviewed---some, not all, mind you. Only a Pemby seems to be able to read all of the stuff being published. ((& he doesn't.)) As "shocker-type" s-f I enjoyed Rog's "The Yellow Pill" in a recent Astounding more than his "Rats in the Skull", tho I agree the latter is a fine idea. I think he should have used more words to tell the story, and thus have more room to develop the idea. Trouble is there are word-limitations in the pro-mags, and maybe ye editor wouldn't accept a lengthier version in this spot. I think "Rats in the Skull"



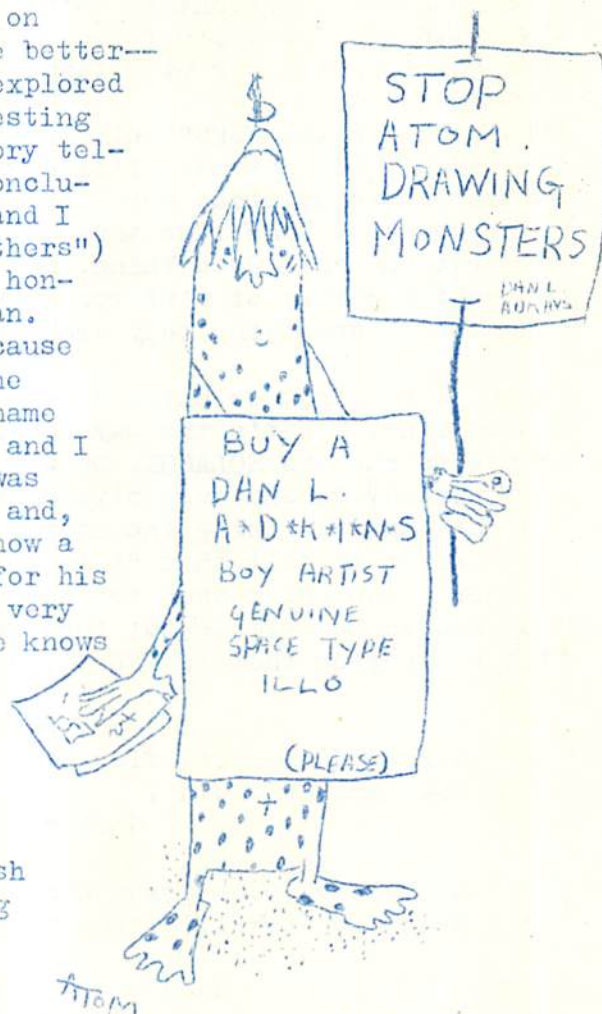
deserved more words not only to develop the idea but the feeling behind the idea, but alas the tale ended all too soon. No argument with Pemby's views on "Time Killer". I like serials---the longer the better---mit plenty of der development and completely-explored ideas and several (not just one or two) interesting characters and all that old fashioned GOOD story telling stuff. Yessir. Which leads me to the conclusion that I would love to see a book-length (and I mean long, not the usual so-called "book-lengthers") serial by Rog Phillips in a prozine. I can't honestly say I have always been a Rog Phillips fan. Fact is I missed most of his earlier stuff because I wasn't reading the Ziff-Davis mags during the Shaver era, and he was just a name to me...a name associated with Palmer and Shaver and Amazing and I had long since given up on Amazing, altho it was the mag that introduced me to s-f in mag form and, indirectly, to fandom. The fact that Rog is now a friend of mine has not influenced my respect for his work. It's just that he has been turning out very good stuff lately. He knows the market and he knows how to write for it. And he stands not in awe of the editors, which puts him in a special category reserved only for the "non-slave" hacks. Of course he'll prob'ly disagree with me and say that he is a "slave"---that anyone who punches a typer, trying to make it jingle with \$\$\$\$ like a cash register is necessarily a slave to the writing profession. Well, I know that story writing is work, but he is one of the most talented and skilled laborers in the field I know. (Just make the check payable to Cry, Rog. I would only spend it foolishly on beer...)

Dunno wot Pemby means by "The Pink Caterpillar" being "not entirely explained." I thot it was. Explained within the bounds of the story that is---a fantasy story using time-travel coupled with magic as a gimmick (and a good'un). And letting the reader use his own imagination instead of spelling everything out to develop this gay combination of whimsy and horror.

Carl Brandon is an okay fanzine reviewer. The bragging about INNUENDO is certainly justified and altho the point has been made before...i.e. publishing a fanzine should be treated as a hobby and don't expect to make money, or even break even...it does no harm to have it repeated where young fans can read it and perhaps take this good, sound advice.

Wober's SOUTH GATE minutes were, from my obviously biased viewpoint, fabulous, and the additional comments by t'others certainly did not detract from the main body of the report. I'll prob'ly comment further on this report (and on others published elsewhere) in my own "SOLACONAC Concluded" article in SCIENCE FICTION PARADE No. 8. (Watch for It. It is COMING SOON, like say sometime before the end of the year...)

Prob'ly those who weren't there will have difficulty believing Rich Brown's li'l report on Mr. Su, the wonderful Alexandria house detective, philosopher, raconteur, world traveler, wit, etc. etc. But is true and I keep marveling at how lucky we were in choosing this hotel as the SOLACON site. Out primary reason for picking it was the obvious one: it came closer to suiting





the average fan's pocketbook than the fancier joints in LA and, of course, it was a well-seasoned convention hotel. But other reasons became apparent as our dealings with the hotel progressed. Not the least of which was a house dick who knew how to get along with fans!

I suppose someone will write a reply to Raybin's "Who's Who in the WSFS" entitled "Who Cares with the WSFS?" or something along that line. No, not me. I'll have more to say on the biz meeting, etc. in SFP, so won't take up space here. Except to state the obvious, or I think it should be obvious--at least, to those who attended the SOLACON. Whether or not the Incorporation was a Good Thing, it became increasingly obvious at the SOLACON that the vast majority of fans were against it, and there is no point in trying to make fans accept something they are dead set against.

I have argued in the past in favor of the WSFS (Inc. or Uninc.) as a good idea--a service organization for the annual conventions. That's the way we looked at it, and as long as nobody tried to tell us how to run the SOLACON, we were willing to listen to (and sometimes accept and use) the advice and suggestions sent our way. But if the majority of the fans did not want the thing incorporated and were worked up enough to fight about it, who were we to tell them "this is good for you whether you like it or not." There was more than one reason for not conducting the biz meeting under the WSFS, Inc. They should be obvious but for the benefit of the uninformed and/or the misinformed, I'll be listing them in SFP No. 8.

Berry's "I Met A Witch" was delightful.

For some reason the 2 short fiction pieces did not do much for me. Tho I have seen women like Mrs. Reynolds.

Gerber does a good job of book reviewing.

For years and years there have been arguments as to who, really, was Shakespeare? Now we know. Or if Bruce isn't Willie then they must at least be good Polz...

I'm glad that Seacon will also be used as well as Pucon. That way we can take our choice--as long as everybody knows they are one and the same. I still like my knight&daycon idea, tho...

Super-sercon? Why, devoutly believing that fandom and crifanac is really and truly the only way of life complete with crusades to clean it up, promoting the superfan myth, etc. Actually, I can't think of one single fan who is completely super-sercon, tho there are all KINDS of sercon fans.

Poor Rich Brown. In the interest of accurate fan history I must correct him again...Third Fandom, Rich, was when I entered the fannish field...maybe early third fandom and ALMOST 2nd fandom but not quite close enough I think to justify calling me a 2nd fandom fan. Thanks, anyway.

Agree pretty much with your own definition of fugghead, Elinor. And thanks for saying I'm in my early thirties. In a few days, I won't be...that is, I'll be 35 on Nov. 20.

Buz' obit on Kent Moomaw was a fine piece of writing, and I think reflects accurately and sincerely the way most of us feel about Kent's death.

Thank you all for an excellent Cry.

Best Wishes & Keep Smiling!

Len Moffatt

10202 Belcher

Downey, California

((Title FMB. Darn! Should have titled your letter "Young Len Grows Older" in honor of your birthday, but just this moment tho of it. Oh well. Happy Birthday, anyway. #We were flabbergasted to see what a large majority of fans at the SOLACON were against WSFS Inc. One seldom sees such unanimity. Truly the faaans' con.))



## STONY GROWS BOULDER

Dear Photo Fiends:

You are to be congratulated and all that stuff for once again setting fandom on its ear (the left rear one) with TWO fabulous photo covers. The first thing I have to get off my hairy chest (four) is this.

What it LOOKS Like They're Saying in the Cry Cover Photos

Front cover (top, left to right)

TED WHITE (to himself) "Hmmm, wonder what's on at the Rivoli..."

JIM CAUGHRAN "I am TOO old enough to read ASTOUNDING!"

JOHN CHAMPION "Well, you're as old as I am...physically..."

BOYD RAEBURN "Hmmm, wonder what's on at the Rivoli."

2nd Row

KRIS NEVILLE "Huh? You mean this isn't the Artist-Model's Ball?"

BURBEE "Give me back my wallet or I call a cop!"

SIMS (to self) "This DeMuth sure is an affectionate idiot."

DEMUTH (to self) "This Sims sure is an affectionate idiot."

3rd row

NOREEN "Teehehehe. Lee, leggo my hand! Hehehehe..."

LEE "Hahaha.heh...you doll you...hahhaw."

PAVLAT "Psssst! Waiter! Give him the check. Yeah. Big tipper."

PERDUE "I thought I told you to wait in the car Sofie!"

NINA "Psst. Who's that bald guy with the mustache and beard?"

WM. "Shhh. That's one of the Nameless!!!"

Back cover (hooboy, what fun)

Top, left to right-

DAVE RIKE "What's that Chum?"

BUZ "I said, 'Who's that doll next to that big guy with the mustache and beard?'"

BURBEE "I told you to keep yer meathooks offa my wallet!"

RICH BROWN "Man, like check that figure!"

TED JOHNSTONE "Ahh...er...I think she's a little old...er"

2nd row

BOB LEMAN "What's that Chum? You don't like my grubby paws in your plate?!!!"

RICK SNEARY "From out of the night...when the full moon is bright..."

BOB BLOCH "See that guy with the mustache and beard? Give him this paper and run!"

SILVERBERG "Yes master."

3rd row

CARR "I think Rich looks cute, Ron."

ELLIK "Get outta here with that squirt gun or..."

GRAHAM "You wouldn't dare! One shot would bring the whole mob down on you!"

DE VET "What say we slip out for a breath of fresh air, honey?"

CARROLL "Fresh!"

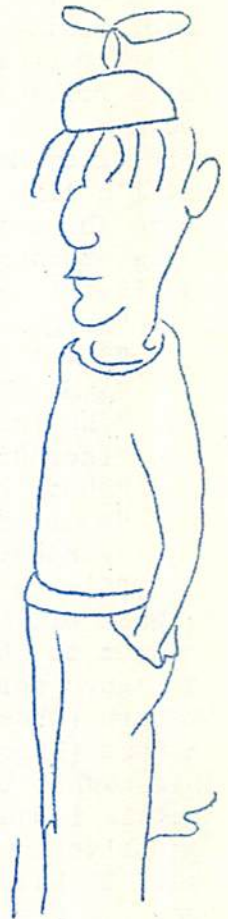
OOPS! Forgot Harness and Elinor on the front page. Well, it's OBVIOUS what they're up to. ((Yup--smiling nicely while Buz took our pic.))

I guess you have your FANAC now and know about Moomaw. In your notice (Buz) on the last page of CRY 121, you mentioned the fact. It seems to me that you are implying that Kent was some sort of recluse from social life, completely devoted to his fanac and all that. It could well be, but even if some of us had been fortunate enough to perceive that he was such a person, it would not have done any good. Those things happen, and none can prevent them. Besides, how do we know that something else wasn't influencing him at the time? Maybe he was being black-mailed or something like that. Let us not try and provide reasons for an unexpected incident. ((Perhaps you're right, Stony. At any rate, trying to understand Kent's motivation can be of little value to him now.))

Stony Brook Barnes, Route 1, Box 1102

Grants Pass, Oregon

(Title OP. #Enjoyed your captions. We'll have another photocover some day.))





## TOO RICH FOR OUR BLOOD

Like, Hullo;

I been rummaging around in my fanzines ever since CRY #121 showed up, except for a brief interval when I was up in Frisco and Berkeley (I finally did get to see Rike and Ellik). Along with the recent FANAC came an application blank-type thing from Guy Terwilliger about The Best of '58. I've read and re-read the stuff, and I'd like to suggest the following be put up for consideration, either to yez, or to the readers of the CRY, and maybe voted on. You'll notice that I'm much too modest to suggest that any of my stuff be in this collection, even tho I can assure you that it should be. So:

"Origin of the Analysis" --- Bill Meyers

"Cover Story" --- John Berry

"A Matter of Policy" --- Will J. Jenkins

"The Inside Dope" --- Rich Brown (oops, how'd that get in there??)

"Incredible Meaning of It All" --- Hal Lynch

"Thots on Taking Over CRY" --- Rich Brown (oops, did it again.)

"Foursome" --- John Berry

"Rendezvous with Insanity" --- Bill Meyers

"Sleepy Time Gal" --- Bill Meyers ((Hey --- how about "Minutes of Irish Fandom" by Walt Willis, and the Berry & Burbee items in this?))

On to the CRY/POLARITY cover. Ted White, Cultist 4-Square, I met, tho vaguely. Same goes for Caughran, John Champion (hell, I took him to the SOLACON), Boyd Raeburn (whose favorite phrase was, I think, "Oh, Rich Brown (psneer)"), Jack Harness (I got a very favorable impression of him there), Elinor Busby (I only wish this hadn't been so vaguely), Burbee (who I've met several times before--he told me that if I Had Something to Say, I too would be a Burr Out Relic), Jerry DeMuth (who I've mentioned much about already), Elmer Pordue (I mentioned that I was sad that BRT hadn't been there so that I could see a Battle Of The Ghods (both are their own, you know)), Dave Rike (who told me, while I was up in Berkeley recently, that the reason he wasn't so talkative was because something was wrong with his throat), Buz (again, I'm sorry that it was so vaguely), Bob Leman (who wandered in during

a period when our room was filled with non-fan types and obviously got the Wrong Impression), Terry Carr; Ron Ellik (both of whom I met there so very vaguely that I can't think of anything to mention, except of course, that I had met them before), and Charles V. de Vet (another unfortunately, since I had volunteered to guard the Blue Room; I would have enjoyed talking with him much longer and, in fact, tried to find him again when my duties were over). I know Ted and Rick, of course, so meeting them doesn't count. Oh, and I tried to talk Bloch into doing fmz reveos for me, but no dice. Filthy pro. Bah. (I'm kidding, of course.) Hey -- that's a copy of PRA #2 that Silverberg is holding and Bloch is smiling at. Wow. Ok, the guy in the back that thinks Bloch's psneering can promptly come forward and speak to me about it. ((Rich, Bloch's expression is amusement at Silverberg's consternation at my telling him--quite fiercely and not too politely--to PUT THAT SAPZINE DOWN! I told Agberg he couldn't even glance at PRA without violating the No Prior Distribution Rule, which is, as you know, quite sacred in SAPS.))

Pemberton's column is fine, fine, fine. And I certainly intend to write to GALAXY, tho I'll be satisfied if just the fanzine review dept. gets in.





Bighod, there ain't but two left --- one in the U.S. and one in England, and it Just Ain't Enuff!! Also enjoyed Sic, Sic, Sic.. how perfectly it describes me.

Carl Brandon's reviews come off rather well. I don't agree with everything said (like, I thot the Bloch in Yandro was better than the Bloch in Innuendo --- and I like both zines, for separate and individual reasons), but that is how it should be. I like the style of critical-but-not-ripping and criticism where criticism is needed, rather than for the sake of criticizing.

Wally's South Gate report was every bit as good as his of last year ((he didn't write a South Gate report last year.)) tho a little more length wouldn't have hurt it a bit. And the other things are good, too. My bit, for some reason, didn't have quite the oomph that I hoped it had. Will do better next time. ((It had oomph for me.))

More WSFS. Well let's see...mumble mumble..Kylo..Raybin...hmmm..Ackerman and Evans...lessee now..and then...petition to dissolve...illegal actions..yes.. and then..I see...hmm..who is who..don't exists...those who don't exist vote themselves out of existance..hmmm. Ah yes. No, no, I don't know the answer to his question. The difference between me and George is that I don't care.

Berry is coming back into his own again; I liked his bit. I would like to see something of a more fannish nature from time to time, tho.

Are "The Domestic Suburbanites" and "Herbie" by Jim Moran? ((No.)) Sounds like his stuff, and I like -- very much. In fact, add both of those, if you will, to the stuff I listed for The Best from CRY.

Gerber's reviews aren't bad. I honestly can't think of anything good about them; that is, there is no critique that I think I wouldn't have made, nothing strong, nothing really said; but they're written nice enough. Who knows --- maybe damon knight started this way. (The I vaguely remember Gerber doesn't like damon, for some stupid reason or other.)

Add one more while you're at it --- to the list, I mean. Bruce Polz's piece here I read and enjoyed; this, along with some of his Gilbert & Sullivan parodies is one of the best things he's done. ((I enjoyed the Polz bit enormously, Rich, but I don't think it's suitable for Guy's anthology. It's a compilation rather than original writing.))

Now, what have we here?

Young Len Moffatt: BRT also went over-board on the word "Stoopid," too, me-thinks; but you can hardly blame him. After all, he's been reading SAPSzines for so long --- there are hardly any generalzines that hold a feather to a SAPSzine, you know.

Elinor Busby: Oh well, there's always DIPPED IN REISS, or FRIED IN REISS; and for Gerber there's still EVEN STEVEN, LINDEN ME SOME DOUGH; and for both of 'em; THE BROOKLYN BUMS. ((Thank you.))

Leslie Gerber: You've lost poo' iggerant Brown. What's GBS? I can't think of any stf author with them thar initials. Hmm. Then again, nobody said it was a stf author. Oh, certainly, you mean George Bernard Shaw, maybe? Back on the beam --- oh, gay. I'm sick.

Jim Caughran: Why, haven't you heard? Ted White dis-believed in New York and poof!

Bruce Polz: One thing the CRY lettercol is missing is length. Elinor has a typer with a type-face like mine; BRT has one smaller; thus a page cut on BRT's machine was longer (in wordage) than Elinor's. ((This month I'm using Buz' elite instead of the pica---it (the elite) cuts a much better stencil.))

Wm. Deock: Perhaps Raeburn is following the GHU'S LEXICON version of Fugg-head and Fuggheadodness. To wit: (just quasi-quotes 'cause I'm too lazy to get up and get it out to get the exact quote) "A Fugghead is a dim-wit, or a lame-brain; in general---anyone who doesn't think your way is the best, cheapest, and most efficient way of doing things."

Boyd Raeburn: Maybe you wrote this just a bit too hastily...Here now; you say Wm. has made up his own personal definition of what a "personal attack" consists



of. Maybe so. But then you go on and give your definition. Practice what you preach. "Personal attack," defines itself--an attack (and that is to be construed as literary) on a person. I still feel your second paragraph was opinionated, and not necessarily true. "Dull" is "opinion, but not confined to myself." Well, it's the opinion in the South (to give an example) that Negroes are inferior -- it doesn't necessarily make the statement true. "Rambling": perhaps this is a fact -- yet rambling isn't necessarily bad. "Lesser fanzines": not knowing the zines Wm. appeared in, I can't dispute that. But do you mean by "lesser fanzines" those not being edited by you or a close friend? Yeah.. And as for Wm. not being a well-known fan..maybe not, but I'd heard of him long (several years, in fact) before I heard the name Racburn. This is speaking for me personally, tho.

KEEP SIMLING!

Rich Brown (CRY-owner, Publishing Midget,  
127 Roberts St. & Soames Operative)  
Pasadena 3, Calif.

((Since you don't know what zines ol' Deock appeared in, your slam at Boyd implied in the following sentence is thoroly unjustifiable -- and in my opinion Boyd is as little influenced by friendship in his judgments as anybody I know.))

GENUINE CAUGHAN

Dear Busbies,

...Now, the CRY --

George Nims comes back with the usual WSFS crap. All that should be added is a sentence: I don't care --- do you? ((Nope.))

Why this on Sikhs all of a sudden? ((I don't know -- ask Es. The boy must be Sikh.)) One never saw them in Pakistan (or rarely -- I did -- once) but right across the border, there's almost nothing but. They can be easily told, in that they never cut their hair or beard. Don't panic -- usually both are wrapped up in a turban.

There is, of course, but one way to define fugghead, or one standard of ways, or what do I mean? I have here a copy of HYPHEN #13, March 1955, which, in the reprint section TOTO has an article by Laney defining it. I quote, in small part--

"In the first place, fugghead is not the word, but a bowdlerisation. The real word is derived in equal parts from respectable English and not-so-respectable Anglo-Saxon ... a bow to the USPOD ... in everyday use by thousand upon thousands of people in Southern California...

"All of us, great and small, say and do innumerable fuggheaded things. A person may legitimately be termed a fugghead only when his deeds of fuggheadedness overshadow the rest of his life.

"This term fuggheadedness is a blanket word, covering multitudes of things, Willfull avoidance of known fact. Taking oneself too seriously. Analyses of situations which leave out of account the chief factors therein. Loss or lack of perspective; failure in evaluating the relative importance of things. Simple or compound stupidity and its manifestations. "Crackpottism" generally... Individuals or groups posing as that which they are not. Such failings as "mom-ism" and other prime targets of Philip Wylie. Extreme lack of foresight. Absence of critical judgment. Ascribing properties to things or people or abstractions that lack those properties. All these and many other analogous things are acts of fuggheadedness.

"Who can read that list and not see himself in it? Who has not been guilty of fuggheadedness?

"..."

It's much better in the original, without all the ...'s. Quote is from FanDango #24, circa winter '49-'50.

Jim Caughan  
2315 Dwight Way  
Berkeley 4, Calif.

((Thanks very much indeed for looking up the definition for us, Jim. Darned interesting. The second paragraph is particularly valuable.))



GLANCIN' AT FRANSON

Dear Elinor, etc.

Nice to see so many pictures. Some of them are set-ups for wise-cracks, which we will see in the next issue. ((That's this one.)) I will refrain, except that the one of Terry Carr and Ron Ellik looks like "won" and "lost".

Thanks to George Nims Raybin for explaining whatever it was. Why not start all over again from scratch? The conventions can still use a name-only world society, though not incorporated, so just somebody unincorporate and that's it. No directors or officers needed if not a corporation. Just members, active or inactive -- composed of members of present and past conventions. Also, let's chip in to reimburse any of the parties stuck with expenses of disincorporation, and urge that all suits be called off and the foud stop. Fandom needs fannish feuds, but not serious ones. ((What do we need a world science fiction society for?))

Cry of the Dictionary: First "sercon" and "fannishness", and then just when it seems "fugghead" is about to be defined, Elinor jumps up with "what is a fan?". We must add all these to the list of things which nobody has ever defined to anyone's satisfaction, right next to "what is science fiction?"

Sorry about Kent Moomaw. Everyone in fandom seemed to like him and/or respect his opinions. ((Yeah -- Who mourns for Adonais? Who doesn't! The thought of talented youth defeated is inevitably painful.))

Yours,  
Donald Franson  
6543 Babcock Avenue  
North Hollywood, Calif.

((Title FMB))

WELL, BELLE

Dear CRYfens:

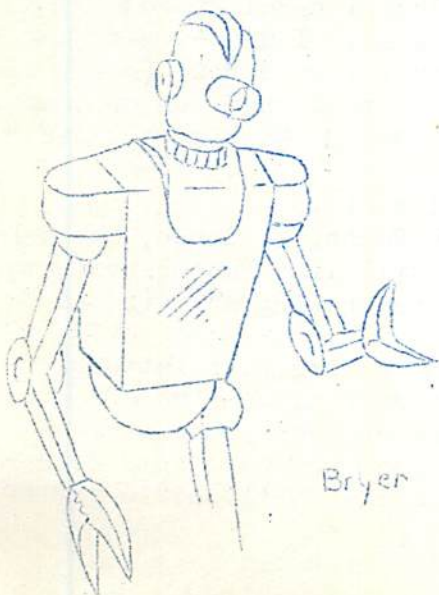
To start with the cover -- I like pictorial covers and since I know quite a few of the picture-ites, I took good looks at the expressions; some were absolutely precious. What'd your photog do, have a hidden camera and catch them when they were unaware? I liked. ((Thanks -- a few of the pictures were posed, a few not. In general, I tried to be the fastest camera in the west.))

I also liked Pemberton's proviows. I keep up with the prozines -- a task which is becoming easier these days with so many prozines dying and two or three of the remaining very shaky. You might be interested to know that Infinity is the shakiest if it hasn't already died. Pity. I like Larry Shaw.

I found Brandon's fanziviews quite truthful and honest and after all, an honest and fair review is all any fanzine ed should ask. It made for very interesting reading. I like someone who doesn't swallow trash just because it's faaanish but insists on better quality from those he's aware can turn it out.

I like muchly Wally Weber's Solacon report. ... Talking of the Ackermansion evokes a sad memory though. We had brought our movie camera and got some fabulous fannish souls to stop and pose and took some wonderful shots of 4e and the house and everything and were patting us on the backs after all that work and then: Frank went into a dark corner to change the film and came back with an expression that made me think he was going to burst into tears. There hadn't been any film in the camera. We did a few retakes but the heart had sort of gone out of it.

Berry's "I Met a Witch" was very good. I had an opportunity to meet him at the LonCon ((You met him in Ireland, I believe, Belle. John didn't attend the





LonCon.)) and think the "Bring Berry to Detroit" campaign an excellent idea. It seems to me that Berry's name should lend itself beautifully to a few slogans for the campaign - someone should be able to think up a few real goodies (with berries in them). ((Like All We Need to Bring Berry Over is Some Currants-See?))

Leslie Gerber does such a good job on bookviews that it's hard to believe he's only 14 years old. He frightens me. What will he be like at 18? Or 21? Let's start a campaign to Peter Pan-ize The Gerber Child. We can be generous and let him get to 16 before we do.

One thing that I feel needs clarification. As one of the participants in the recent WSFS fuss, I heard over and over again that the WSFS and its rules and by-laws were oppressing fen Terribly. Oh to be free of all those constricting, throat throttling, hamstringing furschlugginer by-laws and the WSFS. So tell me, somebody, with the WSFS abandoned and its by-laws along with it, why is everybody sticking to the rotation plan? Why must Seattle wait for '61 to bid and Chicago for '62? Why is everybody sticking to a rotation plan which no longer exists? Why, indeed.

And on this cheerful note, I bid you adieu. (Do you think you could send me a CRY for my very own? - I'll trade you for Ground Zero and for our new fanzine Nimbel).

Pealingly,  
The Belle of Dietz (Belle C. Dietz)  
1721 Grand Avenue  
Bronx 53, New York

((About Peter Pan-izing ol' Gerber: used to be everybody panned Gerber, but now I note with alarm a trend in the opposite direction. Gerber is becoming (apparently) one of the Good Guys. This won't do! It's essential to our plans that Gerber continue to be panned until the middle of January. #Belle, the rotation plan was set up at San Francisco in '54, two years before WSFS. Frank! How come you let a booboo like that get out of the house? #We trade only very indirectly. Send your zine to Carl Brandon and if he reviews it you'll receive the CRY the review appears in. We also send CRYs for pubbed letters & other contributions. To be sure of getting CRY send vulgar ol' money.))

#### A FANZINE FOR ME

Dear Imperfect Ones & Elinor,

I suppose I may as well comment on the foto-cover first.

White-I see him enough already! Caughran-He looks like the guy that plays Bud on "Father Knows Best". Handsome and thensome. Champion-Sal Mimeo! Raeburn-No comment. Harness---Come back to Baltimore again. I didn't get much chance to talk to you last time. Elinor-Beautiful, lovely, wonderful (now I bet she'll pub my letter). ((Actually, 'twas your fanzine format that won my heart.)) Neville-who's propping him up? Pavlat-Hi! Rich Brown-Ghod! Calling all cars! calling all cars!

Everything was vunderbar. Now I can get to the letters.

YOUNG Lon Moggatt-I don't see anything wrong with Pucon. I dunno, maybe I don't get the inner implications, but I like it....I still like Pucon, even after stopping to think about it. ##Colin Cameron seems to be showing up more and more in fanzines. I like that bhoys (girl? thing?)!

Miss Gerber-No Les, your absence was NOT welcome! I like your letters. Even more than Meyers sometimes. Too bad I didn't see your pic. I've often wondered what you look like. Mayhap I'll come to New York and see you one of these days. What are your visiting hours? --Ghod, I didn't know you were only fourteen. You must have been 12 (like Thiel) when you started fanning. I'll be 16 myself December 6th (presents welcome). ((Happy Birthday!))

Rich (the hood) Brown-So you want to bring back the good old days huh? The hell with the good old days says I!

Polzy ol' chum-I agree. The name should be changed to just CRY. I can't



understand your reluctance to do this, Elinor. I mean, think of the ink and paper it will save for another 121 issues. ((I don't like the name CRY. I would like the name changed to CRY OF NAMELESS ANONYMOUS but Wally & Tosk won't agree to any changes at all.))

Es-I'm still laughing at your "last man" bit.

Deeck-Oh, drop dead!

Raeburn-Yippe.

Any chance of a neo like myself getting on your foto-covers? Just so you get an idea of what you're letting yourself in for in cas<sup>o</sup> you say yes, I'm affixing a foto-stamp to this. ##Am reviewing CRY in another fanmag in hopes that it gets me a free ish.

Yours sincerely,

Tedric Pauls, Jackass (Ted Pauls)

1448 Meridene Dr.

Baltimore 12, Md.

((Sure you can be on our next photo-cover. Send us a good clear pic. The photo-stamp is too small, of course. It will probably be a few months, and you will get plenty of warning. #You will get a free ish for pubbed letter, but not for reviewing CRY)).

#### CUNNING KONING

Dear Fameless ones,

By all means, "Berry to the Detention". Yes, by all and any means, neither fair nor foul, John Berry will come to the Detention and drown in Lake Michigan--- a fitting climax to ((the life of)) one of fandom's most beloved, admired, feared and bizarre characters. ((But that wasn't quite what we had in mind...))

Wally describing his adventures in Pershing Sq. just like another Berry intrigues me. Think of the possibilities if a new religious cult (besides fandom) were formed with their prime symbol the beanie. Triple and quadruple props for high priests, and on down until a single prop type for members, and a propless





one for neophytes became the symbols of stature. Think what an impact an air force or army man with a one-man portable helicopter would make on an isolated group of them. He would become a ghod to them, until he keeled over from the weight of it and they ... (choose ending from numerous stf stories).

You're slipping, Elinor. Do you realize that the lottreol is SMALLER THAN THE REST OF THE ISH!!!

That caption on Boyd's letter, THE BOYD STOOD ON THE BURNING DEECK is a pleasure to behold. My congrats to its author, a very humorous bit. ((Thanks--- d'you think I'll go to Belfast when I die?))

I agree far too much with you on Moomaw. When I read the item in FANAC I thought it might be a Berkeley Boy hoax, but it has been confirmed by too many places now, even England, to disbelieve.

Ted White and Dave Rike, plus Raeburn, be the only fannish looking fans around. Roger Sims reminds me of Jack Carson. Sneary appears as a suitable old-lady-lighthouse keeper or sailor.

Sinceahly,  
John Koning  
318 So. Belle Vista  
Youngstown 9, Ohio

((There's been considerable discussion around here about that last remark. I want to know why you think Sneary looks as if he keeps old-lady-lighthouses; also, what's the difference between an old-lady-lighthouse and a young-lady-lighthouse? Buz asks whether Sneary looks as if he sails old ladies or does lighthousekeeping for them.))

& HE IS, TOO

Dear Cry's;

These photo covers are certainly all right. I notice a few people go in for boards. When I tried it, four days went by and the thing began to itch, so I chopped it off. Jack Harness looks a lot like Ron Smith in this picture. Out of the whole bunch the only one I've met in person is Roger Sims. Whom I'm really like to meet is this Mina or is she Rotsler's wife? I best forget the whole thing anyway as I'm engaged and this Rotsler looks bigger than me.

Just in case you print another one of these things, I'm enclosing a photo of myself and the girl I'm going to marry this coming June, Janette Strouse. Return it if you intend to destroy it because of



CONFESS NOW, YOU'RE  
DAN. E. ADKINS, AREN'T YOU?



my being in the pic, and keep it if you will or really want to ((We do.)) All I care is you print it so I can get my photo in a zine. Not many people have seen ol' Adkins-boy. I'd also like to see more fen's faces, so more covers like this huh?

The rib Atom took at me was quite good. I enjoy having people think of me as a 'gosh oh wow, I sold to the pro's or adkins- this or that jive'... that I'm usually writing myself. My personality comes across like a young conceited punk but harmless I suppose; but at least that's a personality and I think that's better than a dead beat. I don't care for modest people myself. ((Neither do I-- or rather, I think modesty's an overrated virtue.)) I think Atom is a heck of a fine artist and I liked this straight science fiction drawing that he does, but I still get a bit tired of his monstrosities now and then. The same with my space-men but I draw too regular to keep coming up with something new. That only happens now and then when I get something I actually like a lot. Say are some of these Atom illo's put on by him? He's working for a Swedish prozine I think. How's about mentioning this and giving him a little egoboo credit? Another artist I like is Gilbert and Cameron is getting to improve.

Say is that on the level about Moomaw? Man I hope it's not true. Hard to understand anyone like Kent doing such a thing. He wasn't very active this year compared to around 1956-early 1957. I guess his fanzine saw three issues but never came out regularly or got to the heights he wanted. Seems as if I knew him and it's awful sad to hear this. He must have been very lonely.

Did you notice that the latest Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction was priced 35¢ at some stores and 40¢ at others or was I off my wheels? Looked like 40¢ as plain as day.

Am very grateful for receiving CRY...thought I'd let you know this. I have grown to like it very much.

Best,  
Dan L. Adkins  
Route #2  
East Liverpool, Ohio

((That's an exceedingly pretty girl you have there, Dan; our heartiest congratulations. Gee--with Ted White married and you and Terry Carr engaged (tho not to each other) it certainly is the end of Fandom As We Know It. #Dan, you really weren't s'posed to be quite such a good sport about the Atom cartoon. How can we keep on teasing you if you're going to take it like that? Well --- we just have one more cartoon on the subject left, so perhaps we'll use it up this time. #F&SF is trying out the higher price--if it proves acceptable probably all the prozines will charge it--if there are any prozines left by that time.))

#### A LIGHT FROM LICHTMAN

Beware of the Bob: this to the Nameless---

Today I got CRY 121, and now having read thru it several times, I am writing letter of comments.

First I slobber in gratitude for the fan pix on the covers of the CRY. I have long longed to meet the great Burbee but haven't been able to talk my way out to Whittier; but T\*W\*O pictures of the Great Man will suffice me temporarily. Sometime I would like to hear his famed Watermelon Story.

Recovering from the shock of seeing Bob Leman I dove into the interior of the mag. And right off the bat, looked up to see who would be doing the fmz review col. Surprise, the great Carl Brandon is doing them. Repressing an urge to see what this fannish genius has to say, I turned the page and dug into "The S-F Field Plowed Under", which this time bored me somewhat. The only redeeming feature of Pemby's pages was Holocaust's cartoon series, which croggled me no end. I am still laughing.

Having finished Pemby's col, I found myself on page 9. Now I would see what Brandon had to say. Surprisingly, I discovered he had very little to say.



Frankly, I now prefer Tosk's reviews in 120.

Not much to say about Wally's conreport except that I wish I had been able to make it to the con. I've missed a lot by not going.

Berry--ah well, "The Witch" did little for me, and frankly his "Bury Me No Butts" in the lastish was much better. Both of these, however, are overshadowed by "A Little Learning", which is also by Berry, and which appears in OOPSLA 25, which came yesterday. This is the funniest Berry I have ever read, outside of RET.

Gerber is a good bookreviewer, says I. Mainly because he agrees with me on everything; well, most everything.

I will now inform you as to your question directed to me on page 43. Yes, Don and I are neighbors, so to speak. And it was I who clued Don in about Fandom. With the help, of course, of some fanzines which I showed to him. He has gone overboard tho, is sending all over in a mad fury to get every fmz out.

No more space,

Bob Lichtman

6137 So. Croft Ave.

Los Angeles 56, Calif.

((Bob mentioned every item in the zine, I believe. That's too much typing! Too many paragraphs. Say more about less, if you please.))

Darn! Under the Adkins letter I was going to mention that no, the Atom illoes were not put on by him. They were stencilled by me, and like all the other artwork I've stencilled suffered slightly in the translation. I do the best I can, but I'm not as skillful as I hope to become.

#### AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN, who enjoyed Wally Weber's Solacon Report, and particularly the story about the auto that had half of fandom in the back seat---he was on the bottom layer. & George does not object to the name Pucon. JEFF WANSHEL, who says Gerber is not the youngest guy in faaandom, and who thinks there should be first, second and third degrees of fuggheadedness. DON DURWARD, who liked Wally Weber's report and the photocover, and who says I'm a pretty good photographer. ((Thank you)). PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS, who says Burbee looks about 20 years old, Bob Leman looks like a lumberjack, and who, personally, is thinking of growing a beard. BRIAN DONAHUE, who liked CRY 121 much better than 120 (& so did we) who particularly enjoyed Berry, Buz, Pemby, Rich Brown, and Weber best of all. & Brian hopes that Stony Barnes will comment on the photocover the way he did on the cover to #117 (& he did, too --- much to my pleasure also). VIC RYAN, who likes Pemby's and Gerber's reviews, and who encloses a quarter tho he's not sure CRY's worth it. (We're not sure either, but we don't care.) ALVAR APPELTOFFT, who wants to know why he doesn't get the CRY. Says he sent trade material. Sure he did --- in Swedish. We've told him over & over again we don't want anything in Swedish. We don't read Swedish. We can't - we don't know how. He says if we don't want to trade he wants his trade material back. Hah! Maybe we threw it out. If we have good sense we did. Toskey! Did we? Toskey! What are we going to do with this guy?

NOTE TO LETTERHACKS: We don't object to your talking back & forth in the lettercol --- in fact, we rather enjoy it. But we suggest that henceforth any such comments be intelligible and interesting in themselves.