

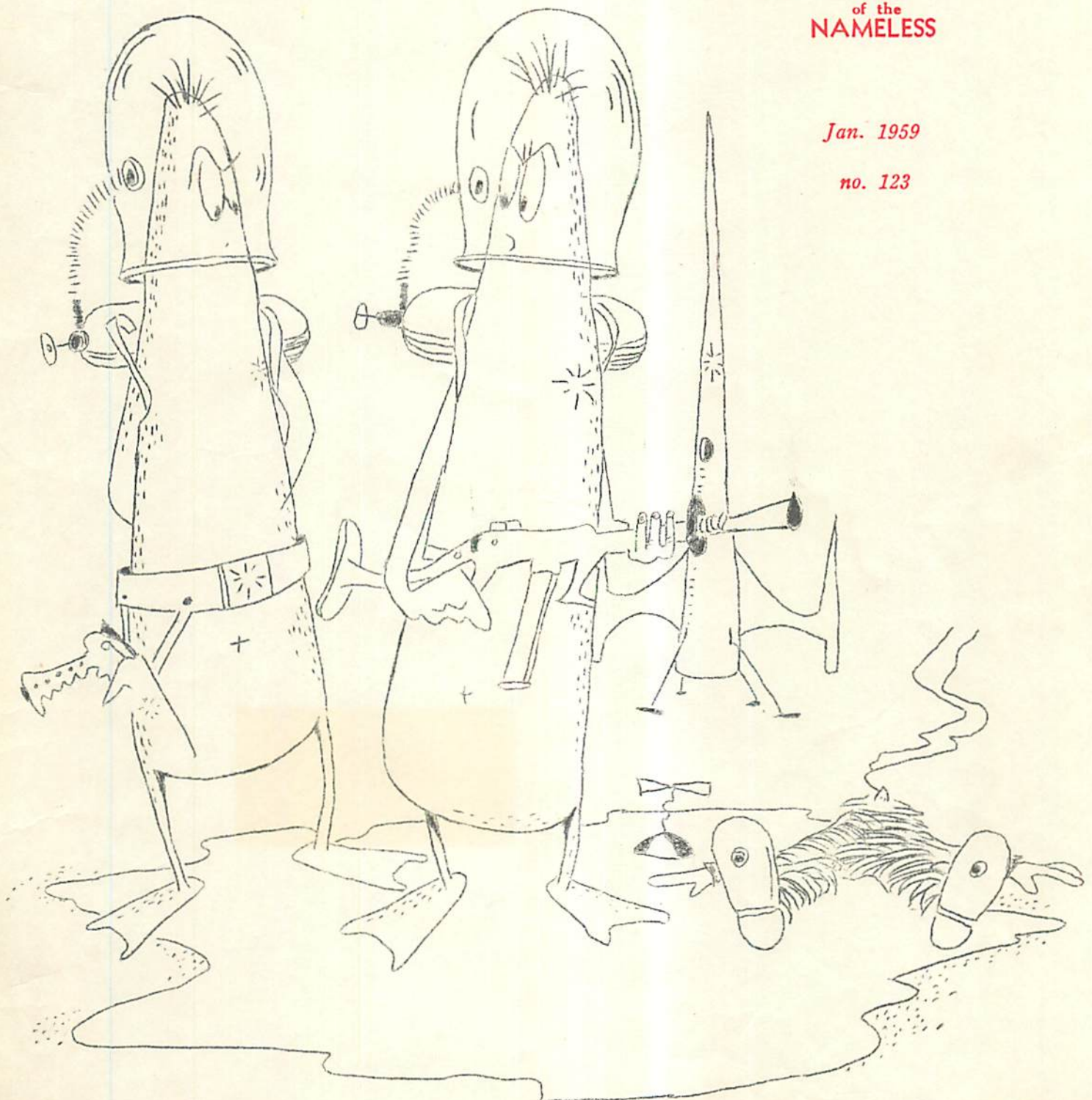
Ninth Anniversary Issue

CRY

of the
NAMELESS

Jan. 1959

no. 123



Atom

"HE SAID 'GREETINGS, I'M LESLIE GERBER, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?'
SO I SHOT HIM OUT OF HAND!"

CRY

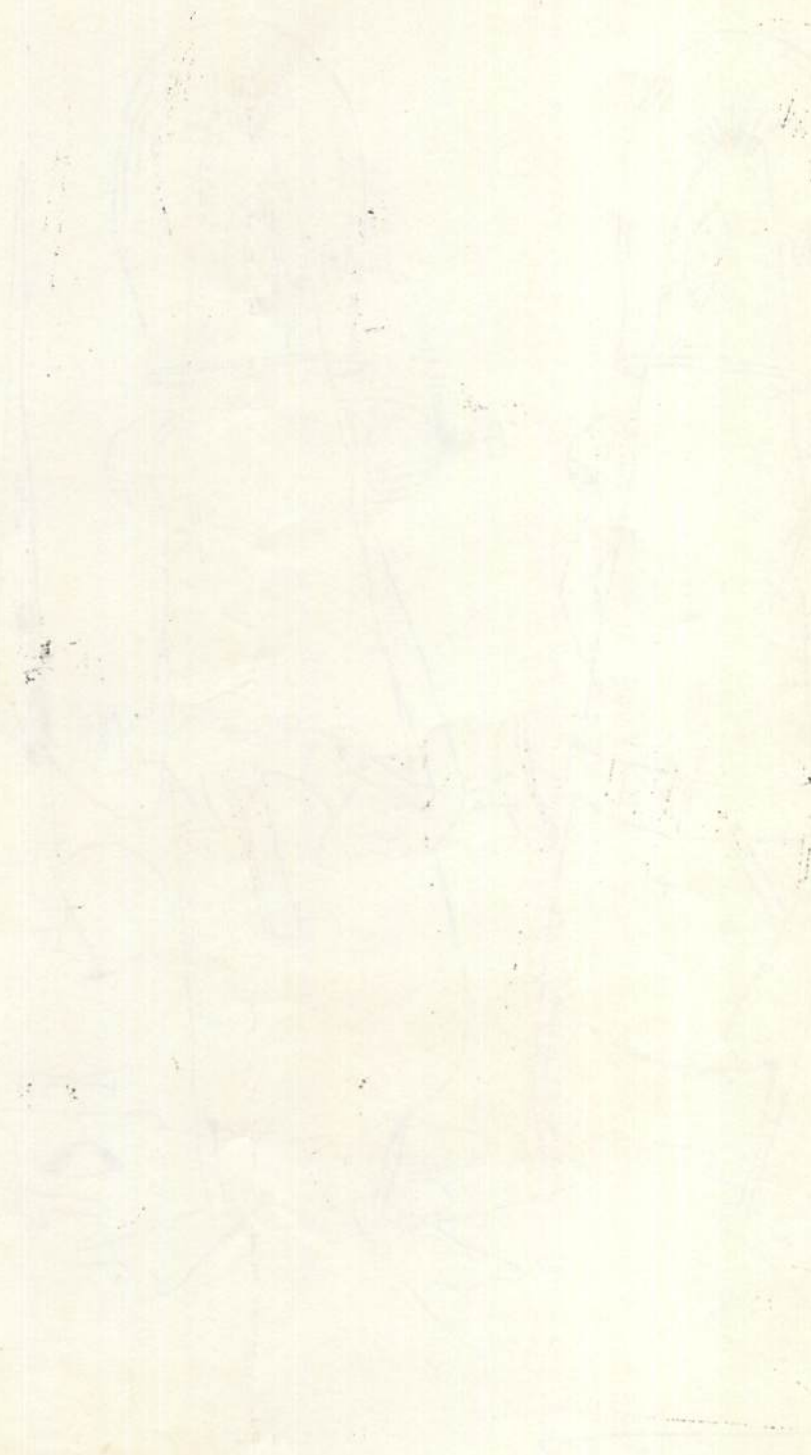
WALLS

Jan 1950

Vol 10

WALLS

Jan 1950



WALLS

January 1959

Ninth Annish

CRY of the Nameless thus begins its 10th year of publication with this aristocratically slim issue. See below, or somewhere, for reasons why this issue is so aristocratically slim. As usual, CRY is the creation of Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, Wally Weber, and F. M. Busby, with an assist on the publishing end by Otto Pfeifer.

CRY continues to retail for 25¢/ea, 5/\$1, or 12/\$2, with free copies for our contributors. 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, still maintains Box 92 for your added convenience in addressing letters of comment, money, or etc.

CRY cannot assume responsibility for return of unsolicited material, although a reasonable attempt will be made if return postage is enclosed. But with the group nature of this deal, every now and then we lose things, it seems. Sad, but true..

I know you're all faunching to see what we have for you this issue, in the way of

C O N T E N T S :

COVER (self-explanatory) by ATom		page 1
S-F Field Plowed Under	Renfrow Pemberton	4
Take Me Back To WesFos	Archie Mercer (courtesy of WAW)	7
Age Shall Not Weary Them	John Berry ("DeTention for the Goon")	8
Fandom Harvest (a new column by)	Terry Carr	12
MUST We Study PSI?	Donald Franson	14
Tho'ts on New Years Eve	Jack Speer	17
MHINUTES	Wally Weber	18
CRY of the Readers	Some Came Running	20-34
SIC; SIC, SIC--	captions by Bruce Polz	29

It remains to be seen whether there will be a page 35 or not. If I run off the bottom of this page, there will be. No fair peeking.

ILLOES: ATom 11 13 17 20 28 32, Brown 22, Cameron 26, Garcone 16, LEE 23-30, pH 29, Speed 35. ((Add: Adkins, on added page 36))

NO FANZINE REVIEWS this time. Word was that Brandon was laying-over last time to do a really polished job for this time; must have run out of Brillo. For the next couple of months, at least, the fmz-review slot is open to the field, in this fashion: we'll combine reviews from several contributors into one column, choosing what seems to be the best review of any given zine (if we got any reviews, that is). By-line credit will be given, of course. Reviews will ordinarily be used in the first CRY pubbed after receipt, or not at all. If you wish to send unused reviews elsewhere, the best plan is to make a carbon and send that to CRY, keeping the original to send elsewhere if you're aced-out here. Any questions?

NO BOOK REVIEWS this time. Gerber, blaming Toskey's "cutting" for bad notices on his last column, said "No cutting!" this time. Well, this batch needed cutting, so they do not appear. (The last batch, by the way, was not cut. Naturally, our format makes for fewer pages than the pica type and two-inch margins of the original draft.) We don't ordinarily do much, if any, editing of contributions aside from letters, but we reserve the right to do so, knowing that if we abuse this right we stand to lose valued contributors. All clear?

THERE SEEM TO BE a lot of stricken consciences after my recent "return-postage" remarks, including several who were not actually in line with the Pointing Finger at all. Heck, we never had these problems in the days where Toskey simply typed all the incoming mail up on stencil without reading it (920 3rd Ave must have been surprised to get a contributor's copy in return for his bill for box-rental).

Yes, Virginia, there is a page 35 (or will be, in another half-hour or so):.

THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER

by Renfrew Pemberton

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Feb: the Emsh cover illustrates Cal Knox' "Delivery Guaranteed"-- guy and gal in spacesuits flying a log raft with a rocket motor on one end and a cannon on the other. Emsh illoes the story perfectly, including the booboo that would have kept the raft from going anywhere at all except in tight circles: a line of thrust must pass through an object's center-of-gravity, or it pinwheels.

Bertram Chandler's novelet, "Dreamboat", puts a mystic & psionic twist to the author's penchant for realistic depiction of man-in-space. This seems slanted a bit toward aSF, and probably missed because of the hint that possibly, just this once, the Universe might forgive a mistake. It's Campbell's loss & SFS's gain.

Geo H Smith's "Paradox Lost" shows one way to avoid paradoxes in time-travel.

Part 2 of "Caduceus Wild" (Moore & Bradford) does very little toward development of the fascinating background, being mostly Chase Sequence and cliffhanging at the end. I'm disappointed in this installment, although the plot is spreading.

Edward D Hoch's "The Last Unicorns" is a very neat little offbeat piece, which winds up a rather good issue of SFS (oops, Donald Franson's letter on scientific goofs in stf makes some good points, and evokes explanation & discussion by RAWL).

FUTURE, Feb: "The Pity of the Wood" (Joy Leache) is a fresh treatment of a not-new theme (which is the gimmick, and so not mentioned), handled well.

L D Hinckley's "Tournament, Part One" is the Test-Situation (earthmen under test by unknown alien power) once again, with the solution well-covered by several red herrings and much interpersonal conflict in the crisis.

The ending of Kate Wilhelm's "The Trouble With Toys" is so at-variance with the entire plot-buildup as to make me feel that the lady pulled it out of the hat more in desperation than in logic. Both the main-story and the ending are good in themselves-- what is needed is a new ending for this story, and a new story for this ending. This would have given the author 2 checks instead of only one, also....

Tom Scortia's second article in the "Race Into Space" series goes into the limitations of chemical fuels and how certain highly-exotic variants might expand the capabilities of rockets. Next issue: Atomic drives. These articles are Solid, and quite readable if you don't mind Digging-In just a little, for comprehension.

"You Do Something to Me", by Cal Knox, is-- well, it's a minimum-idea quickie written frankly to help pay the bills. Possibly it was written "around" the Emsh cover, also, but the illo kills any "surprise"-- on which the tale depends.

RAWL's analyses of stf 30 years ago, its virtues and shortcomings (by specific example), are perceptive and interesting, as expected.

"Frostbite" (Richard Wilson) is a highly-unlikely seeming tale, unless the hero is one of those people to whom all sensations become highly pleasurable when sexually excited, as with certain masochists. Otherwise, I hardly think it could happen.

Cal Knox, in rather a difficult position (trying to follow damon knight as the book-reviewer for RAWL), is rapidly finding his proper stride. Nice work.

IF, Feb: Fritz Leiber's "Pipe Dream" displays this author's recent annoying penchant for seeding a story with fascinating concepts and refusing to do more than the absolute minimum of development. It's quite frustrating to the reader who has read Leiber when the man was putting more into his work.

"The Wind People", by Marion Zimmer Bradley, is a fey sort of piece concerning semi-invisible natives of a planet and an earthwoman's misadventures there.

"The Good Work" (Ted Thomas) explores just about the Ultimate in overcrowding and automation on this planet-- 350 billion people, and nothing for them to do...

Rather potent is Algis Budrys' "The Man Who Tasted Ashes", and the last-minute switch skillfully fails (barely) to convince the reader, along with the cast.

Let's go on to the next stencil....

((still on IF for Feb))

Dick McKenna's "Love and Moondogs" is a rather hilarious spoof on the efforts of the more overstuffed variety of American Clubwomen to force a rescue attempt for a Russian dog which has been shot to the moon. It is chiefly notable for using a factual gimmick (the dual ancestry of the canine population) for a solution.

"The Last Days of L.A.", by Geo H Smith, deals (in the second person) with the imminence of atomic doom and a man's reaction to it: he stays as drunk as possible and goes from one cult to another, looking for The Answer. Interestingly, one of these seems to be identical to the Scientology Group Processing routine current a year or three ago (though not named as such). Ending is downbeat, inconclusive... (Oh yes-- at the end of the Scientology episode, it goes "This one reminds you of the DTs and you want nothing at all to do with that." Wait till Harness sees that.)

dk is, of course, running his own review column, to the reader's delight.

"Virgin Ground" (Rosel George Brown) is a very stark piece concerning life and death on Mars. Chief fault is omission of First Madman's motivation; otherwise it reads fine if you go for downbeatnik material.

Margaret St Clair's "Discipline" is a study in corruption vs scientific integrity, and is quite believable on the human side. The distinction here does not imply that Miz St Clair's "science" is any worse than the average lot.

"In the Jag-Whiffing Service" (David R Bunch) is strictly For Fun & snap-ending.

Bernard Wall's "Star of Rebirth" deals with alien natives at the end of their rope (and no knot in it), and is more effective than significant.

Cordwainer Smith is here again: "No, No, Not Rogov!" might not have been much of a story in the hands of a less-skilled wordsmith (oops, pun unintentional), but here it comes alive as an episode, though little comes of it in the long run.

Eleven short items on one contents-page are hell to review, you'll notice.

ASTOUNDING, Jan: Elsewhere in this CRY will be found Donald Franson's rebuttal to Campbell's editorial ("We MUST Study Psi!"); reader's comments will be welcome, and should be interesting, if I know our readers... My own stand is somewhere in the middle of the fuss, and will not be detailed in here just yet, if ever.

The point of the Freas cover was not immediately obvious to me; it's rather a subtle bit of commentary.

Bertram Chandler's "To Run the Rim" deals with the Far Reaches, a certain amount of Action (but not to the detriment of portraying the people in the story), and a moderately explicit "these are the Pioneers" theme. Good but not memorable.

"By New Hearth Fires" (Gordon R Dickson) has future-man outgrowing, perhaps, a part of his humanity. Effective, except for dependence on the implication that an animal long since blind-alloyed into specialization could suddenly untrack-&-evolve.

"Robin Hood's Barn", by Poul Anderson, is one of two stories in this issue based largely on misdirection, or rather upon its use by the major characters. On this story, Campbell shows a lamentable lack of confidence in this favorite plot-theme of his, by bearing down heavily on the loud-pedal with blurb and title(sigh). I can not understand why John Campbell feels it necessary to play footsie this way, so often giving away the plot of an otherwise fine story. In the case of this specific fine story, he didn't do much damage, because obviously there had to be a gimmick, and it was well-hidden until time to spring it.

Charles de Vet's "Seedling" is the other "misdirection" story, and an equally-fine one-- with the added distinction of being based on a concept that I do not recall seeing in any previous story-- not in this ingenious inversion, at any rate. And here, luckily, the blurb is cryptic enough to be harmless. (Maybe that's the trouble, on these blurbs-- Campbell used to be cryptic as all hell-- maybe he is writing his blurbs while tired, with a slowed thinkpiece.)

"Deadlock", by Bob and Barbara Silverberg, is one of the best straightforward-problem stories of recent years. All the clues for the solution are fairly given, and while the reader can guess as to its general nature, the story hustles you along well enough to keep you from bogging down into sheer ratiocination. The characters act believably and in interesting fashion. Bob & Barbara make a good team!

((and a final Good Word on aSF))

"Study In Still Life" is the best thing Eric Frank Russell has done since "Allamagoosa": here we have a merciless dissection, complete with all sorts of belly-laughes, of the Bureaucratic Mind--- and a man who applies a sort of Diabologic to the organization of which he is a part. (And, in essence, this is a true story--- most of it is happening every day, wherever government has become too big for its britches.) E. F. Russell is a G*O*O*D M*A*N.

And I believe that this is the best issue of aSF for at least the past year.

F & S F, Feb: dknigh's "What Rough Beast?" introduces a different and somewhat frightening type of psi-mutant, whose difficulties push the tale to a wild-eyed conclusion whose esoteric significance is somewhat less than clear to me. Fascinating deal, though. Oops--- oh, yeh--- now I get the punchline--- a potent one, indeed.

Isaac Asimov, in "Love Those Zeroes" (article) explains the nomenclature of big numbers, and why it varies (above a million) between, say, Britain and the US.

Idris Seabright's "Graveyard Shift" is really good offbeat fantasy, with a very surprising ending indeed; bully for Miz Seabright.

"No Matter Where You Go" (Joel T. Rogers) is a thought-packed piece that moves with deceptively smoothness. Concerned with dual-universes as the result (I suppose) of Symmetrical Creation, the story fits rather startling concepts neatly into the personality-interplay and action: the blurb says that possibly this story should be read twice, and for once I agree with a blurb.

"Snitkin's Law", by Elcazar Lipsky, is a highly-ingenuous short farce of little or no actual F (or) S F content except that of today's man into the future, purely in order to sock home the gimmick. OK by me.

Judith Merrill's "Death Cannot Withor" deals with the seduction, by a dominating frigid woman, of her husband's ghost--- and the results thereof. Very well done.

Book reviews this time by Basil Davenport: fine, but I miss the Boucher Touch.

"The Misfit" is a fresh and unique treatment of the theme of the time-traveler who changes history; the impact of the logical but previously-unused consequences of past-travel and of today's ways, really gives one to think. Tsk, I nearly forgot to include the author's name--- G. C. Edmondson.

"Nothing But Love" (Geo P Elliott) sequels the Venus-invasion item of last month. Well, this time he does make a point, but by no means a new one. Weak spot.

"Ghost Planet" (Fontenay) deals with a Lost Colony on Mars, and its inadvertent rediscovery by a politician who hadn't really wanted to do any such thing.

Raymond E Banks' "Natural Frequency" is strictly on the trivial side; visiting alien girl's voice can vibrate the hell out of things and people. Out-of-place here.

"The Willow Tree", by Jane Rice, is just a little bit too subtle and esoteric and underplayed for me, though I realize the insubstantiality is deliberate.

Mighty fine F&SF, except for a couple of uneven patches.

SUDDENLY, three British zines have appeared at my favorite zine-stand: NEW WORLDS #78 & SCIENCE-FANTASY #32 (both dated Dec 58), and the BRE SCIENCE-FICTION ADVENTURES, #6, dated Jan '59. Due to their appearance so late in the month, I've only had time to read the SFA, which is breaking tradition by surviving the death of its US counterpart and going ahead on its own--- a laudable move. So:

SFA, Jan: "Shadow of the Sword", by Wynne Whitford, has seen US publication in recent months and so has been previously reviewed in these pages. Deadline is too close for me to take time to look it up; I'd appreciate word from readers--- OK? Not a bad Action-story, at any rate.

"Galactic Galapagos" (Nelson Sherwood) is an ecological puzzle with sidelights (only in the foreground) of all-kinds human problems. This one is soundly-based and I like it: the people aren't quite as good as the scientific basis, but they're up to the average, at least, for the field.

Arthur Sellings' "The Tycoons" is a happily-different alien-invasion novelet, with as unlikely a hero (earth-type) as could possibly be imagined. Much Fun.

"Death of a Telepath" (short, by Geo Chailey) isn't quite convincing. But you know, these UKzines are well worth reading. Hope they get good distribution.((---RP))

I WANT TO GO BACK TO WESFES

with apologies to Tom Lehrer but practically nobody else ---

I wanna go back to Wesfes, take me back to dear ol' Wesfes.
That's the only real gone place for real gone me.
Past mistakes are not forgotten, they'll call you a dirty rotten
Swine while waiting for the affi-day-vee.
(It was never filed on time).

I'll take an airplane journey, to see my tame attorney,
And sample a falasc o' home-brew mix;
I really am a-plannin' to go home and start a-fannin',
Start those "get-a-better-man-in" tricks.

Oh, Cole Fax, how I love you, how I love you,
My dear ol' Cole Fax.

Oh won't you come with me to the land of the Yankee,
We'll go and see dear Belle and Frankie;
You may not care for their hanky-panky,
But what the hell it's fandom.

Yes, for Paradise Potsdam's my nomination,
Where the mail ain't answered until Dave's vacation.

I wanna go to court-rooms legal, wanna be a legal eagle,
And claim damages till they're running out of my heels.
Wanna talk with judge and jurymen, and stick my knife in sundry fen--
And think up puns on 'Belle' between meals.
The land of the Ground Zero, where the laws go back to Nero,
Is calling me to come and nevermore roam.
Wanna go back to the feud land, "Shut ya mouth or you'll get suod" land,
Be it never so corporate, there's no place like home!

by ARCHIE MERCER

reprinted from his current OMPazine
by courtesy of Walter A. Willis

AGE SHALL NOT WEARY THEM

JOHN BERRY!

The 1998 WorldCon was held in Scunthrope, the Mecca of Trufandom in England since the early '90's, when Sidgood Blatter, the intellectual ball-bearing polisher first came into prominence with his fabulous fanzine 'SKRACHIN'.

The site of the Con was an old disused warehouse in the south of the town, and as only could be expected, being under the auspices of Blatter, the Con itself was a magnificent success.

You've all read the many Con-reports about the affair, but strangely enough, what I consider to be the most astounding aspect of the whole five days was not given the prominence I felt it deserved. That is understandable in a way. One must consider the impact ... the utter grandeur of the ceremony. Fans were spell-bound at the brilliance of it --- at the poignant and nostalgic aura which developed as the climax approached. I was sitting next to Carolin Flybug, the teenage fanned from Council Bluffs, Iowa, who took shorthand notes of the whole proceedings. For a little consideration (the promise of a dozen of my stimulating columns for her fanzine SNORKEL) she gave me the notes, and from them and my own observations I was able to prepare this account of the momentous occasion. The narrative starts where Joy Clarke, the Grand Old Lady of British Fandom, leaning heavily on her two walking sticks, introduced Sidgood Blatter to the enraptured audience:

"---and so, my dears," bleated Joy, her wizened features wan with her responsibility, "allow me to --- hic --- present to you once more --- Sidgood --- Blatter --- British Fandom's Sensation."

Two neofen from the Little Bumpstead (North Devon) Fan Group supported Joy to her mobile bathchair at the rear of the stage as Sidgood, his large spectacles making him look rather owlish, strode majestically onto the stage, a black book under his arm.

After ten minutes, he indicated that the applause should cease. He addressed the audience in his unorthodox and highly intellectual manner.

"Fans and finesses," he shouted, and had to almost strangle the roar of applause which greeted that first superb quip, "I don't desire to inflict upon you a sesquipedalian lecture of the formative bastions of present day fandom. The Few are not many --- no, no, save your applause until I finish --- and I have decided that the time is opportune to egobooize one such character whilst there is still time."

He paused, and struck a noble stance, and the audience hushed. The silence was inches thick. Blatter opened his mouth, and every member of the fannish company craned forward so as not to miss his next remark:

"Walt Willis --- THIS IS YOUR LIFE."

The strains of 'Mars', from Gustav Holst's 'Planet Suite', boomed through a concealed loudspeaker as the applause and cheers from the audience reached a crescendo. From the front of the assembly a bent, silver-haired figure, assisted by his two children, Mrs. Carol Murphy, the mother of three children, and Captain Bryan Willis of the 5th Battalion The Royal Ulster Rifles.

Blatter paced forward and took over Mrs. Murphy's chore, and helped the

kindly figure to a large chair in the centre of the stage.

Mr. Willis was observed to dab his eyes with a handkerchief, and appeared to argue with Blatter, who guffawed good-naturedly and silenced the audience.

"Walt Willis -- this is your life. We all humbly acknowledge the debt we owe you, and in our way we wish to show you exactly what we think of your great work in the past -- and it is fitting that we should do so on your 78th birthday."

The loudspeaker crackled into action.

"Do you remember the days you used to browse in the bookstall at Smithfield Market, Belfast, way back in 1949?"

Willis gasped with delight.

"It can't be Seamus O'Connell?" he was heard to wheeze.

"Well, no, it's his grandson," explained Blatter kindly, and a wee fellow with short trousers toddled on, clutching a little book.

"My grandfather, on his deathbed," said the boy nervously, "expressed a wish that you be presented with this October '43 ASTOUNDING. He told me to tell you he didn't sell it to you because another buyer, named White, was always trying to raise the ante."

Willis thrust forth a withered hand to accept the prize, and the audience went into raptures at this touching moment. Some sobbed unrestrainedly. Blatter bent down, had an urgent discussion with Willis, and eventually (and, it must be admitted, reluctantly) gave the little boy a penny. The child, disappointed, stuck his tongue out at Willis, and was unceremoniously dragged away, screaming, by two BNF's concealed in the wings.

"We did try to get Sir James White to come here today," explained Blatter to everyone, "but he is addressing a meeting of the Royal Literary Society. He did, however, ask me to ask Walt Willis to present me with a cheque for £1,000 to build a ghoomdinton chamber in Scunthorpe."

Amidst deafening "hoorahs", Blatter gave the cheque to Willis and snatched it back again, stuffing it deeply in his trousers pocket.

"Ah, how well -- munch munch -- I remember all the fun we used to have -- munch much -- at Oblique House?"

Willis craned forward, and put his hand cup-like behind his ear.

"Is it Bob Shaw?" he panted.

Blatter smiled, and waved a hand to the wings, and Bob Shaw, a paunchy, balding Bob Shaw, admittedly, strode on, munching marshmallows. Behind him came a youth with a wicker basket full of marshmallows, and a man, dressed rather like a senior civil servant, counted and wrote down numbers every time Bob ate one.

"Hello, Walt -- munch munch --" he munched, "yes, we had great fun in those days -- munch -- didn't we -- munch -- playing ghoomdinton -- munch -- and making puns -- how many is that, Sid? 177 -- oh -- munch -- well -- cheerio -- munch -- Walt -- munch --" and popping marshmallows into his mouth like grapes, he walked off with his entourage, amidst general laughter from the audience.

Blatter joined in the laughter.

"We are lucky to get BoSh to come on this occasion," he explained, "as some of you know, he is a finalist in the World Marshmallow-eating Championship, and it was only because of a special dispensation that he was able to appear. Thank you, Bob, and good luck."

He turned to Walt.

"Yes, as we know from the many stories of Irish Fandom during the early '50's, the spirit of the group must have been something to wonder at."

"The fans turned up no matter what the weather was, didn't they?" boomed a distinctive Ulster accent over the loudspeaker.

"Er -- er -- is that John Berry?" asked Willis uncertainly.

"Um, no, Walt, it isn't," explained Blatter kindly. "We tried to get him here, but it would have meant bringing his attendants too. And it is disconcerting the way he keeps shouting 'cookoo' at the top of his voice. It's not George Charters, either. He's on his honeymoon."

"The fans turned up no matter what the weather, didn't they?" boomed the voice over the loudspeaker again, a trace of bewilderment in the voice this time.

"Who -- who is it -- who can it be?" breathed Willis in awe.

Blatter signalled to the wings, and an old man staggered out.

"Goodness gracious, it's Mr. McCartney, the dentist, from next door to 170," exclaimed Walt -- "it's years since I saw you."

Mr. McCartney cackled happily.

"The fans turned up no matter what -- oh -- I said that -- um -- back in 54-55-56 I remember all those strange characters who used to come over Tuesdays and Sundays -- one with a big moustache who came up the wrong path by mistake during a fog and lost his wisdom tooth before he discovered his faux pas -- the tall gentleman with a top hat -- the one in a bathchair -- and the couple who lived at 170 for a time -- Shaws were they called -- and --"

Tears dripped uncontrollably down Willis's cheeks and the audience seemed to grasp the utter nostalgia he seemed to feel. Blatter noted, however, that Mr. McCartney was standing on Willis's left foot.

Blatter made a rapid signal, and the two BNFs dragged the dentist away.

"Oh, will you ever forgive me, Walter?" a shrill voice echoed throughout the warehouse.

Willis stood up, and turned towards the wings and staggered forward, to greet Mrs. G. M. Carr, sobbing audibly.

"Fandom's Foremost Great-great-grandmother," announced Blatter as the two aged antagonists touched cheeks briefly, and the audience roared their approval as Mrs. Carr turned to them, tore up two issues of GEMZINE and sprinkled the fragments over Willis.

Willis bowed low, a gallant gesture, but a few muscles contracted and he had difficulty straightening himself out again. A trio of First Aid Men, headed by Honorary Matron Ethel Lindsay, rushed stagewards, and a video-strength stench of Wintergreen Embrocation pervaded the first few rows of spectators as they slapped it vigorously on the Willis torso. After half an hour's pause, they reluctantly admitted defeat; and levered Willis into the chair and supported his feet by getting Norman G. Wansborough III to get down on his hands and knees in front of the chair.

Blatter coughed.

"Of course, Walt Willis is famous for his many publications."

He pulled a length of string hanging in front of him, and a set of silk curtains parted at the rear of the stage, revealing a mass of neofen, both male and

female, dressed in white. They sang a hymn of praise (words and music by Jack Harness) and their soprano voices shrilled higher and higher up the scale.

"Each of those noofen before you," bowed Blatter, his voice ringing with emotion, "represents an issue of SLANT and HYPHEN -- one hundred and seven altogether. Walt Willis has also published 'The Enchanted Duplicator' -- 'Willis Discovers America' -- 'The Harp Stateside' -- 'Willis Discovers The Moon' -- 'The Frustrated Gestetner' -- 'Memories of Oblique House' -- 'Willis Discovers Mars' -- 'The Glades of Gafia' -- 'Fifty Years at Stormont'* -- 'Willis Discovers Venus' -- and his last greatest masterpiece 'Fandom Denied', published on his 75th birthday."

A chant began from the assembled fen and rose to a crescendo. Feet were stamped vigorously, and as one they took up the chant "Long Live Willis."

Blatter bowed to the audience and waved an appreciative hand towards the aged but noble figure who himself raised his hands together in acknowledgement of the massive roar of tribute.

"I'm sure Mr. Willis thanks you from the bottom of his heart for that stereophonic egoboo," shouted Blatter. "I must add that when some of the old fen in American heard of this tribute -- 'Walt Willis -- This Is Your Life' -- they empowered me to give you their kindest salutations. I have telegrams here -- many telegrams, from, let me see, Dean Grennell, Shelby Vick, Manly Bannister, Lee Hoffman, Bob Tucker, Harlan Ellison, oh, and many more names which to us young fans are legendary. I tell you, this man Walt Willis is a paragon of fannishness, a--"

* * * * *

At this stage, Miss Flybug broke down, as indeed, did many other members of the assembly. I cannot recall the exact words that Sidgood Blatter used when he finished the fantastic but thoroughly deserved tribute to the Grand Old Man of Fandom. I do remember that he himself was weeping unashamedly as, for the last time, Blatter said "Walt Willis -- This Is Your Life", and handed the thick red-bound book to the Master.

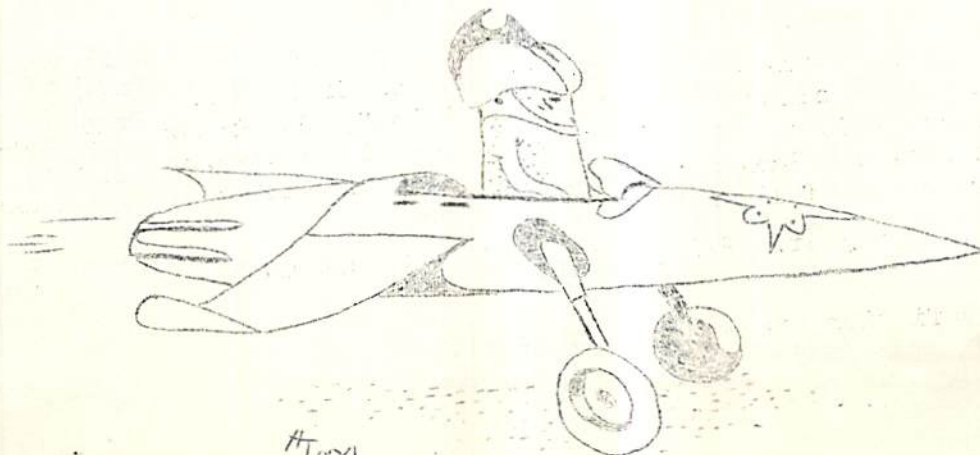
All his old friends crowded round him on the stage, and for a moment, even Blatter himself was forgotten amidst the reverence of the multitude of Willisites.

This memory, indeed, is the proudest one of my many recollections. Nothing like it ever happened before or since -- and never was an honour -- an accolade -- more richly deserved.

But my memories of the best years of fandom -- the 80's and 90's -- are manifold. And as you will see, I've many more things to tell you....

John Berry

*The Northern Ireland House of Parliament.



FANDOM HARVEST

a column by TERRY CARR

The year 1958 will no doubt go down in fan history as The Year of the Jackpot, the year in which anything could happen and usually did. For one thing, it was a year marked by the loss of quite a few top names: Henry Kuttner, Cyril Kornbluth, Vernon L. McCain, F. Towner Lancy, Kent Moomaw, and E. Everett Evans all died; Chuch Harris and Arthur Thomson* gafiated. On the credit side of the ledger, several former fans or recently-inactive fans resumed activities: Ray Nelson and Charles Burbee immediately spring to mind, but Marian Cox Oakes and Bob Stewart also returned, not to mention the fact that Max Keasler showed up at the Solacon and said he was planning to re-enter fandom in 1959.

Add the Solacon to the list of Jackpot phenomena: the climax of the South Gate in '58 tradition belongs on anybody's list of memorable events.

The hassle surrounding the WSFS Inc. question is another case in point. A lawsuit for \$35,000.00 is so unprecedented in fandom that had anyone mentioned it as a possibility a year ago he would have been laughed down. The feuds and arguments about the WSFS Inc. culminated at the Solacon in a resounding demonstration of fan opinion against the Incorporation.

More statistics: it was a year for births and marriages. I've lost count of the number of births this year at the hands of fan-parents (I'll leave that metaphor as it stands). As for marriages: Sally Dunn started it all, followed in short order by Ted White & Sylvia Dees and Toni Vondruska & Lynette Mills, whose marriages were just one day apart. Sam Moskowitz, the perennial bachelor, married, as did Georgina Ellis, and Ray Nelson fathered a baby and got married (in that order). Miriam Dyches and I announced our engagement this year too.

There must have been as many marriages going on the rocks this year as there were new marriages. I won't bother to list the divorces and separations in question.

1958 was also the year of the Carl Brandon hoax, which made some sort of history.

Fan projects ran rife this year. Guy Terwilleger started his annual BEST OF FANDOM series; we in Berkeley published THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE; Karen Anderson published the Kuttner Memorial Volume. More are in the works: Bill Rotsler's TAPEBOOK, a compilation of facts on the taperecording equipment owned by fans who like to taperecord; Rotsler's THE TATTOOED DRAGON RETURNS; George W. Fields' THE WILLIS PAPERS; Ted White's publication of THE BNF OF IZ by "Carl Brandon"; Perry Ackerman's memorial volume for E. Everett Evans; a Lancy volume which I'm working on. The Berry Trip Fund is another example.

How are these for fantastic incidents the like of which kept happening all year?: Random House Inc. suing James Taurasi's Fandom House Inc. to make them change the name because of alleged "unfair competition"; the French government confiscating the entire mailing of a fanzine for detailed inspection during the political crisis over there; Eric Erickson committing himself to a mental institution after his prophecies failed to come true.

It was one hell of a year. FAPA, which had dominated much of the crifanac

- - - -
*Happily, the ATom gafiation was temporary. EB

scene the year before, fell into a slump as fans turned their attention back to the general fanzine field. Several monthly fanzines were announced, none of which materialized (one of them was planned by Kent Moomaw). A regularly-published news fanzine, FANAC, was started, ably supplemented by Rich Eney's STUPEFYING STORIES until the latter folded. But where one died two sprang up: Ted White's GAMBIT came to the fore, and Lynn Hickman entered the field with ARGASSY.

And, quite possibly, 1958 will be remembered as the year in which science fiction began to die. From all over these days we hear of prozines folding and authors being forced to turn to other fields. It is doubtful that there are any other writers than Poul Anderson and Bob Silverberg who are now making their living, or even most of it, through science fiction.

Anyone care to argue the point that 1958 was The Year of the Jackpot? That is, until we see what will happen in 1959...

* * * * *

Here in Berkeley, we've been talking a lot about this Year of the Jackpot business. Jim Caughran, in particular, has been concerned about it. In his FAPAZINE, APROPOS DE RIEN, Jim wrote, "Everything is happening at once. Next, the N3f will become disgusted with itself and disband, and GMCarr will admit that some of her opinions have been wrong. I suppose that about half-past December Congress will outlaw fandom, and the sun will nova, killing us all."

One night recently, Ron Ellik was several hours late in showing up for a publishing session, and we were beginning to get a bit worried about him. But in our usual dilettante manner, we joked about it. "I think there's a vast plot against fandom," said Jim. "Some agent of evil is killing off fans." He frowned. "If it turns out that Ron has run into an accident," he said, "I'm going to quit fandom. They're striking too close to home."

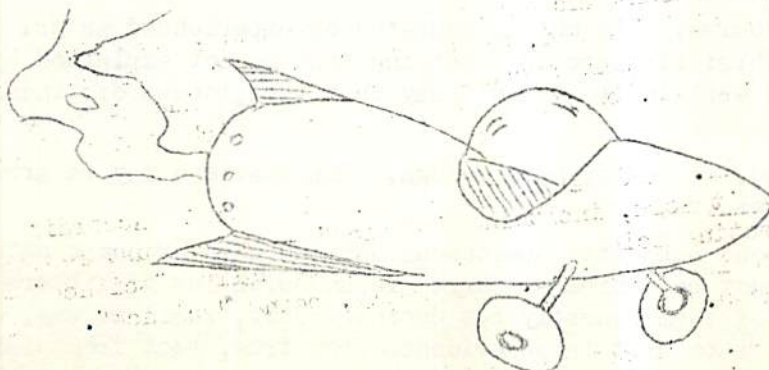
Well, Ron was all right, it turned out, and we let Jim's little fantasy slide by. But then along came CRY #122, with Burbee's article in which he says I am secretly 90% of fandom, and if I someday discover girls that will be the end of fandom as we know it.

FANAC #30, published almost simultaneously with that issue of CRY, contained the announcement of my engagement to Miriam.

We plan to publish one more issue of FANAC this year ((1958)). Ron says it would be only fitting to headline it, FANDOM AS WE KNOW IT ENDS.

--Torry Carr

TCarr for T*A*F*F !



by Donald Francon

In the January 1959 issue of ASTOUNDING, there is an editorial titled "We Must Study Psi," the key paragraph of which reads:

"In order to understand psi, we are going to have to develop a totally new kind of analytical thinking; known psi phenomena violate the inverse square law, the distance law, and every other basic law of Science and Logic. They violate the basic law of Semantics, the map is the territory! What is done to the map, is in fact done to the territory -- and treating a photograph kills Japanese beetles on a farm five hundred miles away. That is absolute scientific nonsense --- logically impossible! Good; now inasmuch as it does happen--"

Except that science, apparently, says that it doesn't happen. They are wrong, of course! "Science is simply, explicitly, wrong in denying the phenomenon," quoting from the same editorial.

In other words, here we have some impossible things that couldn't, here we have some impossible things that couldn't happen -- and apparently they don't happen, outside the pages of Campbell's own magazine. Therefore we must study them!

How come an editorial written by a respected science fiction editor sounds just like the rantings of any crackpot -- complete with denunciations of "science"? Does the fact that this editorial is in the leading science fiction magazine make the things said in it more believable than if they appeared in, say, Ray Palmer's magazine?

But Campbell gets letters from all over the planet confirming his "evidence." So does Ray.

As always, the believers have us doubters at a disadvantage. We dignify their nonsense by arguing about it. And if we don't argue about it, silence means agreement or defeat. So what we usually do is treat it in a humorous manner. Most CRY articles are written in a light vein, so why not this one?

Unfortunately, a satiric article isn't really a rebuttal. It is also unfair, since it must exaggerate! And "We Must Study Psi" is not a tongue-in-cheek editorial, an Asimovian bit of banter. It's dead serious, and deserves a serious reply.

In the editorial, this sentence burns me up (or should I say, bugs me): "Treating a photograph kills Japanese beetles five hundred miles away!" (Referring to psionic extermination procedure.) This is the modern version of dowsing on a map.

There is some possibility of a scientific explanation of dowsing, assuming some kind of radiation from water affecting the divining rod, or the brain or muscles of the person carrying it. But the ridiculous statement that a person can find water by looking at a map -- not by studying the terrain on a geological map, but by holding a forked stick over a plain, ordinary gas station map -----!!!!

Oh, but it works out! shouts Campbell. WHO SAYS SO? Who says it works? According to the editorial, anyone who says it doesn't work, including "science" -- which must mean at least a couple of scientists, as one dissenting scientist could hardly be called "science" -- is immediately discredited, because he is prejudiced. Naturally, being "science". Science is always prejudiced. In favor of facts.

I am not a scientist, of course. I'm not as educated or experienced as Mr. Campbell is. But my pattern of thinking is this: if there is something that is not explained by known facts, try harder to find the facts to explain it -- don't say that the process of finding facts (science) is obsolete!

Everything can be explained, if we try hard enough. Explanations may be arrived at by investigating the validity of results, too.

There is much said here about subjective phenomena and the ways of human nature. One of these facts of human nature cannot be denied -- there are an awful lot of fibbers in the world. Some of them consciously, most of them honestly but unconsciously, shall we say, exaggerating? Ask any lawyer or judge who tries to sift false evidence from true, fact from wishful thinking.

The scientists who study meteor falls and try to locate them from sightings of laymen -- ask them how hard it is to get agreement on height, speed and direction. In fact, ask the Civilian Saucer Intelligence -- they even get some crackpot sightings, once in a while. On what basis does Campbell judge the reports he gets from all over the planet?

Testimony is not fact. If a clock says that it is twelve o'clock, one must believe it only until he has reason to believe that it is not twelve o'clock, and that therefore there is something wrong with the clock.

Words in print are not facts. "Figures don't lie, but liars figure." "There are lies, damned lies, and statistics." These are well-known quotations, not personal opinions. I will not be shaken in my own disbelief in psi by all the papers that Campbell can produce, showing "it happened". After all, Campbell doesn't believe the Department of Agriculture, or anything that "science" states, either.

Demonstrations prove nothing, unless very thoroughly convincing to the most skeptical of scientists -- a layman like myself could be fooled very easily. We had perpetual motion machines around for quite some time, remember. That's why I say if "science" says no, you'll not convince me, even if I saw the various machines work. "Stubborn, ain't I. But reasonable. Convince "science" first, John."

However, I don't think anyone could ever convince me that these pipe-locating rods can locate pipes to order (gas, electric, etc), or on a map, or on photographs, or in any other way than metal detectors do. I don't believe, because I have outside evidence that it is not "twelve o'clock" -- the evidence of reason and logic, and yes -- hated words -- common sense.

I don't believe the law of reason is all of a sudden obsolete just because some joker says "it works!" and Campbell prints his letter.

I can make strong statements too, and see if the printing of them will make them true. Too bad this magazine doesn't have the circulation of ASTOUNDING, or they would be even truer.

I say the wilder parts of psi -- clairvoyance, precognition, poltergeists, ad infinitum -- are getting a free ride by clinging to the coat-tails of telepathy.

There could be some truth about telepathy. I've always been a science-fictional believer in the possibility of the telepathic machine -- a device that would fit over your head and pick up what have recently been called "brain-waves". This is remotely possible, and well within the realm of science fiction. Then there is bare-headed thought-reading -- less believable, yet possible -- though when you consider it, man does not fly by waving his arms, he has to have mechanical help. Assuming a mutant, or an alien, or a future man who could read thoughts or control another man by affecting his thoughts -- this is okay too. It's legitimate SF, and could become science.

But the proponents of psi don't stop there. You mustn't believe in telepathy alone, on the basis of inconclusive card tests made by Rhine and others. You must swallow all of psi, hook, line, and sinker. Including the idea that a subject can tell what card is going to be drawn next (precognition); or can see through the deck to the bottom card (clairvoyance); or can practically shuffle the cards with his mind (telekinesis); all against the laws of the universe and of Las Vegas. These odd notions were revived, apparently, to explain the failures of regular telepathy tests....they couldn't get the right answers, so they rearranged the questions to suit the answers they did get. This whole mess belongs not in ASF, but in FATE.

There is another fact of human nature that may serve to explain much of Campbell's corroborative evidence. It is called power of suggestion.

I wish Campbell would test this power. I wish he would write an editorial, some day, as a hoax. He could put in it any ideas at random, contradicting known science in some way or another. Suppose he stated that the law of inverse squares, for example, is not universal. That in some remote part of Tibet, light does not diminish at that ratio as it moves away from its source. Campbell could say that he tried this experiment in his physics lab, and

found that it was true to a minute degree -- that instead of one-fourth the light at twice the distance it came out .2500000001 nineteen times out of twenty. The effect not as strong as in Tibet, but how is it in your part of the world? (Way out enough? Remember, I dreamed it up.)

Then see how many letters he gets, confirming his evidence.

Then maybe he will find that an editorial written by a respected editor of a respected magazine creates facts all over the planet.

This respect is a tribute that this magazine and its editor deserve, not only for good stories and articles, but for excellent editorials, including part of this one, for example the part that says: "The major developments that science fiction had been forecasting were definitely under engineering -- not theoretical -- study. It was time for us to move on, if we were to fulfill our function as a frontier literature."

But, he says, he was forced back toward psi, and magic.

Magic must be true, because "a completely functionless belief won't fool all the people for tens of thousands of years." No? Then the Earth must still be flat, and the sun goes around it. Because it's impossible for ignorant people, with no education or opportunity for experiment, to be mistaken, if they have a belief in overwhelming numbers. Majority rules -- we must be wrong.

The belief in magic by primitive peoples is not so hard to explain as Campbell makes out. Magic was invented only because there was no better explanation of mystifying natural phenomena for thousands of years. When we found the scientific explanations, we eliminated most of the magical ones. There are a few left over, either not yet explained or not yet completely disproven. So we must give up science and go back to magic, because we have only had our culture for a few hundred years, and "ours is the only culture that officially denies Magic."

Must we believe in "majority rule" (I wonder what insects believe? there are more of them) in order to believe in magic; believe in magic in order to believe in psi; believe in psi in order to explain certain evidence? Wouldn't it be simpler to examine the evidence more thoroughly and with more doubt and skepticism? Or to believe that scientists know what they are talking about when they do examine it and find it faulty? Must we "study" psi -- that is, take it seriously?

* * * * *

I think I am going to get two distinct reactions to this article, diametrically opposed (assuming I get any reaction at all):

1. How dare you contradict well-known facts? Everyone knows there must be something to psi, or there wouldn't be so many science fiction stories about it!
2. What's the necessity for this article. Everyone knows Campbell is flipping his lid again, so why bother?

Mr. 1, meet Mr. 2. And vice-versa.

the end



L. Cannon

THOTS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

Before Christmas, Boeing had the legislators in for tour of a factory, lunch, and a briefing (they were worried what we might do to them on taxes and workmen's comp). An official told us about their present activities, and then for a look at the future turned us over to another spokesman. This fellow proposed to show us a slide of something they were working on, "a vehicle to go out and reconnoiter the planet Mars."

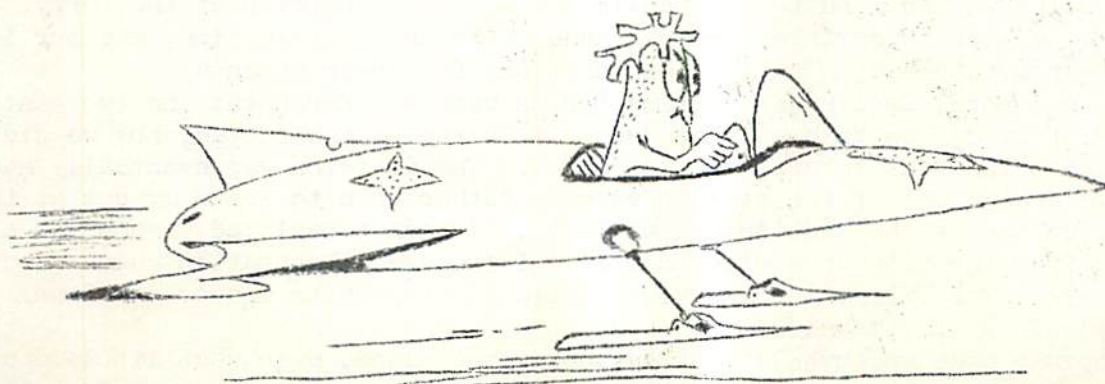
I looked around at the roomful of representatives of down-to-earth realism. Not a one of them blinked. The proposed vehicle was the one to work on cesium ionized by sunlight. The slide, in color, showed it under construction in orbit. It wasn't by Bonestell, but was drawn in similar style.

After the lights came on, a conservative senator said what he wanted to know was how they'd get those men to work up there in orbit. "We pay 'em time and a half," I suggested.

I asked the spokesman if the finned rocket tending the cesium ship was a possible form of the Dyna-Soar, which they'd said Boeing was working on. The spokesman said he couldn't answer that. This led to humorous remarks from some of the other legislators. There is something about this crazy Buck Rogers stuff coming true that makes mundane people laugh. There is a rueful note, however, for they realize that the laugh, if any, is on them. The four-ton Atlas had gone into orbit the night before.

Get lots of mail these days. One yesterday was from a woman who began by suggesting that psychiatrists, in probing into the minds of little children, might track them up with filth the psychiatrists had picked up in their peregrinations. Becoming more specific about her peeve, she said that psychiatrists were committing people who claimed to get information other than through the five senses, "thus denying man's spiritual nature". The letter (mimeographed) didn't carry the usual indicia of an unbalanced mind, capitals, underlining, and remarks. Finally, one of her recommendations was that psychological workers be required to pass examinations on extra-sensory perception, as on other things.

Jack Spoor



M H I N U T E §

as imagined by Whally Wheber

As usual, the exacting notes made during the course of the meeting about to be reported have been lost in the usual shuffle. Once again your courageous Secretary prepares to revisit the past, aided by memory alone. Mention is made of this fact to explain slight discrepancies that might appear between the following account and the less accurate memories of others who might have attended the meeting.

Now that this explanation business has been done away with, let's get on with:

THE TRUTH ABOUT VASHON ISLAND

The 220th meeting of the Nameless Ones was scheduled to take place November 16 on far-off Vashon Island. My personal knowledge of Vashon Island was very sketchy, including only the fact that it was located somewhere in Puget Sound, the most practical way to get there involved a Ferry ride, and the island was inhabited by Evelyn Stroud, who was to be the hostess at the meeting.

Arrangements had been made for us to start the meeting early to give Evelyn the opportunity of preparing dinner for all of us, but when Flora Jones also offered me a free meal, I decided a bird at hand was worth two on Vashon Island and immediately forgot about the planned meal at Evelyn's in order to accept the handy one at Flora's.

After a hearty meal, which I was forced to share with Burnett Toskey, Rose Stark, and Flora Jones herself, all of us except Toskey got in the car and started out for the Vashon Ferry. Toskey couldn't go along because L. Garcone, the monster Toskey keeps in the trunk of his Buick, gets sick over water. If you know what a mess Garcone is when in good health, perhaps you can imagine what a sick Garcone must be like. At any rate, Rose, Flora, and I were on our way.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FERRY, Geneva Wyman had made previous arrangements for Evelyn to meet us with two station wagons on Vashon Island so that there would be no need of any of us taking our cars across on the ferry. Jerry Frahm was stationed at the entrance to the docks to explain this to the three of us in my car when we arrived. As time labored on, it became apparent that my car was going to be late, so Jerry returned to the ferry to prevent being left behind himself.

In that split second of time between the moment he disappeared into the ferry and the instant the ferry left the dock, the three of us arrived, made our complicated transaction with the ticket-seller and traffic directors, and somehow made it on the ferry, car and all.

By following that strange, unexplained, magnet-like attraction that one Nameless has for another, we eventually located Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser, Geneva Wyman, Ed Wyman, Marge Wyman, Linda Wyman, and Doug Wyman in the passenger portion of the ferry. We noticed that John and Kathleen Swearingen had not made it to the boat in time, and our imaginative minds were busy hypothesizing various explanations for their absense.

True to her word, Evelyn was waiting for us with Mr. Marshment and two station wagons. The presence of my car on Vashon Island was, of course, not expected, but we did not allow this upset in plans to get the best of us. The decision was eventually made to have me drive behind one of the station wagons, rather than to leave my car at the docks.

And follow one of the station wagons I did. I hadn't realized Vashon was as big an island as it is. For mile upon mile upon mile I followed the station wagon around turns, through valleys, over hills, into service stations, up private lanes, and finally into the back yard of our destination.

The trip was made worthwhile just by seeing the place, even what little could be seen in the dark. The house itself seemed huge, and inside everything was comfortable. The lights of Tacoma were visible from the porch that ran along the front of the house, and

Evelyn assured us that somewhere in the dark below us was the beach. We took her at her word since she seemed to be such an honest sort.

And inside of the house there was food. Lots of food, and all of it delicious. Here was I, still full from Flora's fine feed, confronted with another meal just as good. In all modesty I must admit to doing a fine job of stowing a vast volume of food in a stomach that had no space for it. I even found room for the dessert.

Wally Gonser, staying with tradition, found a place on the floor that suited him and proceeded to occupy it. One of Evelyn's daughters was present, at first to help serve food and have trouble with the coffee pot, and later on to surround herself with most of the club while we set her knowledge of the French language back several years. Doug Wyman peered out into the darkness beyond the front windows, using his X-ray vision as he made sketches of the invisible landscape in the direction of Tacoma. Evelyn was around to chat intelligently -- well anyway she snowed me -- on any and all of the fantastic variety of subjects that are known to come up at science fiction club meetings in general and Nameless meetings in particular. (There, I have done it now! I have mentioned "science fiction club" and "Nameless" in the same sentence. I shall be a marked man from this moment on.)

Eventually, just to show everybody that I was President as well as Secretary, I called a meeting to order and passed around a letter from Rick Sneary that concerned conventions and what to do at them. One point brought out by the letter had to do with the annual Relaxacon and whether we Nameless would look upon it as a kind of "rump" convention to the Westercon. We agreed that no such worry existed so long as the Relaxacon was not held on the same date as the Westercon. Suggested gaps between the two conventions ranged from one week to three months, with the majority in favor of at least a one month difference between convention dates.

Several ingenious solutions to the problem of traveling to the Westercon on a very limited budget were offered. One method involved converting a gas can into a suitcase and hitch-hiking, using a forlorn expression and the bogus evidence of having run out of gas as a means of luring rides.

Flora Jones agreed to be in charge of displays at the Westercon, and Geneva Wyman promised to be the club contact with the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. [WESTERCON NEWS-FLASH: due to the unhappy reception of the club's choice of hotels by interested fans outside the club, the site of the Westercon may be moved to a different location. Watch your favorite fanzine for more information on this matter.]

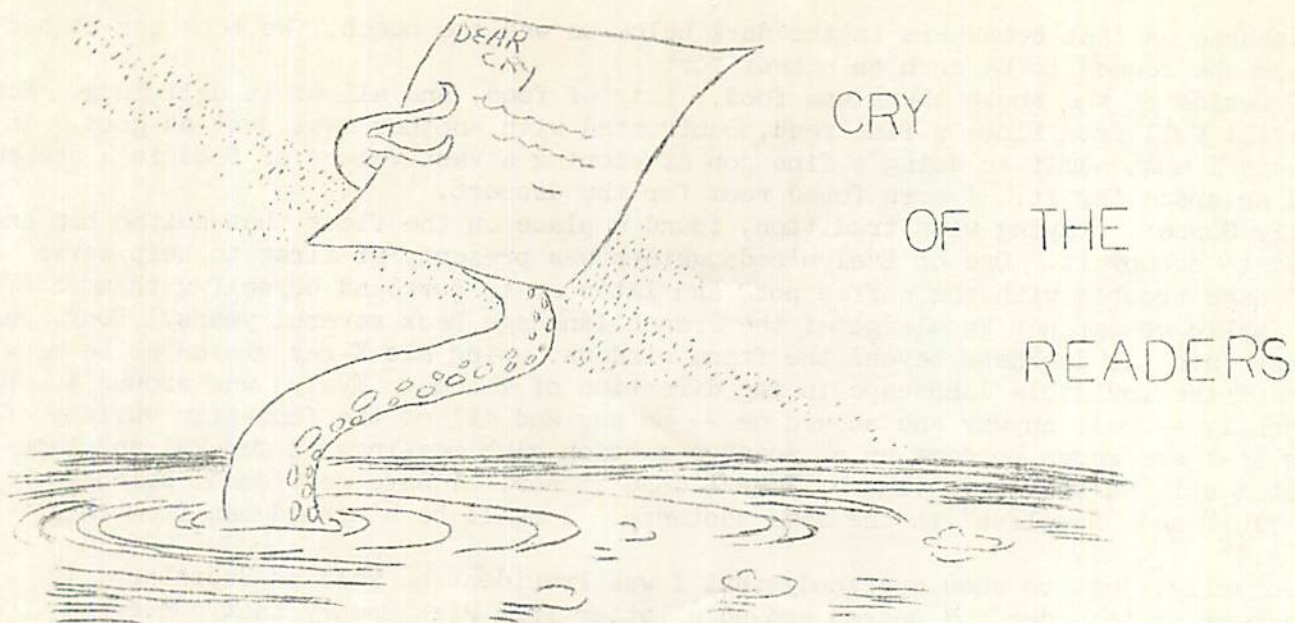
Sometime during all this, a phone call was received from Mr. and Mrs. Swearingen, who were on Vashon Island at the ferry docks and wondered where to head for next. Doug Marshment was quickly sent out to his waiting station wagon and later returned with the stray Nameless Ones.

About this same period of time, another of Evelyn's daughters appeared on the scene, and Evelyn took advantage of this to threaten the Nameless with an instrumental duet by her offspring. The younger generation cleverly introduced the excuse that their musical instruments were unavailable. They appeared about as regretful as "Blotto-Otto" Pfeifer discovering his coffee jug was accidentally filled with Vodka gimlets.

The Nameless, however, were honestly regretful when it came time to leave. Ferry schedules were not alterable for any amount of sentiment, and soon we found ourselves in the waiting room at the ferry dock, wondering what sort of havoc we could cause by operating a switch we found labeled "fog Horn". On the ferry we discovered that Wally Gonser was due to have a birthday the next day. We reached the Fauntleroy docks just minutes before the day ended, and thereby missed the opportunity to award him his birthday spanking. Perhaps it was just as well, since Wally is onery enough to spank back.

Don't miss next month's exciting report revealing for the very first time how...

"THE NAMELESS GO TO CHURCH"



ATTENTION: NAMELESS ONES !

Dear Seattlefen,

What's all this malarky about the '59 Westercon going "Big Time" with a ritzy hotel and to hell with fan economy? And coat & tie required in the high priced bar? Down with this unfannish move, I say! Down with it! In fact, if this be true, I am changing my mind about the PUCON slogan. If these are the same folks who are using SEACON for the '61 slogan, I say PUCON to them. In short, it bugs me too!

Westercons started out as simple, one day affairs. After the first three, they began to grow a little--became two day (weekend) cons. Last year (1957, that is) the committee for that year really went big time, using an expensive Hollywood hotel and going all out for TV and radio publicity. They went in the red. This year (1958) we combined the Westercon with the Worldcon and being very careful with our finances from the very beginning, we did not go in the red. Had we been putting on the Westercon alone, without the WorldCon, we would have made it a simple, week-end conference, inexpensive and informal as possible. It was our desire to get the Westercon back to its original and practical approach. One of the most ardent supporters for stopping the "big time" trend was the originator of the Westercon, the late E. E. Evans. He complained bitterly that the original purpose of the Westercons was being ruined by making the conference "bigger and better" each year, for bigger does not necessarily mean better. Comparatively speaking, fans aren't any richer now than they were ten years ago.

A daily, formal program is expected of the WorldCons but the local conferences seem to thrive better and are more successful if there is less program, less expense and more informal visiting among the delegates. And, for that matter, the WorldCons can have too damned much program--as I say in SFP#8.

I don't like the idea of the Ben Franklin hotel and the Outrigger room at all, at all! One of the first things we checked at the Alexandria was the "bar rules". The manager told us that coat and tie were not required, altho he personally would not go into a bar or restaurant without a coat and tie. In other words he did not let his own personal ideas of etiquette interfere with good business practices.

When I attend a con, I want the bar to be as close to the meeting rooms as possible, and I do not want to be told what to wear. If I have to leave the con site to go

down the street somewhere to a reasonable bar (reasonable both in prices and in dress-requirements), I might not attend the con at all. If I do show up in the city I might not even join the con. I'll just meet my friends in the bar down the street and to hell with supporting the glamour-peddlers. Now this is the attitude that many west coast fen may take, and I think the Nameless would do well to reconsider and start looking for a more reasonable site. And I know how hard it is to find a spot that is going to suit most of the delegates. We were extremely fortunate in deciding on the Alexandria; it came closer to the ideal we were seeking than any of the other local hotels, but even we had no idea how well the Alexandria's management and employees would go along with our demands.

At this early date we still don't know whether or not we will be able to attend the '59 Westercon, let alone the Detention. Naturally, we would like to attend both of 'em, and if we have to choose between them, we would of course choose the least expensive. That would seem to be the Westercon, but not necessarily. Not if it is going to be another attempt to make it a Bigger Than Life Thing. Science fiction and, I suppose, fandom has grown in the past decade but not enough to warrant the use of a Prestige hotel for a convention.

I know what you mean about Sanderson, Buz. I wrote him about his piece in APE5, detailing the whys and wherefores of the SOLACON biz meeting, etc. and correcting his erroneous statements about us using the mails to defraud and all that nonsense. He wrote back to the effect that he did not intend to publish my letter, that he agreed we did the right thing as far as fandom was concerned, but that it was still illegal, etc., etc. He's so far off base in his reasoning that it seems like an impossible task to set him straight. Naturally, we were happy to see your reply to him, but I'm inclined to think that he will not be affected by it. As you say, he is too deeply immersed in the Good Guys vs. the Bad Guys routine. Having corresponded with and having met all of the persons concerned in the WSFS hassle, I know them to be neither Good nor Bad, but just people who got themselves mixed up in an unfortunate situation. Both sides of the dispute made mistakes and did things they shouldn't have done or didn't do things they should have done and I think perhaps they all realize this now. Hindsight is always better than foresight.

I see no reason for the '59 Westercon (or the '59 WorldCon) to "set aside" the money they were awarded by the SOLACON. This money was not collected under false pretenses. We advertised the SOLACON as a combination of the '58 WorldCon and '58 Westercon, with the WorldCon being serviced by the WSFS, Inc. The money was used for WSFS, Worldcon and Westercon purposes by spending it on the SOLACON and by the SOLACON awarding some of it to next year's WorldCon and Westercon. It doesn't make any difference whether or not the '59 Westercon or the Detention are being run under the WSFS or not. The money was AWARDED to them by the SOLACON and it now belongs to them. While we had it, it was WORLDCON/WESTERCON money. Once we awarded it, it became the property of the awardees. As for the WSFS, Inc. we fully intended to hold a WSFS, Inc. biz meeting right up to the time of the convention. But during the con it became obvious that it would be impossible to hold a proper WSFS, Inc. biz meeting. There were too many variables, too many unsettled questions. The WSFS was not dissolved at the SOLACON; the delegates present were still members of the WSFS, and the WSFS portion of the money was spent on them. As for the awarding of money, we also awarded money to TAFF. Should TAFF set aside this money for fear "WSFS" will try to take it away? Of course not. The money was provided by the SOLACON, thanks to the generosity of the 1958 WSFS/WorldCon/Westercon members, and now belongs strictly to TAFF. There is nothing illegal about one outfit awarding money to another outfit, as long as the awarding outfit's members approve of the award. And Sanderson himself, who was also a member, approves, so one wonders what reasoning process he used to arrive at his erroneous conclusions. He says in his letter that I refer to fans approving, that is all well and good, but the fans approving does not make it legal. It does when the fans I'm talking about were WSFS members at the time the awards were made, and when the

rest of the money collected was used to produce a WorldCon combined with a Westercon--
AS ADVERTISED.

As always, I enjoyed the rest of CRY and wish I had more time to make more detailed comment. But I note that my letters in CRY hog quite a bit of space as it is, so I won't plague you with a 3 pager this time.

Happy Holidays!

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

((Must remind you that the only gripe about the Ben Franklin is the bar/diningroom's "exclusive"/expensive nature. The room rates are reasonable, and the hotel is giving meeting rooms free. But! You say the horrid ol' Outrigger Room's bad enough? How right you are! I'll meet you at the little bar down the street. --Buz & Anna can come along too, I guess. ##In setting aside the money awarded by the SOLACON, Wally is, I believe, motivated entirely by a fierce determination to make the 1959 Westercon self-supporting, and to pass the money on to the 1960 Westercon.))

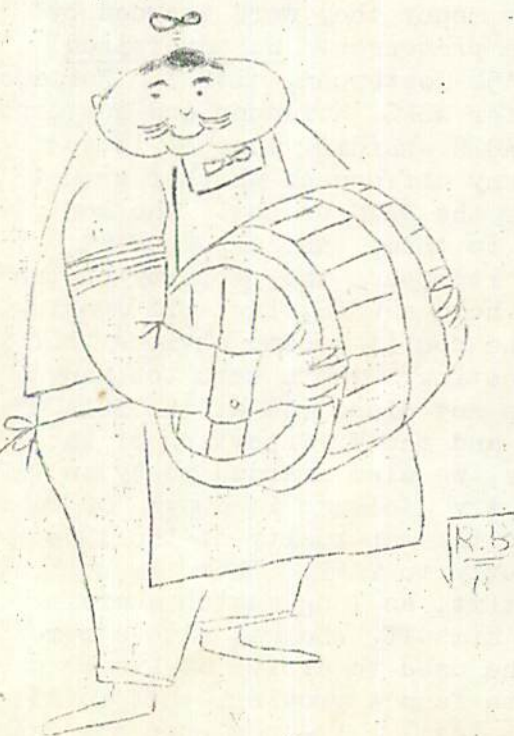
DONALD (bless him) MENTIONS BERRY FUND

Dear CONAN (Cry of Nameless Anonymous Neofans),

Okay, send the thing back, don't write any more indignant editorials. Just wanted to add a Fabulous Rejection Slip to my collection of ASTOUNDING, TWIG, etc., and ~~for/bp~~ neglected (a legal term which is non-committal as to intention) to inclose a return envelope. But there couldn't have been postage due on one lousy sheet. ((Buz says that editorial unearthed more bad consciences...))

Who needs a World Science Fiction Society? I don't. But I thought four previous conventions voted to have one, though uninc. I wasn't there. All I know is what I read in FANDOM'S BURDEN.

I voted to dissolve WSFS, Inc. Now I vote to gradually dissolve discussion of it in the CRY, and bring back Deeck-Raeburn. On second thought, don't bring back Deeck-Raeburn.



The letters are losing their screwiness,
The fugghead debate's riding high,
Fannish humor is lost in the goocyness,
BRASS TACKS is taking over the CRY.

To be sung, approximately, to the tune of "JOHN BERRY FLIES OVER THE OCEAN."

Since everybody is telling his age, I am 42. A late starter in all respects (except reading science fiction.

In the case of Buz vs. Sanderson, I am on the side of the letterhacks. What's the use of writing deathless prose if some editor is going to kill it?

AMAZING is the place for a fan column, not GALAXY. You'll never get neofans from GALAXY readers. AMAZING had a questionnaire a while back; I asked for a fan column by Bloch or Rog Phillips. ((Good for you))

This talk of 3rd and 5th Fandom mystifies me in one particular: what fandom is it now?

Stop smiling,

Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Avenue
North Hollywood, California

Dept. of 'Too Good to be True'

((Believe John Berry will be taking the boat. ## Don't know what fandom this is, but expect we'll find out soon.))

SPECIAL COMMENT-on-121-SECTION

THE WINGLESS BOYD (title GAS)
Hi,

...Now for comment on CRY 121.

I've taken to reading your prozine reviews again Buz -- I guess your treatment has changed again, for I now find your comments interesting even though I haven't read the zines -- this is the mark of a good critic. I don't share your desire for a lettercol in Galaxy, for I feel it would probably be as dull as the Infinity lettercol. Fanzine reviews would be a good thing, provided they got intelligent Bloch-type reviews, but somehow I just can't see Galaxy doing it. ((Me neither.))

The Brandon fanzine reviews are good. Hope he can keep it up. Enjoyed Weber's con report, and was highly amused by the beany in Porshing Square episode. The con comments by the various Nameless Ones demonstrate that some people do go to a convention for the SF aspects of it, which is all well and good, but I am still of the opinion that a convention should not be planned with the noofan and the stranger-off-the-street heavily in mind, as some people seem to think it should.

Re Wm. Deeck, I said about all I had to say in my letter in #121, and you two have answered very well the foolish quibbles raised by Deeck and a few others. Elinor raises a good point. I should explain that by "fan" I was referring to fanzine-fandom, and had not considered that Deeck might be well-known in pulp lettercolumns, which were outside the frame of reference. For general discussion purposes, the line can be rephrased "Deeck was not well known in fanzine fandom."

I am rather croggled by portions of the letter from Bert Weaver. It would seem that in his opinion, if one pans a zine, one is "overbearing". Weaver wonders why I always make him so mad. I wonder too, for as far as I know I have had very little opportunity to make him mad. The Deeck controversy had just started in the issue he is commenting on, and yet he says "always". His name does sound familiar though. Maybe he is one of the Australians who have written to me saying "Please send me your fanzine and in exchange I will send you some copies of Vargo Statton!" and is mad because I didn't send him my zine. End of comments.

Boyd Raeburn
9 Glenvalley Drive
Toronto 9, Ontario
Canada

CALL IN CAMERON

Dear People and Toskey:

The cover of CRY #121 poses interesting questions to all sort of answers. If you don't mind, a few pocket reflections:

Jack Harness looks like A Smiling Hawaiian Sport Shirt, and a very congenial one at that. I came to the conclusion that Harness was wronged by Graham moments after I got into an earnest discussion with Jack at the con. Perhaps what Pete said was true, but he must have been accenting the bad facets of Harness' personality then, for Jack is certainly a nice person to know and to meet.



Kris Neville appears to be trying to set a depth record for skin diving, stare at the tip of his nose, and ask "What's in this drink!" all at the same time....

Burboo looks like the star of TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN. Which is, of course, ridiculous, as it is well known that Burboo is not a teenager, and never has been. ((So far about one million people have written in and said "Burboo looks young, young, young!" Egad--what do they think he is? Methuselah? Nobody writes in and says how young Rich Brown looks.))

Ron Ellik looks like Charley's Aunt...

Pemberton's reviews are good as usual--

"Carl Brandon" doesn't hit it overly too much goodly to me with yo olde fanzine reviews. I've seen much better--gad, I even liked Mean Man Toskey's reviews better. Frankly, Amelia's reviews were the best of all from an analytical approach. Toskey's were the most humorous.

South Gate, reported by Woolly Wally, is one of the best items in the issue. How is it that Weber can bring humor into the most serious of situations? Wally carries his old age remarkably for such a young man, incidentally ... ((Huh?))

Jim Caughran poses an interesting question: who is Colin Cameron? That is a question which I cannot answer.

Brown: You can thank JWT for the "Ascending Colin" bit. I don't, however, consider Toskey (Mean Man Toskey, that is) a defenseless person. Yes, many a time Mean Man Toskey has pierced my hide with sharp pen. I can just (shudder) picture forthcoming CRYletters from me, bearing such headings as (gasp) DESCENDING COLIN, TRANSVERSE COLIN, VERTICAL COLIN, YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE APPENDIX? etc., etc. O woe is me... ((Thanks.))

And now, a more serious note: I believe the death of Kent Moomaw will be a blow that will not be forgotten in fandom for a long time. I know I won't forget it soon; Kent wasn't exactly a friend, but I like to think of him that way, now. While I disagreed with his opinions many times, I never once doubted his ability as a critic. His was the only death in fandom that I can really say I'm sorry for. ((It's just that you had more contact with Kent than with the others, Colin.)) More than a waste of great talent, it is a waste of life, the most priceless thing on earth. Of the few regrets I have, Kent Moomaw's death is one of them. It is especially memorable to me since October 14 is my birthday. Like I say, I doubt if I'll ever forget Kent Moomaw.

Colin Cameron

2561 Ridgview Drive

San Diego 5, California

((Agree that Death should take a holiday on one's birthday. I remember how I felt when James Dean tactlessly got killed on Sept. 30. However, although Kent's body was found on Oct. 14 he left home on Oct. 13 and most likely did not see the day out. Gee a lot of fans were born in October! Very probably Kent was, if he went to register for the draft shortly after his 18th birthday. Terry Jeeves was born on Oct. 1, John Champion, Oct. 11, Jim Caughran, Oct. 16, Coswal Oct. 31, and you aren't the only fan born on Oct. 14. I came within just a few minutes of being born in October myself. Shortly before I was born the doctor asked my mother whether she would rather have me in Sept. or Oct.; she said "Sept." and he obliged.))

ONCE TO EVERYMAN

Dear etc., (happy, Elinor?)

...The only time I've been angrier than when Terry Carr called my column infantile was when I read it and found that he was almost right. I still won't say that he had a right to call it "infantile", but he wasn't too far wrong. After all, fellows, after all. Unless you want to make them silly, you just don't cut reviews in half. You can't do it without ruining the review. If you must cut my column, cut out a whole review, or maybe even a sentence or two from a review. But please don't cut them to shreds. It ruins them. Really, it does. This month's column is a long one, and it would have been longer if I'd had time to read two other books which came in just before I wrote it, but if you must cut it, cut out a whole review or two, not parts of them. And please leave the review of "The Blue Atom" intact. Please! ((Gee, Hal, Toskey swears he cut your reviews very, very little. If you don't agree, argue the matter with him directly. Don't know whether we'll use this month's column or not. If we can't feel free to edit completely at our own discretion pubbing's much less fun.))

You will probably not be hearing from Andy Reiss again because he is leaving fandom entirely. I'm inclined to think that it's his loss. That's what comes from reading too much Literature!

I'll bet that poor Jim Caughran is still as confused as he was before. What is Fabulous Seattle Fandom? What is Nameless Anonymous? What is Elinor Busby? Will Lance Sterling save Marilyn Mahrone from her terrible fate in Chapter IX?

I'm glad that Jim Caughran didn't ask who I am because I couldn't answer him.

The last man on earth sat alone in a room with his best friend. Please, please, please don't mess up the review column. I don't want to give Carr any excuses.

Harold Everyman (Leslie Gerber)
201 Linden Boulevard
Brooklyn 26, New York

MILLS REVEALS

Dear Buzbys,

CRY #121 was enjoyable through page 16, and the Solacon Incident #2 was fine too. I never had the pleasure of meeting this paragon of Detectives. Did anyone think to see if he might not have been commissioned by the Goon?

I quite agree with Mr. Gerber's penetrating analysis of "43,000 Years Later". I fell asleep five times before finishing the book. (I am always optimistic enough to hope that a bad book will get better later on).

CRY OF THE READERS: Thanks for the mention of FANDOM'S COOKBOOK, but you got it sort of messed up at that. Recipes will be tested by Ruth Kyle with Dave as the official Guinea Pig. (Perhaps Dave Newman will send in a recipe on favorite drinks and then Dave can be the official Guinness Pig. My Goodness.)

Page 14 requires no comment, only sympathetic (1.sameness of feeling ...W'strs New World Dictionary) regret.

Yrs,
Ellis Mills
P. O. Box 244
Carswell AFB, Texas

((Ellis, your letter would have been printed last time -- and much more of it too -- except that it inadvertently got put in the Wrong Stack. Sorry.))

CATCHER OF THE CRY (title rwb)

Dear Fabulouse Seattle Fandom and Fabulous, Fabulous Cry:

This CRY is the best CRY of all and I've seen more than most and so I should know. I really guess I should, and I guess I should jump up and shout hurrah and all like that, but I won't, because it kind of depresses me, if you want to know the truth. It really does. I mean, there are Certain People who kind of belong in the CRY, like Bill Meyers and Bruce Pelz and Es Adams and all, but all are noticeably absent, and still this is the best CRY of all and that's why it depresses me, because Bill and Bruce and Es and all aren't in it, but it's still the best CRY. Man, something like that can really depress a guy all to hell, if you know what I mean. It really can.

I think maybe they're giving up the CRY. I hope not. I hope to ghod not. It depresses hell out of a guy when he sits down to write a CRY letter, just minding his own business and listening to Nat King Cole on the radio, and all of a sudden he starts thinking that all his friends are giving up the CRY, I swear to ghod it does. Why do I think about this, then? If you want to know the truth, I don't know why I think about all this I just told you. About all I know is, I'm sorry I said so many dirty, nasty old things about all of them. And I sort of miss everyone that wasn't there this time, if you know what I mean. Even old Reiss and Gerber, for instance. Even them. I think I even miss old Boyd Raeburn. It's funny. Don't ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody.

If you really want to read this and hear what I think, the first thing you'll want to know is how I like Pemberton's column, Burbee's piece, Busby's thing(s), Berry's story, Weber mhinutes, and all the usual rich brown sort of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, you know I like Pemberton's column and Weber's mhinutes, and in the second place, the other stuff is so ghoddam depressing about the end of fandom as we know it and the wsfs and old fans who've done everything there is to do in fandom. Boy, did it depress me! I don't mean it was bad--it wasn't. But it doesn't have to be bad to depress somebody--it can be good and do it, too, and it was. Good, I mean. But all something has to do to depress somebody is talk about the end of fandom as we know it and the wsfs and old fans who've done everything there is to do in fandom--that's all it has to do. I don't know. Maybe it wouldn't have been so depressing if all of the old gang were still writing to the CRY, the old guard, kind of, and writing the old crude crud that we all liked to read. It's so depressing. I don't know. I can't explain.

* * * * *

(So now, subtly, I slip back into my normal hackneyed style of writing. One thing, before I get into CRY OF THE READERS. Busby's revoo of EQUATION. (1) I do not edit the damn thing -- it's all Stanbery's Fault; (2) it says several places too many that the price is 25¢, (3) about 8 pages were pubbed by Zotz! Press -- over a period of six months. Stanbery finally got the idea that I wasn't going to pub, so he ran it off on his brother's mimeo (Stanbery's own now), (4) DISSENTING OPINION #3

is the last thing I am ever pubbing on Zotz! Press -- Stanbery has bought it from me for \$12 and with that and \$3 more, I'm buying a share in the LASFS G-e-s-t-e-t-n-e-r. So there.

George, but not ATW? Well, he could have called everybody a Fugghead--and then he'd be ATW. ATW to Fuggheadism, himself, that is. Poor Lonesome George. I really do feel sorry for him. I really do. I expect being told to go play with himself has led him to this sort of oral masturbation. (Ouch! It's too bad the CRY is a Family Magazine...maybe I'll remember it for some other time, tho..) ((Next time I'll remember that CRY is a Family Magazine.))

I was a teenage
Dan Adkins.



Len Moffatt: Perhaps I shouldn't say this to you, but I'd like to point out that I'm intending to write several Solacon Incidents, about half of which will be fiction, some will be fact (as #2 was), and what's left will fall

in between fiction and fact. And after there are about 20 or so maybe publish them all in one volume. Call it The Selected Writings of Something or Other. ((I hope each incident will be tabbed "fiction", "fact", or whatever.))

Stony Barnes: I like your stuff about the CRYcover. Fabulous. #On the Moomaw bit: he left his home to sign up for selective service. Kent had, several times, I think, mentioned that he didn't like the idea of getting into the Army. He left to sign up and never came back. There is little, if any, doubts as to his motives. Kent and I weren't personal friends (he sent me two letters; one commenting on my first zine, Eternity, and we had a few mild arguments in The Cult, and he kind of took up for me in SAPS, but that's about all), tho I like to think that there was an aura of good friendship between the two of us. I won't mention any of Kent's obvious talents here; I liked most everything Kent did. And somehow, like Busby, I can't help but hope that it'll all be revealed as a hoax, and I'll be able to sit back and laugh and say man, was this ever a good hoax, but, deep down, I feel I know this isn't a hoax, but how I wish it were. For I, too, regret the death of Kent Moomaw.

Amelia Pemberton: So I'm unjustified, am I? Hmph. I don't believe you. And I'll tell you why, too. ((Rest of this paragraph CENSORED)).

Ted Pauls: Welcome, CRY letterhack. #Mi..ghod...man....you don't know what you're saying! Gerber, writing letters as ghod as Meyers. It's insane, I tell you. I'm not saying that Gerber can't write, but he cannot touch the old master, Wee Willy Meyers. The perfectness, the euphony, the pure poetry of Meyersletters cannot be beat. If only Bill hadn't goofed and written those two articles for SEARCH...

Bob Lichtman: I hope our differences have been settled to your satisfaction. I truly am sorry that I chose you to blow off steam at. Really. #Like, man... Say Something Controversial.

de profundis,
Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena, Calif.

((Oh, sorrow. You've bought into the LASFS Gestetner. I deduce you're no longer planning to move to Seattle.))

A DISTRAUGHT MOTHER'S PLEA

Gentlemen:

Our garbage man, a gross and drunken ne'or-do-well named Leman, appears to be a subscriber to your "magazine"; at any rate, I have frequently seen him loafing in his truck, moving his lips as he toils through an issue.

Now this lout is welcome to read whatever trash appeals to his severely limited intellect; but it has come to my attention that he has been lending copies to my young son, and I propose to see that this is discontinued. I have appealed to the police, but they are, as usual, blind to any problem that is out of the ordinary. I therefore turn to you.

You are doubtless coarse and hardened men, or you would not be publishing this disgraceful periodical; but surely some spark of decency remains, that will respond to a distraught mother's plea. The boy is only twenty-seven, and his young mind is easily influenced. To expose him to matter of the kind you publish cannot but have a degrading effect.

I therefore request you to cancel this Leman's subscription. While this may result in a minute loss of revenue to you, I am sure that with the large circulation you must have among barbershops, poolhalls, burlesque houses, etc. the loss

of one subscriber will go unnoticed. And by refusing this hoodlum his copy, you will be removing a pernicious influence from a young and unformed, but potentially fine, mind.

Most sincerely yours,
Arlene Calph
(Mrs. Wolborn Calph)

((Coarse and hardened tho we may be, we are not capable of ignoring a Distraught Mother's Plea. Unless Mr. Loman writes in, solemnly promising to refrain from loaning CRY to the innocent young Calph, we will indeed cancel his subscription. --It's about time we heard from that ol' Loman anyhow.))

MEYERS IS BACK

Dear Buz & Elinor:

... An amazingly poor cover this time. Foto-offset is so wonderful; it brings out every minute sloppy line and blotch of ink for all to see.

I think one of the biggest reasons why this is the best CRY yet is that Buz is spread out all over the issue more than usual. Suggest you ignore GMC. ((Will do.))

Reading Renfrew's column is more fun than reading the prozines he reviews. The reason he has been using for not giving complete rehashes of the plots is that he doesn't want to spoil them for potential readers. Actually, this is not the true reason at all. If he did go so far as to relate the plot of each story, he'd probably do it more enjoyably than the author; then there'd be no sense in reading science fiction, the field would collapse, and with no stf to be reviewed by Pemberton, CRY would collapse. The very foundations of the universe would crumble.

Fandom as we know it has already ended. Is it not enough for Burbee to take the editorial position with SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES again? But to see fit to send a contribution to a lowly genzine such as CRY? It's at times like this that you expect the sky to fall or YANDRO to fold.

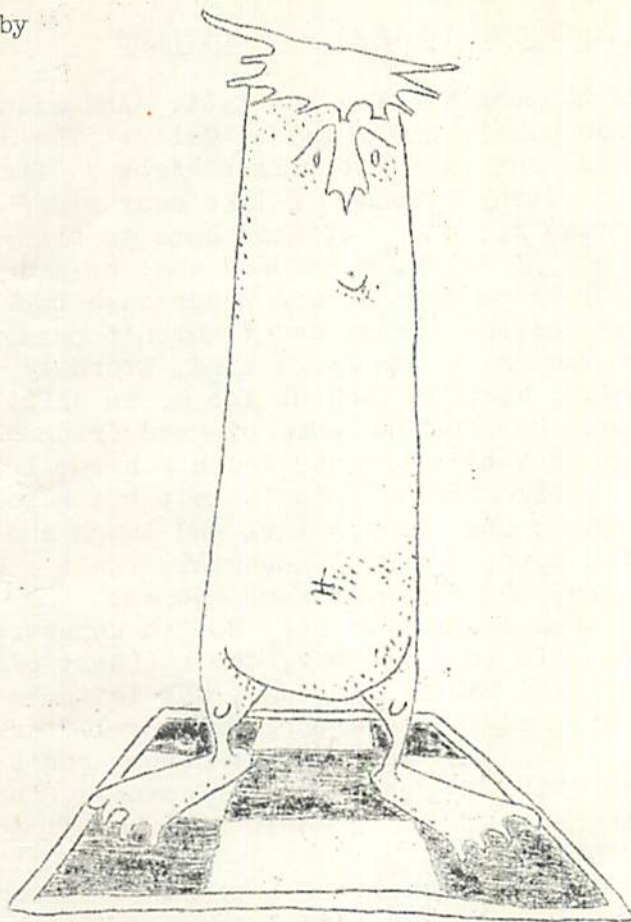
This is the first time I've had any inkling as to what exactly was going on in the WSFS war. And I agree with Buz. Not being able to make head nor tail of the thing up to now, it might strike you as odd that I would know whether to agree with Buz or not. But I figure it's the safest thing to do since he doesn't disagree with either side.

This is absolutely the best Berry epic I've ever read, including all those to appear in RET. If this doesn't represent CRY in THE BEST OF FANDOM you'll have made a poor choice. It's the kind of thing that ranks with THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR and deserves reprinting time and again.

Buz reviews fanzines even better than prozines. I wonder if he went on to do brief resumes of each item in the fanzines, fandom would collapse? ((I thought we'd agreed it already has.))

Wally's minutes are still good, but he's done better.

Regards,
Bill Meyers
4301 Shawnee Circle
Chattanooga 11, Tennessee



FELZ IS BACK

Dear Buzbys & Co.:

...Now, into CRY 122:

Y'know, I find it very strange --- FSF has been claiming loudly and persistently that the Westercon will be put on by the NAMELESS; that FSF would merely be in attendance. But who took the ad in the Detention Progress Report for the Westercon? FSF -- not a thing from TNO. Who's covering up?

I note with great interest the statement by Burbee that Carr and Ellick "control 90% of the top fan writers ... 90% of the top fanzines" and "comprise 90% of fandom." This seems to be an excellent example of the reliability of Sturgeon's Postulate. Burbee is indeed a very astute analyst. ((At this point Carr/Ellick should moan 'Touche'.))

John Berry seems to have found several new types of story --- three cheers! "All the Way" is the best Berryarn in CRY for many and many an issue, even though I have doubts that I understood all of it. Any by the way, John, who ever said Sylvia could play the guitar she's got in that picture? Flutes, yes --- guitars, no. See you at the DETENTION!!! ((Man! I'm for that!))

Usually Wally's Mhinutes are excellent, very good, wonderful. This time they're so much better that my vocabulary can't cope with formulating the necessary adjectives --- as the student said when he flunked English Grammar: "Words fail me." More!

Bob Lichtman: One of the two of us is using fannish idiom wrong. Unless the one happens to be me, a piece of humour which makes you laugh does not "croggle" you. What's the definition? Hmm. Well, uh, lessee --- the way you used the word croggled me. Does that help any? ((Bruce, in my opinion "croggle" is a word that means what you mean it to mean. Although a verb, it is, I believe, a weak-willed verb.))

Rich Brown: Out of your list I'd select "Sleepy Time Gal" and "Thots on Taking over CRY" and "Foursome" as the three best. But don't you think that the first two are rather too CRY-slanted to be sent to Terwilleger? ((Believe Twig digs "All the Way" the most.))

In summation, I find that CRY can do altogether too darn well without letters from the Southern Fannish Formulation --- so I shall redouble my efforts to get komment in on each issue --- and on time. Adams, Meyers, where in heck are you?

Erratically,
Bruce Polz, C₂₃H₂₆N₂O₄
4010 Leona Street
Tampa 9, Florida

SIC, SIC, SIC: (captions by Bruce Polz)

1.



CRY pubs too much neofanac

3.



And I hear free copies go to all those
noo letterhacks

2.



That stuff's below an almost-BNF like me

4.



So here's my letter.

-pH-

SPECIALLY DELIVERED CAUGHRAN

Dear Busbies,

This is ridiculous, writing a letter when I'll have to deliver it in person anyway, but I want the next issue and conversations are hard to print. Am full of energy and typos.

Terry's being 90% of fandom makes things simpler-- now you no longer have to send out 150 copies of a fanzine, just send out 16... The only trouble is in deciding which fifteen. There are, of course, fans which Terry wouldn't create in his wildest nightmares, these are obvious choices... Then there are the fans who write far better than Terry, like Carl Brandon -- these have to be eliminated. I don't suppose it would be too hard to figure out which fifteen aren't Terry, but I wonder if it's worth the effort.

I liked the rebuttal of Sanderson, this is good stuff. Sanderson is a nice guy, I say this after meeting him in London, but he sometimes doesn't think. Which is not a Good Thing. Liked that "Uncle Meyer" bit.

By gosh!!! A different story from John Berry! Why, this is fannish history. I'm surprised that the headline in Fanac wasn't about this! Nice idea, too, the people who send in \$25 for things like that would be almost too naive for fandom.

By the way, talking about editorial inserts, sometimes I notice adversely those of Elinor, tho maybe it's just me. ((No, no, sometimes I notice mine adversely too. But I enjoy making editorial inserts, and nothing will stop me.))

Reading Moffatt's letter, I can't help chuckling, thinking of the time we were making a tape for Merv Barrett at the Detroit party and the detective came in, throwing us out. Barret will have a bit in there saying, "This is house detective. Everyone will please be getting out and going to bed now."

Me? Reading Astounding? Why, even when I read science fiction I didn't read Astounding -- not that I didn't like it, it was just that I'd never bought it and didn't. I can't imagine Burboo saying he'd call the cops. Maybe "What are you doing with my wallet?" or "What do you want with that?"; but somehow calling the cops just doesn't fit Burboo.

Too bad Ted Pauls isn't female. Egoboo like that is always welcome, tho. But it's better when coming from the opposite sex. ((It will.))

Guess that's about it --- goodbye until you look up.

Jim Caughran

2315 Dwight Way

Berkeley 4, Calif.

((Heavens! If I'd only thought of it in time I could have had you put your letter on stencil yourself. What a glorious experience that would have been for you --- but it's too late now. #Hope you made it back to Berkeley safe and sound.))

BELLE, GEL,

Dear Cryfen:

Again I enjoyed Pemberton's previews but found them a little too digested this time. Or is it me? I'd like to see much, much more discussion on prozines. I agree on some of the ridiculous titles given to stories. I know that they are



designed to catch the eye of the casual newstand-leafer-through, but, but, but.

I will skip any comments on "Young King Carr", except to say that Burboo does a fine piece of satire.

Now "Little Jophan's Story Hour" is another matter. I enjoyed this, as I enjoyed Sandy Sanderson's "Little Bo Post" but found Jophan less understandable and less accurate. (I do not say that you're deliberately inaccurate, Busby, just a mite confused.) Sandy's arguments may ^{be} one-sided, but they are absolutely accurate and crystal-clear. And since Sandy/^{was} directly involved, why should he present the other side's view? ((Why shouldn't he? We are.)) Particularly when in his (and my) opinion the other side has very little merit to it. HOWEVER I definitely agree with you that we can have disagreements without malice. George has written you telling you about two of the most flagrantly incorrect points in this article. I merely want to say that I appreciate your good intentions and your attempt to be fair to both sides. The fact that you didn't entirely succeed in this attempt does not lessen the value of those intentions.

Berry's "All the Way" was another excellent satirical piece. Sorry about the error. I was so sure I'd met him at the LonCon. I never got to Ireland. So it must have been two other Anglofens that I met. I liked your berry slogan. How about "Boysenberry over here"? ((Fine--but is that Boy!-sen'-Berry or boys-sen'-berry?))

Wally's minutes are a riot.

I liked the lettercol too but find little to comment on except that Jim Caughran's definition of fuggheadedness is the best I've seen to date. And I agree absolutely with him. Under so broad a definition who among us hasn't been guilty of fuggheadedness? (Particularly when a situation develops in which we have a close personal interest.) ((Jim was quoting Laney.))

What has happened to Gerber's bookviews? Are you bouncing him just because he's turned 15? Fie, for shame. ((He didn't send them in last month. This month they're too long.))

By the way, before I forget, I appreciate your method of making your own comments mostly at the end of a letter. ((Who, I?)) Those editors who make their interlineations at such times as to absolutely destroy the sense and continuity of a letter bug me, but good. As to the rotation plan you missed my point but it was probably my fault for not making it clear. I know the rotation plan had been adopted prior to the incorporation BUT without a sponsoring organization, it does not bind anyone. No one has to stick to it; it's now in the nature of a gentlemen's agreement which is all very fine but fandom's got a lot of mavericks.

There has been discussion in various fanzines on the duties of BNFs to neos. That's been pretty well talked out. But there is something else that troubles me and I would like to get a discussion going on it. That is this business of fannish hospitality. If a fan you know only casually, have met once or so and have corresponded with to the extent of one or two letters, shows up in your part of the country, are you expected to provide for him lodgings, food and complete sight-seeing service? Isn't an invitation to dinner, coupled with a trip to a famous artist's home, plus sight-seeing advice and subway maps enough?

Recently Frank and I (but mostly I, for some reason) were severely criticized for only doing the latter. The fan in question seemed to feel that our entire apt. (all 3 rooms of it) should have been thrown open to him and has been sounding off fiercely behind my back about it--which has tended to make me feel rather disgusted with traveling fandom. While fandom is an absorbing hobby and I do feel a kinship with other fans, is it fair to expect that this kinship should extend to sharing everything we have? Nowadays, most fans have jobs and stuff, or so I've been told. If a fan is indigent, that's one thing, but why should he expect to save his own money at someone else's expense? And why should you be considered inhospitable if you fail to let him do this? (Bear in mind I'm not talking about fannish friends who have standing invites to stay with you while in your area--but about fannish acquaintances, casual correspondents, in short people you don't

know very well).

What say you, fen?

Pealingly,
Belle C. Dietz
1721 Grand Avenue
Bronx 53, N. Y.

((It certainly sounds as if you and Frank behaved most hospitably to this ungrateful fan. Of course no fan should expect to be put up unless he's received a definite invitation. I suppose it was a neo -- still wet behind the tendrils -- or his eyes bedazzled with starboggottenness. #As to the rotation plan, Belle, I don't think we need binding to stick to it. A gentlemen's agreement will suffice for fandom. Fandom may have a lot of mavericks, but a maverick is by definition not a leader. #Belle, next time you write I wish you'd suggest two or three titles for your letter. We can't think of any really satisfactory titles for your letters)).

A LI'L RAYBIN OF SUNSHINE

Dear Cryfen:

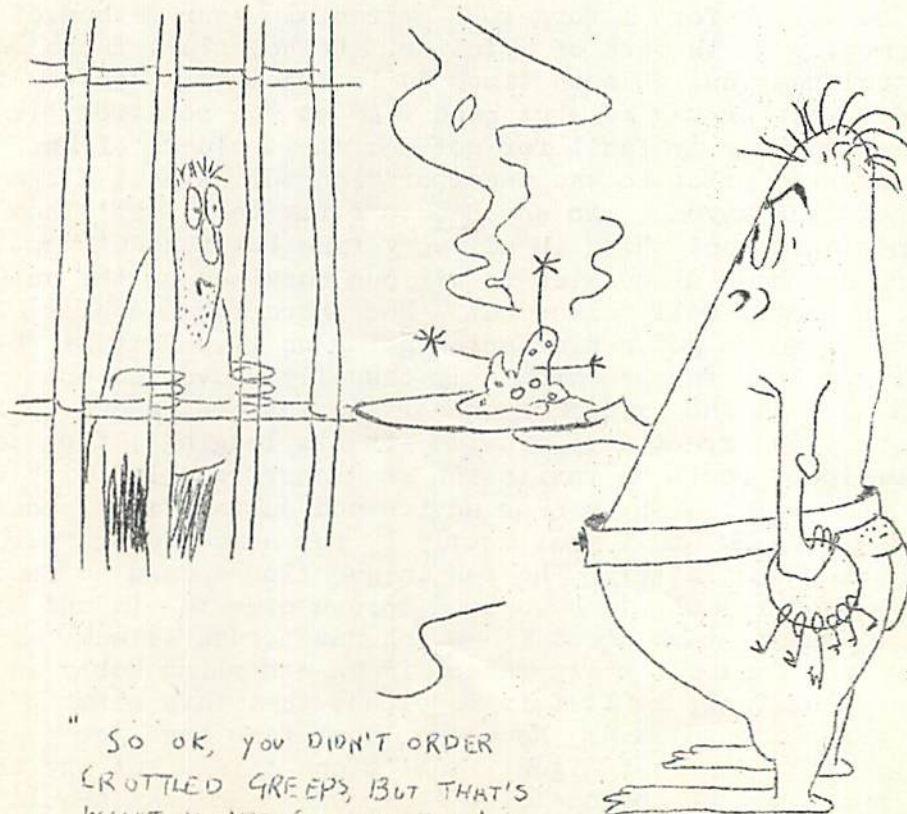
I am writing this letter principally to clear up some mistaken impressions given by F. M. Busby to Little Jophan in Cry #122. Evidently whoever gave the information to Busby considers accuracy subordinate to fluency.

The article claimed that I was responsible for writing into our Certificate of Incorporation a clause preventing the WSFS from holding a convention outside of the U.S. The actual clause reads:

"3. The territory in which its operations are principally to be conducted is throughout the United States."

Now, principally throughout the U.S. does not mean exclusively within the U.S.--at least not to me.

As for my dragging my feet with regard to the dissolution of the WSFS, this



ATOM

just ain't so. I am not an officer of the Society and do not claim to have any powers to act, at present, on behalf of the WSFS. However, I have told anyone who asked me what Dave Kyle could do to facilitate the WSFS dissolution.

A member could be designated as the acting treasurer of the WSFS and collect current dues. A notice could be given all current members, at least 30 days before the Detention, that a WSFS meeting would be held at the Detention, at a specified date, time and place, at which meeting a motion would be made to dissolve the WSFS. After such a vote the proper forms could be filed with the State of New York and the assets of the corporation divided among the current members. I would support such a legal dissolution because I believe that the WSFS has outlived its usefulness. But again I must repeat, I am not an officer of the Society.

Why blame me for Dave Kyle's failure to act?

Sincerely,
George Nims Raybin
1326 Grand Concourse
New York 56, N. Y.

((Here's a note from Buz: No, it was my very own goof, thinking that my quasi-quote was from the Certificate of Incorporation, loosely referred to as "the charter". Obviously, this is not the case; upon further inquiry others present at the Friday pm "caucus" say that it was a section of New York corporate law, superseding the Cert. of Inc. that was read aloud at that time. Certainly some corporations are authorized to do worldwide business, so the kicker must be that the WSFSinc was so incorporated as to fall under the restrictive clause. I think Bill Donaho saw the written copy; you might check with him.

Anyway, my point was not that you were responsible for the restrictive clause, wherever it appeared, but merely that you did not spot the legal snag.

By "foot-dragging", I mean standing on legalities ("I am not an officer"), while tacitly admitting that legalities will have to be by-passed in any case, to carry out your plan (the WSFSinc has no members, legally, you were saying last month, so how can it have officials--who designates the treasurer?). Obviously, somebody will have to short-cut the Letter of the Law and take action; you know this as well as I do. Anyhow, with the New York election-of-six illegal, the 3 original directors, plus possibly the London electees, less any who have resigned their directorships, should be the ones to take action. This group includes yourself, regardless of the status of the London elections, does it not?

Why couldn't the directors be the only members, next year, and carry out the plan as you have set it up, above? First, of course, you would want to vote to legalize the various disbursements of funds and etc., that have already taken place, in order to avoid complications. It sounds like a very worthwhile plan; I'm for it.))

A LIGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR, MAN

So hullo again, EB, FMB, BRT, WW, OP, and other really Nameless Ones---

Cover good, although I fail to see anything funny about it at all. Paging along (phrase courtesy of RP) I find most interesting facts about the year's output of CRY on page 3. One thing, tho, about this holding future ishes down to 40 pages so as to keep it down to 6¢ postage; why do you insist on mailing most of your issues in an envelope? You mailed 120 out folded in two. You could add perhaps 8 more pages (4 sheets of paper) if you would fold CRY longways (not like 120; it's murder on the paper: if I pulled slightly, the zine would rip in a straight line down the center).... anyway, consider this suggestion. ((We will.))

At last I have read something by Burbee. But what a subject! It does seem that fandom-as-we-know-it is doomed.

Fanzine reviews by FMB: Thank you very much for kind review of PSI-PHI, mine first attempt at fan-pubbling. There are however a few points that I'd like to straighten up. 1) I am ~~planning~~ hoping to make it a bi-monthly affair, not quar-

terly as you said. 2) My sidekick is Arv Underman, not Underhill. Poor Arv, first Terry Carr says that he doesn't exist (he does) and now you misspell his name. He will be most shook and will probably strike back in his editorial in next issue. 3) The March 1 date mentioned is not the deadline for contribs, 'tis the time that the nextish is coming out, all factors notwithstanding. ...Incidentally, I'm not sure if we will use the hyper-slick paper next time except on the covers; costs too much for postage and besides, the LASFS has just gotten a brandnew Gestetner and we may rent that if the rates are cheap enough. Also, nextish will be printed on both sides of the paper, leaving this one-side deal strictly to SPHERE.

Hoping that this reaches you in time
but doubt it due to XMAS mes
at postoffice, and yours truly alors,
Bob Lichtman
6137 So. Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

((Well -- I edited out the paragraph you asked me to print. Didn't seem of general interest. If you want to communicate with Rich, why don't you write him a letter? Your paragraph was purely personal -- did not pertain to CRY -- & you know I must tighten up lettercol.))

THE BARE TEDDY

Dear Elinor and other Nebbaluciating ones,

Man that cover really struck me. I can say in all honesty that it's the best CRY cover ever. This should have been on a prozine, no kidding. I don't know that I've heard of Ric West before, but keep this bhoy. Don't let JWC take him away from you. I take it the scene is our moon? Really beautiful. No bull, I mean it! ((Glad someone liked the cover -- I guess. Christmas trees growing on the moon--without even space helmets! Chesley Bonestell was never like this.))

I know I'm the cause of that blast on the contents page? So be it.

Gawge Wells -- Look, Gawg, getting in this 'inner circle' (sic) isn't so hard. Just write the things that pop into your mind. For instance here's a poem I wrote last night about me and a CRY hack.

A neogan named Pauls,
fell in Niagra falls.
"Well," said Jim Moran,
"he was only a neogan."

Stony Brook Stable (he's mentally stable) - You are to be congratulated for those captions. Best were the captions for Pavlat & Burboo (Ellick's was good too.)

Yourn,
Ted Pauls
1448 Meridene Drive
Baltimore 12, Md.

((Getting into CRY isn't so easy, either. You have yet to be printed intact, you know. So beware.))

ALSO HEARD FROM: DON DURWARD wants out of this dept. Sorry--not this time; maybe next, you're getting warmer. STONY BARNES is going steady and gafiated. DAINIS BISENIEKS (506 S. Fifth Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.) is selling stf. --write for price list. STEPHEN STILES sends artwork. ARV says his name is UNDERMAN, not HILL, but he doesn't mind 'cause he's been called worse. GEORGE WELLS thanks us for pubbing his letter, talks some more about 'good guys' and 'bad guys', and wants to know what APW means. We'll never tell. BOB LEMAN says: "Need I say that all this is DNQ?" and DAN ADKINS sends artwork and a letter which will no doubt receive a personal answer.))

That's all for this month -- what became
of Esmond Adams?

Elinor Bushy

((See? page 35, just as I told you))

WESTERCON NEWS

Young Len Moffatt has justified my faith in Fankind by greeting the coat-and-tie routine at the Outrigger Room with the fierce scream of a Fan Outraged. Wally showed Len's letter to the Nameless, who have now decided to poll fandom-at-large as to What Is Wanted. Rather, they have decided that Wally shall poll fandom-at-large. So those of you who are still at large-- now (or sometime in the near future) is your chance to let the Nameless know whether or not you're in favor of holding the WesterCon at a hotel whose bar-and-dining-room is a Prestige Setup that requires coat-and-tie (or buttoned-shirt-with-coat) at all times.

TWO POINTS I'd like to clarify: first, as I stated before, the room-rates at the Ben Franklin Hotel are reasonable-- no beef there. And secondly, the Outrigger is a Trader Vic enterprise and is not directly under the control of the hotel management, which, according to Wally and others, is a perfectly-OK gang and not upstage or snooty in any sense of the word, but most cooperative. It's only the prestige-type Outrigger that seems unsuitable to me, for a faan gathering, and a regional one at that. Mind you, the Outrigger is a genuinely grade-A establishment; the higher prices bring you bigger and better drinks, etc. It's just that a more economical and less exacting wine-and-dinory seems in order for the WesterCon.

So VOTE for the kind of Con you want, but Win or Lose, be a sport and come to it anyhow. One way or another, we'll have us a ball. ---FMB

= = = = =

BRING BERRY TO DETROIT

The "Berry to Detroit" Fund is off to a good start, the last we heard. Now that the holidays are over, we're calling on faans everywhere to keep it rolling.

DETENTION FOR THE GOON

Send contributions to William C Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich. Address other communications to Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr, Parma 29 Ohio

MAKE BERRY COME ACROSS

John has 40 days vacation available to make the Trip, and is stashing away the tuppence-thruppences like mad, on his end. But in case the Trip should not come off, for any reason, all contributions of \$2 or more are earmarked for return to the contributor. You can't hardly find a safer bet than that!

DRAGON THE GOON

Besides Rickhardt and the Falascas, the Berry Trip Fund is sponsored by Dick Ellington, F.M. & Elinor Busby, the entire Detroit Con Committee (who have plodged for the hotel accommodations at the Con!), Bob Pavlat, Boyd Raeburn, Stephen F Schultheis, and for UK Representative, Arthur Thomson. Apologies if I missed anyone who has joined the list recently.

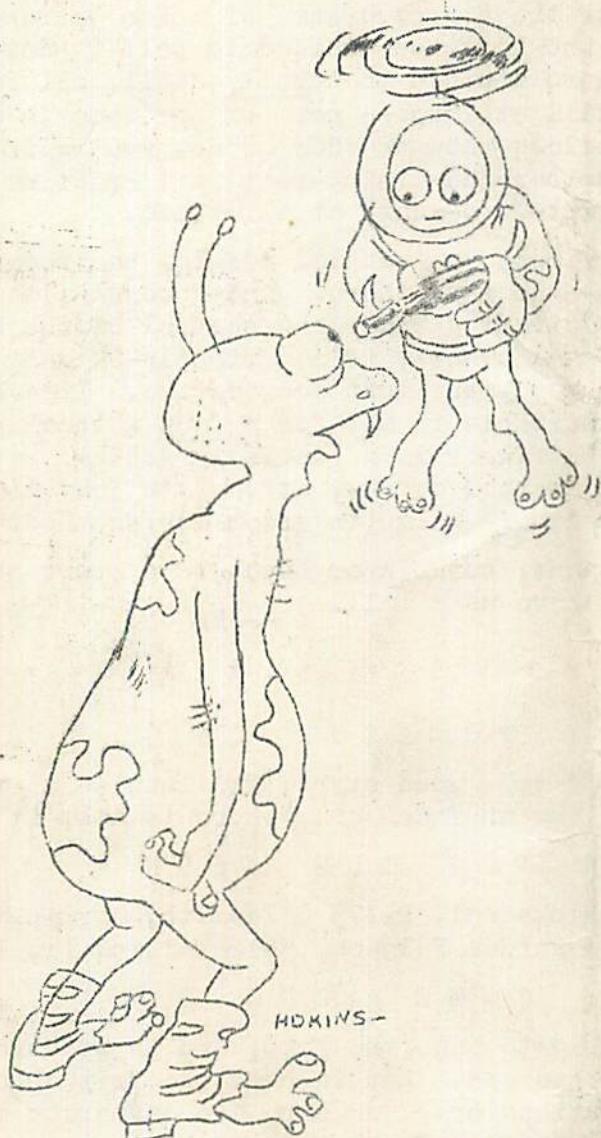
BERRY'S GOONA MAKE IT!

(with your help-- and yours, and yours, and....)(thanks)

= = = = =

Got your Detention membership yet? Two bucks to James Broderick, 2218 Drexel Avenue, Detroit 4, Michigan. The boys can use some ads for their Progress Reports to run, also. Rates are reasonable, and available in the ProgRep you'll get when you join up. Give the Committee some money to ~~work~~ work with while getting this Con lined up for our enjoyment.

And lest we forget-- Torrey Carr for TAFF in 1960



you now hold in your hands
a THING which has been
perpetrated upon the face
of the Earth by:
FABULOUS SEATTLE FANDOM

notice to Postmaster:
return address:

Box 92 920 3rd Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Notice to subscriber:

If a number in ink
appears after your name, that
number is the number of issues
remaining on your subscription.

If no number appears, it
means you are getting this issue
free, for one reason or another.

SEND TO:

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey,
California



WASH. (142) SEATTLE, WASH.