

TENTH

ANNIVERSARY

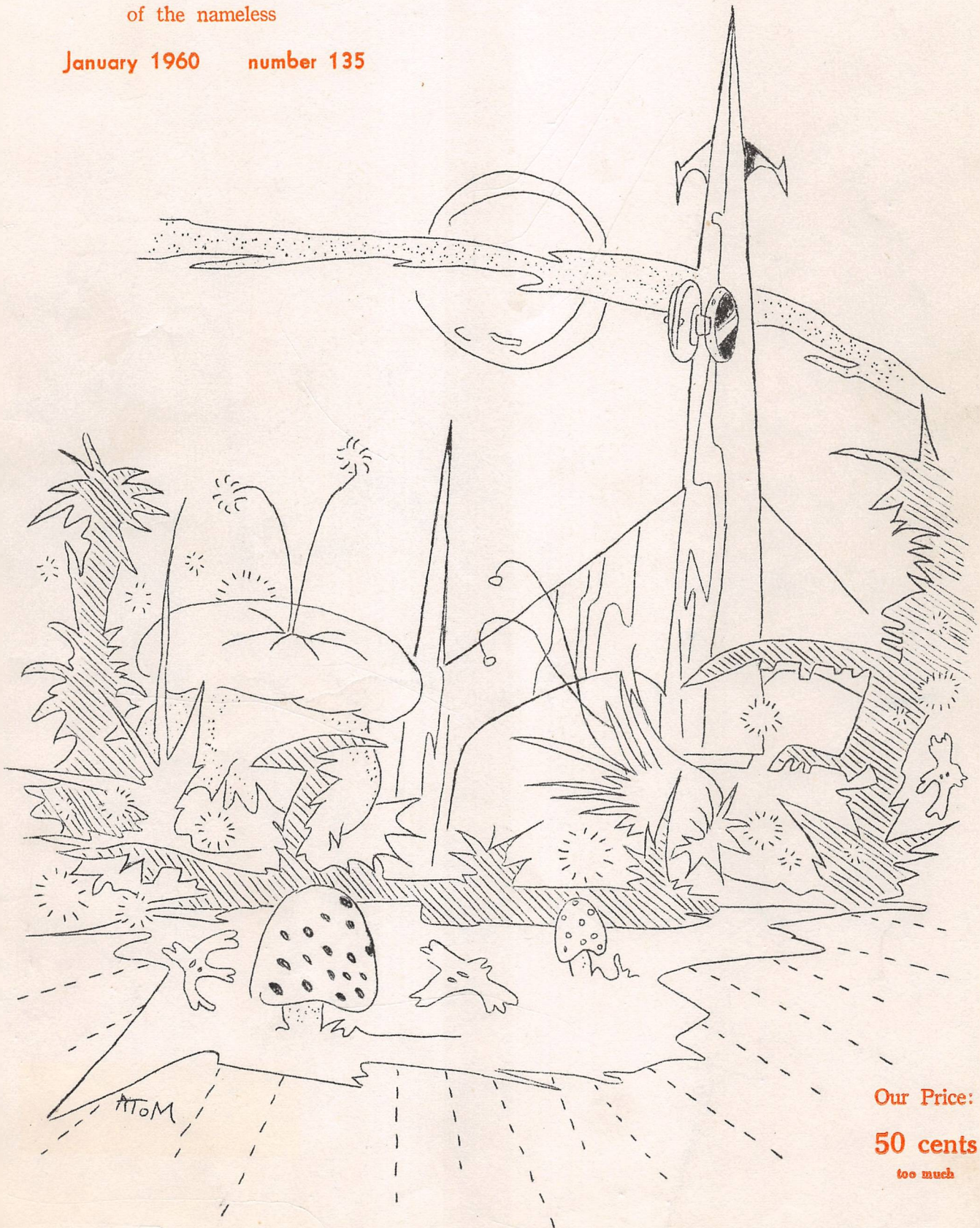
ISSUE

CRY

of the nameless

January 1960

number 135



Our Price:

50 cents

too much

ISSUE

ANNIVERSARY

THE

CRY

of the

January 1900 Number 132

Our Price:

50 cents

the most

You are looking at a sheet of paper that says that this is page ==3== of CRY #135 for January 1960. It probably says that CRY comes from Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4 Washington, USA, and that ordinarily CRY is available at 25¢, 5 for a buck, or a full 12-issue year for \$2, with equivalent rates (based on 1/9) to John Berry, our UK rep. It might mention that contributors get free copies (letterhacks included, usually), & that Elinor is gradually making some exceptions to Tosk's former "No Trades" policy.

Somewhere on here may be found mention that this is CRY's 10th Anniversary Issue, and that because of its size, it'll cost you double, one way or another.

That's what you're looking at. I'm looking at a stencil that is blank from here on down, and wondering how to get all the pertinent info on it, because this is the 101st and last stencil to be cut. 59 of them, in fact, are run off.

First, let's consider the C O N T E N T S

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Important Note #1: the narrative of The Goon Goes West reads perfectly in order if you read page 35 before page 34, like this: 33-35-34-36.. we had a slight goof here.

Important Note #2: this Annish would be even more intolerable if we didn't fudge it so that nearly all items come out even on the pages. Entitled to grouch at me personally if the cutting-to-fit goofed their contributions, are: Hal Lynch, Bob Lichtman, Leslie Gerber, ^{Ed Cox}Jeff Wanshel, and rich brown-- to say nothing of DAG re the job of excerpting. Everyone else appears almost exactly as submitted, by sheer luck or a pagewise eye.

Art Credits: ATom 1, 32; Garcone 104; Nirenberg 78; Weber 89; Yesu 2.

Stencil-cutting: Elinor 38, Buz 17½, Tosk 16, Gonser 14, Weber 13½, Webbert 2.

Dupering: Dec 13, Webbert-Busby, 27pp (+ Fanac Poll). Dec 27, Webbert-Toskey, 32pp. Jan 3 (we predict), Toskey-Webbert, 42pp. Assembly by conscription; finances as confused as usual, but Tosk paid for the bacovers for SAPS and donated extras to CRY.

We don't figure on succumbing to Annishthetia, but I assure you we're content to allow this issue to stand as the high-water mark for CRY (we consider that the half-size 150-page #87 is fairly beaten). #136, to be published Jan 31, will revert to an under-40-page size-- probably 90% TGGW-&-lettercol, but with extras as feasible. This issue is published in an edition of 124 copies or less, depending on how it goes on the morrow, with the multiple-feeding. Your friendly neighborhood CRYstaff thankyou. (Ohmighod I forgot all the plugs: TAFF, BoiCon, PittCon, PuCon) Oh, well-- Buz.

THE GOON GOES WEST

CHAPTER FOUR

A SITE FOR SORE EYES

With Eney on my left, Jean Young and Butch on my right, supported by my suitcase, I edged through the swinging doors.

For a moment, I got the impression of just another hotel lobby....the desks were opposite the swinging doors; sure, the foyer was big, and lots of people were moving about aimlessly, like they usually do, and then my eyes were drawn magnetically to my right, and there were the fans.

I have a sorry confession to make here and now. That actual moment, and the ensuing ones, affected me so forcibly that even an hour afterwards I could not name one single fan I saw as I entered the swinging doors. Entranced, I staggered forward, my mind in a befuddled daze. I gulped, and I felt completely useless. Eney introduced me to fans, and I recall I grinned and ran sweaty fingers up and down my bracers. I've no idea what I said, or what sort of abject figure I represented. Quite possibly I comported myself without any undue cause for embarrassment, but the fact remains that for about fifty minutes I have no recollection of my actions. I do remember that I was in such a state that I asked Eney to take me out to get my suitcase, and we trudged back to the car round the corner and I suddenly turned red and said damn and confessed that I had my case with me. Eney passed it off and said he intended to get his case, anyway, and we returned, cases in hand, and I tried to give a nonchalant smile, and furrowed my brow a little, so as to show that, crikey, the case was heavy.

Mary Young bumped into me, and offered to take me to the Detention Suite, where I was to stay. We went up eighteen floors in the elevator, trudged along thick pile carpet, and Mary opened the door. The suite was big. And very comfortable. Mary told me that they were a little disorganised, that she couldn't at that moment tell me exactly where I was to sleep, but that I could depend upon eventually being fixed up somewhere. In the meantime, she said, I could leave my suitcase in one of the bedrooms, and she took me into one near the bar. Two single beds were there, and I dumped my suitcase on an armchair in the corner. Mary said that as far as she knew, Howard DeVore and myself would be sleeping there, but she wasn't just sure.....

Mary left, and I freshened up. A young man came into the suite, and introduced himself. He spoke with a strange accent, and said he originally came from Latvia. I think his name was Dainis Bisenieks. He had the slightest suggestion of a beard, or perhaps he

had been there for a couple of days (as some fans had) and the convention urge had already struck. We had an interesting talk. The main topic of conversation dealt with the pros and cons of autograph collecting. Dainis said, in effect, that it was nonsensical. I pointed out that, right enough, I didn't go for the frenzied attention film stars got at the stage door, but, I said, what could be nicer than a little collection of fan autographs?

I felt hungry and told Dainis I was going downstairs. After the wash and a vigorous towelling, I felt mighty good. I nipped into the elevator, and went to the foyer. I saw Bill Donaho making his majestic way towards me. I also spotted Steve and Virginia Schultheis, and went over to them. They looked very happy. Steve told me they had been there since Thursday morning. Nick came up when we were talking, and said he had a letter for me from Diane, my wife, which had been sent to his address. I let my tongue creep out and told him I'd like to see it, and he gave a knowing grin and said he'd fetch it.

Bill Donaho said that he and the Ellingtons were going out for a meal, and would Steve and Virginia and I come along. Noreen and Larry Shaw came up, and said they would go ahead with Steve and Virginia to re/^{con}noître a swanky French restaurant nearby. Nick returned with the letter, which burnt a hole in my pocket but which I didn't read. I mentally reserved the pleasure for the next time I was on my own.

I got my first really good look at Detroit. It seemed a nice enough place to have a convention. As it was my first convention, and the company was so convivial, maybe I'm prejudiced. But it did seem a good choice.

We reached the French restaurant, and there seemed to be a little confusion. Steve was lingering outside the door, as if he thought the handle was connected to the electric circuit. I must say that Steve was looking remarkably well-dressed. His appearance, and that of his wife Virginia, was impeccable. The knife edge crease of his light grey trousers seemed to glint in the evening sun. That, as it transpired from the grins and nervous giggles of the company, was the main trouble. This French place, it seemed, was exclusive. It catered to a smart clientele. Steve and Virginia and Noreen and a couple more of the company would fit in, but, well, Larry Shaw and myself were in shirt sleeves, and I also sported untidy moustache and bracers. As if some mitosis were taking place, we seemed to divide into two groups....the tidy ones, and us scruffy ones. I felt lonely, and then Larry Shaw came and stood by me, and I think much against his will, Donaho came over too.

Schultheis gave a tight-lipped nod, as if he saw the significance of things, and he took a deep breath and entered the impressive portals, to 'see about the situation.'

He came back in a moment, and gave a grave shake of the head. He looked serious, as if excommunication was to follow. Someone muttered about a 'steak place' and by this time I was starving with hunger, and I let my nostrils twitch, and I told the others they were heading in the right direction.

We eventually found the place, and it was unique in my experience.

I stood behind Steve and Virginia in a queue. We loaded trays with knives and forks, and moved along to a sweaty individual who looked as though he were a refugee from L. Ron Hubbard. He had a muffled conversation with Virginia who shook her head and asked for chicken. The sweaty man grinned in triumph, and approached Steve. Steve sneered and said 'medium'. The man gritted his teeth, and came to me. Heck, what was good enough for Schultheis was good enough for me, so I said 'medium' too. The man snarled and passed along the fans.

Then the strange ritual began.

On the other side of the counter was a row of parallel iron bars, horizontally fixed about six inches apart. A glowing fire beneath the bars illuminated the place with flickering shadows. I looked round, waiting to see the figure with the horns, tail and rake make an appearance. Instead, the sweaty man took a grip on himself. He coiled himself up and let go. He reached into a mysterious recess, and came out with big steaks. And when I specify big, I mean BIG. They were like suitcases. He dumped them on the grills, and went back for more. He danced along the row of steaks like a conjuror I saw when I boy, who kept a long row of plates spinning. From the way he turned over some, and left others alone, I concluded that the fans had all made different requests about what they

wanted done with their steaks. From the perplexed expression of the 'steaker', it seemed that at any second he was going to tell them exactly what he thought they should do with them.

Periodically, he would lift one up, sniff it, and fling it over his shoulder into a sort of oven. Steve and I and the rest of us stood watching this uncanny show, whilst Virginia kept flicking eager eyes at a lump of cold chicken.

Meanwhile, lots of other people had queued up behind the fans, and they were saying 'medium' and 'well done', etc., and more and more steaks hissed on the grills, and then another man came up, looking rather suave because he hadn't got the steak-flipping chore, and, with a refined delicacy, he manhandled the steaks onto our plates. My steak hung over the sides of the plate. And a smell wafted upwards, was sieved by my moustache, and reached my nostrils. My mouth literally watered. We sat down. I was next to Steve (who'd kindly paid for my steak) and raised my knife and fork and I was off.

It was an unforgettable meal.

We walked back to the hotel in a jolly frame of mind. Being well fed changed my attitude completely. I felt that, instead of being a stranger, I was one of them. Perchance our environments and ways of living were different, but we were fans, and that was the connecting link, the essential medium which kept us together. I felt in a philosophical frame of mind. I felt good, even ready to be sacrificed to Bloch, should it be considered necessary.

Back in the hotel, we went up the stairs to the second floor, and lots and lots more fans. I shook hands and conversed with dozens...fans I'd read about, written about, and written to. It was all so wonderful. Soon afterwards I wrote a list of all the fans I'd shook hands with, and then I couldn't remember one or two; so if I published the list I'd be bound to miss someone off, and that would never do. But I was thrilled. Everyone was nice to me, said they were glad to see me, and what did I think of America? I told them the truth, that I was glad to see them, that I had each and every one of them to thank personally for my actually being there, and I thought America was wonderful.

"Look at this," someone said. A fan, who shall be nameless for a reason you'll soon discover, but who was certainly well-meaning, handed me a thick fanzine. It was called REVOLUTION. I opened it, and saw my name cropping up all over the place. It was, I saw, in the nature of a JOHN BERRY APPRECIATION ZINE. I sat down, forced my Adams apple back out of my left nostril, and flipped over it. I saw a wonderful list of BNF contributors. I saw, also, that the whole thing had been concocted by Johnny Koning.

I stuck out my chest. Then it suddenly occurred to me that Koning would undoubtedly have a copy for me, and might conceivably be disappointed if I knew all about it prior to his presentation, so I folded the fanzine back up and thanked the fan for showing it to me. A couple of moments later, Johnny Koning came up, and, slightly nervously, I thought, handed me a small parcel wrapped up in black paper.

"I think I know what this is, Johnny," I told him.

"You do?" he said. He was incredulous.

"I saw a copy of REVOLUTION a moment ago," I said, "but I didn't really get a detailed look at it." I opened the black paper, and there was my own copy, suitably inscribed by Johnny.

I went through it page by page, with Koning and others standing round, and I read a few words here and there on every page, and I was quite touched at this very nice job. I thanked Koning profusely, and told him exactly how I felt. It would have been better if I'd not had a sneak preview, but it is the spirit behind a thing which counts. Johnny, if I was a bit stunned and short of words at the time, you'll see here and now what I thought of the gesture. Good bhoy.

Then someone tapped me on the shoulder.

I didn't recognise the person, but he told me his name was Gonser, Wally Gonser, and that he came from Seattle, and that Burnett Toskey and Wally Weber were looking for me. We did a tour of the second floor and the foyer, but no Seattlites.

Someone else tapped me on the shoulder.

I wonder, who was that acolyte?

"Bloch wants to meet you," I was told.

Please allow me to digress for five and a half thousand words.

I once saw a movie...an American movie...and I think Robert Taylor was the star. The movie was in Cinemascope, and dealt with, as far as I can recollect, King Arthur and the Round Table. It was full of blood and guts and folks tripping about in armour, and Robert Taylor being half killed in every scene and staggering back for more. But for one more reason this film was memorable. It featured a strange man, of delicate feature and rusty armour, who had only one ambition in life. No matter what the situation, this strange man made an appearance which I thought at the time to be one of the all-time masterpieces of film-making. I thought it to be the most sensitive humour I had ever seen. Let me tell you why I shrieked out loud in utter bliss whenever the strange man appeared. Take, for example, the seduction scene. Robert Taylor, in full battle kit, was on the battlements of this castle, gradually edging the beautiful heroine into a corner of the buttress where he, if my filthy mind was on the right lines, would attempt a crafty coup. He succeeded, and his eyes were alight with passion and photo-flood bulbs when a clumping noise was heard, and the man appeared. He had a glazed expression on his face. Robert Taylor was indignant about this, and was about to castigate him for bad sportsmanship, when the man looked upwards, reach for the sky, and spoke the mystic words, "I am looking for the Holy Grail." He seemed to gain inches in height, and he forced his shoulders back as far as the cardboard armour would allow, and strode off. Quite rightly, Robert Taylor shook himself, threw the interloper a nasty grimace, and proceeded with his work.

Take the battle scene.

The ancient Picts and Scots on the Scottish border had ambushed King Arthur and a bunch of his cronies. The battle swung first one way and then the other. Then a hush descended on the scene of pillage and bloody slaughter. The ranks parted, and a figure appeared. It grew nearer and nearer, and it was the man. As he took up the entire centre of the screen, he stopped. He looked upwards again with a raised fist. "I am seeking the Holy Grail," he announced to the militants. Then he strode on out of view. The two opposing sides looked after him, shook their heads, waited for a second, then renewed the conflict.

Take the....

Heck, you've got the idea, anyway. I've never been quite so forceful about my Holy Grail, or so flamboyant in the search for it, but, to be serious, it's my equivalent.

You see, as this man was so keen to find what he was looking for, so was I all through the years buoyed up with the hope that once, some time, I would meet Bob Bloch. For you must realise that this man Bloch inspired me in fandom as no other man or fan has. True, Walt Willis guided and nurtured me into the ways of things fannish for years. Materially, he has probably done much more for me than anyone else. But there are more than material things in life, and in fandom, and Bob Bloch supplied a great deal of the inspiration that kept me going when I've felt dejected with fandom. Every fan, at some time or other, has sat back and asked himself 'WHY?' It's a natural consequence of participating too enthusiastically in a goddam hobby.

Bloch, you see, provided me with a reason for all my efforts. It wasn't just a matter of egoboo. Admittedly, I went out of my way to obtain copies of IMAGINATION, but I can say in all truthfulness that it wasn't for the egoboo, it wasn't to see my name in print, and it certainly wasn't to show and flaunt to my non-fannish friends. It was simply because I could not quite bring myself to believe that this fabulous Long Time Big Name Fan actually liked what I wrote, and expressed the fact in such a warm-hearted way. For instance, when he wrote in IMAGINATION Number 62, dated August 1958: "I wonder if there are any John Berry completists in fandom; that is, people who make a point of collecting everything that John Berry writes? Or doesn't anyone live in a 27 room house. Might be worth making the move..." I literally flipped, and, believe me, it's almost anatomically impossible! A mad spasm passed through my brain, and it occurred to me that it was a very good idea, and how many fanzines would take up a 27 room house? I bashed out some 20 or 25 stories inside a fortnight, and I think for a moment I really believed I was going to fill such a gigantic structure.

So the sudden rush of Berry manuscripts in the fall of '58 was directly due to Bloch.

This man Bloch was my guiding light, my beacon; I spoke his name only with awe in my eyes and a sigh on my lips.

AND HE WANTED TO SEE ME.

I zipped my bracers, ran encouraging fingers along my moustache, looked round for my stomach, and forced my feet to ascend the stairs to the second floor. I seemed to hear a choir of voices, and a pounding noise drumming in my ears.

I saw a group of fans sitting cross-legged on the floor, probably a FAPA group, and amongst them I recognised the figure of this most magnificent faan.

I rushed forward blindly in hero worship, flung myself full length, and attempted to kiss his shoes. As quick as a flash Bloch sized up the situation: this humble fan, struck with a blaze of genuine bliss, lying prostrate before him, and Bloch got down on his hands and knees too.

"Can anyone join the crap game?" he said.

I staggered to my feet, and muttered a greeting, and shook hands with Bob. Noticing my knees playing tag with each other, he ushered me to a seat, and he sat on one side of me, and Phyllis Economou on the other. We chatted about this and that (mostly that) for some time, and gradually, I really felt that I was living, and this meeting was truly the climax of my fannish career, come what may. And as you'll read, lots and lots of really magnificent and wonderful things happened to me, and I see no reason to alter my statement. Meeting Bloch has been my greatest experience in fandom....

His eyes were always creased in humour, and I got the impression that so many witty things were flashing through his mind that he found it difficult to keep track of them, and although he would've liked to have shared them, so many other clever thoughts and ideas were queueing up that to pause and surrender one would perchance ruin a particularly happy train of thought. I always observed that he was kindness personified, his conversation always sparkled, and he never seemed to be tired. No matter who he was with, or who interrupted him, or what situation arose, he maintained a dignified demeanour, and with a grin and a quip passed on his way, a rare ray of sunshine, a fan supreme.... a personality who made one feel that it was something to also be a fan.....

.....
Later on, I circulated. I met many more fans, none of whom seemed to be strangers. They all seemed to fit the personalities I had gleaned from reading about them. I had no shocks, no surprises, no disappointments.

Wally Gonser, the Seattle fan, rushed up again, and said he'd found Toskey and Wally Weber. We threaded our way between fans, and Wally proudly pointed to his two friends.

It was brilliant meeting these two boys. Through the media of CRY OF THE NAMELESS and SAPS, I had come to know them, and to understand their points of view and to appreciate their individual talents.

Burnett Toskey was small of stature. His eyes were sharp and keen. He bore a boyish expression on his face, innocent, and yet at the same time, understanding. He wore a shirt of incomprehensible pattern and colour, but I strongly suspect he made it himself out of an old curtain thrown away by the denizens of Swamphouse. I complimented him on the receipt of his PhD, and said I guessed he was to be called 'Doc' henceforth. For all his innocent expression, I noted that he was firm and direct.

Wally Weber was tall, happy-go-lucky and really pleasant. He seemed to me to be incapable of having a base thought, and looked so kind and helpful and humorous. I later discovered that I had made no mistake at all in my initial diagnosis. This Weber is one of the most modest and sincere chaps I've ever had the privilege to meet.

I must also say a word about Gonser. I hadn't heard of him before he introduced himself. Rumour has it that he is about to equip himself with a Gestetner, and if this is true, I'm pretty sure that fandom will take to him in a big way. He is mature and sharp, and has a ready wit. But I mustn't write any more about these three characters, because they form the basis of the next chapter. No need to especially remember all I've said about them....

I had a long talk with Bruce Pelz, a quiet and intelligent fan with whom I had long corresponded. He sported a small but neat beard, had penetrating eyes and obviously

thought about things a great deal. I happened to mention to him that I was very tired.

Bruce snapped his fingers.

"Come with me," he said. We went down to I think the 8th floor, walked along the corridor, and he opened a door with a key. He switched the light on. I saw two single beds in the well-furnished bedroom.

A face peered above the sheets, and I spotted the shrewd face of Professor Toskey, obviously interrupted from some involved mathematical calculation which most probably concerned the physical properties of his dream woman. I know who she is but I'm not telling.

"Rest on my bed," said Bruce, "and if I get tired I'll go up to the Detention Suite and settle down there. Sleep as long as you like, and try and get all the rest you can, because you'll need it during the next three days."

This was a most generous thing for Bruce to suggest. He didn't look tired at all, but he'd travelled up from Florida, and it was hundreds of miles away. I was about to refuse his offer, but I was really so tired, and Bruce, being a fellow GDA man, beside having my interests at heart, was sincere in his suggestion, so with a hoarse vote of thanks, I sank back on the pillow. It felt so soothing. I didn't waste valuable time undressing. I lay there, and my eyes closed. The last thing I remember was Toskey working out a complicated algebraic thesis, which functioned on three main groups of figures....38:23:37... 36:22:36.....37:22:37.....

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A clock somewhere chimed eight. I opened my eyes. Light streamed in through the window. I sat up. I shook my head. Suffering Catfish. It must have been just after 11 pm when I'd met Bruce. He took me straight to his room, and told me to rest, and I'd fully intended to sleep just a couple of hours and then go up and relieve him. But I'd slept all night through. I sneaked a look at Toskey. He was still asleep, and his face was wreathed in smiles, so I noted for future guidance that instead of counting sheep I would henceforth concentrate on mathematical formulae....

I lay back, wondering how Bruce had fared, and at that second the door opened and he came in, just about on his hands and knees. He asked me if I'd slept well and I nodded, and I asked him if he'd slept well and he opened his mouth and closed it again and, with difficulty, straightened himself up. I expressed thanks for his unselfish action, and, humbly, I want to repeat those thanks now. That good solid night's sleep kept me going the next three thrill-packed days. The fact that I was reasonably alert, and lasted so well, says much for Bruce's shrewd appraisal of the state I was in when he first saw me.

You are a Good Man, Bruce.

I got off the bed, stretched, and scratched my ribs and felt good. I went back to the 18th floor, and pushed open the door to the Detention Suite, which was open. No one was at home, and I went into the bedroom, and sorted out my kit. I shaved, and had a shower, and I would have gone into the ring with Marciano. I went to the window, which served a magnificent view of Detroit, and the Canadian town of Windsor across the river. I opened the window, breathed in the good air, and thumped my ribs. I said to myself that I was going to have a good convention, and then I thought about the speeches I'd have to make, and I felt tense for a moment, and then shrugged. I said to myself that although I was supposed to be a poor public speaker, I might not be. I'd never really tried. I might be as good an orator as Sir Laurence Olivier, if the truth were known. This inspired me, and I decided to do a bit of shopping in Detroit and have my breakfast, and send a few postcards to my family and friends.

So attired in American shirt and braces I walked round Detroit for an hour or so. I didn't meet any fans at all. I sent postcards. (It was expensive, too, because I had to send them all airmail, at 10 cents a time. I felt that it would be a bit stupid to send them surface. I imagined myself back home in Belfast, and back at the office for a couple weeks, and coming home one evening and Diane saying to me, "Thanks very much for the card." Some things are sacred, you know.)

After a cup of tea, neat, with slice of lemon, I returned to the hotel. I went to the second floor, and saw masses of fen queueing up at a desk. Ellis Mills came up to me, and introduced me to his mother. It seemed strange to see a happy wanderer like Ellis with his mother. He told me the fans were registering, and had I done so? I shook my

head and queued up too. Mary Young gave me a copy of the Convention Booklet, and a red ticket which, I saw, entitled me to roast beef at the banquet the next day. This cheered me up. Made me feel the slightest bit homesick too. It's a staple British diet, you know, roast beef. We have it almost every Sunday.

Mary also gave me a lapel badge, made of cardboard and covered with cellophane, which announced me to the world as being:

John Berry
Eireland.

I was shaken by this, at first. Far be it from me to bring politics into this account of my travels in America, but to get the significance of the 'Eireland' I must perforce say a little. Ireland is divided into two parts. The smaller part, at the northeast of the island, is Northern Ireland, where I have lived for almost twelve years. The rest of Ireland, which is self-governing, is known as the Republic of Ireland, or Eire. Much has been written, and will be written about Irish politics, and, at first, I thought I was the victim of a hoax. I pointed this out to several fans nearby, and they thought it a huge joke. Some fans advised me to change it, and some dared me to leave it as it was. I must confess that with a pen and a strip of stamp hinge, I altered my classification to:

John Berry,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

The only reason I did alter it was to be accurate. I was proud to come from Northern Ireland. Another thing. Someone said Curran might be around....

I clipped the badge to my shirt front, and circulated.

A fan came up and shook hands, and I sneaked a crafty glance at his lapel badge, and saw it was Bob Madle. He apologised for not being at Washington the previous Monday night. He'd been at Cape Canaveral. I thanked him for the pin-up postcard he sent me.

"I owe you a glass of beer," he said. I clamped down firmly on the glands which cause saliva.

I remembered that when the fund first started, rumour had it that Bob Madle, as a TAFF Fund organiser of the 1960 ballot, objected to the Berry Fund. Buz Busby wrote to him, and it transpired that he wasn't against the fund at all. He sent a subscription, and promised that we'd have a glass of beer together at the convention. And Madle obviously remembered.

We went downstairs to the bar of the Pick Fort-Shelby, and Madle duly set me up a glass of ice-cold beer. It tasted good. It tasted very good. It wasn't just the beer, it was the spirit behind it. I had a long talk with Bob, and found him most charming and friendly. I told him it was a great pity he hadn't been able to come to Belfast when he'd been to the British Isles in 1957, and he agreed that it would have been nice if he'd been able to come.

Boyd Raeburn, Fan of Fans, came down to the bar, and said he'd been looking for me. He pointed out that a Fan Editors Panel was scheduled for the afternoon at 3:30 pm, and that the panel members and the Moderator, BJO Wells, had decided to have dinner in the restaurant, and discuss tactics. I excused myself, and said that I'd buy Bob a glass of beer at a later date. Unfortunately, I didn't keep my promise!

Boyd and I went to the restaurant, and pulled up a few tables (the staff were a mite snooty, and didn't seem to be really keen. It was twenty minutes before a waitress came up to take our order...and to get out own back, most of us ordered a single cup of coffee!) and began to sort out a few spontaneous topics for discussion. I sat between Boyd and BJO.

Boyd, of course, was an old favourite fan of mine. He'd come to my house in Belfast in 1957, and we'd also had good fun at Walt Willis's and James White's. Boyd was extremely popular with everyone. He was carefree, witty, and always had an answer for the trickiest question.

BJO....well, what can one say about this paragon of fannishness? It's all been said before. The fact that she is a most talented artist is but one of her many virtues. She is a most pleasant conversationalist, and has a personality plus. Plus everything. She seemed embarrassed about her freckles, but I consider them to be a back-drop, as it were, to her personality. She wouldn't be BJO without them. I was really proud to consider

that I was officially backing her for TAFF. I knew she'd make a wonderful TAFF representative. I was enthralled with her retinue of fans, mostly from the Los Angeles area, who acceded to her every wish, and answered with alacrity every beckoning of her little finger.

Ted White and Ron Ellik were also present at this session.

Ellik was a surprise to me, in a way. Physically, he reminded me very much of Superman. Every time I looked at him I expected him to whip off his spectacles, leap on to the table, and disappear through the ceiling at supersonic speed. However disappointed I may have been because he didn't do this, I was greatly impressed with his mature grasp of things. He seemed to be in complete control of everything.

I've spoken about Ted White in Chapter 2. He was always most serious about fannish matters, but I admired him immensely. He always gave his opinions quite frankly, regardless of who he annoyed, or who disagreed with him. Definitely a fan to be reckoned with!

Boyd ate a large meal, and we sipped our coffee and made a rough framework for our panelling activities. We talked for over an hour, and when we got up, BJO had quite a list of interesting features of fan publishing for us to discuss that afternoon.

THAT AFTERNOON?

If only we'd known what frustrations were to come our way before the panel finally performed.....

.....

.....

.....

I didn't feel hungry at all. I went up to the Suite and had a shower and combed my hair. Howard DeVore was lying on the bed, having a rest, and I asked him about the Official Welcome, scheduled to start at 1:00 pm, and if I'd have to make a speech. He grinned and told me, yes, I'd have to say a few words, possibly a 'thank you', and one or two conventional remarks. "It doesn't really matter what you say," he told me, "as long as you are sincere." This pleased me, because I knew I'd never be more sincere whilst saying 'thanks' in my life!

I went back to the convention hall on the second floor, feeling happy and elated at the chance of making a public expression of my gratitude to all the people responsible for my trip.

Fans crowded outside the hall entrance for half an hour and more, before we finally staggered in. I sat next to a nice girl, a FAPAite of repute, Phyllis Economou.

Roger Sims, Howard DeVore, Fred Prophet and others of the Detention Committee appeared on the stage to a polite round of applause. The Committee were dressed in a most unusual manner. They wore jackets with black and white stripes running vertically up and down. Squinting stagewards, I got the impression that the committee members looked like a Sing Sing reunion.

They introduced the convention with a gimmick or two, repeated their slogan about making Detroit 'green', and called for Dave Kyle to make an appearance.

This wily old WSFS campaigner stood in front of the microphone, and told us that his pleasant duty was to introduce 'familiar names and well-known faces' to the audience.

Reading from an especially prepared list, he called out many names, all within the category he had mentioned. I was one of those called, and I stood up and beamed all round me, and sat down again. "So," I whispered to Phyllis, "that was much easier than I expected. No speech."

For some considerable time, Dave called out various names, all, as I said, well-known, but Phyllis told me with a certain amount of hilarity that he hadn't introduced Harlan Ellison. She pointed out this fabulous fannish and vile proish figure to me. He sat in the front row, immediately in front of Dave Kyle. When Dave began to run out of well-known names, Harlan stage-whispered suggestions, and Dave Kyle appeared to be thankful for this help, and duly shouted out Harlan's suggestions. But he didn't mention Harlan. Harlan did everything to remedy this. His tightly shut eyes hinted that he was giving ESP a chance. Nothing doing. I honestly think that if Dave had stood there much longer, Harlan would have slipped in his own name in a further list. I've thought since...I've wondered why Harlan wasn't mentioned. The only explanation is that it was a genuine omission.

I sat back, quite happy with everything, considering myself lucky with the way the introductions had gone, no speeches or anything, just general introductions.

I chatted with Phyllis for a couple of moments, not caring too much what was going on, and I turned stagewards again, and to my horror I saw Poul Anderson, the Guest of Honour, ascending the stage, wan of face, with a forced smile cracking his features.

He made a short speech, lasting perhaps seven or eight minutes, saying conventional things, bowed, and climbed down again to thunderous applause.

Then came those dramatic words, "John Berry, the Fan Guest of Honour, will now say a few words."

A haze settled over me. My mouth turned dry. I got up, trampled on Phyllis's toes, tripped over a chair, and, in a dream, a sort of hypnotic trance, walked forward towards the stage, conscious of applause in my ears. I did an expert flip and landed on the stage, hoping my braces wouldn't snap. It would have indeed been lamentable if that happened and my trousers snuggled down around my ankles.

I reached the stand where the microphone was, and looked at the sea of faces. I felt suddenly confident.

I don't honestly recall what I said. I know I opened the speech by telling the fans that I had a rather strange accent, and spoke quickly, and I stressed^{ed} that if anyone couldn't understand what I said, they were to wave. I promised not to wave back. I do remember telling the fans how pleased I was to be in America, and what a debt I owed to everyone. I said I didn't want to bring in personalities in case I missed someone out, and perhaps offended them, but I said I did want to give special thanks to the organisers and administrators, Nick Falasca and Noreen Shaw.

I didn't say anything witty or clever. Poul Anderson had been short and controlled, saying just the right things, and I tried to do the same. I guess I spoke for about five minutes.

I leapt off the stage again, and walked back to my seat. I asked Phyllis how I did, and she nodded approval and said I was OK...confident and expressive. I don't think she was just being nice about it; because, once I stood there, I felt confident. I hoped it was a sign that I would be good at the banquet the following day....

The Slave Auction was next on the list. The Detention Programme said:

SLAVE AUCTION.

Big Name Pros for Sale to Highest Bidder.

(One hour of their time.)

E. E. Smith

Isaac Asimov

Judith Merrill

Poul Anderson

Willy Ley

The victims sat in chairs facing the audience, and Sam Moskowitz conducted the auction. He was very good. He had to be. He had a rough job. The pros for sale were indeed Big Name, and I sensed that although the whole thing was good fun, it would indeed be embarrassing for Sam, the victim, and the audience, if something frightful happened and the bids were very low for one or more luckless individual. There was prestige at stake. Naturally, the bids wouldn't all be the same, but as long as all winning bids were round about the same mark, it wouldn't be too bad.

Willy Ley was the first pro offered for sale.

Moskowitz made Willy stand up, and he extolled Willy's fine physique, and the years of service still in him. Willy looked down modestly, and waited for the girls to go berserk and start waving handfuls of dollars.

I think Ley went for \$12.00. Someone had a bargain. If I'd had plenty of money I'd have risen the ante quite a bit. The chance to talk to a world-renowned rocket and missile expert (subjects which I am enormously interested in) was a rare opportunity.

Doc Evans and Poul Anderson were knocked off (if you'll excuse the expression) for about the same as Willy Ley. Fans didn't seem to realise just how lucky they were.

I must confess that I laughed until it became uncomfortable when Asimov was being offered. Although, of course, he is renowned as an intellectual, the auctioneer gave the impression that any girl who bid high enough and won Asimov for an hour would be a lucky girl. He stressed Asimov's virility, and Isaac himself rather modestly attested to this facet of his manhood. He went eventually to a girl for \$17.00, I believe. Cheap at the price. I hope to read the girl's memoirs one day.

Judith Merrill went for an average bid, somewhere around the same as the others. Moskowitz shrewdly pointed out Judith's attributes, and darkly hinted that a successful male bidder wouldn't have to worry too much about conversation.

Dr. Moskowitz, Sam's wife, then leapt on to the stage and started to solicit bids for her husband. Bids came a mite slow at first. I attribute this to a remark of Asimov's that Dr. Moskowitz, whilst examining Sam, had been rather careless with the scalpel, though Ike didn't explain exactly what had been cut off.

Sam went for a measly \$10, but he was worn out after his great efforts, and the bidders possibly felt that they wouldn't get their money's worth!

I excused myself at that juncture. I was scheduled to be on the Fan Editors' Panel, but the time schedule was all confused, and I wanted to find out where and when I would be required.

I bumped into Ellis Mills, and he invited me out to a Chinese Restaurant with Don Ford and the Cincinnati Group. I told Ellis that I would be thrilled to go, but that I was on a panel, and I wasn't sure what time it was to be held. Ellis told me that if it was postponed, and he assumed it would be, I was to meet the rest of them in the foyer at 5 pm.

I promised to do this, and then went in search of someone from the Committee who could tell me what time the panel was on. In the course of my travels I came across other members of the panel on a similar safari. We didn't know what we were supposed to do. Eventually, we cornered Roger Sims and Fred Prophet who reluctantly told us that the panel was off, but that it would be held later that evening 'when we can fit it in'.

The rest of the panel, who had been to conventions before, seemed fatalistic, but I was pleased, because that gave me the chance to go out with Don Ford and company.

I walked down to the foyer, and the Ford group was collecting itself.

We went to the GOLD DRAGON, at 1246 Third Street corner, and the wee Chinese men did seem pleased to see us. They conjured up a row of tables, and grinned to each other. The usual glasses of iced water were brought, and then the menus were flourished. I was sitting next to Ellis Mills. I had a very nice young chap on my right but I never did find out his name. Mrs. Mills sat next to Ellis, and I asked their assistance in ordering. The whole table of fans, twenty of them, went into a huddle, and Don Ford finally ordered four lots of dinner for five. Seemed complicated to me, but that's how they worked it.

I was a little apprehensive about the exotic food that dinner number five promised, but Ellis said how wonderful it was. Before the evening was out, I was to see yet another of my carefully nurtured fannish allusions shattered....but be patient.

First of all, the wee Chinese men (and a delicate-looking wee Chinese girl who was the nicest dish of all) brought round little bowls of Wonton Soup. I was about to make a comment to Ellis, regarding the possibility that the soup formed the staple diet of girls of low repute in Shanghai, but I saw his mother was listening. This soup was superb. Every mouthful was a treasure in itself. But from then on the dishes, and there were many of them, became more and more exotic, and, to me, more and more unpalatable.

The Almond Warr Sue Chicken, the Sweet and Sour Pork, the Chicken Chow Mein, the Young Chow Fried Rice, were all nice in themselves (what there was of them), but it was the stuff all mixed up with dishes which amazed me. Bits of green shoot, which looked like little peas pulled up when they had taken root...actual pea pods with the peas taken out! Lumps of rice, bamboo shoots, lots of stuff of strange taste and obscure origin. I didn't let the Ford gang down. I ate something of everything, but in small quantities. Big bowls were placed in front of us, and the technique was to help oneself. Ellis Mills derived considerable amusement from the minute amounts I carefully picked out for myself. But I was amazed, no, I was fascinated by the fantastic quantities he fought his way through. For years I have been building up Bob Shaw as being Fandom's Glutton, a title, I might add, which he has been pleased to call his own. Now, all that is history. Without reservation, I bestow the title on Ellis. Not only did he scrape the bowls at our end of the table, he snapped his fingers impatiently for the bowls at the bottom of the table to be sent up. His capacity was limitless. No one else in the party seemed to find any cause for astonishment in this, so I am forced to presume, for lack of any

other evidence, that Ellis always eats like that. Of course, he has the figure to hold it. Although slightly less vast than when he visited Irish Fandom in 1956, he was still BIG. I have yet to break the news to Bob Shaw. I learned that Ellis still has eight years to serve in the air force, and there is therefore a reasonable chance that Ellis will again find himself in Europe, in which case I shall settle the championship once and for all by building huge piles of food, preferably Chinese food, and letting them fight it out. I think Ellis will win!

Whilst all this was going on, Don Ford crept furtively about with his camera, and took quite a number of pictures. He told me they were colour transparencies, and that he would send me copies. People always say that. It's a common thing to say. It gives me much pleasure to report that within a couple of days after my return to Belfast on the 18th of September, the transparencies arrived. All three of them showed me, in braces and American shirt, staring in awe at Ellis Mills.

For the record, and, more especially as a permanent souvenir of my visit with Ford's gang, I swiped a menu, and sent it round to be autographed by everyone present. Here are the names: Ellis Mills, Margaret Mills, Ned McKeown, Dr. and Mrs. Barrett, Stanley Vinsin, Robert E. Christenberry, Stan Skirvin, Joan Skirvin, John Millord, Margaret Ford, Don Ford, Bill Thailing, Ben Jason, Oswald Train, Stephen Young, Vida Young, Lou Tabakow and Joseph Hall.

We left the GOLD DRAGON and walked back to the hotel. I talked to Don Ford on the way back. I told him quite frankly that although I was backing BJO for TAFF, and would like to see her get to England, it was my opinion, for what it was worth, that he would get the highest total in the TAFF ballot. I must also point out in passing that I also told BJO my opinion, and expressed the hope that she would win, but that I doubted it. It may not have been appreciated by BJO, but I think I was quite right to tell her. I told her that an extra special effort would be needed.

Don Ford, tall, and with a drawl like a cowboy in a movie, also struck me an excellent TAFF material. It is of course well known that he was one of the initiators of TAFF, and although I don't agree with those who think that, because of this, he should be automatically considered as the best rep, he was extremely nice to talk to. As you'll read, I had a great deal more contact with him.

As we crossed the foyer, Doc Barrett asked me to go to the Ford Suite to talk with him. I pointed out that I needed to freshen up for the Masquerade Ball, but he said it wouldn't get warmed up until an hour after the scheduled time, so I went to the Suite.

It was during this talk with Doc Barrett and Company that, for the first time, I discovered what makes the 'other fandom' tick. I, of course, am a fanzine fan. And it was a number of years before I discovered the astounding fact that fanzine fans are in the minority. That other fans, who never touch the handle of a Gestetner, are as much fans as I am. Doc Barrett and Co. were the epitome of this, to me, strange category. He told me in the foyer that he wanted to talk to me, and this he did. His manner was confident, and, by his many and varied references, he displayed an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of the psychological aspects of fandom. It seemed to me that, because of his profession, his main ambition was to find out exactly what made fans tick. What prompted them to become fans? Was there something special about fans? And further, if it seemed to me that there was something mentally abnormal about fans? He talked for a considerable time, aiming his observations and questions at me, although more than a dozen people sat round, nodding in agreement, or pursing their lips, or shaking their heads slightly. Doc Barrett posed some most difficult questions, difficult because they were phrased in such a way that by the time I had grasped the fundamental point he was aiming at, he'd said a couple more thousand words to amplify what he was trying to get at. I felt pretty helpless. What I did was to separate a minor part of his speech, twist it round, and throw it back at him. This caused him to talk on and on, and he even observed that I wasn't saying very much. It was a most instructive hour. The main thing I learned was that Doc Barrett has a genuine interest in fandom. I got the impression that his seeming academic inquiry into the mechanics of fandom was just an excuse to be amongst fans and sample the wonder and majesty of it.

It is a wonderful thing to have a fan such as the doctor amongst us. He is rich. I heard him telling someone it saved him money, having five cars. And because he is wealthy

when other influential people discover he is a fan it can only make them think that fandom has something to offer....

I excused myself, relaxed, and took the elevator to the Detention Suite. No one was about. I showered, and changed into my clean white shirt, and put on my suit, the trousers of which had a sharp crease especially impressed by Mrs. DeVore.

I felt it wasn't playing cricket to go to the Masquerade Ball as an ordinary man. I knew everyone expected me to go disguised as something. I did consider borrowing an old trilby hat and a trench coat and a pair of soleless shoes to go as the Goon, but I didn't want to embarrass Steve Schultheis!

I must make a confession. As soon as I knew that the trip to America was a definite reality, I thought and thought about what fancy dress I could wear. I didn't want to be mundane and go as a soldier or a BEM or a postman or something. I wanted to be original. One day, riding on the omnibus to my office, it came to me. I thought it a fabulous idea. So when Walt Willis called to see me one day, with great daring, I told him my plan. He looked at me. He grinned. He smiled widely. He opened his mouth. He laughed. He laughed until the tears ran down his face. He told me it was wonderful. Pleased, I decided to get a normal human's opinion. I broached the topic to my wife's brother, Terry, aged about 21, who was stopping with us. After a moment's thought, he nearly burst his diaphragm laughing. There and then I decided, come what may, that I would do it at the Masquerade Ball.

But when the time came, I was afraid. I feared that the fans wouldn't appreciate it, that they would perhaps feel sorry for me. So, reluctantly, I made up my mind that I would go in my best suit, looking as smart as possible, and, if I was asked, use the excuse (and it really wasn't an excuse, it was the truth) that my main interest in the ball was the write-up, and I wanted to be able to move about and observe without having to make a public exhibition of myself.

So now, I'm going to tell you what I originally intended to do. If you feel squeamish, or are of a nervous disposition, pass this next paragraph!

My scheme was to try and make myself look as normal as possible. Comb my hair, be clean and fresh, wear a good suit, have my shoes highly polished, smile, nod, talk, laugh, be perfectly normal (or as near normality as I could get) except for one thing. Here was the gimmick. Tied to my left leg would be a length of twine about five feet long, and attached to the other end of the twine would be a chair. A big chair. Preferably an ungainly chair, that required a bit of effort to lift or carry. My plan was to circulate at the ball, completely naturally, except that I would either carry the chair or drag it along. I would act as though the chair didn't exist. There was just one more thing required. Pinned to my back, in large black print, would be a notice bearing the cryptic message:

MAN WITH CHAIR TIED TO LEG.

To my warped mind, this was incredibly subtle and witty and, dammit, I honestly thought it was clever. But, on typing this out, I have second thoughts. Hmmm. I wonder just what sort of reception I would have got?

So attired as impeccably as I could be (and without the chair tied to my leg), I left the suite, walked along the corridor, and signalled for the elevator. It came, and I got into it. Now hold on to your hats, folks, because at this point occurred the funniest scene I've ever witnessed. If the humour doesn't get across to you, it's just because I haven't the skill to paint it as I saw it!

About eight people were in the lift. None of them were fans. They hadn't got that expression in their faces... I didn't recognise them, and, as if in final confirmation, none of them were in fancy dress. No, they definitely were not fans. The man who operated the elevator was coloured. He gave the impression that he'd been imported from 20th Century Fox for the occasion. He was exactly like the man they always cast as an elevator attendant. He was middle-aged, his eyes were large and inclined to roll, and he had a visage that was long-suffering and innocent.

As we travelled downwards, the light flashed, and the elevator stopped to pick up more people desirous of going downwards. The elevator stopped, and the negro opened the door.

Never will I forget the astonishing sight....and remember, as you read this, that I was reasonably prepared for it. The negro attendant and the other passengers were not.

The Devil stood waiting.

Never will I forget the negro's eyes.

They rolled like roulette wheels.

The Devil appeared annoyed.

The horns on his forehead seemed to throb with passion.

He snorted in derision, and wrapped a brilliant green cape around his shoulders.

He stepped into the elevator.

I saw it was Jack Harness.

He was superb.

MAGNIFICENT.

I could swear I smelled sulphur.

The negro's knees were typing themselves in knots, and the rest of the passengers just looked. Their eyes were like ostrich eggs with blackberries on the ends!

I knew Jack was for the Masquerade Ball. But put yourself in the position of the elevator attendant and the normal passengers. You feel pretty good. You are going down in an elevator. You don't know anything about fancy dress balls. The door opens, and the Devil Incarnate is standing there, and, from the look on his face, is desirous of taking someone down to the Fire with him. What would you think. No one breathed. I was petrified with the sight, and I knew all about it!

The negro, with his eyes closed, and sweat on his head, muttered a prayer, and reached a shaking hand to close the doors.

"No," boomed Jack Harness.

We all cowered back as the Devil did a most uncanny thing. We all ignored the negro on his knees in an attitude of fervent prayer.

The Devil withdrew a strange device from an inside recess. It was a length of black string, and on the end was a sort of gold symbol.

The Devil reached an arm outside the elevator into the corridor, and shook this Thing. A pause.

No one breathed or moved. No one spoke. Silence. And what silence.

Then the terrible and monstrous horror shambled into view, and worse, INTO THE ELEVATOR.

It was all black, about five feet tall, with no face, just a mass of black hairs, and it didn't walk, it shambled, and its head was on one side and I felt sick looking at it, AND I KNEW IT WAS A SUPERB MASQUERADE.

The Devil had shocked the negro....BUT THIS!!!

I thought his eyes would pop out and zing from wall to wall like ping pong balls. If he'd died from heart failure, I wouldn't have been surprised.

The Devil turned to the unfortunate negro.

"Down," he boomed. He inverted his thumb in confirmation.

I mean, it was the only thing the Devil would say.

The journey seemed to last about eleven hours, instead of as many seconds.

As I said....silence....an unbelieving silence....as you can realise.

The elevator stopped, and literally gibbering with fright, the attendant opened the doors.

The Devil swung the green cape around him. He stepped outside. He walked several paces. He stopped, turned, and waved the symbol. The Shape amongst us ambled forward, something like Charles Laughton did in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". The Devil, satisfied, strode haughtily away.

The people in the elevator, me amongst them, let out their breaths. They hadn't breathed since the whole unreal episode commenced.

I went out first. My previous knowledge probably helped in my quick recovery. I looked back quickly over my shoulder, and all I could see were eyes, unseeing eyes, frightened eyes, bewildered eyes. I wonder if they ever found out what it was all about?

I arrived at the hall where the ball was being held, and saw that it was well under way. Fans in fancy dress costume drifted around in the middle of the floor, and the shy

ones, who were normally dressed, hung about near the bar, or kept peering over to the left. Occasionally, a fan staggered past me, coming from the left, with saliva dripping down his chin, and his eyes somewhere about where his second shirt button should be. Being very inquisitive by nature, I stood on tiptoe, and saw quite a crowd gathered over to the left, and I decided that there was something over there that was provoking interest, and that if I didn't want to miss anything, I should investigate.

I must report that I am eternally grateful that I did investigate. Such sights are few, and Man is lucky to see the like more than once in a lifetime. I am going to describe ^{something} on the next few pages (if I can) and the description is accurate, because I can see it in my mind's eye now. No photograph is necessary....every little detail is imprinted where it'll stick. The crowd on the left, you see, where ogling Virginia Schultheis....

Steve Schultheis wore a most immaculate GDA outfit. On his head, at a regimental angle, he wore a pith helmet (Willis says they are also used to put under the bed), and his tunic and trousers were khaki in colour, and, for all I know, were worn by Victor Mature in the film "Safari". Stuffed down the front of the tunic, where, in mundane life, cartridges were rammed, Steve had substituted plonkers. He had a holstered plonker at his waist. On the lapels of the jacket, in gold, he had the letters 'GDA' emblazoned for all to see.

But instead of strutting up and down before the admiring gaze of his public, Steve was ingrossed in defending his charming wife.

He was defending her because of the costume she was wearing.

And what a costume.....

I stepped over three fans who had fainted, and tapped Steve on the shoulder. I ducked as a plonker sped past my ear.

When he recognised me, he looked relieved. He handed me a spare plonker gun, and a handful of ammunition. There was no need for him to ask me for my assistance. I stood by his side and tried to keep the fans away from Virginia.

What a magnificent sight.

Virginia was dressed in pink, and the material she wore must have been at least as big as a pocket handkerchief. She was dressed as a dancing girl, and I immediately saw why sultans spend all their time chasing after dancing girls. I pushed a neofan out of the way, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, looking at Virginia like that. The pink fabric commenced one and seven-eighths of an inch below her navel, and draped seductively around her nether regions.

It came to me in a flash that if I was going to defend Virginia's honour, it would be better if I was facing her, so that my protection would be complete, and I could note if any fans decided on a pincer movement.

Above the waist, Virginia had two thin strips of material running down over her shoulders. Suffering Catfish. And I'd waited over five years before going to a convention.

I told Steve it would be safer if Virginia had her back to a wall, and he shot a plonker at a BNF who shall be nameless, who came forward professing to be an expert fabric examiner.

Then I heard a sigh of awe sweep over the hall, and the crowd grew quiet. I rushed over to see what was causing the excitement, and I saw that Karen Anderson had appeared. Her dress was magnificent. It was white, and she was like a bride. I can't really sum up exactly what she wore, because that sort of thing doesn't come under my pen, but the crowd grew silent as she passed, and I must say that Karen bore herself regally.

I sat back with a glass of beer in my hand, and I scrutinised some of the outstanding costumes. I could see that the three judges, Judith Merril, Larry Shaw and Frank Kelly Freas had one big job in front of them. I'll describe several of the ones that really inspired me.

I thought that Bill Donaho's was the best. It came as no surprise to me that he won a particular category.

Bill is big, as you probably know, and his costume, quite frankly, bore a touch of fannish genius.

He was dressed in red, roughly like Father Christmas, minus the white trimming. He also bore a false beard and moustache. In his left hand, held firmly upwards, he bore a

wooden plaque on a long handle, which explained to everyone present that:

FIRST FANDOM IS NOT DEAD.

Friar Tucker.

Bill walked round the ballroom. His face was impassive. Occasionally, he would wink at someone he knew really well. But he was like a fan who had reached the heights of fannish inspiration, and for several hours he acted accordingly.

Tom Condit, whose trufannish zeal was so pronounced that he hitchhiked from New York to Detroit, was attired in shirt and trousers, and, attached to his back by two large clips was a square of cardboard which bore certain facts which no one could deny, and which proved conclusively that he wasn't there.

Joe Christoff was attired only in a pair of green tights. In his right hand he carried what I presume to be a large goblet, and he wore a strange helmet on his head. He pranced about like a sprite, and his physique was something to be marvelled at!

Bruce Pelz had gone to great trouble to grow a beard, a short black one, and it perfectly suited his disguise as an executioner, complete with black cloak and mask. His eyes glinted, and he looked like an Inquisitioner.

I would like to describe many of the costumes, because of the thought, trouble, and expense which must have gone into the creations, but the few descriptions I have given will surely show what originality and skill was on display for all to see.

Later on, the fans in fancy dress were instructed to patrol round in a large circle, whilst the judges stood and made their decisions. It must have been heartbreaking to look at the hopeful faces, and to accept the fact that in all but a few cases the thumb must be turned down. Noreen Shaw shrewdly left the circle, because her husband was judge, and it lessened the possibility of any complications. Soon, the judges rejected most of the fans, and the few left were told to continue circling until the final decisions were made. I agreed with the judges when they finally announced the winners, though I must say that it seemed strange that Karen Anderson was an also-ran. Possibly, her entry earlier, with the resultant hush by the crowd, was caused by the fact that her costume at South Gate had been superb, and there she had won outright. People probably expected the same thing to happen at the Detention, but it didn't. I've explained that Bill Donaho won, and Joe Christoff also won a category. Joe won a prize for 'The Most Beautiful Costume'. This must be unprecedented, a male winning in what is normally female territory. But I suppose, in retrospect, Joe was beautiful. Certainly the panel of judges displayed an eye for the higher things in life, and I'm sure we can all rest content that with an artistic genius like Kelley Freas on the Judiciary panel, justice was done. Joe was pleased, anyway!

Later, fans started to drift away, and I joined on to a train of fans who intimated their intention of having a 'Nuclear Fizz'.

I didn't know who or what this was, but it sounded exotic, and even though it was late, the Pelz-inspired sleep had left me in pretty fresh trim, so I tagged along, and eventually found myself in the Washington Suite.

I joined in a queue to a table where Bob Pavlat was dispensing 'Nuclear Fizz'. Before him were white buckets of ice, and bottles of vodka. Fans said it was rumoured that something else, a mundane cold drink, was also included in Nuclear Fizz, but having been a guest of the Washington group, as recounted in Chapter 3, I feel I should say that in my opinion, nothing but the best in liquor is good enough for Washington fans....

Bob Pavlat tailored the drinks to suit the drinkers. If a fan looked as though he had a galvanised epiglottis, Bob was generous with the vodka, and not too much ice. If the fan looked to be a neo, or unused to anything more potent than cola, Bob wisely cut down on the vodka ration. When he saw me he just poured vodka in a glass, and nipped in a small chunk of ice to show the flag. I got the impression from this, and the wink that went with the glass, that Bob thought me to be a heavy drinker. I must confess that I have discovered over the years that, being nurtured on Black Gold, the old Irish drink of Guinness, the alcohol content in my blood is such that it takes really big measures of the stronger liquors to affect me. I'm not a heavy drinker at all, but, secretly, folks, I think that if I turned my mind to it (I won't; although I'm weak-willed in some things, when it comes to cigarettes or liquor, which would make a hole in my pocket money,

I'm firm) I could sit back swigging hard tack along with the heavy brigade, such as Randall Garrett.

I sat on the end of someone's bed, and chatted with the fans clustered around. It was a happy happy time. Talk drifted from subject to subject. Fans seemed to think that Washington stood a fairly good chance of winning the ballot for the Convention in 1960, and I told them I hoped this was so.

Jean Young came in a little later, with Andy, and I slipped her the plonker gun Schultheis had given me, and suggested she should see if she could build up a score of direct hits. The plonker whizzed round here and there, but the bedroom was small, and so many fans were around, that it was impossible to miss. One irate fan who was hit on the back of the neck twice in succession glared around angrily to see who the culprit was, and I had to admire the way Jean sat back, her wide innocent eyes showing that, well, she wouldn't do a thing like that.

I was knocking back my fifth Nuclear Fizz, when I suddenly remembered that the attractive Ruth Kyle had invited me to a party in the Kyle suite. I'd met her in the elevator that afternoon. I excused myself, and steered a course to the room number I'd been given.

I met Phyllis Economou, who'd had the same idea as myself, and we entered the Kyle suite together.

Dave and Ruth came over to say hello. I liked them both very much. Ruth, beside being, as I've said, attractive, also was very quiet and unaffected. Dave was sincere. He told me that he'd been in Northern Ireland during the war, and said that he knew people in Toomebridge. It seemed so strange, being at a party in Detroit, with a mass of people of very futuristic ideas, talking about a little sleepy village in County Antrim in Northern Ireland called Toomebridge, and to actually meet someone else who had been there. Dave said loudly, so that all could hear, that the grass in Northern Ireland was greener than anywhere else. This, of course, is quite true, and the fact that Dave said it instead of me probably convinced some of the fans of this truth.

Dave and Ruth circulated, and Phyllis and I sat in a corner, and several fans gathered around, and we told a few stories....none of them obscene, all of them clever. The one I told got quite a laugh. It concerned the girl, a lovely girl with a natty figure, who went to a psychiatrist. As soon as he saw her, he lifted her up, carried her to his couch, and two hours later said, "Well, that's my problem solved. What's yours?"

The laughter at the jokes brought a few other fans to the group, and we were having quite a time, when a fringe fan whose name I don't recollect came over and took over the conversation with a diatribe about his experiences in Gibraltar during the war. I think he could see he'd broken the spell, and in a few moments we excused ourselves one by one, and left him sitting there with a strange expression on his face. I felt sorry for him, because I think he was a bit drunk, and only wanted to join in the fun. He didn't mean to be a wet-blanket, but we knew we couldn't have the same spirit of camaraderie.

Phyllis said she knew where another party was being held, so we went to it, after saying thanks to Dave and Ruth at the door of their suite. It was rather difficult for me, because although I was happy at the Kyle's party, I realised that I wanted to see everybody, and that quite a lot of fans wanted to meet me, too, and the only solution was to drift from group to group and party to party. My visits to the various parties at Detroit were sometimes brief but always fascinating and wonderful and interesting.....

This next party we went to, I wonder whose it was? I'm pretty sure it was the Pittsburgh group. I opened the door, ushered Phyllis inside, and heard the chink of glasses, the pop of corks and the chatter and laughter of folks having themselves a time. Randall Garrett was supporting the bar, and when I went for a couple of drinks, he cornered me and told me a couple of jokes, obscene ones, which I'd heard before, but the feeling he put into the telling made me laugh.

The fan behind the bar wasn't too sure of his duties, or too blissfully happy to care, and the two whiskeys I asked for, if put together, would have filled a bottle. I watered them down before returning to the fray. Randall Garrett was asking a girl nearby if she'd ever been kissed by a man with a moustache. She gave a non-committal reply, and I presumed that Randall, with a moustache and a beard, was going to give her the experience of her life. Instead, he asked me to oblige. The girl looked perhaps willing, but the

six-foot All American Boy just behind her didn't, so I crossed my eyes, uncrossed them again, looked blank and bewildered and took a deep drag of my drink, hoping they'd all be gone when I lowered the glass again.

I felt pretty good. I rocked on my heels, and had a happy grin on my face, and sipped my drink.

A youthful fan spoke to me, and asked me how I liked the convention.

I looked at him. He wore a short-sleeved shirt, was fresh and clean-looking, and radiated good nature.

I said how happy I was. I had quite a long chat. I sort of stuck my chest out a bit and boasted about myself, all in a confidential and knowing manner. The fan nodded and smiled, and I said to myself this is really a nice chap, I wonder what his name is. I took a crafty glance at his name card, and saw the magic words! DAMON KNIGHT

The letters seemed to throb and spell the words out in neon lights. My ghod, I thought, the Great Damon Knight had condescended to converse with me, and I'd thought he was a young neo.

I managed a weak smile, but I think he understood.....

I asked Phyllis the time, and she yawned and said it was 4 am. I said I would have to retire, because I had a speech to make the next day, no, blast it, that day.

I wended my way to the Detention Suite. The door was open, and Howard DeVore was just retiring. Two single beds, collapsible ones, had been rigged up in the middle of one of the reception rooms. I must say mine was very comfortable. It was hot, really humid, though not as bad as it had been in New York, so I dropped on the bed without taking off my shirt and trousers, threw a blanket over me, said 'goodnight' to Howard, and sat back. I don't even recall my head touching the pillow.....

.....
 Sunday morning...8 am...only four hours' sleep, and an important speech to make. The drink I'd had a few hours previously didn't seem to have affected me at all, thank goodness. Howard's bed was empty, so I presume he was on the rounds somewhere.

I showered again, and shaved, and felt in the pink of condition.

I looked outside. The sun seemed to be, as strong as ever, so, with American shirt open down to the waist, and with bracers taut as a 'G' string, I went via the elevator to the foyer.

No fans about, only business men reading newspapers.

I went outside, and walked round the centre of Detroit. It was very quiet, as I suppose all places are on the Sabbath, except, I wagered, Convention hotels!

I strolled into a drug store, sat down at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. That's all I wanted. I wasn't hungry. I stirred the coffee, poured in the cream, and made a pleasant aside to the sweaty man who'd poured the coffee.

He asked me if I was a German. I couldn't for the life of me understand why he thought I was German, but I was afraid it would hurt his feelings if I admitted that I could speak English, so I said 'Ja', and 'bitte', and he beamed with delight at his powers of deduction.

I took several photographs with my camera, a 35 mm Ifford 'Sportsman', then strolled back to the hotel.

Quite a few fans were lounging about. Dick Schultz came over and asked me if I was going to visit Canada. I'd mentioned to him several times that it was a pity that I couldn't, with Canada just over the river, and he'd told me he'd fix it up. He came from Detroit, and had been over to Windsor several times. We discussed the Canadian trip, and decided we'd go over on the following day, early in the morning.

Dick was rather plump, wore zazzy shirts, and spoke with a Dutch-American accent (at least that's how I plotted it). He was a camera fiend, and was to be seen all over the place snapping groups of fans.

Belle and Frank Dietz and George Nims Raybin crossed the foyer on their way to the hotel restaurant. Belle kindly asked me to join them for breakfast. I told Belle that I'd just been out, had had a snack, and didn't feel like breakfast. More fans came down. I glanced at a clock and saw it was almost half-past ten. Steve and Virginia Schultheis came down; I chatted with them, and impressed them into the Berry Canadian Trip on the

morrow.

BJO and several of her satellites headed towards the restaurant, and BJO invited me to accompany them. I said I'd had a snack, as I'd told Belle, but BJO suggested that a cup of coffee wouldn't do me any harm. I ran a rather leathery tongue over my dry lips, and tagged on to the end of the BJO column.

BJO led us to the far side of the restaurant. As we passed a table, I heard a voice say, "Oh, you're having a second breakfast, John?"

It was Belle Dietz. I knew what she was thinking, and my heart thumped. Ten minutes previously, she'd invited me for breakfast, and I'd declined, on the grounds that I'd already supped. Now, she observed, I was tagged on to the end of BJO's gang, aiming for a line of tables nearby.

"No, Belle," I smiled, trying to look nonchalant, "I'm just going to have a cup of coffee."

It was completely true, and yet I felt that I had offended Belle and Frank and George, who I'd previously found to be the nicest of people and the best of company. This was one of the things I'd steadfastly tried to avoid, although Walt Willis had warned me that it was almost impossible to avoid hurting someone's feelings. I was completely innocent, but I felt pretty awful about it. It took us a few moments to be served, and each time I saw Belle or Frank or George looking in our direction I made ostentatious movements with my cup and saucer, with my elbows on the table in front of me to show that I wasn't eating anything.

The Belle Incident, really nothing in itself, hurt me because later, a couple of times, minor things occurred which seemed to prove conclusively that there was a jinx about Belle and me which did its utmost to assert itself.

Frank beckoned me over, and I went. He was most pleasant. He asked me when I was returning to New York for my flight back. I told him all I knew: that I had to get a Treasury Sailing Permit, without which I couldn't leave the country. I told him that it was obtainable in only half a dozen places in America, and that in order to get the permit, I'd probably return to New York a day before my return flight. Frank and Belle said they would like to put me up for the night in New York. I was very touched, and told Frank and Belle that if I did return early, I would most certainly be delighted to stay with them. I said I would send a card from Seattle and let them know.

I returned to the Detention Suite, and sat back in a chair facing the strong sunshine, and I fell asleep with the effort of trying to figure out what I was going to say in my speech at the banquet, which was to follow. I awoke, saw it was just before one o'clock.

Howard DeVore came in, and asked me to make a special effort to get down to the Banquet Room as soon as I could. I gulped, changed into my suit, made myself look as presentable as possible, and elevatored down.

Most of the members of the Detention Committee were there. Fred Prophet ushered me to my seat, and I literally shook all over. I was sitting at the long table which faced the convention members. This was only to be expected, as I was Fan Guest of Honour. But my seat was next to the stand where the microphones were. Even this shock wasn't the greatest, because I asked Fred who was sitting next to me and he calmly told me 'Isaac Asimov'. I took a deep breath. Well, this was it. Everything had been nice and rosy and comfortable so far, but this next couple of hours, I knew, were going to be very trying. I wasn't used to being such a conspicuous personality...and as I looked down, and saw all the tables filling, and noted with sentimental pride that fans I knew well waved at me in reassurance....I realized that I was facing my greatest challenge in fandom. Sitting by such a famous author as Isaac Asimov, would, ordinarily, cause me to lose sleep for a week beforehand. But this honour was only a relative detail. I was sitting in the most conspicuous situation in the room; whenever anyone looked at the microphone stand they couldn't help but see me; but, and now the enormity of the situation descended on me, there was the speech. THE SPEECH.

I looked round me. The SAPS table was immediately in front of me. It gave me added strength to see some of my close friends nearby. At the SAPS table were Toskey, Weber, Rapp, Al Lewis, Bruce Pelz, Dick Eney and BJO Wells.

I looked to my left and right, to see who was at the Table of Honour.

Sitting next to me was Isaac Asimov, then Mabel Young and Roger Sims. (Originally, it had been Roger Sims and Mabel Young, but Asimov showed his famous powers of persuasion by swapping them round so that Mabel Young, a nice girl, was next to him. This seemed to put him in really top form.) Next to Roger sat Dean McLaughlin, then Howard and Mrs. DeVore, Willy Ley, Evelyn Paige and Doc Evans.

Past the microphone stand to my left sat Poul Anderson (looking very nervous and frequently burying his head into a thick wad of notes), Karen Anderson, Bob Bloch, Fred Prophet, Mary Young, James and Elliott Broder, ^{ick} a pretty girl and Harlan Ellison.

I recalled from the most excellent Detention Programme Book that after the Banquet came the ballot for the 1960 Convention City. I intended to vote for Washington, but, gazing round me in utter awe, I saw what a really concentrated advertising campaign could do. Everywhere I saw the word 'PITTSBURGH'. A well-dressed man sidled up behind me, and I looked round and saw he had a 'Pittsburgh' badge in his jacket lapel. I was just going to say a fannish greeting when the man flicked a speck of dust off the table with a white cloth, and I saw that he was a waiter. It is a fact that all the waiters who served the meal wore Pittsburgh badges. Behind me, a large coloured poster, about twelve feet long and four feet deep, told everyone quite blatantly that 'PITTSBURGH REALLY WANTS YOU!'

I spoke to Ike Asimov. He was most charming and gracious to a humble fan. I asked him if he'd written a speech, and he told me quite frankly that he made them up as he went along. He had a small square of cardboard in front of him, probably a cigarette packet, and my eyes almost bulged out of their sockets when I saw the letters 'GDA', with a comment scribbled under them. I knew then, finally, that there was no escape. Asimov would make a superbly brilliant introduction, and I would stand up, and then.....phew.... Asimov asked me one or two details about the GDA, and I stressed that he should inform the assembly that the GDA was a mythology.

We were chatting nicely about accents, when I saw a strange contraption being wheeled in at the other side of the room, and a man at the top of it asking the waiters to get out of the way. It was a camera, I saw. The operator asked us to sit still and say 'cheese', and the camera moved round from left to right whilst we all maintained fixed expressions. He promised that proofs would be forthcoming in a short time.

The meal started. Roast beef. Very nice. I drank tomato juice; Asimov gave me his too. It seemed that in no time at all, the plates and dishes were moved away, and even Ike himself became slightly tensed as the time approached for the speeches.

Asimov was introduced as the Toastmaster. He got up and addressed the mass of fans. Belle Dietz crouched just in front of us with her movie camera with flashlight bulbs on either side of it, and other enthusiasts also took pictures, each accompanied with flash. Asimov was superb. He threw himself into his job, he was witty and gay and original and had the audience, an enthralled audience, in the hollow of his hand. He started to throw in references to the GDA, and Goons, and Defectives, and I knew that in a second or two he would introduce me, and I would be at the heart of my fannish career....and suddenly I found a folded note on my desk. It was a message scribbled in ballpoint, and it wished me well, and it was signed by Bill Donaho, Jean and Andy Young, Johnny Koning, Bob Pavlat, Robert Christenberry and several others. I refolded it and slipped it in my breast pocket just as Asimov gave me to the audience...

Asimov moved back, and I got up, moved one step to my left, and leaned on the stand. I looked forward and saw nothing...a mass of faces all mixed up and blurred together, and more flashes popped and I saw Belle with her eyes screwed up behind her camera.

I know roughly what I said. I know that one or two of my jokes raised a laugh, and this, frankly, was what I had dared to hope for. Fans knew I wasn't serious, and after all, I had written three hundred stories for fanzines, ninety-five per cent of which were humorous, and it would have been a horrible anti-climax if I'd made a dry-as-dust oration. I started off by explaining that the DC-6B arrived at Idlewild, and a group of fans met me, and although I'd been on American soil only ten and a half seconds, someone asked me what I thought of America! I pointed out rather innocently that the first

thing I noticed was that cars in America drove on the wrong side of the road. I said that the sheer speed of the taxis in New York astounded me....in Belfast, I told them, we chug along at about 25 m.p.h., and if we want to turn left we change down to first gear about 50 yards away, and gently sweep round the corner. In New York, I said, you drove in a taxi at about 60 m.p.h. in a traffic-filled street, and the taxi suddenly whipped round a corner without any warning, and this could be mean if centrifugal force asserted itself and you happened to be sitting next to Bill Donaho. I warned them that I hadn't come to America unprepared. As soon as I knew I was coming, I told them, I went to my local library and asked the assistant to give me a selection of books dealing with the American Way Of Life. I took twenty or thirty books home, I said, and read them all. I let a cunning pause creep in here, then I added, "I think I liked 'Peyton Place' the best."

I must honestly confess that something seemed to take hold of me and guide me along. Sometimes, in general conversation with two or three people I lose the thread of what I am talking about, and I stammer and look blank whilst I try to pick up the gist of the topic under discussion. During my speech at the Banquet, as far as I am aware, this didn't happen. I still saw the haze of faces, none of which I could identify, and the odd flashbulb popped, and I kept on talking. I told them about the drink I had in Washington, about visiting Harry Warner, and Dean Grennell, and I said how wonderful it was to be with them, and what I owed them, and how brilliant everything was, and I finished up in some semblance of order. I must say that again I was sort of hypnotised. Things came into my head and I said them, and I was aware of what I said, and it didn't sound too bad, and yet, in some uncanny way, it seemed as though I was listening to an echo....my voice seemed to boom in the distance. I felt the sweat in the palms of my hands, and I finished my speech, and I seemed to become aware of everything again. The fans applauded and I sat down, sweating profusely, and I heard Isaac Asimov talking, although I had no idea what he said. I searched for fannish faces I knew, seeking reassurance, and to my delight, several fans smiled broadly and nodded, and I knew I'd done reasonably well.

Asimov cracked several clever quips, all spontaneous, and introduced Poul Anderson.

Poul looked as nervous as I'm sure I'd looked a short time previously. He had pages of closely-typed speech, eleven pages, to which he referred quite often in a fairly subtle way. He spoke about science fiction, and as his speech progressed it was obvious that he'd spent much thought on his subject, 'A Renaissance For Science Fiction'. His arguments were detailed and profound, and he didn't avoid complications but drove right through them. It was an intellectual speech, and it lasted for some time.

When he finished, the applause was prolonged and deafening, and soon, everyone stood and applauded....a fitting tribute to what Bob Bloch has referred to as the best speech he'd heard at a convention!

More Asimov, and how that man sparked. He launched himself into his performance, and flung his arms about to emphasize his points. I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks. My speech had finished, no more public speaking, and so, I let myself go.

Bob Bloch was introduced, and he took his place next to me. He also had typewritten notes, but he rarely referred to them. He was just magnificent. I had to wipe my eyes. I laughed more than I'd ever laughed in my whole life. It was sheer bliss listening to this wonderful wit. I could have sat there until the middle of next year lapping up his humour. He stood facing the audience, and told them he wore contact lenses. The people looked bewildered at this, because Bob wore spectacles. Then he added, after a pause, that he needed the contact lenses to see as far as his spectacles. I thought I'd damaged myself with the effort of trying not to go hysterical with laughter....heck, you're a mature readership, I may as well confess I though I'd ruptured myself, or at the very least split my spleen. As Bob rattled on, it became my greatest desire to get hold of his typewritten notes. It was the funniest speech I'd ever heard, and I wanted it so badly to publish in my fanzine. As Bob finished, he sat down to deafening and richly deserved applause. I caught his eyes, and asked him, pleaded with him for his notes. He looked at me with raised eyebrows and said he'd given them away already. I was shattered; it was the fastest touch I'd ever seen. I asked Poul Anderson for his notes, too, and he said he'd been asked for them. Someone, I knew, some keen faned or connoisseur had shown remarkable initiative in getting hold of the notes when I was actually sitting next to

the celebrities who'd made the speeches!

It was quite an experience actually being so close to Bloch and Asimov when the HUGO Awards were announced. It was all done very professionally. Asimov declared the various categories, and, with an air of mystery, Bloch opened the envelopes and announced the winners. It's ancient history by now, but, for the record, I'll give them, because otherwise this full-length convention report wouldn't really be complete.

Best Novel: A Case of Conscience, by James Blish.

Blish came up to the accompaniment of much applause, and said thanks in his modest way. Larry Shaw introduced me to Blish later that afternoon; he seemed very serious and pensive.

Best Novelette: Big Front Yard, by Clifford Simak.

Best Short Story: The Hellbound Train, by Robert Bloch.

I would love to know if it was organised in such a way that Bloch was especially chosen to announce the winners so that he would be in one hell of a spot when he opened the envelope and saw his own name. I was next to Bob, less than a yard away, and I saw Asimov hand him the envelope. Bob opened it, looked at the slip of paper, and seemed to stagger forward. I swear there were tears in his eyes as he read out his own name, and most definitely tears were present when he accepted the HUGO.

Best Professional Magazine: Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

An award greeted with much applause.

Best Professional Artist: Frank Kelley Freas.

An obvious winner, but Freas accepted the HUGO as if it were all too wonderful to be true.

Best Fanzine: Fanac.

Ron Ellik accepted this award on behalf of Terry Carr and himself. He was obviously mightily proud of the distinction, and I got the impression, quite frankly, that he would have been surprised if FANAC hadn't won. It was quite refreshing to see a faned with such confidence in his product. Ellik very modestly assured the enthralled audience that he would be very much surprised if FANAC didn't win next year, too. He said he wanted the pair. A very noble aspiration, and indeed, if FANAC continues its present vast news service I cannot think of any competitor.

Best New Author: Brian Aldiss.

Bob Bloch read from the slip of paper that there was not to be a presentation of a HUGO for this category, because it was considered that no one was fitted to receive it. However, Bloch read, one young author had received many more votes than any other, and it had been decided to grant him a special reward. There was a muffled conversation between Bloch and Asimov, and Bob Bloch asked me to accept the award for Aldiss, as he came from England. I did so, and said that I would endeavour to deliver it personally. (At the time of writing, early October, I've had a hell of a job finding his address. He's a mystery man, as hard to track down as Harry Warner. I have high hopes of travelling to England at the beginning of November, when I shall try to keep my promise to the assembly).

I sat down again, and I saw George Nims Raybin hurrying from his table towards Bob Bloch and Asimov. He spoke for a second with them, and then they sat down, and George spoke into the microphone. I looked round me casually, waiting to hear what he had to say. I had no idea exactly what he was to do, because it wasn't scheduled, but I was sure it would be of interest.

Ten seconds later I felt as though I'd been pinned to my chair with a javelin!

And a whole lot of little cog wheels slipped into place. Suddenly I knew why Leslie Gerber had been so determinedly trying to contact me.

George Nims Raybin told the audience, waving a square of cardboard, that Leslie Gerber had got the idea of purchasing a typewriter for Berry, because Berry hadn't got one, and had to write all his manuscripts longhand. Raybin said that Leslie had written to Mrs. Berry, and had learned that I had no immediate prospects of getting one, either. Leslie had contacted the readers and letterhacks of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and had collected a sum of \$25 to purchase a second-hand typer for me. George said he was sorry that Gerber couldn't perform the ceremony in person, but he couldn't get to the Convention; and

also the typer wasn't at the Convention either, except in symbolic form. He hoped that the drawing of a typer on the card, sketched by Joe Casey, Jr., with names of subscribers on the back, would suffice until I met Gerber in New York and received the typer then.

I shook hands with George, and accepted the card.

I looked at the audience, and my mouth was dry.

What a wonderful and magnificent and unselfish thing for such a young fan to conjure up. And to actually have the initiative to write to my wife. (That reminded me, I'd have to give my wife the Third Degree when I got home.)

But things had moved so smoothly that I fear my acceptance speech to the audience lacked the fibre I would have liked to give it. I was so astonished, you see.

I remember saying how thrilled I was, how brilliant it was, and that instead of inflicting a mere hundred or so articles in a year, as I had done of yore, now that I had a typer I would really get down to some serious writing, and it wasn't my fault if fandom was flooded with Berry stories!

I have the card in front of me now. It is framed, and will be permanently hung in my new den. I'll give the names that were on the reverse side. Actually, when George concluded the presentation, he made an announcement that if fans contributed a few more dollars to the fund, Gerber would be able to get a really good one. I understand that about another fifteen fans did so, and I haven't got their names, but for the record, and with my sincerest of thanks, I'll let you see the original contributors.

F. M. and Elinor Busby

Wally Weber

Robert N. Lambeck

Don Durward

Norman C. Metcalf

Joe Sanders

Steve Schultheis

Harry Warner

Donald Franson

Bruce Pelz

Ellis Mills

Bob Leman

Mr. and Mrs. Foos

Forrest J. Ackerman

Frank and Belle Dietz

Howard DeVore

George Nims Raybin

Leslie Gerber.

I sat down again in my chair. I felt as if I were swimming in a sea of kindness. I let my thoughts run back to the escapades Gerber had gotten into in New York, and how he always seemed to be in trouble, and, I thought, it just goes to show. For such kind and generous thoughts to be present on such an international scale in the mind of a young adolescent fan who always seemed to rub other fans the wrong way was an important message to fandom as a whole....a sign that the fannish mind runs on many levels...and that a young fan must not be judged merely on the impression he creates of thoughtlessness and untimely exuberance (which, let's face it, is the prerogative of adolescence) but also by his unselfish ideas and the thoroughness with which he goes about them.

The Banquet started to break up, and Roger Sims made one or two announcements, the most important of which was that the Nominations and Voting for the 1960 Convention City would take place very soon in the Crystal Room. He didn't say anything about the Faneds' Panel. It seemed as though it never would be held.

In the Crystal Room I sat next to Phyllis Economou. She told me that she'd obtained a proof of the photograph taken at the banquet, which I could have. Some photograph, too, about a yard long and nine inches wide, and showing everyone most clearly. It's now framed and in a conspicuous position in my house, Phyllis. Many thanks.

Roger Sims was the chairman of the 1960 Convention City, and a most excellent job he made of it. He was scrupulously fair, and firm, and made sure that each faction had the same time to put forward its arguments. A third city, Philadelphia, had put forward a nomination too, but the final site rested quite obviously between Washington and Pittsburgh.

I backed Washington, and voted for it in the ballot. I had seen and tasted Washington hospitality, and I had been round the city itself, and seen what a clean and inspiring place it was. And being the capitol, too, well, I thought it was an absolute certainty to win.

The Pittsburgh organisation was good; there is no doubt about it. Willy Ley stood up and spoke well of Pittsburgh, and having such a Big Name as the heavy artillery was undoubtedly fine propaganda. One thing I didn't really care for: the suggestion put forward by one of the female proposers that, well, visitors to the Pittsburgh parties, and there had been many, had sampled plenty of drink, which showed Pittsburgh hospitality.

I got the impression (though perhaps I'm wrong) that it was a subtle form of blackmail. We've been feeding you drink all the time; this is how you can rep ay us!

The Washington organisation wasn't so slick and polished, for all the keenness displayed. I was with Washington all the way, and I hoped and hoped, but as I mentioned previously, even the waiters at the Banquet had Pittsburgh badges, the whole hotel was plastered with Pittsburgh blurbs, and I almost felt myself unconsciously saying 'Pittsburgh ...Pittsburgh....Pittsburgh' before I went to sleep. I really think that half the voters were hypnotized into voting for Pittsburgh.

Sylvia White was eloquent and charming, I thought, but lacked verve. The rest of the Washington speakers were all very sincere, and did their best, but I must confess, sentiment apart, that I would have been swayed to the Pittsburgh side had I been a stranger who was asked to vote on the merits of the campaigns.

The voting papers came round, and I duly wrote down Washington.

A committee was called to supervise the counting, and whilst this was going on we were all entreated by Harlan Ellison by purchase artwork.

Now, from what I gathered whilst I was in America, Harlan Ellison is the Enigma of American Fandom. People like him, people don't like him. Personally, and I chatted with him several times, I found him most likeable. He was always on the move, a sort of perpetual motion fan, and he was quite generous with his observations, even if they weren't requested.

As an auctioneer, he was all for the 'Sell it quick and cheap and make a smaller individual profit' routine. There was no doubt about it, Harlan could talk and persuade and appeal to the finer feelings of his audience. I didn't have any cash to spare, but I felt like sacrificing what I did have just to show how I appreciated his work. He put his heart and soul into it. In one instance, a choice sample of artwork had a reserve tag on it. I don't know what the price was, but from the way George Young whipped it out of Harlan's hand, it was much in excess of what Harlan offered it for. Harlan tugged it away from George again, and once more proffered it for, I think, about \$2. George was aghast, and whipped it away again, muttering to Harlan about the reserve tag. "That's all right," said Harlan confidentially. From this, I gathered that Harlan would put in the difference. He didn't say this, I reckon, but he implied it. George was reluctant, but shrugged, and Harlan got the \$2. He disposed of a considerable quantity of artwork which I'm sure would otherwise still be getting mouldy in storage somewhere. If trade was beginning to look slack, Harlan would pick up a pile of illustrations and offer them for a dollar, and he looked confidentially at the audience and asked if he had let anyone down. He pointed to individual fans and asked 'Are you satisfied-- have I let you down?' The fan, hypnotized, would admit that he was satisfied, and that Harlan hadn't let him down. Whereas, on the previous day, Sam Moskowitz had injected humour into the proceedings, Harlan would have none of it. He had been asked to auction artwork off, and that's what he did, without ceremony. He was action with a capital ZING. He'd pick up a good example, flash it to the audience, and at staccato speech he'd say: "What am I offered...? C'mon, a dollar, who'll give me a dollar, a dollar, a dollar, OK, two dollars, two dollars, two dollars, two dollars, c'mon, two dollars...", and he'd snap his fingers and by the sheer force of his personality he would look at a likely client, and the hand would shoot up and Harlan would signal for the fan to come up, and by the time the fan was on his feet Harlan would be haranguing the crowd once again. I'm taking up a lot of space describing Harlan, but the boy is worth it. The programme said:

AUCTION

We've got to pay for this thing somehow.

All I can say is, it transpired that the committee did come out on the green side, and, who knows, it was probably Harlan who swung the balance!

Roger Sims came out and announced the winner of the 1960 Convention City. I don't recollect the votes, but Pittsburgh won by a big majority. The lesson here is plain to see. Bob Bloch, in case you don't know, asserts that any city which wants to put on a WorldCon is asking for trouble, rather, the committee who does so is. But if the decision is made to go ahead and hold one, or at least bid for the privilege, there is only one thing to do. Go in for the campaign in a big way. Expense should be no object. Plaster

the name of the city everywhere. Put little slips with the city's name on it at each place at the Banquet, as Pittsburgh did. Use suggestion, literally hypnotize people, as Pittsburgh did. I saw the pressure of the campaigns gradually mount, and I saw Pittsburgh go ahead by leaps and bounds. And, as I said, Washington, a nice bunch of boys, and a nice place to boast about, just hadn't got the publicity that Pittsburgh mounted.

We stood up to leave, and Boyd Raeburn asked me to accompany his group to an Italian restaurant for a meal, specifically, for pizza. I'd seen this word 'pizza' everywhere, and I knew it was an Italian dish, supposed to be highly spiced, and previously I'd mentioned to Boyd that I hadn't tasted it.

He was going to see that I did.

The restaurant, a short distance from the hotel, was called 'La Lanterna'.

I have the menu in front of me now, whilst I'm writing this. The address of the place is 1219, Griswold Street, Detroit 26. Sixteen of us made up the party, and the individual fans were: Dick Eney, Phyllis Economou, R. S. Kidder, Hans Santesson, Bill Donaho, Lee Jacobs, Martha Cohen, Boyd Raeburn, Sylvia White, Dick Ellington, Pat Ellington, Andy Young, Johnny Koning, Ron Ellick, and a name I just cannot decipher, and it's scrawled on the menu in front of me.

I ordered, on Boyd's recommendation, a cheese, mushroom and bacon pizza. It came. A huge wheel of pastry with red stuff in the middle of it. The pastry was nice, but the red stuff was very spicy (even though I'd specially requested that it not be), so I skillfully cut a circle round the red stuff, ate the pastry, took a shot of wine which Bill Donaho poured me, and smacked my lips. No, I didn't like pizza, unfortunately!

We had a nice fannish time. We chatted and joked, and I was delighted with the company.

We walked home, and I went up to the suite to freshen up. I still couldn't get any information about the Faneds' Panel, the Detention Committee members were sorry, but they'd try to put it on that evening, but they didn't exactly know when. Of course, there was the BHEER PARTY.....

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One of my most lasting regrets is that I was late for Ed Emshwiller's film show. It wasn't intentional, but I wandered down to the Crystal Room and opened the doors and was met with a blaze of light and strange music. For the next few moments I stood enthralled, unable to move, utterly transfixed by the stark originality of the pictures on the screen. Someone told me it was 'Dance Chromatic'. How can I describe it? A girl in tight-fitting ballet costume was shown at various angles, at one time small, the next second filling the screen. Odd colours shafted in and out, the colours making surrealistic patterns, real blotches of colour, bursting like bombs...and at the same time there was background music, or, rather, sound of most unusual quality....the whole effect was paralysing, fantastically interesting and incredibly original.

The lights flickered on at the end of 'Dance Chromatic', Ed came on the stage and was met with a thunder of applause; fans stood and gave him an ovation, and I clapped with all my vigour until my hands hurt. Emshwiller seemed quite pleased with his reception, and he was worth every decibel of the applause.

Anything which came after 'Dance Chromatic' was bound to be an anti-climax, and I left the Crystal Room to try to find out when and if the Faneds' Panel was going to be held. I crossed to the Shelby Room, where prozines were up for sale. I spent some time walking round, looking at the titles. Several hucksters opened their arms wide when they saw me, and gave me the freedom of what was left of their wares. I took one or two paperbacks which I hadn't read, and also a copy of AMAZING with a HYPHEN review I had been looking for for years.

I saw a table with piles of YANDROS on it, and two fans behind the table whom I correctly presumed to be Bob and Juanita Coulson. We chatted for a short time, when I saw Howard DeVore come in. I buttonholed him in a corner and pleaded for information about the Faneds' Panel. Ted White and BJO appeared too, and we tried to get Howard to give us a definite time.

Quite frankly, I didn't want to be on the panel. I felt that other fans at the Convention knew much more about publishing than I. It was of course an honour to be chosen,

especially as I was put in when that stalwart, F. M. Busby, intimated that he wouldn't be coming to the convention. I had been very lucky with my two speeches, which, by my standards, had gone off remarkably well. I've stated before that I fully expected to make a thorough mess of the speeches, and the fact that I didn't was a tremendous relief. But I felt that going on the panel would be stretching my luck. Also, and this is quite selfish of me, I was dead keen to attend the advertised BHEER PARTY, which was scheduled for 10 pm. I like bheer, and felt that it would be a good opportunity to meet a lot more fans and talk with them. For instance, when I met the Coulsons in the Shelby Room it was the first time I'd seen or heard of them at the convention, and I knew by looking at the list of names in the Detention Booklet that there were still lots of fans I particularly wanted to meet. With a few glasses of beer inside me, I begin to thaw out in no mean way!

Howard gave the news that he expected the Faneds' Panel would be held after Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin's lecture on Mars, billed as 'Mars...A Different Theory'. This was scheduled to finish at 10 pm, when the bheer party started.

I didn't go in to hear Dr. McLaughlin's talk, which, by all accounts, was stimulating. I met Dave Kyle as he came out, and he was delighted with the new theory. He said that he fully believed it. As I moved about the different groups, they were all discussing Mars, so the lecture must have been potent stuff.

Ted White came and told me the panel was on immediately, and I went into the Crystal Room, and on to the stage, and soon the rest of the panel members arrived. Facing the audience, Wally Weber was on the left, Ron Ellik was next to him, then Ted White. BJO stood in front of the microphone stand, and on her right sat Boyd Raeburn, then me, and on my left (and of the the audience's right) sat Lynn Hickman.

I counted the audience, and there were over seventy.

For the first hour, it was plain sailing. BJO asked conventional questions about publishing fanzines, and we gave our opinions in order. How did your fanzine get its name?what would your ideal fanzine contain?.....what do you like most about fanzine publishing?... and others of a similar pattern.

Several of the panel members were inspired, and their comments drew applause. I thought Ted White was quite sincere and confident. He made many telling points and he put them over with considerable skill. Wally Weber (have I told you before what a really nice chap he is?) spoke pleasantly and with complete knowledge. Ellik was complete master of the situation. He described at some length how FANAC originated, and he left us all in no doubt that as far as he was concerned it would continue to be the top fanzine. Boyd Raeburn made many shrewd observations, and Lynn Hickman (another thoroughly likeable chap) showed his considerable experience in the answers he gave.

BJO, as moderator, showed remarkable poise during that first hour.

During the question and answer stage, the audience seemed fairly interested. One or two fans would get up and go out, and others came in to maintain the balance. Some kind person came staggering in with a large jug of beer and glasses for the panel members (I think it was Pat Ellington--many belated thanks, deah) and I made a glutton of myself in front of the throng by sinking two glasses in two gulps.

As I said before, for about sixty minutes, it was just another Faneds' Panel.

Then the heavy artillery arrived, in the person of Ed Wood.

He stood up and asked BJO a question. He asked it several times, to ensure that everyone understood, and just in case someone else had just come in, he repeated it several more times. The sum total of his question was: "In the old days, pro writers, as it were, came up from the ranks of fanzine writers. WHERE WERE THE PRO WRITERS FROM PRESENT DAY FANDOM?"

Ed left us in no doubt at all that he thought we were a crummy lot when compared with the fan-editors of his day. He gave as his considered opinion that it was the Panel's fault, as editors, that no new writers were making their names in the pro field. He wanted to know, and he asked this question in some heat....he wanted to know WHAT WERE WE DOING ABOUT IT?

BJO really came in for a test of her personality and powers of self-control.

As soon as Ted White started to give his theories, Harlan Ellison made an appearance.

He sat in the front row with his little Frank Sinatra hat on, and then he stood up and asked the same sort of question as Ed Wood....except that he asked it with even more flourish and fury. When Harlan gets his teeth into a topic, he is as relentless as a terrier. He didn't give the panel time to express their opinions. I had my answer all set. I didn't give a damn where the pro-writers came from. I was in fandom for all the fun I got out of it, not to flog myself to death trying to nurture more vile pros. Harlan continued his tirade, and BJO had all her work cut out to maintain her equilibrium.

More fans began to come in and join the throng. One or two fans stood up in the audience and, in some heat, started to give Ed Wood and Harlan their opinions.

BJO tried to exert her authority, and asked for any more questions.

Harlan sat back in utter delight and asked a couple more corks. Present-day neofans had no initiative, he claimed. And, where the hell were the pro-writers coming from? I managed to speak for a moment, and I informed Ellison over the microphone that that very afternoon, I had been sitting next to Bloch and Anderson, and within seconds of their speeches being finished, I asked them for their mss, and they had already been seized. Also, I told Harlan, Brian Aldiss had just won an award for The Most Promising New Author, and he contributed to various fanzines. Harlan nodded at this, but I sensed he was busy thinking up a few more questions to try to throw the panel into chaos.

I asked over the microphone if anyone knew who had obtained the Bloch and Anderson mss, and Alan J. Lewis, of New Jersey, waved his hands in considerable glee. Lewis, being a comparative neofan, demonstrated, in my opinion, that Ellison was completely off-base with his theory that neofans have no initiative, and are afraid to approach the pros.

I made a note of where Lewis was sitting.

The Faneds' Panel gradually transformed itself into what I heard afterwards was a Fannish Phenomenon. It became so informal. If a fan felt like a drink of beer, and was afraid of missing anything, he just meandered up and helped himself from the Faneds' jug, which, fortunately, was kept permanently full by a rota of fast-running coolies!

If a fan had something to say, he didn't content himself with addressing the panel and the audience from the floor. He, or she, walked up onto the stage and delivered an oration over the microphone. It was bewildering: freedom of speech at its ultimate.

I nudged Lynn Hickman, and we got up and sidled into the wings of the stage, and sought our fortunes in the auditorium. It may seem like dreadfully bad manners to admit doing such a thing, but in our opinion, the Faneds' Panel, as such, had been over long ago. It was well after 2 am, and the spontaneous soap box showed no signs of abating. BJO still stood there, a transfixed expression on her face, as fans queued up to make their opinions felt. I sat next to Jim Harmon, and had quite a chat with him. All the time, the speeches were being made.

Hans Stefan Santesson made his way on the stage, and for some considerable time gave us his avowed opinion as to the decline in the sales of prozines. I suppose he had an axe to grind, right enough. With some power, he told us we were at fault. We, the fans. We were the cause of the downfall of science fiction. We, he said, were the nucleus, and from us should spring the all-important power that would take science fiction back on the crest of the wave, where it belonged. If only we ~~would~~ spread the word round, and tell people what they were missing by not reading science fiction. Hans said that if we all played our part, and spread the good word round, more and more people would buy the prozines, and everything would be just dandy. He suggested that when we were at a bookstand we should sort out a few science fiction paperbacks and stuff them in a very conspicuous position at the front, so that, metaphorically, they slapped people in the face.

Hans spoke with such fire and feeling, he quite convinced me this suggested mass-salesmanship would only incidentally swell his bank balance!

Larry Shaw took the microphone from Hans, and gave us a thoughtful talk about the pros and cons of Hans' theories. Larry spoke quietly, and yet with great feeling. I felt proud to know him!

Doc Barrett also made a stand about something or other. His speech was full of big words, or perhaps I was more tired than I thought. He was of the fans' side, that much was obvious, and I gave him a big cheer when he descended from the stage.

I stalked Alan J. Lewis. I sat by him, and told him, quite frankly, that I thought

he was one hell of a boy. I told him that I had been sitting next to Bloch and Anderson when they'd made their speeches, and I explained what a shock it was when I asked them for their mss just shortly afterwards, and found they'd already been snaffled. I told Alan I was proud of him. I extolled his virtues so much that I swear a tear came into his eyes, and like a true sport, he asked me if I would like one of the mss.

I pretended the idea hadn't occurred to me, and I said I'd be thrilled, and could I have the Bloch mss, and he looked at me as if I were made and told me I could have the Anderson Mss, and he went to his room and gave it to me immediately. This was a very nice thing to do, and, when I published my fanzine with the Anderson speech in it, I kept my promise and gave Alan his deserved egoboo.

It must have been close to 3 am when I staggered from the room. So far as I could see, the Spontaneous Fannish Fountain of Self-Expression, if I can call it that, showed no signs of abating.

Looking back, it seems all so ordained. It seems as though seventy or eighty truffannish souls were destined to meet that night, and discuss fandom and its merits and demerits, its hopes and its fears, its past, present and future!

Although, frankly, at the time, I wasn't really all that pleased to be on the Panel, I see now that those few hours constituted a most important chapter in my fannish life. I would like to see such a feature a permanent part of any future convention agenda...a few hours set aside for any fan to go on the stage and talk about any subject of general interest near and dear to him. There is no need for a panel, just a shrewd and masterful moderator to control things and keep track of the time for each offering, and to maintain a certain essential dignity to the proceedings. I'm sure BJO would be pleased to do it!

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I went up to a party at Don Ford's suite.

Well, I didn't actually get to the party itself.

I got as far as Don's bedroom, where Doc Barrett and several others were gathered. I went in, and we talked for some considerable time, until almost 5 am. Doc Barrett, with, I suspect, quite a few drams of whskey inside him, lay on the floor, or, well, sat on the floor, and I must report that I found his conversation even more difficult to follow than previously, but this could have been for a variety of reasons....it was 5 am, the Doc had been imbibing, and, well, I had too, and I was TIRED.

The party next door was still going strong by the sound of it, and I girded myself up to make an entrance. I zipped my bracers, wiped my moustache, and screwed my eyeballs into focus again. Don opened the door, and I saw Randy Garrett on the floor. I was poised to bow my way in, but I heard Randy talking, and I decided to wait until he'd concluded.

It is my sad duty to report that I never did make an entrance.

I want you all to know, if you don't already, that I am no prude.

Four years in the army moulded me into one of the boys. I've swapped jokes with the best of them. In my stories, I've made no secret of the fact that I adore the Female Form Divine. In fact, I would go so far as to say that, in male company, my stories are probably more risque than the next.

But I was absolutely shocked when I heard Randy recite a limerick to an audience which I saw myself contained several females. It may seem incongruous, but I've been brought up not to tell dirty jokes in front of women. There are, of course, some double-meaning jokes which it is quite in order to tell with women present, because no harm is done if they cannot see the point, and if they can see it, well, still no harm has been done.

But Randy's limerick was not like that. It was excessively obscene and vulgar. It concerned the physical attributes of a certain 'young lady from Detroit.' It left nothing at all to the imagination. It was just blatant and crude and shocking.

Even if no females had been present, the words would have curled my lips back. The only thing one could say for the limerick was that it rhymed. But, well, I just gulped. I wanted to go in, because I wanted to talk to Phyllis Economou, who I knew was present. ~~I grinned weakly at Don, and said, well, it was after 5 am, and I slowly made my way back to the Detention Suite, and curled up in my bed.~~ But somehow I couldn't.

Sitting here now and typing this, some weeks after the event, I have no second

thoughts about my action. I would do the same again. I don't think many fans would get a kick out of such a nauseating recital. I don't know what would have happened if I had actually been in the room, talking to Phyllis, when Randy gave his all. Some things just don't bear thinking about.....

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I woke up in my bed in the main room of the Detention Suite, and, through my bleary eyes, saw Roger Sims and Mabel Young talking.

I also saw the sun bursting through the window.

I yawned. I asked the time, and was told it was half past eight. I flexed my toes, and decided I didn't feel too bad after just over three hours' sleep. I spoke to Roger and Mabel for some time, and in the course of conversation it came out that I would like to go into Canada, just across the river. I was building up a fair score of countries I'd visited.....England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, Republic of Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Newfoundland and America. I probably would never get the chance of visiting Canada, I told them earnestly, and as it was so near....

The 'phone rang; it was for me. Dick Schultz was on the line, and asked was I ready to go to Canada? I told him yes, I'd be down in the lobby in half an hour, and to try to get Steve and Virginia Schultheis to come along too.

I told Mabel and Roger that the Canadian trip was on, and they said they would come too.

They left the room to attend to convention business for a short time, and I got up, shaved, and put a new roll of film in my camera.

The 'phone rang again, and a voice said (or so I thought) "Dick."

This is the ensuing conversation, over a fairly bad line:

Me: "Hi, Dick, did you find Virginia?"

Voice: "I'm in bed."

Me: "Chee, you said you were in the lobby."

Voice: "I want to speak to Mabel."

Me: "She's coming OK."

Voice: "Where to?"

Me: "Canada, stupid. What did you go back to bed for?"

Voice: "I haven't got up yet."

Me: "But you told me you were in the lobby."

Voice: "I want to speak to Mabel."

Me: "Well, OK, if you insist, but I've arranged everything with her and Roger. I'm almost ready. Why don't you go and find Virginia?"

The voice then exploded, and the line became even more confused, and then became loud and clear.

"THIS IS NICK HERE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO MABEL."

Of course, when I saw Nick later, I apologized to him for the confused conversation. I secretly felt that he might have thought the whole thing was caused by my perverted sense of humour, but, so help me, I really did think it was Dick.

Twenty minutes later we all met in the lobby. Virginia apologized because Steve was absent.

We left the hotel, and Dick announced he would lead us to the 'bus, but Roger stuck his chest out and led us the other way, and Mabel said that we were going in Roger's car.

This was very nice.

We drove a short distance through Detroit, and then crossed the bridge into Canada.

The car stopped at the barrier between the two countries.

An Immigration Official, fairly young and handsome, poked a head through the car window, and looked at each in turn.

"Where do you come from?"

In their nice American accents the rest of them told him, and he looked at me and I said "Belfast."

He looked worried.

"Pull the car over to the side," he said, and Roger did as he directed.



The Official came over. He noticed the convention name tabs on our clothing. He read out loud the details so proudly displayed.

"This is all about the little green men," he chuckled. He burst out laughing.

He shook his head very slowly from side to side, his lips pursed, as if it was all too unbelievable.

Then he looked at me, and asked me for my passport.

I handed it over to him, and he flipped over the pages, looked at the photographs and then at me and nodded slowly.

"Come with me," he directed.

As we walked across to his office, he asked me how I came to be in Detroit.

"It's a bit complicated," I told him, "but a lot of science fiction enthusiasts in America and one or two other places clubbed together and paid my fare from Belfast to New York, and I'm being driven all over America by car."

"What do you do?" he asked, obviously very interested.

"Weeeell," I hesitated, "I sort of write."

"Oh," he said quickly, "you write science fiction?"

"That is true, in a way," I said, "sort of stories about people and science fiction enthusiasts, and things, and publish magazines."

His eyes bulged, and he said, "In here, sir."

The office was neat and tidy, and several men flipped over pages of files, trying to look as if they were worthy of their salaries.

My escort took me to a fat man at a desk, who was bumping a rubber stamp on everything in sight.

"This man has jus' come from America and he writes about little green men and publishes and everything," the Official gabbled, proud of his capture, and looking for ego-boo for such a unique presentation.

The fat man looked at me, clicked his fingers, I passed him the passport and he automatically stamped it, and, somewhat abased at the seeming lack of enthusiasm for what he'd caught, my Official took me outside again and across to the car.

The faces of Mabel, Roger, Virginia and Dick lit up, and I imagine they'd thought they'd probably seen the last of me. We cracked a joke or two with the Official, and he continued to shake his head, bearing a sardonic grin on his face.

We drove into Windsor.

It was Labour Day in Detroit on the 7th of September, and so everywhere in Windsor was closed too, even though it was in Canada. I was surprised at this.

We went into a place and Roger brought us ice-cold lager, and on the street again I suggested we go buy postcards.

I purchased three, one for my wife, and one each for the children, and I asked the woman in the shop how much it was to send them to Ireland via airmail. She said seven cents, so I stuck seven cents on. Sometime at the beginning of October the cards arrived, which was rather embarrassing, as I'd already been home a couple weeks...with a stamped message saying the air mail should have been ten cents. I guess my accent must have fooled them.

I must digress for a moment to explain that somewhere in my travels, prior to reaching Detroit, I'd taken the skin off the second knuckle of my right middle and ring fingers. Nothing really, just a slight fracture of the first layer of skin which, normally, would have healed in a couple of days. But, somehow I'd attracted a few million nasty American germs, and the skin rapidly became festered, and the knuckles began to swell, and even to hurt slightly. I wear a ring on my ring finger, and the finger swelled round it to such a degree that it was serving the same purpose of a tourniquet.

Mabel expressed concern when she noticed my hand, and took me into a shop and asked the chemist to give my fingers the once-over. He looked at them, clicked his tongue, and suggested giving them a liberal sprinkling of BNF powder. At least, it sounded like BNF powder. Mabel purchased some, and Virginia said she would operate on me back at the hotel.

Roger said we would go back to Detroit via the tunnel route, and we soon came to the American Immigration Officials.

Same procedure. The Official asked the rest where they came from, and they said America, and he nodded, and asked me where I came from, and I said 'Belfast.'

"How long have you been in Canada?" he asked.

"Forty-five minutes," I said.

He blinked.

"And where were you before then?" he breathed.

"America," I said.

His face clouded, and then he noticed the convention name tags, and a smile crept across his features, as if everything was quite clear. He waved us through.

Back at the hotel, I went back to Steve and Virginia's room. Steve wasn't there, but Virginia took me into the bathroom, washed my fingers, sprinkled some BNF powder on, then put on 'elastoplast' or some similar preparation. A warm itch spread over my fingers, and they felt much better immediately.

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On my way up to the Detention Suite, I met Burnett Toskey. He said that he planned to leave Detroit that afternoon, round about two o'clock. This was a bit of a shock. I had completely forgotten that it was the last day of the convention, and that the Seattle Group were taking me by car to the West Coast. Suddenly, there seemed so much to do, and so many fans to see, and I felt as if I hadn't done all that I meant to do... that I hadn't contacted all the many fans who were at the convention, and whom I'd written to and traded with for so many years.

I told Toskey that I would go up and pack, but that there were some fans I particularly wanted to see, including Nick Falasca. Toskey came up to the Detention suite, and I packed my suitcase, and took one last lingering glance round the room. I hadn't spent much time in it, but the Detroit fans had treated me exceptionally well, specially bearing in mind all the work they had with the working and organisation of the Detention.

Ellington were feverishly drawing coloured pictures on large sheets of paper, and other fans, including BJO, were similarly active. One or two typers were clattering.

I had chanced upon the lair where the artistic contributions to Dean McLaughlin's re-hashed play were being produced at breakneck speed. I managed a few more rushed goodbyes, promised to see Pat back in New York in a couple of weeks, looked round carefully for Nick....no Falasca...and I zipped along the bar like a whirlwind, and followed Gonser outside.

Toskey and Weber were waiting, and Dick Schultz and Hans Santesson were standing there talking to them. I shook hands with Schultz and Hans, posed for a picture with them, and then swung along behind the intrepid Seattle boys.

We did a bit of preliminary bag shuffling, deciding what we'd need on the trip, and what we wouldn't. I took a last look round at the hotel, the site of my first convention.

I got into the back of the car, on the left, and Wally Weber sat on my right, and immediately went to sleep. Toskey sat in front of Wally Weber, and Wally Gonser took the driver's seat.

With a suitable merry quip, Gonser shoved the car into gear, and turned off the parking lot on to the road....the long haul to Seattle had begun....

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER FOUR

Of course, I have had time to reflect on the three days at Detroit. This particular chapter was written in October and November, and I didn't need to do any feverish note-reading to bring everything back to me. I can see it all now, in perfect clarity.... the first time in over five years of active fanning that I'd actually been amongst more than half a dozen fans. My very first convention, and it seemed so strange to consider that I had travelled many thousands of miles to attend it. What is more unique about it is the fact that I, an Englishman, should have to travel to America to attend a fannish convention.

I had always wanted to go to a convention in England, but they always seemed to occur at Easter, when my job precluded any possibility of my taking leave of absence to go. Even now, I haven't been to a convention in England, so I cannot make any comparison between American and British fans and conventions. All I can venture to say is that English conventions will have to be really out of this world to better my one big experience of a World Convention in Detroit. Of course, now that I've travelled across the Atlantic to be a con-goer, it seems so utterly simple to say that, yep, I'll go to the con in England next year (1960), wherever it is....after all, it's only one and a half hours by 'plane, at the very most, or a sail across the Irish sea overnight and a moderate train ride in the morning.

I've done the thing in reverse, which is quite a common thing with me. I've done the most difficult thing first. After a vast World-Con, with many hundreds of fans present, and really important ones too, like Willy Ley (I can always boast that I spoke to him, even if it was for a few seconds in an elevator)...and Isaac Asimov (why, heck, I sat next to him for a meal, and he gave me his tomato juice)...and Bob Bloch (who said my speech was 'entertaining')....and damon knight and Poul Anderson and James Blish... and so on and on and on.....well, an English convention might have one or two of the biggest names, but there would at the most be about a third of the total attendance present at Detroit!

Whether or not I shall meet with an anti-climax, I don't know. This will only be proved by time and opportunity.

What will linger in my mind...what was the most important event or events in Detroit... what will be erased with time, and what will remain...?

I often lie awake at night and ask myself those questions, and others.

There is no doubt at all that the big general impression I shall always carry is the utter kindness of everyone, right up the fannish scale to the big-time big-name fans. No one was stuffy, NOT ONE. No one tried to monopolize my time, or make it difficult for me to get around and meet everyone. I always remembered Walt Willis's advice 'get around and see everyone and refuse to be monopolized', but there was never any need for

Toskey took my suitcase, and I went down to the lobby, and from then on, until just after 3 pm, I sped on breathlessly from fan to fan, saying goodbye.

I tried to meet as many fans as I could. I had a particularly heart-rending goodbye with my number one fan, Bob Bloch. I told him frankly that meeting him had been one of the highlights of a superb series of wonderful happenings. I whipped out my wallet, and pulled out a Bank of England pound note, and asked Bob to autograph it for me. He did so. I still have the note with me now. No matter what financial crises face me in the future, I shall always have at least one pound in my pocket....and if I ever feel disheartened with my lot (which happens to the best of us) I shall pull out the pound note signed on the right hand side by 'L. K. O'Brien', Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, and on the left side by 'Robert Bloch', and I shall realise that although I have a pound note in my hand, I have much more. I have a permanent reminder of three days of utter fannish bliss, and at the same time I shall get great draughts of inspiration with the knowledge that Bloch himself has held that self-same pound note in his hand, and has scribbled his name there for posterity. I shall never part with that small oblong of paper...

I cannot tabulate all the fans I shook hands with that afternoon. I made up my mind to clasp hands with as many as I could. I went from fan to fan, muttering my profound thanks at helping to make my dream possible. Periodically, I saw Toskey or Wally Gonser or Wally Weber nearby, waving at me and telling me it was time to go. It was after two o'clock, and getting round to three, but I still flitted here and there. I peered round the doors of the Crystal Room, and heard someone say "BJO has just auctioned herself off for the Berry Fund." I almost dropped in my tracks when I heard the reply, "Yes, she has to do it for twenty-two fans."

My heart pounded for this gal. I wasn't exactly sure what she'd sacrificed herself for, and then Noreen Shaw came up and told me that BJO had offered to draw cartoons for fans at a dollar a time to assist the Berry Fund to raise enough to fly me back from Seattle to New York. I was always embarrassed when such intimate details of the Fund were discussed, and felt so humble that Noreen Shaw and Nick Falasca, instead of hopping about the place enjoying themselves, as I had done, had been all the time huckstering for the Fund. Toskey had told me that his instructions had been to bring me to Seattle whether there was sufficient cash for the 'plane ticket or not, but I could see that the organisers of the Berry Fund were making sure that as far as they were concerned the money would be on hand for the 'plane ticket.

I wanted to say goodbye to Nick Falasca. This took priority over everything else. It seemed to me that I hadn't even adequately told him how much I thought of his work for the Fund. True, I had publicly announced my thanks at my short speech on the opening day, and I had seen Nick every now and then and said 'Hiya', but, there it was, I was due to leave, and the Seattle boys were rarin' to get started on the 2,600 mile drive to the west, and I still felt I had to really impress upon him my heartfelt thanks.

But where was he?

I went to the desk clerk and asked him to ring through to Nick's room. He did so, and there was no reply. I organised a band of Nick-hunters, ranging from neo's to BNF's, and they scouted all over the place, but couldn't find him.

I returned to the Crystal Room, where a meeting was breaking up. Wally Gonser was breathing down my neck. He told me the car was purring outside the front door, and the boys were just waiting.... I saw still more fans I hadn't said 'goodbye' to. I rushed over and shook hands with more. I saw Noreen sitting near the front row, and I went up to her and asked that if she should see Nick, she was please to tell him that I did all that was fannishly possible to look for him and thank him for all his work with the Fund. She said she'd do that, and then called me back and gave me a handful of dollars, the result of the BJO Sacrifice, which she told me to give Toskey. I rammed the dollars in my pocket, and rushed out after Toskey. I took one last backward glance at the fans present in the Crystal Room, sighed, and pursued Gonser down the stairs.

On our way through the foyer I saw the bar to the left, and Pat Ellington going into it. I told Gonser to hold on for a second, and I went into the bar, along its length, and saw a mass of fannish activity on some long seats and tables. Joe Casey and Pat

me to exert myself to break away. Everyone seemed to understand that I was fannish property....available to everyone in general and no one in particular, and I wanted it that way, because I had made so many friends in fandom in my years of energetic publishing and writing that I didn't want to hurt any of them by being cliquish and offhand and hard to contact.

Undoubtedly there were many fans, good friends of mine on paper, whom I didn't get to see. I can only say in all humility that I did my best. When fans didn't come over to me and introduce themselves (and hundreds, happily, did) I popped over to see them. I paid a great deal of attention to the younger and lesser-known fans. I found them all to be wonderful characters. Johnny Koning, for instance, as I've said, impressed me tremendously with his enthusiasm and verve. Lots of other young fans showed they were equally talented.

I was sometimes embarrassed by meeting fans I'd met before, and forgetting their names. It was a point of honour that, meeting a fan for the second or third time, I wouldn't scan his namecard, but would call him or her by name, as though I'd known them for years. This I found hard to do. I met hundreds of people, you must remember, in three/short days, and, with so much activity besides, looking back, I consider it almost a miracle that I could remember anyone. One or two young fans seemed a mite hurt when I said 'Hello, Jim' and it was Joe, and all I could do was flick a crafty eyeball downwards at an angle of 45 degrees, glance surreptitiously at the namecard, blow my nose ostentatiously, and come up with the correct name, as though I'd known it all the time.

I've mentioned the many well-known big names at Detroit. I met them all, and without exception found them friendly and approachable. I couldn't really say if this was normal behavior toward all fans, or to me because I was a visitor, but I strongly suspect that, generally, American fandom at a convention becomes one big happy family, and old feuds and controversies are forgotten in the excitement of the rare opportunity to get together. I can state in all honesty that I didn't hear one angry word spoken to or about fans during the three days at the WorldCon. I found a spirit of camaraderie that I wouldn't have believed possible. When one considers the old feuds that have blighted the face of American fandom in the past (and even quite recently) this may seem a bold statement to make....but it's true.

To any fan who was at the Detroit Con, and who has read these many thousands of words in chapter four, it will be blatantly obvious that I missed several of the items taking place there. True. I missed part of the programme. I could put forth many excuses, but the plain unvarnished truth was that I felt I would be better occupied with meeting fans and getting to know American fandom, than huddled up in a chair for some hours and only able to converse with a few fans. I must say the programme catered for every taste; and I would have liked to take everything in. For example, the Mars lecture by Dr. Dean McLaughlin would have interested me considerably, and the various panels must have been absorbing...in fact, I know they were. But I felt it my duty, and a most pleasurable duty, to chat with as many fans as possible, rather than to be a programme compleatist.

A special VOTE OF THANKS to the Detention Committee who looked after me so well.

It must have been somewhat of a problem for them to have had a trans-Atlantic visitor added to their list of responsibilities. They had work to do. Running a convention must be a most exacting task. Think of the difficulties involved. Hundreds of fans to look after, and on top of that an Anglo-Irishman with a funny accent who kept strange hours and wore bracers. I was told that I was to consider the convention suite my own... I could bring up whoever I liked, and I could have the complete freedom of the bar...and I knew they meant it. Sleeping accomodation difficulties cropped up, but I always had a comfortable bed ready for me when I came staggering in during the late-early am's. Individually, the committee members showed great kindness. Mrs. DeVore pressed my trousers, and boy, she had lots to do besides...Mabel and Roger took me to Canada when they had a convention to control.....Howard DeVore gave me the freedom of his huckstering stall....and, as you'll read later, Mabel and Roger did something very touching and kind, and the committee as a whole gave a large sum of money to the Berry Fund out of the profits of the Detention.

Some knowledgeable fans told me frankly that the Detention was the best convention they'd ever attended. I can't speak with such depths of experience. All I can say is that, because of my three days at the 17th World Convention, I have become an immeasurably more mature fan.

For I have seen the inner workings of American fandom. Most Europeans don't understand Americans...I'm not speaking about fandom now, I'm speaking on the international level of political thinking. Americans are looked at from various points of view. For instance, it has been said that American tourists create ill-feeling by giving misleading representations of their wealth, by boasting about themselves and their country, and by treating the nationals as peasants, and as inferiors.

I can only speak as I find.

I knew quite a lot of American soldiers during the war, and got on well with them although I must confess that generally speaking, the British troops weren't really too delighted. This probably sprung from the fact that American soldiers got about three times as much pay as we did.

The first civilian Americans I met were Steve Schultheis and Rory Faulkner in Belfast in 1957, and no doubt you've all read my observations about them in various fanzines in the past.

One of my secret desires regarding my trip to America was to see if I could really get down to essentials, and find out what Americans are really like. Well, it's reasonable to assume that American fandom and the members thereof, especially the members thereof, should give a reasonable demonstration of what the average American was like. So, inwardly, and on top of all my fannish observations, I kept a mental note of how Americans behave. And what better place to carry out my personal poll than at Detroit, where American fandom was on show?

As I said back there, I can only speak as I find...

Americans are absolutely great.

They are generous; kind, pleasant, full of good humour, tolerant and wholesome.

American fans are, anyway, and I found nothing to disprove my theory that a cross section of fans represents a cross section of the American public.....

NEXT MONTH: The Goon goes even further west..

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compiled by Burnett R. Toskey and Bruce Pelz

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abbreviations used in the above list:

page size: (L) = legal length(8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x14); ($\frac{1}{2}$) = half standard size (8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$)

duplication process: M = mimeograph, D = ditto, L = lithograph, m = multigraph, G = Gestetner.

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Piper, J. Les (pseudonym for Leslie Nirenberg, q.v.)

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Plunkett, Eustace (Los Angeles pseudonym, used here by Bjo Wells)

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Schaeffer, Parker (pseudonym for Donald Franson, q.v.)

Poetry: "GOONGa Faan!" -- 128

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Schmittelhorne, Ludwig (pseudonym for Otto Pfeifer, q.v.)

Fiction: "A Tail for Aliens" -- 87

Schultheis, Steve

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Scortia, Thomas N.

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Sharp, F. (pseudonym for Donald Franson, q.v.)

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Spencer, Erik Von (pseudonym for Otto Pfeifer, q.v.)

Fiction: "Final Inscription" -- 94

Spencer, George

Poetry: "Over the Garden Wall So Tall" -- 92

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Warner, Harry

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Article: "Convention in Short" -- 83

Weber, Wallace Wastebasket (pseudonym for Wally Weber, q.v.)

Fiction: "Crime and Crime Again" -- 75

Weber, Wally (see also Wallace Wandering Weber, and Wallace Wastebasket Weber)

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Wheeler, Stuart

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White, Ted

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Willits, Malcolm

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Wood, Robin

Artwork: 108,110,111

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Whittier, Dorcas Bagby (pseudonym of Ellis Mills, q.v.)

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Willis, Madeleine

Photo: 108

Winslow, Norman (pseudonym for William Austin, q.v.)

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THE FAN WHO CARRIED A MIMEOGRAPH EVERYWHERE HE WENT

by Len Moffatt

Some fans say it's apocryphal, The Legend Of The Fan Who Carried A Mimeograph With Him Everywhere He Went. Recently it was suggested that the tale stemmed from Rich Brown's one-shot session at the SOLACON. However, I'm reasonably sure that the legend, myth or whatever has been around much longer than that. It seems to crop up in fanzines every five years or so as a reference or a lino, or may turn up in conversation at a party or convention.

To the best of my knowledge, the story has never appeared in its entirety. There are several versions and I rather doubt if any one fan knows the entire story. The versions I have heard differ in detail and in locale. It is quite possible that they are based on doings of more than one fan, and that The Fan Who, etc., never actually existed as an individual. The following is a composite of several I've heard over the years:

Once there was (and perhaps there still is) a fan who carried his mimeograph with him everywhere he went. It was a simple machine -- the kind that must be handled one sheet at a time, and of course handcranked, completely unautomatic. The fan, who seems to be a traveling giant much in the manner of Ellik or Caughran, showed up at club meetings, parties, and at least once at a convention, toting his mimeo, his overcoat pockets stuffed with stencils, paper, ink cans, styli, and a stapler. When asked WHY, his answer was always the same:

"I'm going to publish a one-shot fanzine."

"When? Now?"

"Well, not now, I guess. But sooner or later Inspiration will Strike Me, and Then I will publish..."

"Without a typer?"

"Oh, I visit only fannish places, and there is always at least one typer in a fannish place. And if not, I can always write it in longhand with my styli... the important thing is to have the mimeo always available, and a minimum supply of the other necessary items. See, I have ink, paper, staples..."

"Yes...yes, I see...er...excuse me, there's someone over there I must speak with..."

Perhaps it was the strange gleam in the mimeo-toting fan's eye that occasionally dampened the other fan's curiosity. He always looked as though inspiration was going to Strike him almost any minute. No one seemed to want to be anywhere near him when it did.

But the gleam was always there, although the one-shot was never published. (It has been suggested that he was the first fan to wear contact lenses, but considering the number of years the tale has been around it is more reasonable to assume that the so-called gleam was merely light reflecting from his thick-lensed glasses. One version goes into some detail about his spectacles, describing the way they magnified his big, soulful, cocker-spaniel eyes. It seems that after the initial questioning he was usually left alone, to sit in a corner and stare mournfully at the group he was visiting, holding the mimeo on his lap with one hand while the other hand nervously checked his various pockets to make sure that all of his supplies were intact.)

Rick Sneary brought up an interesting point when he first heard the story. "Was it a Curse or a Blessing?" wondered the Sage of South Gate. If one inclined toward the superstitious, one could easily assume that it was indeed a Curse. Perhaps at some time in the past the poor fan had incurred the wrath of one of the fannish deities, and was cursed with the burden of having to carry a mimeo with him wherever he went. At any rate it could hardly be called a Blessing, as he never published his one-shot, and in all of the versions was always the "fifth wheel" in any group of happy fan.

But he talked about his proposed fanzine at every opportunity. In fact, he never talked about anything else. He had a variety of titles for the one-shot, and loved to discuss the constantly-changing table of contents. "It's going to be a one-shot

letter-zine," he would say. "Just as soon as I get enough interesting letters on enough interesting subjects. I'll call it Voice of the FaNation -- VOF, for short."

"How many letters have you collected so far?"

"Well, actually, none. You see, I travel a lot and any mail I might get never seems to quite catch up with me. But once I settle down..."

"Your title isn't too original. Ackerman is publishing a letterzine too, you know. Voice of the Imagi-Nation -- VOM, for short. You could be accused of..."

"Oh, ther's no connection whatever!" he would argue, his big brown eyes growing liquid. "VOM is a regularly scheduled fanzine. My mag-- VOF-- will be strictly a one-shot. A collection of the best letters ever written by fans. Just as soon as I get them all together, and get the proper inspiration...Bingo! Right on the spot I'll produce VOF!"

He showed up in Los Angeles in the early forties, and attended several LASFS meetings. "Oh, I've heard of you," said one of the members, at his first meeting. "You're the guy who's going to do a one-shot imitation of VOM..."

"Oh, no," he said. "I gave up on VOF months ago. No inspiration, and even though it wouldn't have been a copy, there would always be those jealous fans who would say it was, anyway. No, I have a much better title, and as soon as the inspiration hits me..."

"You have material?"

"Oh, scads of material. Articles, stories, poems, illos,...I've been collecting it all for some time. I've been all over the country and at each stop I've picked up a story or article or something. I have enough now for a fifty page one-shot with beautifully illo'd front AND back covers..."

"So why don't you publish it? I see you have stencils, paper, etc., and I'm sure Walt will let you use his typer. It's right here in the club room, and you can set your mimeo up over there. There's always someone around to help slipsheet, and collate, and..."

"No, thanks anyway, but not now. But as soon as the inspiration hits me..."

"What? Oh...yeah...well, say...look, Forry just came in. I got to see him about something...see you.....later..."

And the visiting fan would find a seat in the corner and stare glumly at everything and nothing, clutching the mimeo to his chest, constantly checking the supplies in his pockets, quietly waiting for the meeting to end, or maybe just waiting for that old inspiration to strike.

Basically that's the story. As I said, each version has a variety of details, and if one believed them all, the strange fan would have to have been in several places at once. He also seems to have invented a goodly quantity of fanzine titles, none of which were ever used. Most of them resembled titles in use at the time, such as the already-mentioned VOF. Others included Ye Zombie, Fanfares, Outer Spaceways, Woops L'Affaires, Skyhack, Hyphanations and Fannish Times. I suppose if he showed up now he would have a title like Cry of the Name List or something...

But one thing bothers me. The fan in question always had a name, but in all these stories I've never heard it. Not once is it mentioned. He's simply the fan who carried a mimeograph everywhere he went, and nothing more. Perhaps his namelessness is a part of the suggested Curse. But there must be other versions, besides the ones I've tried to capsulize here. I'd be interested in seeing them, and in learning the name and origin of the fan who, for the past twenty years at least, has been -- in gossip if not in fact -- carrying his mimeograph and assorted supplies from one fannish group to another, patiently waiting for the inspiration to publish the greatest one-shot fanzine of all time.

Len Moffatt

M I N U T E S

by SEC-treas

Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE DECEMBER 6, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

The December 6, 1959 meeting of the nameless Nameless was opened by F. M. Busby on December 6, 1959. F. M. Busby is a prompt President. This interesting event took place at 9:38 p.m. and was almost immediately followed by the reading of the minutes. Since the minutes were read straight out of the CRY where they had already been published for all the world to see, the enraged membership had no recourse but to reluctantly approve the minutes as read.

The sec-TREAS was then asked for a report. After checking his empty milk bottles and his Christmas shopping list, the sec-TREAS happily reported there was \$14.72 in the club treasury.

Geneva Wyman took this opportunity to thank the club for renewing her Thalia membership. She indicated that it saved her the trouble of beating her husband to a bloody pulp to make him renew it for her. The sec-TREAS paled at this implication, but did not admit at that time that he had not yet mailed the check in to Thalia.

The Nameless Ones decided by unanimous vote to take out a \$2 membership in the PITTCON in order to spend what money the treasurer hadn't got around to spending yet. Not realizing the true reason for this expense, even the treasurer voted in favor of it.

With all this money going out, some discussion was given to methods of taking in some of the filthy stuff. Nobody could think of anybody stupid enough to give the club money until Jerry Frahm came up with the brilliant plan of charging ourselves more money for refreshments and then arranging for refreshments that didn't cost anything. Strangely enough this plan appealed so appealing to the membership that they hurriedly approved a motion that 50 cents be charged at the next meeting for each person's refreshments instead of the usual, already inflationary, 25 cents. Some members even started volunteering to bring part of the refreshments. Arrangements began to get so complicated that President Busby, following a policy of his of laying problems in the hands of those who originally created them, appointed Jerry Frahm chairman of a hither-to non-existent refreshments committee.

Hardly squelched at all, Jerry made a further suggestion that next meeting be turned into a sort of Christmas party with everyone bringing gifts for exchange. The membership continued to show utmost faith in Jerry's ideas, going almost wholeheartedly in support of the suggestion. There were some reservations of enthusiasm, however, until it was mentioned that only extremely inexpensive gifts should be brought, preferably something useless that was already cluttering up the house.

President Busby happened to think at this point that should any members show up at the next meeting who hadn't been appraised of all these plans, they might feel even more embarrassed and out-of-step than one usually feels at Nameless meetings. The Sec-Treas wasted no time in volunteering to get out warning notices to the membership, because the Sec-Treas was about to move into new quarters and had many many things he wished to get rid of as gifts and would have been greatly dismayed to see any changes made in the present plans.

The meeting was adjourned at 10:00 p.m., just in time to prevent a hideous riddle involving a baby elephant with limited mathematical ability from being included in these minutes.

Honorable SEC-treas Wally Weber

The BERRY FUND Report

Berry Fund contributions sent to or reported to Nick Falasca.....	\$644.75
Total cost of airline tickets, Belfast-New York round-trip.....	441.00
Total cost of airline ticket, Seattle-to-New York one-way.....	117.50
Total amount delivered to John to help cover incidental expenses..	86.25
	<u>\$644.75</u>

These totals include contributions received by Arthur Thomson from UKfen prior to about July 1, 1959, but not later, and do not include contributions sent directly to John (or delivered personally, as Walt Willis did). Consequently, our List of Contributors, below, is not 100% complete.

If you contributed, and your name does not appear below, please forward (to CRY, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash), the pertinent information: your name, amount of contribution, approximate date you sent it in, and person to whom you sent it... we are particularly concerned with contributions posted to Rickhardt in his Traveling Days about a year ago; since he has not responded to queries on the matter, perhaps the information can better be obtained in this fashion.

Although amounts of individual contributions will not be listed here, several fan-gatherings staged events for the benefit of the Fund, raising the following amounts:

Philadelphia Raffle....	\$18.50	Midwestcon Proceeds.....	\$34.55
Westercon Proceeds....	28.34	Bjo (Detention) Auction....	26.00
And, contributed from the Detention profits by the Committee.....	70.00		

List of Individual (and club) Contributors (who account for \$467.36, all told):

Nick Falasca	Gene Pallat	William Sarill	Belle & Frank Dietz
Noreen Shaw	Ben Jason	Wrai Ballard	C.L.Barrett, M.D.
Boyd Raeburn	Robert Bloch	A.J.Budrys	Fred Prophet
Dick & Pat Ellington	Ger Steward	Lynn Hickman	Bob & Barbara
Bob Pavlat	Roger Sims	Joe Lee Sanders	Silverberg
F.M. & Elinor Busby	Dainis Bisenieks	Archibald Destiny	Mabel Young
Steve & Virginia	John Trimble	Ethel Kane	Jean Bogert
Schultheis	Poul & Karen	Esmond Adams	Hal Lynch
Arthur Thomson	Anderson	Leslie Gerber	George Nims Raybin
Wally Weber	Ellis Mills	Bill Beard	Joy & Vincent Clarke
Harry Warner, Jr	Betty Kujawa	Ed Bielfeldt	Jim Caughran
Burnett R Toskey	Bill Meyers	George Scithers	Chick Derry
Dave & Ruth Kyle	Bob Madle	Phyllis Economou	Sandy Sanderson
Larry Shaw	Terry & Miri Carr	Stu Hoffman	Randall Garrett
Dean McLaughlin	Andy & Jean Young	Rod Frye	Lee Hoffman
Bruce Pelz	Bill Evans	Dick Schultz	Ken & Pam Bulmer
Larry Stark	Len & Anna Moffatt	Earl Kemp	Jim Webbert
Bob Leman	Norman Metcalf	Jim O'Meara	Sid Coleman
LASFS(per Al Lewis)	Bill Donaho	Peter Skeberdis	Pittsburgh SF Society
Donald Franson	Alma Hill	Charles Burbee	Jack Speer
Ron Bennett	Rick Sneary	Futurian Society	Guy Terwilleger
Otto Pfeifer	Ella Parker	of New York	Sandra Hall
Metrofen of N.Y.	Gregg Calkins	Bobbie Wild	Flora Jones
Howard DeVore	Buck Coulson	Forrest Ackerman	Ted Engles
Ivor Mayne	Lee Noone	Bob Lambeck	Ed Meskys
Colin Cameron	John Koning	Vic Ryan	Robert F Smith
(?)Houston(?)	Bob Smith(?)	Dick Shultz(?)	

((The (?)s indicate confusion: is Houston the first or last name? Are Bob Smith & Dick Shultz duplications (from more than one contribution; there were quite a number of folks who did so) of Robert F Smith and Dick Schultz respectively??))

At any rate, the above-listed 100-plus names constitute one of the finest cross-sections of fandom you'll ever see on one page. End of Report, and thanks. --FTB.

THE OTHER FANDOM

by
Grotius Harbottle

I'm going to put this whole thing down on paper, and then I'm going to try to get it published in a fanzine. That seems like the best way of reaching any of you out there who are innocent. And I'm sure there must be a great number of you who, like me, are innocent; who came into fandom with never a suspicion of the horror lurking behind the fannish facade. To all such, I give this warning: Get Out Of Fandom Before It's Too Late!

It may be that this account will never see publication. If the fanned to whom I send it is one of them, it will, of course, be ruthlessly suppressed. But I think I've picked my man carefully, and if you're reading this now, I'll have been proved right. And I beg you to pay heed to what I say.

The things I'm going to reveal can't be proved, and rather than add libel suits to my present troubles, I'm going to use false names -- to protect the guilty; as it were. The apparent facts militate viciously against me, and it may be that you won't believe me any more than the police do. But at least I'll have done my duty in passing on this warning.

My real name doesn't matter, and I prefer to conceal it because it was a pretty well-known name in fandom, and I'm proud enough not to want it known that I'm in jail. If, in this melancholy fragment of autobiography, I find it necessary to refer to my name, I shall call myself Grotius Harbottle. (For any of you who enjoy puzzles, that bizarre cognomen conceals a clue to my true identity.)

As you read further, you may at some point decide that you are wasting your time on the ravings of a lunatic. To reach such a conclusion would be to fall grievously into error. My mind, although at present tormented by anxiety and trepidation, remains clear and unclouded, and as capable as ever of rational thought. Indeed, my whole character and way of life give the lie to any contention that my mind is unhinged. I am a sober, decent, Godly man, a provident and loving husband and father, a conscientious worker and a public-spirited citizen. It is indeed a grotesque quirk of fate that such a man should find himself in legal captivity.

I own a small meadle distributing agency, and I work hard at it. I'm at the wheel of the truck for about ten hours a day, and do my paper work after that. When you work as hard as all that, you need some hobbies, and I have several. Fanac was one, of course, and I play a little golf, and I sing in the choir at church, and I read quite a lot. I've been an omnivorous reader since childhood, and I'd guess that over the years I've averaged at least a couple of hundred books a year. I flatter myself that through all this reading I've developed a good ear for prose style -- an unfortunate accomplishment, it now appears. It was my style-consciousness that got me into this trouble.

One evening I was reading Hosmer J. Rusk's fanzine SPAVIN (I hardly need say that I'm also changing fanzine names), and as always, reading it was an exceptional pleasure. Rusk's fame as a fan-writer is richly deserved; I have long felt an almost abject admiration for the balance and cadence of his sentences, the exquisite care with which he chooses words, the tremendous effects he achieves by unexpected phrasings, and the indefinable rhythms of his prose. I was, as a matter of fact, reading more for the sound than for the sense of the article, and that was the cause of my discovery. I was reading along in that half-dreamy state that exceptionally musical writing can sometimes produce, when I was suddenly jolted out of my reverie and brought up short by a hideously harsh and awkward sentence, a cracked discordant note in Rusk's sonorities. It was like being doused with cold water. What the devil did the man mean, writing a sentence like that? I marked the line with my pencil, intending to write Rusk about it.

A little farther on there was another such sentence, and then another and another. When I'd read through the fanzine I counted the sentences I'd underlined; there were eleven of them. Good Lord, I thought, is Rusk losing his ear?

He took it, God help me. He wrote me a long letter which pretty well explained the whole thing. And after I had read it I went to the bathroom and was violently sick.

I don't have the letter any more, so I can't quote it directly, but he began by welcoming me to the group, and expressing some surprise at finding that I was one of them -- he'd always been sure that I was only one of the boobs. Since I was new to the organization, and probably didn't know much about it, he proposed to give me a quick run-down.

The life of a ghoul, said Timp, has never been an easy one. Every man's hand has always been against him, since the dawn of history. With the increasing mechanization of civilization it became ever more difficult for ghouls to exist. It finally became clear to a middle-western ghoul -- Hosmer J. Rusk, in fact -- that the sole hope of the ghouls of America lay in cooperation. If, for example, one of them found a good source of supply, all the ghouls ought to have a chance to benefit. Or if one ghoul found a danger area, he should warn the others. Only in this way could the ghouls survive in the twentieth-century world.

Rusk visited the most prominent ghouls in the country, and found them to be in perfect accord with his plan. The main problem, as they saw it, was establishing a safe mode of communication. All the good intentions in the world would avail nothing unless the ghouls could safely pass the word to each other.

But Rusk was ready for them. He had heard, he said, of certain amateur magazines which were published by printing enthusiasts. Now such an amateur magazine could easily carry ghoul-to-ghoul messages concealed somewhere in the wordage. Rusk's proposal was that each ghoul should publish an amateur magazine, and put all the rest on his mailing list. It was a simple and foolproof plan for communication.

The magazine would, of course, need some ostensible purpose -- some apparent common interest among the publishers. It was a New York ghoul who found the answer to this: he suggested that they pretend to be science-fiction enthusiasts, and use that as their common ground. This was agreed upon, and thus did fanzines come into being.

It happened that some of the ghouls were skilled writers, and that others possessed uncommon wit, and when copies of their fanzines fell into non-ghoul hands they sometimes inspired non-ghouls to publish. Thus, in time, fandom came to contain a number of ordinary human beings -- "boobs" to the ghouls. But the real purpose of fandom -- to provide communications among the ghoulish underground -- never wavered.

This (said Timp's letter) was a brief history of the American Society of Ghouls -- or, to give it its public name, Fandom. Each year since its founding had seen an increase in the ghoulish standard of living. Why, at a feast last month --

And here Timp described the feast in detail, using all the skill you have all so often remarked in his fanzines. It was this description that sent me off to the bathroom.

When my spasm had passed I sat down to take stock. Could the thing be a joke? Timp was known as a humorist. But then what was the explanation of the concealed messages over all those years? And, in any case, Timp's letter had sounded anything but jocular. I had an uneasy feeling that fandom was exactly what he said it was. What, then, should I do?

The phone rang.

"Mr. Grotius Harbottle, please," said the operator.

"This is Harbottle," I said.

"Go ahead, please," she said to the person on the other end.

A deep voice came over the wire. "Grotius, this is Boswell Timp."

My throat was paralyzed. I tried to say Hello, but only a sort of croak came out. I tried again. "Glk," I said.

He evidently took it as a response. "Grotius, I sent you a letter the other day, and now I find that I sent the wrong one. When it arrives, just return it, will you? I'll appreciate it if you don't open it -- just send it right back, if you will."

I gulped, and found my voice. "It's -- I've already read it."

There was no sound but the hum of the wire. Then he said, "I don't hear you laughing, so I guess it wasn't a very good joke."

It is my habit to doodle when I am deep in thought, and as I mused I was unconsciously drawing upper-case letters over the initial letters of all the words in one of the offending sentences. Together they spelled "SDNUOP."

As one will, I tried to pronounce it, but the initial gaggle of consonants defied me. I tried it backward. "POUNDS." Sure, you could pronounce it that way. It was interesting, I thought, how such things sometimes happen.

Idly, I tried it with another of the underlined sentences, Backward, the first letters of the words in the sentence spelled "PITT-CON"!

I sat up straight. I'd stumbled onto some sort of secret message -- perhaps a communication among a secret inner circle of fandom. With some excitement, I began to work at the rest of the suspect lines.

After a delay spent in seeking out a couple of sentences I'd missed, I came up with this: "WILL HAVE RIPE ONE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS FOR PITTCON ALL INVITED ADDRESS LATER".

Well, by God, I said to myself. Rusk is throwing a party for the insiders at the con -- and apparently not at the hotel, either. I just might surprise them and show up. It would be worth being thrown out to find out what a "ripe one two hundred pounds" might be. A big cheese? An Englishman to be fleeced of £200 at poker? Possibly subsequent issues of SPAVIN would explain the matter.

At that point I began to think about the problem of ferreting out the sentences in subsequent issues in which the message would be concealed. Rusk had unquestionably been at his best in the issue in which I discovered the cipher, and I had been in an unusually receptive mood while I was reading it. I wasn't sure I'd always be able, using the same method, to spot sentences in which he suited his phrasing to the initial letters of the words. I began to fear that I was being excluded from the inner circle even before I had enough information to be sure that there was such a thing.

But then my congenital vanity came to the rescue. Are there people in fandom, I asked myself, who are more sensitive to style than I am? Indeed, I answered myself, No. Then the people for whom the message is intended must have another method of determining which sentences contain it. So subtle a matter as variation in style is too undependable; there will have to be something more mechanical -- probably something mathematical.

I set out to discover the system Rusk had used. I'm not particularly good at math, and it wasn't easy, but in the end I hit upon the progression of numbers upon which he based the cipher. It's a very simple thing, really, and once you've discovered it, it's impossible to forget. But I'm not going to tell you what it is; if I do, you'll be digging into your fanzine files to test whether it works, and in the end you'll find yourself in my position -- which is not, I assure you, a comfortable one.

I'd learned how Rusk was sending his messages; now I wondered who was receiving them. It had to be somebody in fandom, and that probably meant somebody who published a fanzine. Could there be messages in other fmz? I ran to my files and pulled out a zine -- Boswell Timp's prize-winning DEUTERON, as it happened. I had grabbed number 44 (the one with the first instalment of "The Grape") and when I applied the equation, there was the message: "AUSTIN TECKS JUNE FIRST THIRTEEN TEN VENABLE AVE APT FIVE AFTER MID."

Afire with my discovery, I began snatching fanzines at random from the shelves and counting sentences. In almost every one, I found coherent, though cryptic, secret messages. The inner circle, it appeared, included almost everybody but me. Most fanzines seemed to be only vehicles for carrying messages of some hyper-secret cabal, a means of arranging meetings and (oddly) praising the food that was served at the last meeting. And there were a few messages which struck a somewhat sinister note; for example: "LAY OFF LOUISVILLE TOO MANY TAKEN THERE LATELY" and "CONTACT VOOSTER MORTUARY ST. PETERSBURG".

You can imagine my state of mind; I was absolutely consumed with curiosity about the secret society or whatever it was that I'd uncovered. Somehow I had to get more information. But how? If it was as secret as it seemed, none of the insiders would be likely to volunteer information at my request. I'd have to find more devious means.

I finally decided to write to Boswell Timp. I wrote an ordinary letter of comment on the last issue of DEUTERON, but near the end I casually remarked that I was looking forward to Rusk's ripe one at the Pittcon. Then I waited to see if the fish would take my bait.

I didn't say anything.

"Grotius, the letter was just a joke. That's all it was. But if you're smart, you'll burn it and forget all about it. A bad joke is better forgotten."

There was another silence, and then he hung up. That was ten days ago.

Night before last my doorbell rang and I found two men on the doorstep. They were a husky-looking pair. The larger one said, "May we come in, Grotius? I'm Hosmer Rusk, and this is Boswell Timp." The two of them brushed past me into the house, while Rusk continued to talk. "We thought we'd drop in for a little fannish conversation. Where's your family, Grotius?"

"They -- I sent them to spend a few days with my mother on the farm."

"That was wise, Grotius. The country air is, I believe, far better for children than the city's fumes. Boswell, how much would you say Grotius, here, weighs?"

"Why, I'd say about two hundred pounds, Hos."

"That's what I thought. And a very nice weight it is. Very nice. Well, Grotius, what do you say to the idea of a one shot to commemorate this fangathering? Timp and I have come a long way to see you, you know."

I knew who they were, and I knew why they had come. I made my voice as firm as I could. "What do you guys want?"

Rusk dropped the heavy bandinage. "Why, you see, Grotius, you know too much -- if you'll forgive the chiché. Timp, here, was appallingly indiscreet, and now you pose a grave problem. I very much fear that we shall have to be sure that you don't talk about that letter."

"By killing me?"

"Unfortunately, yes. But never fear, you'll be at the Pittcon."

I knew it was now or never. I had steeled myself for this moment since the telephone conversation with Timp. I pulled the revolver from my pocket and said -- very shakily, I must admit -- "All right, stand still, both of you. I'm going to call the police."

Timp's reactions were fast; his leap was begun before I finished speaking. The bullet caught him in the chest and knocked him backward over a chair. He lay still.

Rusk had moved almost as quickly as Timp. He was out the door before I could turn the gun on him. I charged after him. I heard his feet pounding up the alley, and I followed him. Suddenly I no longer heard his running feet, and the thought flashed through my mind that he was lying in ambush. I broke into a cold sweat. What in God's name was I doing in this dark alley with a gun in my hand? I turned and ran. Let the police take care of him.

I went to a filling station on the corner and called the police. I stayed there until the police car came; I wasn't going to wait in the house like a sitting duck.

Timp's body was gone. Apparently while I waited at the filling station Rusk had removed it to his car and driven off. And there was absolutely no evidence that anything at all had happened. The two policemen stared at me with heavy suspicion. One of them began to explain the penalty for fraudulent complaints.

I'm not used to violence, and the reaction set in; I became, I'm afraid, hysterical, and I babbled out the whole story to them. Their faces brightened; they had me tagged now. I was clearly a nut, and unsafe to have at large. They hauled me down to the station.

I've been in the cell here ever since, except when they march me out to be quizzed by the psychiatrist. I've told the whole story at least a dozen times, and so far no one has believed a word of it. Perhaps you don't either.

But listen to me, any of you out there who are innocent: Get out of fandom while you can. If you don't, one day you'll spot one of their messages, and they'll be around to get you. And you may not be as lucky as I was.

Especially I ask you to watch your step if you go to Pittsburg. Don't try to crash any parties. There's going to be at least one gathering where an uninvited guest might remain permanently.

I think Boswell Timp will be at that party. He weighed about two hundred pounds.

* * * * *

The Plow Strikes Again

by Renfrew Pemberton

One school of thought holds that an Annish should be Typical only more so, and certainly over a period of 4 years or so a column like this one can get to be pretty typical in spots. It may not be easy, but it's inevitable. And so a one-shot turn of the Plow is added to this effort to determine the capacity of Toskey's stapler.

Accumulated since the last previous furrow are 22 prozines plus a great number of books, including two that are technically outside the Field but which were written by that wonderful fan-gone-wrong, Alex King, and which you'll hear about somewhere along the line here. Obviously, the Old Method Must Go, in favor of something on the order of a Look at Trends or some equally pretentious label for skimming.

Probably Campbell's announced upcoming change to Analog: Science Fact & Fiction will draw considerable fire in (zine-reading) fannish circles. Except for S-F Times (to which my subscription has lapsed for the final time), this change isn't apt to be greeted with cries of joy. Renfrew Your Host is no exception, but rather than joining in the general clamor that Campbell has finally deserted the Field entirely and that Analog will be a total disaster (which may well be correct, but let's wait and see), I'd like to speculate on the motivation behind the move. Keep in mind, now, that I do not know John Campbell personally; I've seen him and heard him speak, but that's it; the pitch is entirely from outside observation.

I think Campbell has and has had a great drive toward scientific research, but that he's been away from the orthodox fields altogether too long to have any sort of chance even to catch up on the routine level, let alone pioneer anything. The record states that he left college for Street & Smith in undergraduate status; undoubtedly he has read omnivorously in the technical texts and journals meanwhile, but it's not the same as full-time; let's face it. So here's a guy who is dying to make discoveries, but he's been trying to stay on top of a number of fields on a part-time basis and losing ground faster every year. The only place he can get even close to the front-lines is so far out on the left flank (not politically, but like out in left field) that Headquarters maps don't show the terrain. So, psionics and the search for the superman-- apparently, this stems from the Clinical Philosophy that Campbell was working on after he and Hubbard came to disagreement. I trust you'll note that the dianetics push in Astounding is only the first try at something like the present campaign. (And incidentally, Hubbard himself at one time was allowing his Scientology people to describe him as a "nuclear physicist", which is quite a stretch from the two years of Civil Engineering studies accredited to him in more mundane references.) This boy is going to be a Scientist even if he has to invent his own Science; I trust you appreciate the dedication that is required.

(Incidentally, I don't know whether Campbell went directly from school to a job with Street & Smith, as the above wording might imply.)

I'm not exactly delirious with joy over this Analog development, especially with the ostentatious insertion of Fact into the title. For one thing, I don't expect to see this word lived up to, 100%; a considerable amount of slanting can be anticipated. Anyone else read both Campbell's triumphant proclamation on the Land color researches and the original presentation in Scientific American? I can assure you that Campbell drew his conclusions in a highly selective fashion, and this is not my idea of Fact. I am sure that John Campbell will never deliberately resort to untruth, but the more disturbing aspect shows up in his Brass Tacks replies in the Jan '60 issue:

A couple of nice mild pedantic types named Mary Romig and Joseph J Sheppard, Jr., collaborate on a nice mild letter pointing out that there is a little bit more to this Land color business than Campbell seemed to think in his earlier writeup. At one point they refer to "the fact that an extensive amount of adaptation is required on the part of the observer in viewing a 'Land presentation', in contrast to the essential absence of adaption in viewing a trichromatic presentation". John replies "you're specifically wrong in stating that any kind of special training is needed to perceive the Land colors" and takes off from there to "prove" his "point".

Now, this is positively a glaring goof-up on Campbell's part-- I am no expert on these things, but it was perfect obvious to me that Romig & Sheppard were using the word "adaptation" in the normal and widely-known meaning that is sometimes called "visual accomodation"-- the fairly quick responses of the eye to changes in distance, brightness, and color-background, that help us to get by in this changing world. The meaning was perfectly clear to me, and, I assume, to 99% of the readership. Campbell, however, was looking for a handle with which to counteract the letter's contention that Land's conclusions weren't really so goddamn original as all that, and so he completely missed the boat; I have never seen him make quite such an utter booboo.

And so I am not especially optimistic about the upcoming changes, and will tend to read the title as Analog: Science Fact(?) and Fiction. Unfortunately.

There should be some quick way to consider the story-content of the 3 issues of aSF at hand (Nov-Dec-Jan), containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ two-part serials (oops, make that 1 2-parter and 1 chunk of a 3-way split), 6 novelets, 8 shorts, & 2 articles; there's a total of 16 titles in the fiction dep't. Let's try the Category Approach, and make it fairly general. First, let's take the category of supermen ("some jokers just naturally have ahold of the Handle"): under this category we have E.B.Cole's 2-part "The Best Made Plans", 2 novelets, and one short. In the subcategory "humans will win because they are somehow winning types even if it don't look like it" there are only 2 shorts, surprisingly enough since this used to be a Popular Favorite. Part One (of 3) of Harry Harrison's "Deathworld" is devoted to the problem of what might be called an ordinary Superior Type up against competition from a whole race that is tougher from living in a tougher environment. Same category, new gimmick.

You might expect a great emphasis on psi, but the only psi-centered bits are Bob Silverberg's "Certainty" in which the humans have had it because they're too utterly stupid to Believe, and George O Smith's inadequate novelet "The Big Fix", which is so fragile that it falls apart in your hands if you give it a close look. This particular Smith was never much on motivation, but this is ridiculous.

Always we have with us the deal of "the enlightened will mold the unenlightened, and that's the way it's gonna be"; sometimes we're the molders, and sometimes the molded, but either way it's good for a novelet: Garrett's "The Destroyers" and Silverberg's "Stress Pattern", both well-done jobs in their own right.

Category "it takes a hard head to solve these here problems": "Mating Problems" by Chris Anvil, and Poul Anderson's "The Burning Bridge"; Poul has the depth on it.

That, oddly enough, leaves just the 3 shorts in the latest (Jan) issue: of these, Garrett's "Viewpoint" is a surprise job that won't bear pre-analysis in print; Anvil's "A Rose By Any Other Name" is strictly another gimmick; Leinster's "Attention Saint Patrick" is one of those unfortunate catastrophes that started out to be funny.

It can't be stated too strongly that this Cele Goldsmith (who, it is rumored, is a real doll) has completely up-ended the Ziff-Davis publications, until they are now sitting in the normal position face-to-face with the reader. I have at hand three Fantastics and two Amazings. Of the former, the (Nov) all-Leiber issue has been mentioned in these pages: December is dominated by a flamboyant PoulA epic, and the January number leads off with a Bloch denigration of the-world-today that suffers only from letting his protagonist down too far after too much buildup, from insufficient cause. The shorter stuff behind these items is also quite readable, and I do not say this lightly. After Fairman's regime, it's equivalent to trying to convince someone that Confidential has taken to the constructive view (it hasn't, far as I know).

The Nov Amazing has also had mention in this zine one way or another, for the Bloch leader-offer. But also worthy of mention are the David R Bunch stories that zig and zag back and forth between these 2 Z-D zines; the underlying theme is a weird and bitter environment, and the author doesn't let it all out in one belch, either; you have to stick around and see how much of the background he's going to cut loose with in any given story. The Dec Amazing features Leiber's "The Night of the Long Knives" and is filled out with 6 shorts that would mostly fit in just about anywhere. I am sorely afraid, fellow-citizens, that we have lost one of our Absolute Necessities, a sure-fire target to Psneer At. The Goldsmith ZDzines are well worth reading.

The only other Trend I can spot in the Field right about now is Hans Stefan Santesson's utterly delightful^{one} toward recognizing(in-print) the existence of fans and of fandom. Before going on, I refer you to Don Franson's writeup which I am solemnly assured will appear in the lettercol. So-- any faan who does not seek out and purchase Fantastic Universe in these troubled times is liable to gross insult in these pages any time I happen to get around to it. I'm kidding, of course-- but if you won't support your friends, what can you expect? A garland of roses, maybe?

There are a couple of suggestions that should be forwarded to Hans though, for the promotion of sales. Like, I have here the four larger-sized issues perpetrated to date; I commend the improved printing-job and etc. But let's look at the unflinching damned facts. In this Digest-sized age, FU gets stuck on the back of a shelf behind a batch of digests. Now, I have personally made this experiment: set up this deal where only a little over an inch of the top of an FU cover shows; let somebody else slip the FU's in while you're not watching; now see if you can tell offhand which issue of FU you're seeing. I can't. Fantastic Universe should make a great point of switching background-colors on the covers between issues, radically. The light-on-dark situation should be reversed for each and every issue. And preferably, the entire title should be brought up into that top inch that shows above the digest-sizes that are stacked up in front, on the average newsstand that shows anything but spines. The covers themselves are all well and good, except that nobody ever gets to see them, without sleuthing-out the zine and forcibly dragging it up into the public view. No publisher can afford to depend upon this sort of service, nation-wide.

And there is some damn fine stuff in FU lately. Don Franson will tell you of the Jan'60 issue which includes words from friends of ours such as-- well, hell, why anticipate Don's writeup?

It makes me feel like a character in "Titus Groan", but in the past day or two I've seen a fanzine with the same pic that appears at top right, page 87 of the Jan60 FU, and with the right names. The guy in the mask is Stu Hoffman, I recall. But who is the doll? Of all the miserable frustrating discrepancies....

Since the Brunner story in the Dec issue has already hit this circuit in some form or other, can you and I simply level with each other? Following the Brunner pieces in Nov and Dec, the Jan issue wheels out with Kit Reed's "The Quest", a PoulA thinkpiece you can each use, and several other reasonable items besides the fine set of fan-items that Don will tell you about if you hold up long enough to get to the letter-column. And if we get there, of course. And the rest of the material is OK for reading-- much less cultist-"article" stuff in the Jan issue, than formerly.

There were several reasons why this column ground to a bloody halt a couple-three months ago, but the main one was that there are only a limited number of ways to say that "author McScramble does rather well on the "Revolt of the repulsive robots" theme, though the treatment is reminiscent of Fridegg's "Android Anschluss" in the Aperill '26 Aphasic." This doesn't necessarily mean that the stories are getting any more repetitive than they've ever been; it merely indicates that they have me outnumbered. I'm sure you'll all see the point and send me a damn geranium.

It is now a later day, and frightening nearer to deadline. Atop the remaining stack are the Dec-Jan-Feb F&SFs. As usual for this Hugo-winner, these issues contain such a varied assortment as to be difficult of summary, without making an utter rout of this column. Well, how about a look at just the longer items, first?

For February, the novelets are by mostly-mainstreamers who gambol in the Field at times. As is to be expected, they bring perhaps more depth and certainly more polish to the treatment of familiar themes. Ward Moore's "The Fellow Who Married the Maxill Girl" has the saintlike superhuman Alien who is actually a retarded specimen of his own race. Howard Fast, in "The First Men", borrows heavily from "Odd John" in the development of the "creation of supermen by environment" theme which was worked-over pretty well in Astounding around 1952 or so. The best part is his opening ration-ale: "A child raised by wolves is a wolf; a child raised by baboons is a baboon; a child raised by men can only be a man" -- raised in the framework of present society, he means, and it's a valuable thought. Fast avoids the pitfalls of the "raise 'em

in complete isolation, mechanically" pitch. Goofs, though, in having his dedicated group of slan-raisers claim that "group marriage" (not promiscuity so much as group "parenthood" in child-raising) was the original natural state of mankind and that we got all fouled up with possessiveness when monogamy set in; monogamy is much more apt to have derived from the "old bull and his harem" routine, winning out by better efficiency in food-procurement (see "Man's Emerging Mind", by N. J. Berrill).

For January, the novelet situation was covered by a couple of our more competent Old Pro's. Poul Anderson's "The Only Game in Town" is the latest of his Time Patrol series, which digs ever deeper into the ethics and justifications of the whole mess; this series seems to be building to a fabulous windup, but I hope it continues to work toward that windup by degrees for awhile. Clifford Simak has "The Final Gentleman", which starts with intimations that the protagonist is somehow kidding himself into living a wholly-fictitious life, and then proceeds to greater complexities and interest. Choice ending.

December is a long time ago, newsstand-wise, even for novelets. But let's note that Mark Clifton's "What Now, Little Man?", though rather hard-up for a title, is a powerful sort of thing on the treatment of non-humans, reasons for same, and the good old "but who's really the primitive?" gimmick. Stephen Barr's "The Homing Instinct of Joe Vargo", though, fails badly through the want of some much-needed editing; all the action makes sense in itself, but simply does not tie up with the cryptic bit of preamble, to make enough of a point to justify a vignette, let alone a novelet.

The articles of Isaac Asimov, the Good Ph.D (as distinguished from our own Dr Toskey, "the evil old OE of SAPS"), continue to be excellent reading. Like, this boy never gets all tangled up with jargon and makes like the sandman, as some do.

damon knight continues to confound us as to how we could possibly have enjoyed a given work, after he points out how ridiculous it is. Once, though, he slips-- possibly in deference to the sponsor, he fails to dissect Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" (book version of the recent F&SF serial), and even recommends it. Well, I recommend it too, for interesting reading, but don't try to kid me that ol' eagle eye failed to spot the miniscule amount of overall plot to the book version, which has at least had a booster-shot of plot since the magazine appearance. Another insert is on Heinlein's view of juvenile delinquency (yeh, I'm veering for a moment to discuss the book): since, he says, you can housebreak a puppy by rubbing its nose in the mess while you scold it and whack it with a folded newspaper, why coddle these JD punks? Well, he has a sort of point, but I can see right from here that Robert A Heinlein has never raised a dachshund. And if a small sleek sausage can resist housebreaking by simply taking a sneaky view of things and being stoical about getting caught, it strikes me that a child might be equally resourceful. A really bright child.

Short stuff: Robert Nathan's "A Pride of Carrots" (Dec, and in playscript form) is possibly the most unusual item of this quarterly lot; certainly, it's fun. For January I cite R. Bretnor's "Bug-Getter" as the happiest example of the expanded Feghootism in quite some while. Then there's one of those Dave Bunch jobs I mentioned awhile back-- this may be the prototype, since it's reprinted from the California Quarterly (whatever that might be) under a 1958 copyright; this one, as a matter of fact, makes the cover-story slot. And I will pass mention of 3 good and various stories in that issue, to point out, most unfairly, that Niall Wilde's "A Divvil With the Women" embodies all my gripes about stories concerning deals with the devil, that backfire. I hate to see good writing ability wasted on such utter goddam triteness.

Now for February we come right up with a good new Idea, by Richard McKenna in his "Mine Own Ways". The gimmick is that a race can drive itself from instinct to reason and intelligence, fumblingly and over thousands of years, by means of that well-known institution, the Puberty Rite. There is considerable material for thought in this story, not the least of which is the question (not stated therein): just what are we pushing our part of the race toward, with our present national ineptitude in dealing with adolescence as represented by the highly-commercial cult of teen-worship?

I hate to scoff off the versatility and craftsmanship displayed by Jane Rice, Evelyn Smith, Algys Budrys (F&SF's typo, not mine), etc, but other zines await.

Yeh, I was supposed to be looking at/for Trends, wasn't I? Well, the only Trend noticeable on F&SF is a continuing refusal to become stereotyped. I'll drink to that.

Science-Fantasy is another zine that stays clear of type-casting rather well. At hand are #37(Nov) and #38(Dec); it says "bi-monthly" on the same contents-pages, so your guess is as good as mine. Maybe they were just out to beat the Christmas rush.

I've already discussed Ken Bulmer's novel "Castle of Vengeance" (in #37, it is), but will reiterate that this is top-grade Unknown-type fantasy except for the silly hurry-up solution where the villian (sic as all hell) fixes things by deciding not to be violent about them, after all. Blood&guts all over already, but let's be civil.

#38 leads with 2 novelets: Ted Tubb's "Enchanter's Encounter" (reminiscent but not too derivative of Leiber's "Conjurer Wife", and with a lovely kicker) and Bill Temple's "Magic Ingredient", an interesting if somewhat uncoordinated job dealing with trade-with-aliens from the viewpoint of a robber-baron's aide-de-camp.

Besides the Moskowitz series on S-F greats (Poe and HG Wells, these times), the two issues carry a nicely-varied set of shorts (4 and 3, respectively), of which only Silverberg's "The Warm Man" has seen prior US publication.

The only trend I spot on this zine is that it deserves a wider circulation here.

It seems best to lump consideration of bi-monthlies from the same publisher. Here are 2 Futures (Dec, Feb) and the Jan SFS, with a total of 5 longer and 8 shorter stories. 3 of the longer items are reprints, one in each issue. I wonder how many readers would be able to pick out the reprints without benefit of copyright-notice or outside information? Right now, I think I could pick them-- even items I hadn't read previously-- they have a distinctive quality. They're a bit less coherent in spots, but have what may well be the highly-touted Missing Sense of Wonder-- mainly, you cannot read the opening-setup and smugly predict that one of two or three outcomes is inevitable. Thus, RAW Lowndes demonstrates quite simply that it is not the reader who has become stylized, calcified, and boringly-predictable. It may be that he also demonstrates that when we shout for sounder craftsmanship, unfailing consistency of characterization and motivation, etc, we are simply cutting our own throats as far as getting stories that really turn us loose. You will note that I am not standing on any pedestal here; I'm taking a searching look at what I have been hollering about, also. Way back when, I took to science-fiction like a DJ to payola because it did something for me that other literature(?) didn't. Maybe it's time to ask questions, such as: which would you get the biggest boot out of reading for the first time, Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" or Rocklynne's "Darkness"? (If you answered that one wrong, get back to Reader's Digest-- you deserve each other.) Well, that's not a fair question. Perhaps it would be better to see how the vote comes out between Hal Clement's "The Lunar Lichen" and "Passage to Sharanee" by Carol Grey, in the Feb Future. Now possibly Clement is not quite as predictable to everyone; it takes a few stories to realize that he never kills off a major character, and seldom an extra. This would not be a gripe except that he does base suspense on life-or-death setups, time and again; it's like the mother who always scolds but never spansks; after awhile the impact is dissipated. Clement should simply get off life-or-death suspense; it's not his pigeon. I mean, you're either bloodthirsty or you're not. Clement isn't.

Perhaps the most attention-meriting item in these 3 zines is R A Lafferty's "Through Other Eyes", which deals with the possibility of seeing from the inside of other people's bodies-and-viewpoints. This extremely intriguing idea has never been handled in any thoroughly definitive fashion; Lafferty gives it a damn good try, in the Feb (current) Future. Lafferty also has a cogent commentary on the Cold War in the Jan SFS, on the glaciation theme. Matter of fact, that's a good issue-- Bill Wesley's "Coffin Ship" comes up with more whammy than expected. But Carol Emshwiller (in her "Puritan Planet") seems unable to break from a certain adherence to formula, and Norman Knight's "Once in a Blue Moon" is overboard on action, unfortunately for an otherwise-interesting free-wheeling tale. Now back in the Dec Future, "The Coro" (S D Gottesman, or very early Kornbluth) has more impact but less continuity than Geo F Forbes' (G O Smith, J G, in effect, but probably not in person) "Doorways to Infinity", and both the shorts are standard gimmicks. But that's how it fractures.

So I guess the major discernible Trend to Future and to SFS is that although the quality is apt to be uneven, RAWL seems to be doing better all the time at producing some pretty darn good zines on less budget than you'd believe possible. Or maybe (I hope) the budget situation at Columbia has been and/or is improving, as well.

The other alternating pair of zines is Galaxy (Dec, Feb here) and If (Jan at hand). By contents-page listings and without counting pages, these offer 11 novelets-and-up and 14 shorts, between them. Discounting covers, 2 Galaxy's page out equal to 3 "standard-sized" zines such as If, SFS, Future-- the entire US crop, in fact, except for aSF (and don't call me on FU without including comparative word-per-page counts). But even so, a total of 25 items in 4(-equivalent) Goldzines, compared to 13 in 3 Lowndeszines, would indicate some difference in item-lengths across the board. Rough-guessing about 500 words to the page-- well, take a look at any contents-page in the field, and figure out the semantic depreciation, yourself, on the term "novelet".

Robert Sheckley leads off both issues of Galaxy. His (Dec) "Prospector's Special" piles the cliffhanging on until absurdity sets in, but a decent punchline in place of the silly non-sequitur that appears, could have saved it. His (Feb) "Meeting of the Minds" is on the contagious-community-mind theme (like, it bites you and you join it), and takes off more or less along the line of what could have happened if Asimov's "Misbegotten Missionary" (Galaxy, Nov '50) hadn't fried itself in the ship's wiring and had been more violent in its approach. The action side reads a bit like Sturgeon's "Killdozer", somehow, and the buildup reads quite well.

Other Dec items are: GOSmith's "The Undetected", a psi-novelet that (lacking a Message) would never make aSF, but reads the better for it; Jim Harmons' airtight fanny-in-a-beartrap concerning a sort of "hex" on a guy; A J Offutt's "Blacksword", a freelance version of PoulA's double-dyed-villainous version of a Galactic Patrol. The shorts for Dec include some little doozies by Rosel George Brown, Fred Pohl, and Bob Bloch, and lesser items by Con Blomberg (who would have done better to put one less twist on the ending of his "Sales Talk") and Phil Dick who-- well, maybe his is not so "lesser" after all, come to think of it. Good variety here, though.

And in the Feb issue, novelets are by Pohl (with a fine complex setup that falls a bit flat by turning out to be prompted by nothing more than a financial swindle); Simak with still another ingenious version of visiting aliens and their effects here, although this one runs pretty close to the edge for Folksy; Jim Wannamaker with the problem of how to handle a megalomaniac telekineticist who insists on Absolute Rule of the world or he'll blow it up (he can, too).

And, in shorts: again, considerable variety-- horseplay from Marg St Clair, a slickie-gimmick by James Stammers, poignancy from Zenna Henderson (with a twist of wry), and another (and charmingly deadpan) look at Immortality, by David E Fisher.

The Jan If will doubtless become famous as the zine that should have (if it does not) put the quietus on all Teghootisms for years to come, via the Shaw/Willis piece "Dissolute Diplomat". I mean, after you've had it all, what do you do next?

2 of the 3 novelets deal with psi, but James Stammers reverses his pitch so that a 100% non-psi is the rarest and most potent of persons, whereas Dan Galouye points out the perils of only semi-controllable teleportation to suggestible types. J.F.Bone has the 3rd "longer" item, with one additional twist on the "who's the primitive" deal.

Mark Mallory's "The Good Seed" (a short) is a good powerful survival-problem bit with absolutely one of the best windups I've seen, for effect. The other 3 shorts are average-to-good-- one upbeat, one downbeat, and the third downbeat-humorous.

The Goldzine trend¹⁸ to more variety and slowly away from the "fluff" stuff. Good.

Overall picture now on Dec 31, 1959: US-published, we currently have 5 monthly zines and 2 pairs of bi-monthlies for a projected total of 7 issues a month if it all comes out even, as it should with this setup. Available from the UK are one monthly and two bi-monthlies, all good reading but with some overlap from dual appearances on both sides, if you read all the USzines. F&SF outstands in one fashion, and aSF in another and more dubious manner. Otherwise, if you like any of the remaining zines, you will probably like all of them; there are no longer any stinkerzines cluttering up the Field. And that's how it looks, going into 1960, to -- Renfrew Pemberton.

P O S T M O R T E M

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

"Grennell sent me."

The older fellow looked at the young fan who had come calling. The older fellow had a trace of peevishness at the corners of his mouth and he hesitated before opening the door wider and saying,

"Come on in, then. You say your name is Ted Dickens?"

"Yeah. So you're Bill Schwartz. Golly, I've been a fan for just a year or so, so you've never heard of me. But you're a big name to me, even though you were dropping out of fandom before I got interested."

Bill didn't answer. The silence became positively embarrassing, as he showed Ted the silent way up the stairs, down the hall, and into his room. Then the silence disappeared when Ted's eyes spotted the tall stacks of dogeared fanzines, the long rows of battered prozines on shelves across the wall, the jumbled desk with its piles of correspondence.

"Golly." Ted's exclamation was like a prayer. "And we thought you didn't care anything about fandom these days."

Bill grinned but he still looked uncomfortable. "Don't get the wrong idea. I haven't bought a magazine or written a letter since 1961. All this is old stuff that I've -- well, it just happens to be lying around."

Ted's instincts conquered his manners. He grabbed a pile of fanzines, supported them against his chest, and leafed through them to see the covers, like a starving man who has just wandered into a banquet.

"Don't get those mixed up." Bill's voice had taken a sharper turn.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were sorting them."

"They're already sorted." Bill sat heavily into a chair. Ted put down the fanzines reluctantly and perched on the edge of the bed. Silence crept out of its hiding place, the scurried away again when Ted blurted:

"Look, I'm sorry if I'm intruding. But I happened to be in this part of the state, and Grennell wanted me to look you up, and -- well, you're probably busy so I'd better go."

Bill waved his hand vaguely and smiled rather weakly. "Hell, I wasn't doing a thing. Stay a while. I was just sitting here, reading a little."

"I never thought I'd find any fan stuff in your room. You dropped out so completely and so suddenly. Matter of fact, I almost didn't come to see you. I thought that we'd have a hard time finding something to talk about, since you lost track of the field before I entered it. But I guess fandom stays the same, even if its people change. Like that fuss over the profits from last year's convention. Don't you think that it would have been better--"

"Don't talk about that. You'll get me all mixed up." Bill grabbed a sheaf of letters from his bureau and began to finger them nervously.

"Well, I'm so mixed up now--" Ted stopped. He had spotted the perpetual-type calendar on the desk. Its figures were set at July 25, 1956. He took a deep breath and tried to control a strange little quiver that had invaded the calves of his legs. This is silly, one corner of his mind declared to the rest of it. I haven't gone backward in time. This is just a poor, burned-out fan, he hasn't lured me into his time machine, it's still the 1960's.

Bill followed Ted's eyes. For the first time, he grinned fully. He crossed the room and clapped the teen-ager on the shoulder. "Look," Bill said, "I'm sorry. I've not been a very good host. I don't want you to go away thinking I've gone nuts and turned sour in the bargain."

Ted hadn't been a fan long enough to get out of the journalistic stage. He scented a scoop that would represent a tremendously important fanzine article, if he could dig out the whole story. He realized in a flash of inspiration that this ancient day must have had some deep significance in Bill's fan life. If he could determine what had happened on July 25, 1956, it might provide the solution to the puzzle that fandom had worried over for so long, while Bill had dropped out of fandom so abruptly and had been so completely alienated from the field ever since.

"Don't you ever get the urge to do some fanning again?" Ted asked experimentally. "I mean, it must be more trouble for you to send back those unopened letters and fanzines to the people who send them to you, than it would be just to open and read them and ignore them." While he talked, he thumbed again through the sheaf of fanzines. As far as his knowledge of fan history extended, they were all publications that had appeared originally in the middle 1950's. He was too short-sighted to recognize the dates on the prozine spines, but the ones on the top were all of the mid-50's digest size.

"not exactly." Bill's answer came after such a long delay that Ted had almost forgotten the nature of his question. Ted craned his neck, trying to see the dates on the postmarks of the letters that Bill was fiddling with. Bill tossed the stack onto his desk, beat his heels in a tattoo against the floor, and finally said with embarrassment,

"Maybe I'd better explain something to you, if you're here to investigate me or something. The truth might sound wacky to you, but it'll make more sense than the things you must be thinking. I don't really hate fans or fandom, the way it might look when I refuse to answer mail or go to conventions. In fact, I'm really enjoying --"

Ted leaned forward, feeling increasing discomfort. He realized a moment later the cause of the discomfort -- he'd been holding his breath too long. He inhaled deeply as Bill began to talk more freely.

"You've probably heard the reasons why I quit fandom. Too much work in connection with my job, girl troubles, and so on?"

"Sure. Grennell told me all about them."

"Well, I broke away from fandom quick and without a fuss. Some fans have a big argument with someone or publish a nasty article about how worthless fandom is, when they quit. I didn't."

"They sure do. Now, you wouldn't know Lou Connells, but there was plenty of excitement in fandom last month when he --"

"Please, Ted, don't tell me anything about fandom today. You'll see why, in a minute. Like I said, I quit fandom quickly and cleanly. I didn't miss it a bit at first, because I was putting in four and five hours of overtime every day at the factory, and Sally and I were getting set for our wedding.

"Then things slowed down at work as quick as they'd speeded up. I was cut back to three days a week on the job. Sally didn't react very well to the lower pay checks, I saw that we'd never be happy together if she spent all her time worrying about my salary, and we broke off after a big fight. And right then and there, I really began to miss fandom. I'd burned every bridge behind me, so I couldn't retrace my steps. I mean, I'd let my fanzine subscriptions expire, sold my mimeo, returned all the money to people who were due copies of my own fanzine, ignored all correspondence, things like that. I could have picked up the shattered pieces of my fan career and fitted them back together again, but somehow, no matter how badly I wanted to get back into fandom, I hated the thought of making a return so soon after I'd told everyone I was dropping out.

"Besides, I must have had a subconscious longing for the old days in fandom, before I'd ever seen Sally, when I was really a carefree and happy guy in every way. There wasn't anything wrong with the present-day fandom, but it had some bad associations for me, simply because of the personal troubles I'd been having.

"So I did nothing about fandom for a few weeks. Then one evening I decided to try to contact some of my old-time correspondents, those whom I'd lost touch with even before I dropped out of fandom. I thought maybe I could recapture that way the old thrill of my first happy years in fandom, by getting back in touch with them.

"I started to go through the old letters in my files. I always had been a systematic-type fan, saved all incoming mail, kept carbon copies of all my own letters, filed correspondence in lots of folders by name of correspondent and chronologically, kept fanzines neatly sorted, and so on. I even had a little rubber stamp that I used to mark each envelope or wrapper with the date received and the date I'd answered it. So there I sat, going through those orderly remains of years of fanning, brooding somewhere deep in my mind about how happy I'd been at that time. I got to skimming through some old fanzines from my first year in fandom, became interested in one article because I disagreed so completely with its conclusions about why Unknown had never been revived -- and then I felt as if I'd been slapped in the face."

Ted didn't break the pause that followed, fearful that he might interrupt irrevocably the explanation of the mystery. Bill continued after a moment:

"I felt like I'd been slapped in the face because I'd written that article. I'd forgotten about it completely after ten years, didn't recognize the style, no longer held the opinions that I'd held at the time. When I saw my name at the end of it, I realized how much a person can forget in ten years, and I think it was then that my big idea came to me.

"I tested it on some other fanzines and some correspondence. Of course I remembered the names and general personality of the people in fandom in those days. But the individual articles and letters were almost totally forgotten. It was just as if I were a neofan again. It's something like going back into a forest that you haven't seen for years. You remember that there were trees, but you can't remember any individual trees's appearance.

"I got pretty excited, dug out some prozines, and read again a few stories. It was the same thing there. I didn't remember much about those yarns, except for one that I'd run across recently in an anthology. So I realized that here was the ideal way to get back into fandom without getting involved in a lot of fannish drudgery."

"Are you trying to tell me that you..." Ted didn't finish but he looked significantly at the canelard.

"I sure am." Bill sounded happier, now that he was getting it off his chest. "I knew I'd had a wonderful career as a fan up to then, no really nasty incidents, lots of pleasant egoboo. If I became an active fan again, things might change. I might be the defendant in the next fannish lawsuit, or my experiences with Sally might make me a different sort of correspondent. And I didn't know how long I'd have plenty of spare time, and I didn't want to buy another mimeo, and money for postage and fanzines wasn't too plentiful just then.

"So I decided to spend another ten years in fandom that would repeat my first ten years. That way, I could eliminate all the drudgery and enjoy again all the fun.

"Now I relive again each day one day from my earlier fan life. I move up that perpetual calendar each day, to show me what day it is in my fannish experiences. Then I dig out the letters and fanzines that the mailman brought on that particular day, and when I re-read them, it's practically the same fun as the first time I opened them. I don't waste lots of time answering letters, because they're already answered, and I just glance over the carbon copies to become aware of what I've said in reply. I publish another issue of my fanzine at the right time by simply taking the proper issue out of my files. There's no worry about falling so far back on correspondence that I'll never catch up. The prozines of the period are right there, waiting to be re-read, they don't cost me a cent. I have just enough foreknowledge of what will happen next in fandom to make me look forward to the future. You know how good it is to re-read a favorite novel. Your knowledge of the plot and how it runs doesn't spoil that re-reading. It even makes it more fun, in certain ways, when you re-read."

Ted suddenly felt very old and burned-out. He eyed the door speculatively, but remained seated to ask,

"Why do you refuse mail, if you don't have a grudge against fandom?"

"I'm not sure of my ability to stay in the past if I hear about the present. I might bet all mixed up. By the way, don't write an article about this for the fanzines, or tell anyone about it. There's no telling what some of my old pals might try to confuse me."

Deep fannish instincts roused for a moment in Ted. "Oh, I nearly forgot. Grennell was the real reason I came here. It sounds like I'm accusing you of being a liar, but I'd better tell you why he had me come to see you. He was visiting this upstate fan who's been so active lately, and caught him in the act of tying up a big bundle of letters and fanzines with your name and address on the label of the package. Now, you claim you don't want to see anything about fandom after the days you quit, and yet you're letting this one guy ---"

"Oh, you mean Pete Welden. I could show you the stuff from him, but it's all in the attic, all sealed up yet. He's a good guy."

"But why do you accept mail from him and not from anyone else?"

"Well, you see, I've got to think about the future. In a few more years, I'll be finished with this second journey through my fannish career. I'm not sure that I'll be able to go through it a third time. This second time through may have firmed up my memory so well that the old thrill would be missing if I try it again. But I like this was of fanning a lot, all the pleasures and none of the disadvantages. So Pete is my ace in the hole. I'm paying his way through fandom. I send him all the dough he needs for postage and Masterweave and prozines. Every couple of weeks he bundles up all his correspondence and magazines and such stuff, dates each item, and ships it to me. I toss the bundles into the attic without opening them. There they are if I ever decide that I need them."

"You mean you're going to have your choice of two careers in fandom, after you've run through your first career again?" Ted's voice was distorted because of the way his jaw had dropped.

"Three careers to choose from," Bill corrected. "I can take the safe way, and go through my correspondence again for the third time. I can get a completely fresh viewpoint and entirely new experiences, by reliving Pete's experiences. Or I can compromise by getting active in fandom again on my own hook. I haven't decided yet which it'll be. There's no hurry. I still have nearly five years to go before I reach that work-and-girl crisis again."

Ted left more hastily than the duties of a guest indicated. All the way back home, he tried unsuccessfully to devise a way to make the truth sound logical to Grennell.

T H E E N D

I A m N o t L e s l i e N i r e n b e r g

Let me emphatically, categorically, and unequivocally state, swear, depose, and affirm that I am not Leslie Nirenberg, I have never been Leslie Nirenberg in the past, I have no intentions or expectations of ever being Leslie Nirenberg in the future or in any parallel (or perpendicular!) time-space continuum. I have never written a single word, nor drawn a single picture, nor made any contribution nor published nor submitted anything for publication by anyone else signed as or purporting to be the work of Leslie Nirenberg. Nor, lest you think you have spotted a loophole, have I ever made submissions in multiples of one.

I do not discount the possibility that someone else may be Leslie Nirenberg although I have no basis for saying this. I simply do not know anything about Leslie Nirenberg beyond having encountered the name here and there. There is a whole new crop of fans about whom I have little or no data; I have been lax in keeping up with the field in recent years. I have no ready recollection of having read anything of his though I may have. I know that Les Gerber wrote a while back and mentioned that he was not Leslie Nirenberg. These things happen: there is a Dave Ish and also a Dave English; H.B.Fyfe is not H.Beam Piper; there are, I understand, fans actually and legally entitled to use names like Honey Graham and Janie Lamb. The fact that a name sounds unlikely is not valid prima-facie basis for considering it the mask for a hoax. Hoaxes are notable for plausible, solid names: Joan Carr, Carl Brandon, etc.

I don't know how closely Nirenberg's style may resemble my own. I have thought there was a vague, 18th-cousin similarity between my style and Bob Leman's and this causes me much delight and no chagrin at all. But I am not Bob Leman, either; so far as I know, Leman is a palpable living entity. I also believe in Alan Dodd and Boyd Raeburn, especially Boyd Raeburn. I have beheld Boyd Raeburn and shaken him by the hand and drank his Captain Morgan's dark rum. If Boyd Raeburn doesn't exist, nobody exists. Yet once there was a great fannish fancy that Boyd Raeburn was a hoax.

For the past several years I have used no pseudonyms at all. Oh, I sign silly names to verse in Grue.. Anna Superhist, Eldrin Fzot, Luke Warmbeer, etc.. and on the return address of letters to close friends.. Lindsay Doyle, Otto B.Schott, Ellen Dhem etc. These latter years I'd dearly love to do more fanstuff under my own name. I have no time to waste in building up a hoax-- nor inclination to do so, whatsoever. I can get into enough trouble under my own name.

I say again: I am not Leslie Nirenberg and he or she as the case may be is not
Yours Positively, --Dean A Grennell

HEROIC ENTERPRISE IS NOT DEAD!

by Hal Lynch

Cry havoc; and loose the dogs of war, or something. Orpheus Cranshaw is mad at Ted Johnstone.

Cranshaw, noted Philadelphia fan (the persistent rumor that he holds three memberships in FAPA under as many aliases has been vigorously denied), has declared a lifelong fanfeud of bitter animosity against the so-far-as-we-know unsuspecting and innocent Californian. Ted can consider himself a marked fan.

On hearing the news, Will Jenkins and I looked at Orpheus in amazement. We were frankly bewildered, inasmuch as Pennsylvania's gift to fandom has not been west in several years, and missed any encounter with Johnstone at the Detention, being entombed under Philadelphia's City Hall at the time. Ted had seemed like a decent and good enough fellow to us. Whatever had he done to arouse the hot bloodwrath of the Cranshaw?

"He stole my idea! He stole my idea!"

"Grasped you the first time, but just what idea do you have in mind?"

"All that stuff I read in Sci-Fi about he's gonna make a nine-hour epic movie out of the Lord of the Rings!"

"Oh, you mean Ted's plan to get Tolkien's books made into a long film," said Jenkins. "I remember hearing something about it. He wants Alec Guinness to play Aragorn, and he's got somebody working on the musical score, and so on. Sounds like quite an undertaking."

"That was my idea!" the Orph screeched. "I've been working on it for months!"

Well, we tried to reason with him. I pointed out that even if Ted had been so inclined he could hardly have sneaked Orph's concept out from under him across a whole continent. It must be a coincidence, or ESP, or something.

"Like Darwin and Wallace," I said. "Two great fannish minds at work in the same channels."

Orph turned pale. "You mean two other fans are working on it, too?? What fanzines do these Wallace and Darwin guys publish?"

"Both the same one," Jenkins explained. "Thing called Evolution. But you needn't worry about them. They both gaffiated a few years back."

"No wonder, with a lousy title like that."

I decided to return to the main theme. "Orph, remarkable as it may seem, you and Ted Johnstone just happen to be planning movies of the Lord of the Rings at the same time."

"Oh, I'm not doing that," said the Orph.

We blinked. "But you just said--"

"I'm not doing that, but mine's basically the same idea. I'm working on a twelve-hour movie, in very wide screen, of The Immortal Storm, by Sam Moskowitz."

Goshwow! We almost fell to the floor.

"Wow, Orph," I gasped, "that really arouses my sense of wonder."

"It's going to be filmed in a special combination of Todd-AO and Cinerama that I'm perfecting, called Cranshawscope. It uses rubber film and you stretch it sideways for the big scenes. The movie will be in full color, of course, and the music will be recorded on a special track called stereogemsback 23. Actually the audience will sit right in the picture, sort of. I'm gonna arrange a special premiere for all SF fans in good standing."

"Did you say the film'll be twelve hours?" I asked. "How're you going to get an audience to sit that long?"

"I figure that starting about six in the morning, the fans will see the first two hours, the beginning of Amazing Stories, and all, before breakfast. Then we'll show the part about the first letterhacks and the founding of the SF League, and we'll get to Science Fiction Digest, The Time Traveller, and those other prehistoric fan magazines about noon. After lunch, they'll see the part covering the great days of First Fandom, the battles with Wonder Stories, and the thing about staples and michelism and all. I figure we'll get to the first Worldcon by five or six o'clock."

"Sounds like a fast-moving show, all right," I admitted.

"At seven they'll all come back for the final film, taking them to the end of the book by ten or eleven."

"Orph, you'd better supply each member of the audience with a pair of brass knuckles, a tear gas bomb and a card giving the name and address of George Nims Raybin," I said. "I don't think it's fair sending them in there without some protection."

"You guys are making fun of me," fumed the Cranshaw. "I'm serious about this. I'm going to put hundreds of thousands of dollars into this movie."

"Orph! Have you been holding out on us? Have you hundreds of thousands of dollars?"

He scowled. "I'm gonna borrow it from a bank," he explained. "I can see you guys don't understand the movie business."

"Are you planning to change anything in the book?"

"Well, I am jazzing up a few scenes a little. You know that part where Moskowitz and Taurasi and Sykora keep the Futurians out of the hall? Well, I'm changing that to a cavalry charge."

"Boyoboy!"

"And both sides will be mounted on war elephants."

True to the spirit, if not the letter, of the book, I reflected. Offhand, The Immortal Storm is the only book I can recall in which World War II comes as an anticlimax.

"Have you started casting the picture yet?" Jenkins asked.

Orphey looked around to see if any spies were listening. "Confidentially, I'm dickering right now with Jose Ferrer and Gregory Peck to play leading roles."

"Who're they playing, Orph?"

"I've got Ferrer lined up for the part of Donald A. Wollheim, and Peck for Bob Tucker."

Jenkins looked dubious. "But Orph, can Peck do justice to Tucker's other self-- Hoy Ping Fong?"

"No, that part's being played by Yul Brynner. The guy who plays Perry Mason on TV, Raymond Burr, has been cast in the role of Moskowitz. Peter Ustinov is playing Sykora, Cagney is doing Jimmy Taurasi, Bing Crosby is playing Milt Rothman (a non-singing role), Vincent Price will appear as Forrest J. Ackerman, and Bob Lowndes is being played by Dick Powell."

"With a cast of thousands," I added.

Jenkins frowned. "Orph, aren't you overlooking something again? These actors you mention are all in their forties and fifties."

"So are the fans they're playing."

"Sad but true. However, at the time of the events in The Immortal Storm they were all carefree teenagers."

"Details, details! The makeup men'll take care of that. I can see that you guys don't understand the technical end of the movie business."

All the time Cranshaw had been talking about casting I had been waiting for a name-- one name. In Philadelphia fandom, the Orph is famous for his devotion to a certain TV star. He is a thorough and steadfast admirer of the canine performer, Rin-tin-tin. Cranshaw regards "Rinty" as the finest classical actor of his time. For what great role in this epic had Orphey cast his idol?

"I can't make up my mind," Orph confessed. "I want something really worthy of him."

"You'll have to consider the original, too," I told him. "You want to pick a fan who can appreciate being portrayed by a dog. Not all fans would understand you meant it as a compliment. You want some kindly, understanding fan like Bob Madle or Bob Bloch."

"Yeah!" cried Orphey, his eyes lighting. "Rinty could play either one of those guys. They have the fine, sensitive natures he does so well."

"Pardon me again, Orph," said Jenkins. "Both Madle and Bloch wear glasses. Now, I haven't followed the career of Rin-tin-tin as closely as you have, of course, but I can't think of one role he's played in which he's worn glasses. Do you think--?"

"He'll manage," Orphey said confidently. "Bloch, I think. Rinty could do great things with Bloch."

Well, this went on and on, but you get the idea. Orphey is like this all the time. We'll close with a slow fadeout as you mentally visualize Rin-tin-tin on a war elephant, wearing glasses and masterfully impersonating Robert Bloch.

Watch for it at your local movie. Watch for it anywhere. And be.....ready..... to.....duck.

FANDOM HARVEST

by Terry Carr

"The focal point of fandom is in the middle of our livingroom table," I said to Ron Ellik.

"What?" he said. Miriam's head popped around the kitchen door and she looked quizzically at me too.

I pointed at the FANAC Hugo, residing proudly in the middle of the table. At either end sat Ron and me behind typewriters, stencilling FANAC with a welter of correspondence piled around us.

"The Hugo. The Hugo is the focal point of fandom," I said. "It's symbolic."

"You may be right," said Ron, dabbing some correction fluid on a ghastly typo--he'd misspelled Rich Sneary's name. Miriam disappeared into the kitchen again.

"Well, it's certainly a better symbolism than all the other stuff we've been talking about," I muttered. Ever since we'd got the Hugo people had been saying that it was a phallic symbol, and there'd been much joking about such things as how one could polish it without making the whole operation seem obscene.

The Hugo has been going back and forth between our place and Ron's ever since he brought it back from the Detention. We split custody of it, with him having it one month and me having it the next. And of course we both have visiting privileges, too.

Over the Christmas season, Miriam and I have the Hugo here. It resides in the middle of the table again, with a few small Christmastree ornaments attached and a little angel on top. Fan vistors raise eyebrows when they see it. Nonfans are speechless.

When Ron accepted it at the Detention, he followed up a gag of Kelly Freas' by saying something about hoping FANAC gets another Hugo in 1960. But he wasn't talking about bookends. He was just hoping we could each have one---because eventually Ron is going to move back down to Southern California, and that would make separate custody of one Hugo a mite troublesome.

Actually, we do both have awards, sort of. A couple of issues ago in FANAC, I was typing a Westercon progress report item and misread Guy Terwilleger's handwriting for a moment. I almost wrote that the 4th of July, 1960 would fall on Mayday. Actually, of course, it was supposed to read "Monday". I caught the mistake, and wrote a brief item titled FANAC NEVER MAKES MISTAKES.

And while I was typing that on page 2, Ron was making another of his colossal typos on page 3. He's always making typos; just a few issues before that he'd reported on the wedding of Djinn and Gordy Dickson, saying the "Theodore Cogswell gave the bridge away". In this particular issue he wrote, "Some of the best wartwork in fan-press-dom today is appearing regularly in AMRA ..."

Soon after the issue had been distributed, he left for a visit to Los Angeles. There was a combined meeting of the Yerba Buena Leprechauns and the Little Men at Poul & Karen Anderson's house, and Miriam and I got there early to help with preparations. George Scithers, publisher of AMRA, also got there early. He had an award for FANAC. It was a tower of salt shakers, taped together, with a banner attached to the top saying WAMRA WANNUAL WARTWORK AWART.

Ron wasn't there, so I had to accept the award. Pooh--Ron got to accept the Hugo at the Detention, and I had to accept the Wartwork Awart. Sometimes I think my soul is full of weeds.

I asked Scithers, "Is this award to be in perpetuity, or do we have to pass it on to another winner next year?"

George mused a bit. "Well," he said, "if sometime during the next year another fanzine boasts that it never makes mistakes, then on the next page says AMRA has some of the finest wartwork in fan-press-dom, then you'll have to pass the award on. But otherwise, the award is in perpetuity, yes."

So Ron and I both have awards for FANAC. But we don't pass the Wartwork Awart back and forth--as far as I'm concerned, that's his. And we need another Hugo.

We here in the Bay Area count ourselves extremely fortunate to have among us a young man who has travelled far and wide in this world of ours. Jim Caughran, by virtue of having a father who is attached to the American Embassy, has spent months in Pakistan, has travelled in Egypt, Switzerland, Italy, and in fact it seems like nearly all points west of Pakistan. He is a veritable Travelling Giant among Travelling Giants.

He's sort of been capitalizing on this, in fact: he's had two articles during 1959 telling of his travels--one in JD/ARGASSY and one in QUIXOTIC. I remember that Boyd Raeburn and I got to discussing Jim in our taperespondence one time, and Boyd said that Jim didn't make full use of his experiences. "Why, how about that bit about the time he spent in Rome," Boyd said. "He said, 'We landed in Rome and I went to my hotel, which was lousy, and went to sleep, and got up and caught another plane the next morning. Now does that make any sense? There he was in an ancient capital of the world, a cultural center with centuries of history and tradition behind it. And he tells about how lousy the hotel was!'"

I fear that Boyd has missed the whole point of Jim's travelmanship. The whole point being, of course, that Jim wasn't impressed by Rome. Why should Jim Caughran, Travelling Giant Foursquare, be impressed by Rome? It was just another of many fabulous cities he'd visited, just another stopover in a trip halfway round the world to Berkeley to go to college. Rome wasn't important to Jim.

Anyone who has met and talked with Jim about his travels can see this. He is debonaire and sophisticated, even if he is naive. He is constantly dropping plonking statements into conversations, like, "The weather wasn't too good when I was in London last," or "That sounds like a very dirty phrase in Erdu." It's the utter ease and savoir-faire with which he says these things that causes all conversations to stop and all faces to turn to gaze awestruck at him for a moment. Like saying "...when I was in London last." The perfect one-upness of such a phrase is mind-croggling. A typical Jim Caughran sentence begins, "Funny thing happened to me on the way to Cairo..."

Ron Ellick and he are living together on the Berkeley campus these days, and I fear Jim's travelmanship is beginning to tell on Ron. Whenever Jim mentions one of those exotic-sounding names Ron can be seen to wince, blanch, and turn on Jim "Cut it out!" he hollers. Ron can't stand it; he says Jim drives someone crazy.

At the Yerba Buena Leprechauns' Christmas Party, Jim was going around with a problem. "I don't know what to do this summer," he said to me. "My father wrote me and invited me to come visit him in Pakistan for the summer, but I don't know if I want to or not. I was just there a year and a half ago."

I looked around for Ron, but he was out of earshot, so I didn't worry about his peace of mind. "I guess it's a tough problem, Jim," I said consolingly. "I think you'll just have to decide for yourself whether or not Pakistan is worth it to you. I mean in the cosmic scheme of things, of course." And I edged off while Jim stared blankly at me. By the time he'd seen through the doubletalk I was clear over at the other end of the room with Ron, and we were telling somebody about one time when we hitchhiked to Los Angeles. Somehow that story didn't have the zip that evening that it usually has.

But Jim really does overdo it sometimes. This travelling seems to go to his head on occasions. Once Ron and Miri and I were talking about something which I forget, and Miri happened to mention that she thought Chinese waterpipes were very interesting-looking. And Jim said, "Next time I'm in Hong Kong I'll get one for you."

"Cut it out, goddammit!" Ron hollered. "Ferghodsake, you've never been to Hong Kong!"

And Jim subsided with a soul-felt chuckle.

But one day I'm afraid Jim is going to push it too far. He's driven Ron to the ropes, so to speak, and Ron will bounce back one of these days. I sure hope Jim takes it easy, because I hate even to think of what Ron's fury will be like, or of what dire form of retribution Ron might exact.

There;s nothing so dangerous as an outraged squirrel.

The monotonous voice of the Robot Tracer was calling my name. At last, it was time to leave! My heart skipped a beat or two as I nervously put down the magazine I was reading. Trying to conceal my nervousness, I picked up my grip and walked slowly, stiffly, to the Information Desk. With trembling hands I presented my reservation to the pretty young receptionist, who smiled knowingly and handed me my tickets.

"Which-- which way to the Departure Room?" I inquired. She pointed to a door at the far end of the room, and I nodded. Damn it, I thought, why did I ask that? I knew where it was, already! Mustn't let my nerves get the best of me...

Clutching my tickets, I started toward the distant door. About halfway there, I noticed a coin-operated machine offering a \$10,000 life-insurance policy "valid for the duration of your trip, going, coming, and in-between" for 50¢. Definitely a Good Thing, I realized, so I paused for a moment to fill out the necessary forms, press the appropriate buttons, and drop the correct fee into the machine. Seconds later my copy of the policy popped out of a slot; I pocketed it and moved on.

A minute's walk, and I was at the door of the Departure Room; taking a deep breath, I opened it and entered. An extremely beautiful female Technician walked up to me and asked if I were Ron Peterson and all ready to leave.

Nervously, I replied in the affirmative; "Y-y-yes!" was about the way I phrased it.

She led me into a small room, and motioned for me to sit down in a comfortable-looking padded chair.

"Where should I put my grip?" I asked.

"Hold it in your lap, contacting as much of its surface as possible," she said, "so that it'll travel along with you all right. Otherwise it might stay behind, and you'll not be able to come back and get it, of course."

I took the seat, placing the grip flat on my lap so that it would have ample contact area. Just to make sure that it went along, I pressed both hands on top of it.

"Your ticket, please?" asked the Technician, smiling prettily.

Yes, the ticket! It was still clutched in my hand atop my luggage. A bit sheepishly, I unwrinkled it and handed it to her. She inspected it, asked if everything were in order and, when I replied that everything certainly was, if I were ready to go.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I answered, smiling weakly, though inside me everything had just turned upside-down.

"Sit tight," she said, "and don't move while in transit." And with that, she left the little room and closed the door.

Scarcely a second later, there was a whirring noise, a spinning sensation-- and I blacked out. When I regained consciousness a bit later, the spinning feeling was gone, but I found myself in the midst of a madly whirling maelstrom of every brilliant color imaginable. For a moment I sat enthralled by the spectacle, but my nervous system caught up with me and again I blacked out.

I must have been out longer that time, for when I recovered my senses there was no longer any colored light rushing about me. In fact, all was quite dark and quiet. Evidently I had arrived at a destination-- but where was I?

After a few seconds, I became accustomed to the darkness and dimly began to discern things around me. There was a broom, and over there-- there was a shelf full of all manner of boxes and containers. Good grief! I had landed in a broom closet-- or storage room, or some equally outlandish place! I located a doorknob and slowly, cautiously, I opened the door a crack.

I saw a corridor, with doors spaced along it. After determining to my satisfaction that there was no one in the hallway to see me emerge, I stepped out and walked along looking for a stairway. Finding one, I walked down, and down...

The staircase descended into a large spacious room with a counter along one side. And as I signed my name to the register of Pittsburgh's Penn-Sheraton Hotel, I felt a renewed pride at being the first winner of the Trans-Time Fan Fund.

-- Bob Lichtman

M O R E M I N U T E S

onrbl SEC-Treas Wally Weber

9:04 P.M., DECEMBER 20, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Fearless President, F. M. Busby, called the meeting to order and requested that the minutes be read. This, as usual, caused nothing but turmoil. To start with, the SEC-Treas refused, primarily because he had brought no minutes to read. This made the President simply furious, and he demanded that somebody make a motion that the dishonorable SEC-Treas be censured, as opposed to being censored. One of the enraged members made such a motion, but it was not seconded after the SEC-Treas, shouting to be heard above the frenzied mob, explained that he had written the minutes in an honorable and trustworthy manner, but that he had written them on a Gestetner stencil which at that very moment was locked up in the furious President's place of residence. The furious President finally decreed a censuring of the Secretary by the Chair and let it go at that. There was no bloodshed, partly due to the fact that Christmas was near, more due to the fact that everyone was acting more civilized than normal in deference to the honor guest, Sandy Cutrell, but mostly due to the fact we had so little blood available.

The report on the treasury went much smoother, with the Sec-TREAS reporting \$14.91 remaining in the Treasury as a result of his not having done his Christmas shopping yet.

Some discussion was given to the problem of raising money for the room rent by charging for the refreshments which were bought at the grocery with the money that had been raised for the room rent. There were some who believed that this system could not be depended upon to raise money for the room rent. At last Wally Gonser moved that money collected in addition to the two dollars required to break even on the rent should be put in the club treasury unless needed for refreshments. The understanding was that the club would continue to pay for the tea, coffee, and such items as had been expected of it, but that extras in the way of cookies, cakes, and soft drinks would be donated by the membership in one way or another. Rose Stark seconded this, probably to get her name in the minutes, and the motion passed without any objections.

Since discussions of money seemed to be going over so well, Wally Weber moved that the Nameless take out a registration in the BOYCON (\$1 in care of GUY E. TERWILLEGGER, 1412 ALBRIGHT ST., BOISE, IDAHO, to you generous fans Out There). Elinor Busby immediately seconded the motion, and it was passed by the most enthusiastic vote of the evening.

As soon as the cheering had quieted to a mere roar, a recess was called at 9:20 p.m. so that the Seattle Science Fiction Club could hold an urgently requested meeting. At 9:20:30 p.m. the Nameless Ones reconvened. Wally Weber, scribbling frantically on several sheets of paper at once while busily switching back and forth between his Seattle Science Fiction Club Secretary and Nameless SEC-Treas valences, suddenly gave way under the strain and ran screaming up the wall where he clung, beating his head against the wall until plaster rained down. The membership grew concerned until it was determined that the plaster was coming from the SEC-Treas's head rather than from the wall.

While waiting for the SEC's recovery, Flora Jones suggested that the club buy a notebook for the minutes so that the SEC-Treas would not be forever misplacing them. Jim Webbert explained that even with the notebook chained to the SEC-Treas it would still get lost somehow. President Busby, still upset about the minutes, suggested that perhaps in place of a notebook, the club should buy a tattoo needle.

At 9:25 p.m. Wally Weber dropped off of the wall, and the meeting was adjourned so that the Christmas party could begin.

hon. SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

10:00 P.M., DECEMBER 20, 1959 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

At 10:00 p.m., the meeting was called to order by Vice President Wally Gonser who announced that we had neglected to bribe the custodian this year. By general agreement, the membership allowed a portion of the money taken in at the Christmas Party to be used to bribe Joe, the friendly custodian. Elinor Busby insisted that the words, "Merry Christmas" be written on the envelope. Despite the fact that she is married to the President, she had brought cookies, so we let her have her way. The meeting was adjourned so that the members could return to their Christmas Party.

hon. SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

CARRSVILLE

by J. Les Piper

WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE
ANYWAY?

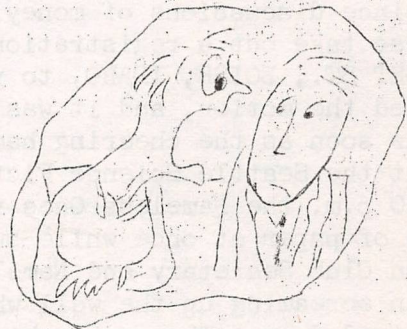
JUST BECAUSE
YOU & YOUR SQUIRRELY
FRIEND WON A HUGO,
DOESN'T MAKE YOU
GREAT!



...AND THAT STUPID
TOWER. YOU DIDN'T
FOOL ANYBODY WITH
THAT, YOU KNOW!

...AND WAIT TILL
CARL BRANDON GETS
BACK FROM
SACRAMENTO...

... I'LL TELL HIM HOW
YOU TRIED TO MAKE
"A HONK IN REVERSE"
OUT OF HIM...



SOME PUBLISHING-
GIANT. HAH!

AND JUST A MOMENT
AGO, YOU WERE SO
MAD AND SEXY.



J. Les Piper

During my years (1 $\frac{1}{2}$) as a fanzine fan, I've read a great deal of faan-fiction. More recently I've begun to write it, also. Although I'm less-experienced than many fan-writers, my psychiatrist assures me that I am a person of immense perception (or, as he playfully puts it, im-perception); therefore I feel qualified to pontificate (don't bother to look that up; it's not dirty) upon the writing of faan-fiction.

First, faan-fiction as I've always defined it (starting now) is fiction by and about fans, as opposed to fan-fiction, which is straight science-(or other)fiction fan-written for amateur publication. Of course, there are those who reverse these terms, but they may be ignored by all trufen (defined as fans who agree with me).

The qualifications for writing faan-fiction, as I see it, are a knowledge of the English (or some other) language, a knowledge of fandom (the spelling of DAG, and perhaps its meaning), and plenty of nerve. Given these, you may feel perfectly qualified.

Of course, you must have ideas. Ideas come in all shapes and forms, and often will even shape themselves into a story ("The Endless Cycle", in Yandro#78, came from a conversation with Belle Dietz on the Kyle situation. I thought "What if..?" and the next thing I knew, I had typed 3 pages). That's how I write faan-fiction.

But suppose you don't get your ideas that way, or that you've run into a "dry spell" and can't think of anything to write. To overcome this difficulty, simply ~~write a Parody~~ write a Parody.

Parodies are easy-- take a well-known story, substitute "fan" for "man", DAG for the hero's name and "Bjo" for the heroine's. Make a few other similar corrections, & a pun on the title, and your faanfiction is complete, all ready for Sick Elephant.

Another way to write faan-fiction without much effort is to take some event and work faanish doings into it, as in the following illustration:

Yes, I knew the Organized American Fantasts of Susquehanna¹ well; I received all issues of their zine Whine of the Brainless², and wrote for it regularly. I was really shocked at what happened to them, but though I was sorry to see it, you must admit that they asked for it. I hope their case will serve as a warning to fandom.

A.M.Fuzzly³, editor of WotB, was a linguist, and knew Russian. So when Krushchev visited the US, Fuzzly decided to do a Russian Edition of WotB (he had a Russian typewriter, inadvertently acquired from Howard DeVore on a Big-Hearted Deal) for distribution to the Krushchev entourage. Since Krushchev had been displaying a sense of humor in his speeches, Fuzzly even hoped to make a WHIhack⁴ of him.

Mr K got his copy of WHINE, all right. The next we knew, he delivered a tirade against the "insane Americans" and bolted for Russia, severing all diplomatic relations. All Americans were ordered out of Russia; the Iron Curtain became just that. Since that day, no news has gone in or out of Russia; it's as if the world were in two pieces.

Fuz and the whole group were convicted of treason; they're allowed to publish WHINE from Alcatraz. A shame, but public feeling ran so high that they're safer there.

It isn't public information, but the USSR still maintains relations with Britain. Not formally-- but the Russians have a contract with one English firm, now government-supported (with U.S. aid), which sells to the Russians in unheard-of quantities.

The Gestnetner Corporation!

- 1.Note initials: making initials spell something like this, is a must!
- 2.Stolen pun: a recommended tactic.
- 3.Punish distortions of names of real-life fans are usually effective.
- 4.Two-level pun: use of these will gain you great respect, if not contempt.

This is a much-condensed version; few people could live through the original.

To sum up: there are 3 kinds of faan-fiction: good, bad, and wretched... mostly the latter, and including, probably, yours. But do not fear; a bad story, if accepted, gets the same free issue as a good one, and often the same egoboo.

If you must be a good faanwriter, I have but 2 suggestions: (1)Read good faan-fiction and ~~plagiarize~~ imitate (Pretty soon, nobody will recognize your source).

The second suggestion is to get John Berry to ghost-write for you.

But there is one other thing you could do.... BE John Berry!

((Many of you have read a lot of end-of-the-world stories: the earth gets clobbered by some errant celestial body, or collides with its own moon (a stupid trick, that!) or falls into the sun or something. Here we're concerned with the first-named cosmic mishap, so hold onto your ~~seats~~ chairs as we plunge into (in Stereovistaoptiphonics):

WHEN WORLDS CRASH... HEAD-ON!

"John! John!" cried the girl, rushing into the observatory. John Trimble turned from "Your Horoscope" magazine, frowning. Then he donned his glasses, and smiled.

"What is it, Marsha?" He put the magazine down and reached for her.

"Look, John; look at these!" She thrust a handful of prints at him.

"What are they?" he asked, carefully spreading them over the magazine.

"It wasn't a fly walking on the lens, after all!" she gasped, pointing to a spot on the first print. "It was a wasp!"

"Hum," he mused, gritting his firm white teeth and well-knowing where the yellow went, "then I was wrong, Marsha. You're a better astronomer than I."

"No, John," she gasped, turning ocean-blue eyes on him. Wincing under the cold spray of them, he managed to ask: "What do you mean, Marsha?"

"On these other prints, the wasp had flown away." She shuffled them; he had to move fast to keep "Your Horoscope" hidden. "See these? There Is Still Something There!"

"Then we must have the lens cleaned!" said John. "I'll call the Maintenanancers..."

"No, no, John," she protested, "it's..."

"Why do you always say 'No, no, John'?" he snarled, "Don't you ever say 'Yes'?"

She smiled shyly, her corn-yellow hair obscuring one eye, and dampening. "Why, of course I say 'Yes', John," she purred. He reached. "No, NO! John. Not now!"

"Damn it!" he snarled. "Isn't it time to bring in the love-interest yet?"

"Look at these prints," she urged. "See? That spot..."

"Yes, I said I'd call the..."

"No, no, John! Look, these prints were taken during the next few days..."

"Mighod," he gasped, "it's a body whose orbit intersects with Earth's! Headed smack for us! What'll we do?" He reached furtively for the horoscope magazine.

"Father's called a meeting," said Marsha. "We'd better get there soon!"

Chief Astronomer Onglo van Foof, of the world's largest observatory, warned the september body of savants that the world's days were numbered, that all efforts must be made to 1), Don't tell anybody the Real Truth; 2), Quick build a spaceship so that: 3), they could all split the scene without everybody else crowding them off of it!

At once, a great camp was built in an isolated and inaccessible place. Supplies and materials mushroomed, and all the while, the Other Planet became more discernible.

"Gad!" cried Marsha van Foof. "It looks like an Eye in the Sky!" John Trimble glared at it, saying, "Yes, doubtless the populace will call it The Big Eye."

But actually they named it "Van Foof", after Marsha, its discoverer. Amid the growing curiosity of the Press and the alarmed millions swarming the globe, the work at the camp progressed rapidly. There were some initial difficulties, however. Where to go? And really, how to get there best? A pile of bheer-cans-to-Van-Foof was discredited, but they did, one and all, realize that Van Foof was their only hope. John Trimble summed it up: "My most urgent desire is to get on Van Foof."

Time grew short and work-loads piled up, but eventually the crew was picked and the passengers were chosen. Continually the camp was shaken by great tremors and swept by violent winds. John was always somehow in a position to catch Marsha in his arms, and as the lights flickered and went out, her voice could be heard strident above the tempest: "No, NO! John!"

But work progressed. Soon they were ready; as Van Foof loomed above them like a lurid gross tropical moon, everybody was rushing to the ship with a last load or two.

"John!" cried Onglo van Foof, "We must eliminate unnecessary stuff! What's that?"

"Important technical journals," cried John, puffing under the load, his face a garish orange in the light from Van Foof (planet). Van Foof (astronomer) said, "I'm sorry, John, but we can't take those things!"

Regretfully, John dropped his complete files of "Playboy", "Mad", and "Out of This World Adventures". Leaving them to lie there in the garish light, he plodded toward the ship. Then a cry rang out. Then a shot, dropping the idiot who failed to capitalize CRY in the previous sentence.

"Look!" cried ((CRY'd)) Renfrew Culvergast, "a Mob Is At The Gates!" Another shot rang out, spanging off the airlock. A screaming mob of townies came surging through the broken gates into the isolated and inaccessible campsite, by the thousands.

"Quickly!" gasped Marsha. "All aboard, or we'll not make it!" The last of the party ran for the airlock, giving ground only for the more central characters. The rigging fell away, and fire lazed in thin streamers from the aft tubes. They (all the people except the extras) dashed in, and the airlock clanged shut as the howling mob stampeded against it.

"Quickly, strap yourselves in," cried Onglo van Foof. They did so, feeling much as if they were sitting in rows of theater seats. The pilot pushed home a lever, and as it reached the notch marked "Home", a tremendous weight pushed each of them deep down into his seat, holding staunchly each to his bag of popcorn.

The great ship roared down the chute, streaming ant-like figures from the howling mob. Then-- it roared up and up and up-- then swooped down, making a sharp left turn, skidding desperately, then up and up into a lazy curve.

"I knew we should never have let that idiot roller-coaster engineer design that launching-ramp!" grated Onglo van Foof. But then they were aloft, streaking on a pillar of fire up into the garish orange sky.

The squawk-box said: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The 'GoodHope' has just taken off, and we will be enroute to Van Foof (planet) for several hours. Your Captain is Dr. Onglo van Foof; Renfrew Culvergast is Chief Engineer. Amelia Culvergast is your stewardess; this is Marsha van Foof, announcing. Please keep your seat-belts fastened and please observe the "No Smoking" signs. Thank you." It snapped off.

Van Foof (astronomer) and several others had released themselves from their seat-belts and were preparing to film the drastic event of the earth's demise, from the visiscreen. They set up the cameras, and then clustered around a small port to watch.

"Look," gasped Renfrew Culvergast, "there she goes!" And, indeed, she had. They all reached out blindly toward the small port, but Onglo van Foof had already drunk it.

Van Foof (planet) had neared Earth and was about to swing past; in the process, the resulting gravitic turbulences were destroying Earth. The teeming millions (as well as the quiet ones) had perished, as the earth's crust buckled and warped, sending continents below the thundering oceans. Now, as Van Foof (planet) neared, the earth's crust shattered, and the interior magma gushed forth into space, great chunks of the earth breaking loose in a cataclysmic pyrotechnical display that was almost as awe-inspiring as a television commercial.

The entire ship's company sat stunned. There were a few short moans, some long ones, and a few gasps. Including "no, NO! John!"

Through the whirring of the cameras and the gasps of the assembled survivors came the CRY ((bighod you got it right that time)) of the stewardess, Amelia Culvergast:

"Van Foof's breaking up!"

"I am not!" snapped Marsha. "It's just that John doesn't seem to realize that in the movies you have to keep it cool and..."

"No, NO! Marsha," snarled John. "She means your father! Look!"

Van Foof (astronomer) was indeed cracking up. He moaned, his face a garish orange in the reflected glare. He drooled and gibbered.

Everyone clustered around him, with the dramatic instinct that tells a bit-player which gibberer to cluster around and which to backhand out of the way.

"Oh, father!" moaned Marsha, rushing to him by main force and regardless of damage to her fellow-workers. "Are you cracking up?"

"Yes," he gurgled, "and so is Van Foof (planet)!"

"We might have known," he added, "that this gravity jazz would work both ways!"

John and Marsha were also stereophonic with the "No, NO!" jazz.

For once.

WORDS, AH WORDS!

by Art Rapp

I guess we would all be as happy as Twonkey-victims that in the past decade science-fiction has gained enough status in the literary world that librarians deign to segregate it from their mainstream fiction. Of course they are apt to place Rockets, Missiles & Space Travel; 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea; Randy Starr, Space Cadet; and The Galaxy Reader all in one haphazard row, on the theory that they are all science-fiction and therefore of equal interest to any patron searching for same.

On the other hand, a paragraph that T. E. Watkins wrote in 1950 is as pertinent these ten years later as it was then: "George Orwell, who wrote Nineteen Eighty-Four, is dead of TB in London. Time, in discussing his book says that it is not so much a satire as -- well, what shall we call it -- a portent? Orwell, says the reviewer, might be compared to Dean Swift and 1984 cannot be located exactly, but it is at best a distant literary cousin to Gulliver's Travels. Why don't they call it science-fiction? Oh, dear, no! Time's official attitude toward science fiction is ZAPP! ZAPP! and they don't want to cast that shadow on Orwell's fine novel."

Science-fiction, to the non-fan, is Abbott and Costello being chased by extras in rubber suits and tentacles, or else the mystic mutterings of crackpot philosophers cast in narrative rather than expository form. For every Orwell we have a Gerald Heard; for every Heinlein we have a Nevil Shute.

And outside fan circles, no one raises a voice to educate the uninformed as to what is and what isn't good science-fiction!

Don't they know?

They know enough to select and popularize good science-fiction when they see it: 1984, Destination Moon, Not This August testify to that.

Won't anyone listen to them?

Well, the backcover of the February 1960 Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction carries quotes from Clifton Fadiman and Basil Davenport ("I have been a fan of science-fiction all my life") who are identified as Book of the Month judges; from Orville Prescott, Book Review Editor for the New York Times. These are men whose personal tastes in literature can mold the judgment of millions of Americans.

Yet apparently when they practice their profession they blank out their personal taste for science-fiction and assume the general-population attitude that it is a bastard branch, crazy Buck Rogers Stuff not worthy of serious consideration.

When they do stoop to recommending a science-fiction book, it is not because of the subject, but because of the author's reputation. Philip Wylie is a familiar name to the American public, ergo any novel of Wylie's is to be praised as a shining example of science-fiction. (I'll admit that Wylie perhaps does more to justify this opinion than other writers, famous in the mundane field, who dabble in science-fiction with no notion of its special requirements.)

"But," the editors protest, "we have an obligation to select for our book clubs works which will please our readers, and they will accept something as unfamiliar as science-fiction more readily if it is sold them on the strength of the author's reputation."

Yet, prior to 1984, George Orwell was known only to a tiny audience. It was his science-fiction which gave him the reputation that sold his earlier, mundane works!

And incidently, an editor or critic has a responsibility to literature as well as to commercialism. It is up to him to educate the taste of his readers, not merely cater to its lowest denominator.

Popularizing science-fiction is not an impossible task; detective and Western fiction began on the same pulp-magazine level as science-fiction. The latter two were made "respectable" by editors and critics who knew the special requirements of each field, boosted works which successfully fulfilled those requirements, and most of all, realized that though they were unlike the mainstream novel, they were equally worthy of consideration.

If editors and critics could bring themselves to deal with equal honesty and competence when science-fiction is the subject, perhaps we'd get more from them than blurbs on stfzine covers.

The night wind whispered softly as Agent FZH crept silently out of the fort and scaled the fence. He jumped, rolled, and slid away slowly through the tall grass. He had it. All he had to do now was get away safely; his master knew what to do with it.

Inside the fort, Weber lay there on the bench. "Wake up, clod," shouted Ted, the supervisor, "it's time to check." Weber snored loudly, and White noticed the bottle of milk beside him. "Oh Ghod, Weber's drunk himself to sleep again." He sighed and went onward. "Guard!" he cried. "Open the door. It's time to check."

"Yessir!" replied Gerber, snapping to attention as he carefully worked the combination. The huge door swung open.

"We've almost cracked the problem, Gerber," White said, rubbing his hands together in anticipation. "Toskey thinks he understands it; we'll learn how to use it yet." They stepped toward the second door. Leman stood there, a menacing figure in the shadows. "The Password!" hissed Leman.

"QWERTYUIOP," answered White. Leman moved aside, and the door slid ajar. White entered, and stared in disbelief before running out. "Gerber! Leman! It's gone! The point is gone! You'll both be court-martialed for this!"

"What was that, sir?" asked Leman, gazing innocently as his giant vinegar worm reared up over White and drooled anxiously.

"Err-- you'll be court-martialed, Gerber," White amended, dashing down the hall. "Alarm Purple! Alarm Purple!" he shouted at Trimble, who stood wide-eyed at his post.

"By Roscoe!" he gasped. "This is the first alarm to rate Ghuist-purple since they caught Ellick at the Pepsi!" He pulled the purple lever, and sirens screamed.

FZH heard the sirens. His trained brain told him to go East, so quickly he ran toward the West, his heart pumping ditto-fluid madly through his veins at knowing that his theft had been found out. Suddenly he heard a whirring sound, as Corporal Brown, his beanie-prop twirling, settled to the ground and drew a switchblade. FZH hurled a vial of blog into Brown's face and saw Brown somersault gracefully to the ground.

Meanwhile, back at the fort, White pounded the desk. "It must have been a dirty pro that did it. I'll turn him over to Mr Clean when we catch him, so help me."

"Maybe it was Wetzler. Or Degler," suggested BNF Terwilleger. "Or Pegler."

"Could be," said White, "or GMCarr." He pounded the desk. "The Beanie Brigade should have gotten him by now! If they don't.." He switched on the intercom. "Bjo!" He smiled grimly as she acknowledged, then said, "Send out those Toronto cats."

FZH started to cross the road. Suddenly a red Austin-Healey, with Coexistence Candy Shop ads painted on both sides, hurtled toward him, with Raeburn's foot in the carburetor. FZH produced a large black top hat, pulled a rabbit out of it, and heaved the rabbit across the road. Yelping with joy, the Healey swerved away after it. FZH sighed with relief and crossed the road, as Raeburn screamed "Eney runs rabbits, not me! Get it right, Wanshel!"

"What!" yelled White. Terry Carr repeated the message.

"Raeburn went through the barrier, into Mundane, and was arrested for speeding while chasing a rabbit."

"Impossible," said White. "Only Eney runs rabbits; there must be some mistake. Still, there's nothing we can do for him now. Too bad; Raeburn was a good man."

"Impossible," said Grennell. "I was appointed the Good Man, so Raeburn can't..."

"You're all impossible!" yelled White serenely, as a message began on the teletype.

Climbing out of the pond, FZH prayed that the water hadn't damaged the point's complicated mechanism. As he drip-dried, his gaze was caught by a rock with curious lines scratched upon it-- elled lines, he realized, as the paralysis struck him. He wondered what the elled command would be: to drown himself, perhaps. Suddenly he found himself, helpless to resist or even call for his mommy, about to drink a bottle of root bheer. This, then, was the command, he saw, recognizing the strong taste of arsenic. Though his amazing powers would ward off the poison for a time, FZH knew he had only an hour of life left in which to carry out his mission. He hurried on; the barrier could not be much farther now.

COMES THE REVELATION
by Donald Franson

Scene 1 -- The corner of Willis Avenue and Berry Street, in Fenton, U.S.A. The sidewalk in front of an old building housing the Sercon Club of Fenton is busy with fans coming by and entering the building. It is nearly 8:00 PM and the club is about to meet. Two fans are standing on the sidewalk talking: Pilz, an out-of-town member, and Goober, the President of the club.

GOOBER: I'm glad you came tonight. At least I'll have one intelligent fan to talk to.

PILZ: Why don't we go inside, Goober, and see who else is here?

GOOBER: What, and converse with all those fuggheads? Not me.

PILZ: But you're president, you have to meet them all anyway, don't you?

GOOBER: Collectively, Pilz. In the meeting, they're drowned out by the others. When they get me alone, I have to listen to them spout about their goddam hobbies.

PILZ: What are their hobbies?

GOOBER: Search me. I never listen to them.

(A newsboy, Hackman, appears on the scene, with an armload of newszines, stopping fans as they go into the club and selling newszines to them.)

PILZ: Hey, let's buy a newszine.

HACKMAN: Getcha paper here. Read about the big feud. Read all about it.

PILZ: What feud is that?

HACKMAN: The Carr-Ellik feud. Read all about it.

PILZ: Carr-Ellik? Here, gimme a paper. (Buys newszine.)

GOOBER: Carr-Ellik feud? What's it say?

PILZ: Here it is. Carr-Ellik feud, page 2. Page 2? (Opens paper.) Carr-Ellik feud. Ron says he disagrees strongly with what GM said in GEMZINE....oh, nuts.

HACKMAN: Anything else, mister?

PILZ: No, I've been gypped once today, thanks.

HACKMAN: Want a NEOFAN'S GIBE? Just out.

PILZ: What do you take me for, a neofan?

GOOBER: Get one, Pilz. It's by Yucker.

PILZ: Okay, gimme one. (Buys fanzine.)

HACKMAN (Leaving them): Getcha paper here... Carr-Ellik feud....

PILZ (Staring after him): He's selling a lot of zines... Maybe I'll go in for amateur journalism myself. Hey, Goober, I paid for that. (Goober has taken NEOFAN'S GIBE and is reading it.)

GOOBER: Ghod, this is interesting. It's a dictionary of fannish terms.

PILZ: Look up "croggle".

GOOBER: Here's a new one: "To grennell: confuse by erudite explanations."

PILZ: I thought that was "croggle".

GOOBER: Say, this certainly is interesting. I thought I was using all the fannish terms correctly. --Just goes to show, what a difference there is between what you know and what you think you know.

PILZ: Same here. I came into fandom the back way, and had to pick everything up.

GOOBER: The back way?

PILZ: Through science-fiction.

GOOBER: Say, I always thought "greeps" were a kind of fish.

PILZ: Well, aren't they?

GOOBER: Hey, Pilz. Omigosh. That does it.

PILZ: What's the matter?

GOOBER: Here's the real meaning of "sercon".

PILZ: Well, what is the meaning?

GOOBER: It says here, "The fugg-headed activities of a serconfan, a meddler, self-appointed censor or fan-organizer, more scorned than honored for his interference with other fans' fanac". Mighod. If that's what "sercon" means....

PILZ: That sounds like an interesting definition. I'll have to remember to tell it to Snowburn. Oh, well, he'll get a GIBE himself, I suppose.

GOOBER: But Pilz, do you realize what this means?

PILZ: Well....it means some stencils will have to be retyped.

GOOBER: No, Pilz, the name of our club.

PILZ: The club? The Sercon Club of Fenton? Oh-Oh.

GOOBER: See? It'll have to be changed.

PILZ: Hmmm. Either that, or we'll all have to become meddlers.

GOOBER: No, I don't like that idea. You know, the Sercon Club of Fenton...gee, I liked that name....that's not the original name of the club, you know.

PILZ: No, I didn't know. I don't know much about the history of the club, except some silly story that it was founded by H.G. Wells, or something like that.

GOOBER: It was founded by H.G. Wells, in a way. During the "War of the Worlds" scare, three of the founders met in the same sewer pipe, and they formed the club later.

PILZ: What was it called then?

GOOBER: I don't know. No one does. One of the later secretaries had a pet goat. Anyway, the name Sercon Club is rather recent. It's really an off-shoot of the Ultra-Fannish Insurgents, which split off from the Science-Fiction Loyalists, which broke off from the Fenton Faan Club when they added the extra "a", after they threw out the pro-fantasy element, which had infiltrated the old Fentonists, who in turn...

PILZ: My head is spinning. Or is it my beanie?

GOOBER: That's all I know...all anyone knows. Anyway, now I'll have to go in and propose a name change. And you know what a political hassle that will be. I dread it. Well, let's go in.

Scene 2 - The interior of the clubroom. The Sercon Club of Fenton is about to be called to order. Judging by the noise and confusion, this state of affairs does not yet exist.

GOOBER(pounding gavel): Order! Order!

VARIOUS FANS: Bheer! Blog! Crottled greeps!

GOOBER: Hey, don't put that in the minutes.

TOMBSTONE: It's a pun, isn't it? No, I guess not.

GOOBER: We've got to have order! QUIET!

VARIOUS FANS: Lights! Camera! Action!

GOOBER: No, Tombstone, I forbid you! Tear out that page.

TOMBSTONE: I'm tearing out the page. Hey, I've got to read the old minutes first.

GOOBER: We've got to have order first. All right, read the minutes.

TOMBSTONE: That's the page I tore out. What did I do with it?

GOOBER: You rolled it up into a ball and threw it out into the audience. Ghu knows what happened to it then. Probably Jotsler drew all over it. Never mind the minutes, let's get on with the meeting. Where's Mable? He was supposed to do a report on the Stolacon.

SCISSORS: He's moved to Fannapolis.

GOOBER: Well, that's one way to get out of making a speech. How about the treasurer's report? Who's supposed to be treasurer?

TUSKY: Search me.

GOOBER: Search him, boys. No money on him? I don't think he was treasurer anyway. If he were, he wouldn't be here. No one remembers who was last treasurer? Well, who was the treasurer-watcher?

WORNOUT: I think I was.

GOOBER: Did you watch the treasurer?

WORNOUT: Nobody informed me who to watch.

GOOBER: Well, there wasn't much money in the treasury anyway. Nobody pays their dues any more.

GHOULSON: Why should we pay dues, Goober?

BUSYBEE: Yeah, what would we get for our money? This hall is free, donated by NFFF, we bring our own food, FAPA provides the liquor...

SADAMS: Goober, why you allatime ask for dues?

GOOBER: Well, somebody's got to buy the books for the reviews I read to you. All right, let's hear somebody's else's reviews fir a change. Anybody out there read any books lately? Come on, fellas, admit it -- you can read, can't you? Tell us about some book, so people will think this is a literary club.

LOWMAN: Well, I've been reading "Catcher In The Rye"...

GOCEER: Look, Lowman, we're not interested in books about baseball. SF--remember SF?
BUSYBEE: SF? Oh, yes, San Francisco. Say, I've heard about a TV program called "San Francisco Beat."

SADAMS: You'd be disappointed in it. It's only about cops and all.

GOOBER: Cut it out, you eggheads! Look, this is a sercon club -- oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Fellows, I've got bad news for you. "Sercon" doesn't mean science fiction after all. Here is the latest from Yucker. He says the word doesn't mean what we think it means.

BEERSON: So what?

DEVOUR: Yeah, bring on the entertainment.

GOOBER: Listen fellows.....QUIET! ! ! I recognize myself to make a motion. Do you second it, Pilz? Second it.

PILZ(coerced by Goober's persuasiveness): I second it.

GOOBER: It has been moved and seconded that....I forgot to state what the motion was. It was this: we've got to have a new name for the club! (There is an immediate uproar. Nothing that Goober can do will stop it. It continues unabated for ten minutes, and finally Goober and Pilz slip out of the building.)

Scene 3 - Twenty minutes later. The sidewalk in front of the club.

PILZ: They still haven't quieted down.

GOOBER: I couldn't hear myself think in there. I didn't get a chance to explain why the name change was necessary.

PILZ: Maybe throwing those copies of NEOFAN'S GIBE to the mob helped some.

GOOBER: I dunno. I don't think that bunch has much respect for Yucker.

PILZ: Frankly, I don't think that bunch has any respect for anyone. Hey, it's gotten awful quiet in there all of a sudden.

GOOBER: Maybe they've settled the matter.

PILZ: They're coming out. Here they all come. Step back, Goober. (The entire club boils out into the street, most of them leaving the scene, a dozen or so stopping to talk to Pilz and Goober. They seem highly enthusiastic.)

DADKINS: We've got a new name for the club! Like, man, it's terrific! Daddy-O.

LEAPOFF: Sercon is out!

BEMFORD: Our new name is just the opposite of sercon.

WHIT: We read all the nasty things Yucker said about it.

MUSHER: We've got no use for the word. According to Yucker, it means fan-organizers. Hell, we're not fan-organizers!

CRYAN: But now we've got a fine name for the new fan-club of Fenton.

YACKERMAN: It's a pun.

ANDROID: St. Bernard thought of it.

ST. BERNARD: Oh, it was nothing. There's this Chinese tong-war, see, and this innocent bystander gets killed by mistake, and they apologize to his relatives, that it was only a slip of the tong....

HECKINGER: Tell them the name.

ST. BERNARD: Well, we wanted it to be just the opposite of sercon, since Yucker panned that word so. And sercon backwards is "noeres". So we're going to call the new club "The Knockers".

PILZ & GOOBER (in unison): Groan-n-n-n-n!

YIKE: Jotsler is going to design an emblem for us.

GOOBER: I can guess what that will be.

THIMBLE: We'll knock everything. Stf, fandcm, life....

GOOBER: Pilz, what's happening?

BUSYBEE: We've got a new home for the club, too! Tell 'em where, Wellington.

WELLINGTON: It's on the waterfront. Underneath the pier. Meetings every Friday, at low tide.

GOOBER: Good Ghod. It's the end, Pilz. (The rest of the crowd leaves, and Goober and Pilz are left standing on the sidewalk. They stare at the club building, and through the open door into the deserted, disordered interior.)

PILZ: Well, there's another good club gone.

GOOBER: I know. They'll lose their identity, down there under the pier, and merge with

the beatniks, more than likely.

PILZ: Let's go in and see what they left behind in their mad rush. Maybe there's a few prozines lying around we can pick up.

GOOBER: Prozines? Are you dreaming? No, Pilz, I don't want to go back in there. It would depress the hell out of me. I don't want to attempt to revive the club, or try to form a new one, or even think about it. Pilz, I've just now made my decision. I'm going the gaf---I'm going to leave fandom, and I don't want to even use fannish words any more. Here, Pilz, take your Yucker fanz---fan magazine. I'm quitting fandom, Pilz. I'm going back to normalcy. I'll still see you around, though, so au revoir for now.

PILZ: I don't know what to say. Well, goodbye, old fan! (They shake hands, and Goober takes off his beanie and gives it to Pilz.)

GOOBER(Walking off): Well, so long, you old fugg---you old fathead! (Exits.)

PILZ: (to himself) Hmm. Another good fan gone. (He looks at the NEOFAN'S GIBE in his hand.) This fanzine is destructive, in a way. It has just destroyed a fan club ---, and now it's destroyed a fan. Maybe it's not good for fans to know the real meanings of fannish terms. Well, guess I'll go in and see what I can pick up. Maybe there's a few fanzines lying around, anyway. (He goes inside.)

CURTAIN

"Evil Triumphs Again" - by Jeff Wanshel ((continued from page 83))

As the teletype clattered its message, White sighed. "FAPA is up 4 points on the Stock Exchange. The spy must be almost to the barrier, and they tell me FAPA is up 4 points." And to the intercom: "Bjo! Any word from the Goon?" "What? he's on his vacation? Oh, great!" Grimly, he turned to the assembled BNFs and made his decision. "The agent is almost to the barrier. Once thru it and into Mundane, he'll be out of our hands." He drew a deep breath. "Gentlemen, put Plan Z into operation."

FZH came over the last rise; there was the breath-taking sight of the barrier that protected the fort from Mundane: a one-way screen, out-bound-- except when someone was cleared for admittance-- then the barrier was collapsed for a split-second, which allowed passage. FZH had entered the fort during one of those split-seconds.

Outside the barrier, in Mundane, FZH would deliver the point to his master; he had fifteen minutes left before the arsenic would take effect. Time was wasting.

There was a guard at the barrier, but FZH messily disposed of him with his gosh-wow nuclear blaster. A tired sigh escaped him; singlehandedly he had won through.

Where the guard had fallen, a relay clicked in the barrier.

FZH stopped, open-mouthed in awe. The barrier had become transparent, and in it were hundreds of femmefans beckoning to him-- Miriam Carr, Trina Castillo, Bjo Wells, Sylvia White-- stunned, eyes bugging out, he stumbled forward. When he tripped an expertly-concealed string, a Flash Gordon autographed stun-gun blasted from the barrier to freeze him where he stood. * * * * *

White sneered as he ripped off the agent's shirt; he jumped in glee as something fell to the floor: "The point!" He picked it up, and paled. "This isn't the point; it is only a cheap imitation! We need the real thing!" Sobbing, he smashed it to bits. * * * * *

Weber arose. White and the Beanie Brigade were off chasing that fuzzleheaded agent. Smiling and clutching his bottle, Weber walked briskly out of the building. * * * * *

Quickly, White recovered. "Get Busby; he's our military strategist." "What's that, Lichtman? You can't find him? ...never here when he's needed. All right, get me The Toskey; he's the one who knows how to operate the thing." "Toskey's on a sabbatical, you say, Demuth? Then get me that loafer, Weber!" "No Weber, Pelz?" White turned pale and gaped, as if realizing something. "Damn it! OH NO!" * * * * *

Busby, Toskey, and Weber met outside the barrier. Weber beamed. "We've got it!" he exclaimed. Upending the milk bottle, he dumped the point into his hand and held it up. "The only Focal Point in fandom! And CRY is going to be it, from now on!" * * * * *

Oct 24, 1970 -- the day CRY became the Focal Point of Fandom--

--and YOU WERE THERE!

-- Jeff Wanshel

It had to come out eventually, I guess. Now (and in the CRY, of all places) is the best time to get it off my chest. Perhaps, if you know me, you'll think I'm just in one of my more neurotic moments, or perhaps you'll just laugh. I couldn't care less.

It's been 3 years now, 3 long miserable soul-tearing years I've been an active fan; now I can tell all you damn slans off-- & how I originally grew to hate you all.

I've been pretending all along, of course-- that I accepted you as friends, that I was one of you, that I had the "fannish gay", that I, too, was following the gold-brick road on the path to TruFandom..... B*A*H !

I hated you all-- you, and you, and you. That was before I found out.. but that comes later. First, it's my duty to tell you why, in my own deluded way, I hated you.

Long as I'm slandering you, I might as well get downright personal and name names.

Guy Terwilleger, first of all. Over a year before Guy started Best of Fandom, I had the idea. Ask Marty Fleischman: I mentioned the Fanthology (my intended title, & Guy's, too, until he changed it at the last moment) to him, more than once, as well as to Bill Meyers, John Thiel, Glenn King. But it doesn't matter; I hated them, too.

The list is long (Direc Annum Gestalt?), and all for many of the same reasons as mentioned above-- Bjo, Warner, Adams, Mercer, Willis, Shaw-- but, more specifics:

Asimov was another, though perhaps not a "fan" in the strictest sense. He wrote "The Watery Place" for Satellite. In case you're dumb enough not to be me and so do not remember, the story was about a guy who thinks a Venusian is from Venice ("the watery place") and treats the foreigner so as to cause the earth to lose space travel. A cute story-- but I had it half-written when it appeared. Damndamn, double damn!

The list has grown and grown: Berry, Pelz, Grennell, Lichtman, Raeburn.. all of them!

Ask Fields, Johnstone, any of the 20th-Century crowd, how I'd decided to put out a speedy informative fannish newszine; George had convinced me that one was needed.

Yes, Terry Carr and Ron Ellick-- I hated you, too.

The list goes on: White, Young, Ellington, Parker...(where's my Fan Directory?)

Bill Meyers and I, along with kiddingly discussing starting 9th Fandom, were talking of hoaxes we could pull off. Two original kinds of hoax came to my mind; had Carl Brandon been revealed at that time, I might have called them the Hoaxes of the Millennium.

One was a "convention" hoax. Utilizing the lateness of Bill's and my zines, we would announce a Con that would be announced - alas - too late for any reader to make it. Then we would write up terrific ConReports about it. But everyone, of course, had already heard about the InVention. Everyone, that is, but me.

The other, I thought, was the best of all-- my own death hoax. I was going to get Ted Johnstone to fake an issue of Fanac on the LASFS tetner-- or even just write the Berkeley Boys and tell them. I was even thinking of getting really elaborate with the idea-- washing one side of some newsprint and printing the story on it. But then, everyone (except me) had heard of the pseudocide. (Psuicide?)

...Tucker, Bloch, Boggs, Burbee... oh, all of them, too, I hated.

Even Bill Meyers: he beat me to the punch on the "taking over the CRY" bit. And Elinor Busby and Wally Weber actually did, for all practical purposes.

...Leman, Trimble, Hickman, Cameron, Lar'Stone...I could go on and on. But I won't. Because, as I've been saying all along, I hated you. Past tense-- notice?

Because I did some logical thinking about it all. And if fandom has taught me anything, fandom has taught me to reach logical conclusions.

Now, there are two possible reasons for the above-described events. One is that fans really are slans and they're picking my brain -- years ahead, sometimes-- and this is downright silly. The other, then, is the only logical answer-- the Clear White Truth.

It's been several months since I stopped hating you-- right after the Let's Take Over the CRY movement roared to a standstill (and indeed, what would I have done with it if I'd gotten it?), as a matter of fact.

Yes, that was about the time I realized the only logical answer... the Clear White Truth. Uh-huh. That was about the time I realized that I must be 90% of Fandom. -- rich brown.



AND HE HUNG

11 Buena Vista Pk.
Cambridge 40, Mass.

Dear nameless One, whoever you may be,

Have here CRY #133...yes, that's what it says, #133. What an obscene number for a fanzine! It's bad enough when some ambitious people go over twenty issues, but this is unspeakable.....

Anyway, here it is, and I'm not going to get this letter to you in time for the next one if the Nov. 29 deadline is to be believed (I mean, here it is the 25th already). But still, my sense of honor, my loyalty to fandom and fan-pubbers, whoever they may be, and especially my hope that even so I may get a free issue -- all these compel me to write.

And I'm very glad to have the issue which contains the (nearly) first movements of the Goon.....gee. It's just as Jean says, you can't think of John Berry as the Goon any more, having met him. He's just too quiet and sane for that. At best, you might picture the Goon as a shadowy entity hiding deep within the waves of his moustache, an entity which creeps out at night, utters a mystic monosyllable, and becomes transformed into something fearsome, something more than merely human, something that would willingly sit down at the Shaw-Berry Typewriter and...and...and...but the mind boggles.

But anyway, on to the report proper. I'm ever amazed at the technicalities of international travel. Even the slight formalities we underwent at the Canadian border tickled my Sense of Wonder, and they have to rush through thousands of tourists daily in the briefest possible ceremony. Traveling from one side of the Atlantic to the other must really be an impressive undertaking. I've always wanted to do it, and I suppose, in that far-off day when I'm rich enough to do it, I will; but I keep having the feeling that I'd be struck speechless, or collapse in an embassy, or something; I just can't quite picture all that sort of thing happening.

Poor John, having to wear a suit instead of something comfortable. Wives are like that, by golly. It's a good thing they have redeeming qualities, though, or we'd keep them locked up in dungeons all the time, and forbid them to utter words like "suit" or "coat and tie" under pain of death.

I can easily see why the immigration official boggled at the Berry moustache. It is certainly unique. Big, too.....Hm. That seems to be the end of my comments on TGGW, although I enjoyed it immensely. I never fail to be interested by accounts of things which are familiar to me, but strange to the narrator.

FMBusby got off to a weak start with his promag comments, but picked up about the time he got to Moomin. He really gets going when he considers Taurasi's fuggheaded (and, as near as I can make out, lonely) effort to get the worldcon in NY in 1964. I'm happy to see that there are other people in fandom who think SFTimes is not indispensable. I mean, what news is there that's worth reading that doesn't appear in FANAC?

Terry Carr seemed weak, too. In general, I found myself liking the original captions on the cartoons much better than his suggested revisions. But I liked his captions for the captionless cartoons.

Hm. That Nirenberg, he has talent. Wild talent. He ought to be put in a cage, like. (So he could spend all his time writing for the fmz, instead of minding that infernal Candy Store, of course.) Of all the alternate titles, I think I liked the one in the table of contents best: Andy Young meets Canada Dry. Ah, what won't I put up with for egoboo?

You asked for it, Don Franson: I'm one of those protesting readers. Pro-zine reviews of an unread issue are not my idea of entertaining material, no matter where it appears. In fact, the proz themselves have been so cruddy lately that reviews are better left out of the fmz, in favor of discussions of jazz, sports cars, and other classical subjects of interest to the true Science Fiction Fan.

Thought I'd just let you know that I got a big charge out of Lee Nirenberg's article on Undy, and that I've glanced through John Brouge's report with delight and intend to sit down and savor the whole thing at my leisure when our show is over. Jean

And now for the letters. Not having seen the first n installments of letters on Heinlein's SS is not going to deter me from stating my views at once: it is (a) crud and (b) not science fiction. I realize that the argument that something is "not art" or "not literature" or "not stf" is generally the most pointless of invalid criticisms; but in some cases it is possible to say that a story was badly written, or otherwise unartistic, but worth publishing because it contained a worth-while imaginative (science-fictional) idea. Heinlein has done nothing more than enlarge very slightly on the current state of warmaking and replace the dirty old Russians with the dirty old spiders (which is a pretty tired cliché in itself).

Now on to refute the misguided who approved of the thing: (Rapp): Why assume that military training in any way makes a person fit for deciding policy matters and assuming the responsibilities of citizenship? I see no overlap at all between the intellectual requirements of making policy decisions, and the mental and physical qualities selected by Heinlein's (or anyone else's) variety of Basic Training. Learning to follow orders is not, it seems to me, a good way of learning to give them. One can perhaps imagine (in a world of Good Guys and Bad Guys) that war training would provide the proper attitude of violent dislike for the Bad Guys; but most of the decisions which the citizen is faced with are not matters of international (or interplanetary) policy, but things like deciding who should be elected to City Council, or whether the city's water should be fluoridated -- to give examples from the recent local elections here.

Let's consider the world as it is. We do not face an Alien Menace from Acturus or whatever; our problems, even the largest-scale ones, are purely human ones. We are not up against a strange alien psychology against which war on a total and cosmic scale is our only possible alternative, other than complete destruction. Until that time, there will always be alternatives to war -- and considering the present state of the techniques of war, many alternatives are preferable. Indeed, we may very well be at a stage at which war itself is the only alternative which involves total destruction, so that any other possibility is preferable. In such circumstances, SS is not a useful work to have floating around.

In our present world, in which war may be the least favorable course of action, it would not be desirable to have those trained in the techniques of war, and indoctrinated with belief in the effectiveness of war as a means of carrying out national policy, as the sole members of the policy-making class.

In short, the novel would at least have been harmless if it had made clear the distinction between our present condition and that assumed in its plot; but, it seemed to me, the novel made every effort to identify the present state of affairs, metaphorically, with the setting of SS.

By the way, WWW, I don't like your "clever" headings to letters. They are bad puns, all, and while I am a pun-lover I will not stand by and see my favorite art-form disfigured. So I don't care if it's an ancient and honored rite of CRY letter-eds -- I will bitch about it every time until I see it done away with, or at least made of tolerable quality. AAARRRGHHHHH!!!

I must admit I laughed out loud at your line "Isn't your mind much moldier now." As I say, I like GOOD puns.

I also liked Les's installment of Charlie Fann. Ghod but he's good. Another Grennell or Willis or something.

If I may go back (I'm on the bacover now, and see I have some space left) to an earlier topic, I'd like to say that I did indeed enjoy, very much, meeting the fabulous Nirenberg in Toronto; he does indeed exist -- very much so, in fact -- and I appreciate having him write up that memorable meeting, although he did stretch the truth a bit, here and there. I did not run out of the store "dragging my victim (Raeburn) behind me". I was pushing him ahead, toward the driver's seat of a red Austin-Healey.

And, if we must discuss sc**nc*-f*ct**n magazines, I must say that Lowndes has had, over the years, the best editorials and the best material, considering his limited budget, of all the many mags that have come and gone. I would very much like to see what he could

do with a top-paying mag like Astounding. In fact, if only Campbell would go dotty enough to get thrown out, that might actually happen. Ah, the millennium!

Andy Young

/My letter-headings are good American words arranged in an exciting and original manner. It's these silly names parents give to their children that are the bad puns. # I really don't read much of that crazy science fiction any more so I don't know about the Heinlein story, but it would seem to me that a person who has been trained to fight a war would be in a much better position to evaluate the usefulness of war than a person who lacks such training. Or is the real purpose of war to provide work and wages for us draft-dodgers in industry? Personally I like these wartime wages, if not the work. # Have you stopped to consider that the reason Nirenberg is such a genius might be the very fact that he runs a candy store? After a day of dealing with young monsters who continually try to swindle him out of his wares, Les probably turns to fanac to relieve all those pent-up emotions. If he exists, that is. --WWW/

BARBED LIKE MANY

6137 S Croft Avenue
Los Angeles 56, California

Dear Wally Sergeant Saturn Weber:

Gee, I just realised up there in the midst of typing the address that my letter in CRY #134 is the first in my second year of CRYhacking.

Just the same day that CRY #134 arrived, all these old CRYs that I ordered showed up, replete in their package of white wrapping paper, enclosing the Seattle newspaper, enclosing five old CRYs. #s 99, 108, 109, 110, & 111, to be exact--all carefully chosen from hours of careful computation and referral to old fnz review columns. #s 99 & 111 are annishes, and 111 has the added attraction of having a photo-cover, with pictures of CRYeditors and...naughty word...GM Carr. #108 was chosen because of its LonCon report --also the photos. I like phan-photos, you see, which was the main reason for picking up #109, with more pictures of the CRYgang. #110 was purchased for the Berry GDAtype story, which is another notch towards completing the Goon Casebook.

And in the interests of that, does anyone have spare copies of the following fanzines: Gallerys 5, 6, & 7 (Derry), Triode #14 (Bentcliffe & Jeeves), and The Thomson Saga (GDALibrary#3--Berry, OMPA)? I'd be willing to pay within reason for copies of each.

CRY 134: Cor! what a cover! The mind boggles in looking at it, so I'll turn the bl**dy page. You shouldn't grotch so much about the green paper: at a buck a ream it's a good deal, and it really doesn't make that much difference. In fact, if you boggle at using it exclusively, why don't you just use it on the front and rear covers, which is, you must admit, a fannish practice. I'll bet this issue's printing took quite a cut from those 20 reams of it, though.

494 pages this year? I'd never've thought you'd come so close to last year's epic 496, what with those 34-pagers for a while, so this came as a surprise. However, Hope is abandoned for next year. Look, a 70+ page annish right off the bat, and the Berry report is sure to keep you busy. I'll be surprised if you keep it below 600 pages in 1980, which would allow for a (to keep figures round) 72-page annish and an average of 47 pages in the other 11 issues. That seems rather high, but the Berry will be a lot of it, of course.

TGGW continues along marvelously; I was rapt all through this chunk of it--couldn't put CRY's hulk down for the whole half-hour or so it took to read that section. I'll certainly be faunching starting after Christmas for the Detention-report chapter. In fact, I'm faunching for it now, but by after Christmas, I'll be faunching so hard they'll have to tie me down.

Buz is right--this is a good time to be joining fandom. I'm glad I'm not joining fandom now, though -- think of all the things I'd have to wait ever so long to enter into the fun of, while now I'm already in them (like SAPS, and being practically an old-guard CRYhack, and publishing a fanzine, ktp). Seriously, I wish that such invaluable aids as the CyII and the Neofan's Guide had been around when I entered fandom: it took me altogether too long to comprehend the fannish terms, though once I fathomed them, they were

Please reserve one copy of the finished product; this has to be preserved in one piece on my bookshelves.

Nirenberg's version of Bonaparte reminds of Rike's "Through History With J. Wesley Trufan". Howabout one showing Julius Caesar standing in the Forum with someone saying, "Now that you've finished your Commentary on Gaul, how about doing the Cleoconreport?"

Wally! How come you chickened out on Betty Kujawa's challenge? Some of the other puns are atrocious enough; surely you could have hammed that one up. Buz's is bad enough.

The argument over "Starship Soldier" is losing my recollection of what Heinlein had to say. Will have to borrow Chuck Hansen's copy of Starship Trooper and see what Heinlein has to say in the book version. Who knows, it may start another argument.

Warner's letter brought out another point in conjunction with Buz's comments. Deciding on events by decision of common man is frowned upon. Yet who are the descisions going to affect? Common man, himself. If our mythical common man wants to go to hell in a handcar, that's his business as long as he forces no one to go with him. However, in these days of super-bombs, Common Man might well take everyone along with him. Harps and haloes, typers and typoes, coal shovels and infernoes, anyone?

Terry: How about starting the tower from the top of Pike's Peak rather than Sacramento? Wasn't it in Space Cadet that Goddard Field had a launching rail on the side of the peak? It would make a nice sight out of my window to have a genuine faanish monument in the background.

And so to close with the usual weakminded excuses like sleep.

Best,

Norm Metcalf

/It might be well to keep in mind, if you expect to get along around here, that Planet Stories was an exceptionally fine publication; possibly the only true science fiction ~~letter column~~ magazine ever published! # Wouldn't it be more fitting to start the tower on Mount Rainier? -- WWW/

JAM GROWS

29 Lathom Road

East Ham, London, E.6. ENGLAND

Dear Nameless Ones and Wally

many thanks for CRY 133. Herewith my comments:-

Cover- good old Atom, I see. OK but shouldn't that hook be the other way round?

THE GOON GOES WEST- Goody! Goody! But didn't I see somewhere that the waving of that banner got them thrown off of the airfield?

Minutes- As good as usual. What a weird mob you are to be sure.

Fandom Harvest- Well, let's see. For the cartoon top of page 21, "Poor Brian." He just missed buying a copy of The Time Traveller." For the cartoon top of page 22, "By GHOD! You've been opening CRY with your teeth again." For the one in the middle, "Yippee! A letter of comment from Ted Tubb." And for the one at the bottom, "Yngvi's at it again I see."

Andy Young comes to Canada- I seem to have come in in the middle of this engineer lark. What gives?

SF Field Plowed Under- More more more please?

Cry of the Readers- Your treatment of Bob Lichtman's letter was superb, Wally. Keep it up. Steve Stiles had better look out; doesn't he know that asking a lady her age is the quickest way to end up in the doghouse? Anyway, Anglo-Fandom has too few femme-fans to allow them to meet even moderately handsome Ameri-fans. "We shall fight him on the beaches...etc."

yours sincerely

Jim Groves

/Gee you're stupid if you don't know about this "engineer lark." Andy Young drives a locomotive between Cambridge and Toronto which makes him exceptionally famous. Just everyone knows that. # We're sorry that "SF Field Plowed Under" had to be dropped, but it was detracting from the "Minutes." As you may have noticed, it was all we could do to save the letter column from being dropped. # Ha! While you are waiting for Steve on the beaches etc., Sneaky Stiles will come out behind your lines from his trans-Atlantic mole-tunnel. Your best bet is to steal some of our Ameri-femmes in return. --WWW/

HERE HE WARNED HER

423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Buz:

I was a fine one to be thinking about joining SAPS. When a Cry of this size, a Twig and an Aporrheta arrive within a few days, my unanswered mail drawer groans almost as badly as it does in the first days after a FAPA mailing has arrived. But when a Cry contains something as easy on the eyes as this Berry narrative, it somehow doesn't take long to read the issue.

The Goon Goes West exercises quite the same magic over me that The Harp Stateside achieved, and I imagine that the two narratives will be mentioned in simultaneous breaths for all future days, as long as fandom lasts. This installment probably means more to me than the succeeding ones will, since it deals with the odyssey during the time just before and after it got to me. Berry is a shrewd judge of character, in that summation of my feeling toward visitors; it took me years to build it up, and he deciphers it on the strength of a few hours with me. All that I can add is: Fans with whom I'm in contact via letter or tape are welcome here any time. Those who are just names to me are the ones whose coming I am not too happy about, which is at variance with all the precepts of fan hospitality but is pretty close to the way some other greybeards like Grennell and Tucker seem to feel; I've had some unpleasant experiences with various obnoxious fans who visited me in years past, and I have no desire to repeat them. The Berrys, Shaws, Starks, Eneys, and their breed are always welcome but they'll be much better off if they contact me ahead of time and let me know specifically when they'll be here. I lead a disastrously full life, am subject to work duties at any hour of the day or night, and am frequently out of town on personal matters when not working. At that, I'm not in the best of positions to be a gracious host. There's never anything to eat or drink in the house, since we eat out; there's no extra sleeping space for overnighting; I have no wife to entertain callers until I get home; and there are no other fans around here to be visited as help for putting out one-shots.

The only other thing I might add to the Berry epic is something that doesn't seem to have occurred to him: the possibility that he inhaled as much of the insecticide as the cockroaches did, and suffered nausea as a result. Some of the bugkillers are strong enough to sicken a person who hasn't just undergone all the traumatic experiences that John had just lived through.

The cover should be distributed to all FAPA members, too. I wondered about its vague aspect of familiarity, finally finding it resembles a couple of the figures on a Dore reproduction on my album of Mahler's Resurrection Symphony, showing the damned rising up toward heavenly bliss, only these figures don't wear spectacles as Elinor appears to do in this case.

The remarks about pronunciation of a name in the letter section cause me to wonder again why some widely traveled and often conversing fan doesn't take the necessary half-hour to write a list of all the complicated names that are found in fandom, followed by the proper phonetic equivalent. Unless you get most of your fanac by personal attendance at meetings, you encounter these strange names first in print, and you mentally pronounce them in a certain fashion, and it is very difficult to get out of that system of pronunciation if it was wrong. Come to think of it, the right pronunciation of the names of some of the obscurer older fans might be almost lost already. Who can say with certainty today if Harry Schmarje was pronounced with one or two syllables for the last name?

Those remarks to brand new fans on page 38 should be paraphrased in every fanzine that is likely to pick up readers from Fantastic Universe reviews. It's a good thing that Fancyclopedia is available just now, when Belle is in a position to bring in some new blood; a year ago there was absolutely nothing that the newcomer could buy that gave any great amount of help with the esoteric phases of fandom. I hope Tucker publishes a vast overrun of his booklet this time, so there'll be enough left to forcefeed fans for years to come.

Yrs. , &c. ,

Harry Warner, Jr.

TREE CHARRED. DOUBLE YOU BROWNED.

Box 261 3338th SchRon
Amarillo AFB, Texas

Dear ... uh ... well, er... hmmm...I seem to have lost my touch;

CRY #134 arrived the other day -- I would have commented sooner, but I decided to wait, and lo, you find that you do not have to mess with a scribbled jumble of words; instead, you have to mess with a typed jumble of words. You have the dubious privilege of receiving the first letter by rich brown typed on h-i-s o-w-n typewriter. This shows the high esteem I held for the CRY.

Held. Yes.

Despite the exceptional finess (sp?) [/? -www/ of Berry's "The Goon Goes West" the lettercol slowly but surely deteriorates under the able hand of Wally Weber. 9 pages. Turrible, considering I usually write four. Toskey ruled the freest, and Elinor was permissable (at least she never edited out the meat of the letters; if anything, she was better than Toask, even, in that she edited in the meat of the letter, and left out the more trivial stuff). Now, despite the fact that I've had probably had less contact with Wally than any other member of FSF, I still hold him in high esteem; dammit, I like Wally. The CRY letter column has always been a sort of fandom within itself, to me; and all I can do is smile (tearfully?) while Wally slips the knife in.

Nirenberg has a good cover here; unfortunately, it brings me back to the lettercol & its present perdiciment -- reminding me that the cover is now the only resemblance to PLANET the CRY now has. Sigh.

"The Goon Goes West" becomes increasingly better with each installment. I agree that there is still room on the rung which holds "The Harp Stateside." I'm even seriously considering, with this installment, if there's a higher rung -- this is terrific!

I second Busby's words on the FanCyclopedia -- 'tis, indeed, a fine volume; I wish I had had it when I was a new fan. It would have save me more than a little embarrismment.

So now to try to make comment cn some of the small snippets you call letters.

Lichtman: Taking Over The CRY days are dead, since our chief stratogems (one person contributing more than one item at a time to the CRY, my moving to Seattle ((which never came off, unfortunately)), etc.) have all been sabotaged in one way or another.

Weber: I like your Anguish Languish (not punning) captions to letters, at least. # How can Durward take over the lettercol -- it's mine, and I won't let him have it. I gave everyone three months before my return, and all the lettercol has done is deteriorate. Now, I'm back, and all is well...it says here.

Raeburn: I imagine you said much the same thing as what I've tried to say here. It's good, though, to hear Buz say that things will be picking up...but I'm still trying to ascertain the thing. I'm happy to note, also, that you actually enjoy CRY-letter-hacking, and especially that you liked the lettercolumn, at least the way Elinor used to edit it. Let us hope that another hathnot slowly dipped beneath the sea.

Franson makes an interesting substitute; totally different from Pemberton, but nonetheless entertaining.

Terry Carr is Superb.

And with that, I leave you with the ever-mystifying...

MFFYF!

A/3c RICH BROWN
AF 19646261

/If I didn't understand your sly sense of humor so well, rich, I really would have thought you weren't enthusiastic over my superior editting of the letter column. As it is, I know you were only showing your heartfelt approval, and I want to apologize for doing so little cutting this issue. Unfortunately we are running a little thin this month and I am trying to pad things out a little so that the subscribers won't be too outraged over starting out the year with such a skinny issue. However, after this issue I plan to use an even better cutting technique than I have in the past. You letterhacks repeat things too much; for example, you use the same letters of the alphabet over and over. You will be happy to learn that I plan to cut out this unnecessary repetition in coming issues. -- WWW/

SALE ON BRUISED PELTS

4010 Leona Street
Tampa 9, Florida

WAL, AS WE BURY THE CRY,

Wally, ol' Wastebasket, you're quite right that there's still room on the same rung as The Harp Stateside for The Goon Goes West. There'd better be -- or there will be all sorts of arguments and fussing about which is the better one. Me, I think they're both fabulous! And it looks like TGGW will be bigger than THS, too. I'm waiting -- not very patiently, tho -- for the next installment. And whoever is taking reservations for the book can put me down for a copy.

Minutes continue to be most excellent. Have you considered putting in the "Minutes of the Seattle Science Fiction Club" too?

LICHTMAN: I guess the joke about taking over the CRY sort of went down the drain when CRY got up into the list of best zines. No one wants to take the responsibility of keeping up its reputation.

JIM GROVES: The staple drink of cereal fandom would have to be Boscostich.

DON FRANSON: If Gold actually does put in a lettercol, I'd be rather hesitant in writing to it, as a result of the hash he made out of one of my letters earlier this year. ## I got the issue of If with the Shaw-Willis story, and agree it was worth the price of admission. What will happen, though, if Grendel Briarton decided to take the hint and stretch the Feghootisms out for five or six pages each?

TERRY CARR: You were right, of course: I thought this episode of Fandom Harvest was chitter-chatter, too. I LIKE chitter-chatter writings, when done this well. But how about writing some of those articles you mentioned, like "Whither (or perhaps "Wither") Burnett R. Toskey, PhD.?" Of course, you sound very much like "Pete the Parrot and Terry Carr." ## There are worse things than getting empty bheercans in the mail, y'know -- how about getting empty rhootbheer cans in the mail? But I do love that line "We shipped it up to Sacramento to visit its grandmother." Most excellent.

Erratically,

Bruce Pelz

["Minutes of the Seattle Science Fiction Club" are too boring to publish. The members of the Seattle Science Fiction Club are dull whereas the members of the Nameless Ones are an exciting, live bunch of fans. ## How do you expect even Terry Carr to write an article that could live up to the title of "Wither Burnett R. Toskey, PhD.?" -- WWW/

SHUFFLING MY DECK INSURES A GOOD DEAL

85 Locust Ave.
Millburn, N.J.

Dear Supreme, Overt, Brave, Wally Weber.,

I'm surprised that no one has hear of Brother Frank Jares. I know that Don Franson knows who Jares is, and I wish that Don Franson would not reveal the identity of Jares 'til his name becomes better established in fandom as naturally the best candidate. Alan Dodd knows who Jares is, too, but he won't tell. Jares is a man who doesn't know the meaning of sin, he doesn't know the meaning of cheat, he doesn't know the meaning of dying: he's very dumb, you see. Jares announces that he'll be a write-in candidate for TAFF. I'm not supposed to reveal this, but as I understand it, when running for TAFF, instead of sending the money to Madle, or who's ever handling the TAFF ballots, you should send the money to him. Even if he does not get the required votes, at least he'll have the money.

By the way, HOCUS did get through the mails. You know, when I first typed out the last page stencil, as a gag I put "contents: Pornography" on it. Then after approximately half the copies were sent out I got a letter from a fan who wanted to know how I could be so direct. I inquired as to what he meant, and he answered that the cover was pornography. As far as I know, no copies were confiscated, and everyone got through the mail ok.

The Berry report was a true fannish epic. Since he is going to the trouble of sending it to ATOM for illos, Thomson should be persuaded to stencil a few more, not just one, as was in the current report.

I think it's unfair for Terry Carr to reveal that the bheer tower was already a hoax. I think there were great potentialities in it, and I for one eagerly listened for further developments of the tower with the same zeal that I listened for further developments of our missile and rocket launchings. But then, in the latter case you could almost always tell what the result would be. And I don't believe the tower has crashed yet. Ah well, Terry realizes the fate of unleashing a hoax like the bheer tower upon the fannish world, and I guess it makes him sadder Budweiser.

I wish someone in the CRY section would pick an argument on this loyalty oath business. There's a group who wants to cut down college scholarships unless the students are willing to pledge they will be loyal to the U.S. I can see no reason for the fuss and bickering over them, and the way some colleges are willing to dispense with the scholarships rather than force the students to take the pledge of loyalty. Aren't school children forced to pledge allegiance to the flag each day? Now what's wrong with that? I feel that if a student is not willing to at least promise to be loyal to this country, we should not pay the tax money to educate him. It's the good Americans who are refusing to sign the pledge for some reason or another. You'll get hundreds of commies easily signing the oath without any conscience; yet it's those Americans who ARE loyal to this country that refuse. Why?

I think it's time for the East Coast fandom to band together and sponsor and Easterncon each year, the '64 one to coincide with Taurasi's plan. But I can realize how impractical it would be, what with the World's Fair, which will be more of a nuisance than an inducement, so I'm against Taurasi's plan. An Easterncon, yes! But no worldcon in NY in '64.

Hoping you're feeling merry (as long as she doesn't mind).

SIN,cerely,

Mike Deckinger

Jares can't possibly be a write-in TAFF candidate until he learns how to write. ~~###~~ ATOM illos for TGGW have been arriving too late to be included with the CRY installments, but they'll be there in all their glory when all the installments are stapled together in one fabulous hunk. ~~###~~ I have given considerable thought to this loyalty oath business this last thirty seconds or so, and it appears to me that "good" Americans don't sign loyalty oaths for one or more of three reasons. (1) They feel insulted at having their loyalty questioned and don't want to be classed with the dirty commies who are signing the oaths in droves; (2) They don't trust the American system of legal justice and feel they could well be "proved" to be communist even if they aren't -- it isn't illegal to be a communist, but it is illegal to sign a statement you aren't one when you are one; (3) They are low, sneaky-type commies who don't want to become associated with all those commies who are signing loyalty oaths in droves. But what's all those loyalty oaths got to do with the CRY? You trying to pull a fast one here? GET OUTTA HERE, YA BUM, I WON'T SIGN!! -- WWW/

BEATNIK FULL AS CAN OF BHEER

1019 East Parkhaven
Cleveland 31, Ohio

Dear Cry,

((I don't know how to break this to you, Nick, but Wally got hold of your letter and stencilled it before I could do anything about it. Corflu and I thought to save the situation by typing over this part here where your first paragraph was, but Corflu didn't show up at all, so I'm on my own: just me and my big mouth and a fountain-pen cap to try and smooth the wax in with. Better luck next time. --Buz/)) (so Nick says): As you can tell, I DID get the Cry and I don't know why, but I obviously liked it. As a matter of fact, it's obvious why I liked it so let's let it go at that. Just a few asides to John, and anyone else that's listening. Don't ever, ever ever trust a ticket agency. They lie -- flatter than Floyd Patterson after meeting Ingmar Johansson. They are sneaky, undependable, illiterate and downright unreliable. They also cheat. And they make promises-which-they-do-not-keep. John, I see that you already understand this.

Donaho has left the New York Scene and is now living in California, and the Nunnery has come to a close. There will NEVER be another place like it.

Buz, I just don't see how you can sop up all that goop that comes out in the magazines nowadays. I try, but it palls me. I haven't lost my sense of wonder. Perhaps I need a little more fantasy with my science. I still read random samples, just to keep my record clean with the Ghods that be and also to keep up with what's happening, but I can't say that I enjoy it. Let me congratulate you on your strong constitution...and while I'm at it, let me also congratulate you on your rather attractively shaped preamble.

Cartoons. Now HERE is a subject that I can really get serious about. I have always felt, (and I think this is the classical approach also) that the ideal cartoon needs no caption. There are only a few people that can handle the cartoon properly. An ideal example of this is Charles Adams. Most cartoons appearing anywhere in the world are nothing more than illustrated jokes. If no illustration accompanied them, they would still be just as funny. Of course there is the intermediate class where the cartoon sets much of the scene and eliminates a lot of wordage and necessitates only the punchline in the form of the caption. Then there is the successful marriage of the caption and the illustration, where each of them standing alone would be pointless, but together they form a complete whole.

One last thing. Is J. Les Piper really Les Nirenberg really and truly Les Gerber!!!!
nick falasca

/J. Les Piper is really Les Nirenberg really and truly Les Gerber???? -- WWW/

COFFEE MILLS ARE AS SWELL AS TEA MILLS

P.O.Box 84, Lowry AFB
Denver 30, Colorado

subject: CRY of the nameless #133

to: Whallace Whastebhaskhet Whebbher

Sir:

The quiet grace with which your magazine reposes in oubliette inspires me to type these few words in defense of my subscription to it. The cover has the usual Atomic appeal to the eye, both those of the exterior world and that of the, excuse the expression, mind. And I am certainly proud that my subscription extends some little time into the future and that I thus need not fear the possibility of missing the next exciting episode of "The Goon Goes West."

I rather approve of the New Illoustrated Cry. Debarring fan-fiction has obviously left - g a p s - and what better way to fill them than with lots of pictures. So in keeping with the times. Of course Terry needn't worry about captions; in time nobody will know how to read and captions will be superfluous.

I promise to let you know my correct Denver address as soon as I establish one; any urgent communications prior to that time might reach me through Norm Metcalfe.

sin cerely,

T/Sgt Ellis T. Mills

/What I'd like to know is what you mean by tossing our magazine in that oubliette thing like you did? We put a lot of work into this fanzine and we think you could have a little more respect for it. # Mills, I like you cuz your a literate sonofabitch like me. --WWW/

COLUMN DONE. OAF RANTS SOME MORE.

6543 Babcock Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

Buz/Pemby:

I looked for the January FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for some time and just found it on the newsstand today, December 23rd, and fear that because of this you might not be reviewing it in the January CRY. It would be unfortunate if this omission might cause some fan to miss getting this superfannish issue, so here is a review of it, in case you don't have one (but Toskey must have got a copy.)

RAVE NOTICE

The January FANTASTIC UNIVERSE (the one with the blonde on the cover) doesn't look it at first sight, but it may become a fannish collectors' item, like the one with Bloch's "A Way of Life" of the F&SFs with fan articles. There is a five-headed Detention Report, consisting of Forry Ackerman punning, Belle Dietz describing, John Magnus sermonizing,

==100== (like, man, wow, already!)

Toskey rambling, and Ted White bitching, all in all providing a very enlightening and entertaining story of the Detroit convention, especially for one like me who was Not There. There are pics, too.

But even better than all this is the FANNOTATIONS column by Belle Dietz, devoted entirely to that four-hour fanzine editors' panel, over three pages on this marathon session, which has not been done so well in any fanzine con-report I've seen. (I have been told the complete taped text will come out in SHAGGY, and hope it will.) Wally Weber, Ron Ellick, Boyd Raeburn, John Berry, Ted White, Lynn Hickman and Bjo are quoted extensively, and the main arguments seem to be well summed-up by Belle.

That's not all, in this fannish FU. Hans Stefan Santesson has an eminently fair article on the N.Y. Faircon, quoting Larry Shaw and all; Lin Carter has an amusing and informative article on Time-Travel in SF; and there is an answer by editor Santesson to the question of James Taurasi (seconded by James Blish) as to why FU publishes Ufological (nut-cult) material. The answer is a bit side-stepping, but the fact that there is an answer is what appeals to me. Stefan, youse is a Good Man.

Then there's some science fiction, but who reads that? Get this, before it goes off the stands.

Donald Franson

/That conceited Toskey must have more than one copy of FU -- probably about fifty more. One out of every four newsstand dealers where I bought my copies of FU said he'd been there. # By the way, I am sorry but we can't run your review above. Pemby is mentioning that fannish issue of FU in his column and we can't allow the duplication even though we are a trifle shy of material for this issue. # I certainly wish there would be some way for Santesson to realize a financial success from this fannish trend he has been showing, but I am pessimistic. I don't think Toskey's salary will go far enough. -- WWW/

SQUINCH your eyeballs up a li'l bit more and you'll spot the slight change in the typeface that denotes Wally Weber skipping the country. Last time he only skipped town, but this month he and Blotto Otto headed for Canada. However, in turnabout for my finishing this lettercol off for him, Wally has promised to try to bring us back a jug of Captain Morgan's Black Label rum, sold in Canada but not in the US, dammit. At any rate, Wally got away and this is Buz from here on out on this detail....

WHAT DOTH A LENS SEE?

Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue,
Surbiton, Surrey, England

..... Many thanx for sending CRY 133...

I have avidly read "The Goon Goes West"; tales like this always get me; I just love to read them. I get all the wonderful feeling of being "there" without the heart-failure it would give me in reality. It must be a wonderful feeling, John, to know that people care about you so. When folks talk about fandom's faults, it is good to reflect that it also has some wonderful lovingkindness. John has started a good job and I look forward to journeying to America with him, in his account.

Wally's Minutes are quite hilarious and I do like the way you elect your officers. Seems to me that's the spirit, everybody trying to railroad someone else into an official job. Much to be preferred to folks who faunch for office and campaign like mad. // It's queer, but though Terry's col was interesting enough, I got the feeling he was rather at a loss for something to write about, which would be unusual for Terry.

The next item I set out to enjoy, 'cos I have been wondering just what a Coexistence Candy Shop could be, and a short explanation from Bob Lichtman only whetted my curiosity. To be sure, all that Leslie did was tell me what Andy Young was like, but at least I have a vivid picture of him now. // Les Piper is clever.

I'm afraid Donald's "Little Digs" do not make up for the ploughed field, but one can see the boy is trying-- encouraging sounds to him.

Wally's way of editing the lettercol is fun, and I sure appreciated the way he cleared up that Dodd-Franson business. When things are explained simply to me I get along fine! ((I hate simple explanations; we're expected to understand them--FMB))

I don't know Ella Parker's age; I could make a good guess to save Steve Stiles that rowboat trip, but as long as Ella doesn't go guessing (aloud) my age-- why, I'll do the same for her. Yours as aye, Ethel Lindsay

GEE, ORGIAL OCTAVES

85 Chelsea Gardens
London S.W.1, England

As you're all in New Jobs, and Fresh and Innocent,
I'd better address you as: Dear CRY-babies ((you'd better not!)),

As I want to see a lot more CRYing, and this is sure to make you weep, I'll write a letter. CRY 134... I liked the cover-theme, but the illo - for me - didn't stand out heavily enough. The Goon Goes West: lives up to all expectations - and I expected the best. Can't wait until the Detention report comes. The amazing thing is, in view of John's reputation for exaggeration, that I feel it is completely factual, but at the same time reading the same as his wilder flights of imagination. And another thing - some sequences are beautifully written.

The Minutes were some of the best yet, but I wish Wally had mentioned a few of the unusual methods of murder. My favorite is to ((Oh, no you don't, George. CRY has enough problems, without being cited as accessory to fannish murders for publishing Do-It-Yourself Hints for Homicide. We appreciate the information, though...))

What gives with Mordor in 64? Where's Mordor? ((In or near Los Angeles, for the purposes of the slogan.)) What's Mordor? ((J.R.R.Tolkien's depiction of the realm of ultimate evil. I guess the smog is getting worse in Los Angeles.)) It seems obvious it isn't New York, but further than that? ((Nothing is further than that, George.)) If New York gets the 64 Con, one thing's certain with present feeling the way it is - Mordor will be done. ((Pardon all the inserts; it was all just too topical.))

Is it a characteristic of the particular fandom we're in now, that anyone who shows up with some semblance of an ability to write, is automatically assumed to be a hoax? Surely by now nobody's interested in creating a fake fan-personality: Sandy Sanderson did it with Joan Carr; Carl Brandon did it with Terry Carr and the other Berkeley fans..... Too many people are suspicious of new fans because of all the hoaxes of recent years. Which seems, to me, a bad thing. ((Agreed; let's level off, all))

Rather liked the Andy Young piece, in 133, though more could have ^{been} made of the incident. But I'm tickled pink by the little cartoons Les has in your pages.

The writing, in Fandom Harvest, is really good in patches, but the Tower report disappoints me. Terry says they are operating on a shoestring budget (using empty cans instead of the more satisfactory full ones). Terry, carry on with this Project; the Russians must not win this race!

((George also asks to see the FAPazine in which I answer GMCarr. Since I'm out of these, may I ask all the recipients/ ^{or Fannephilion} to be liberal in lending to stalwart trustworthy borrowers such as George?))

All the best for the Annish, George Locke

I PREDICT YOU HALTS

19159 Helen
Detroit 34, Mich

Like, Hi!

Received the PittCon flyer yet? Well, vote Emshwiller's "Dance Chromatic" as the Best Dramatic Performance. Gonser, Tosk, & WWW can back up my claim that it deserves the Hugo more than anything Hollywood is churning out.

CRY 134: besides Berry's "The Goon Goes West" and the lettercol, what else was there? But I should complain; the reason I subbed again was for Berry's TripReport.

Go ahead; let someone say that "The Harp Stateside" did it best; I've yet to hear someone say that Willis (Ghod bless his semi-gafiated soul) and Berry have the same style of writing. THS is a classic. But TCGW will also go down in fannish history, as the exuberant outpouring of a genius at full-throttle inspiration.

Damn! Believe it or not, my eyes were full of tears just then.

Doesn't it make you choke up to hear and feel, with John, his momentous trip across this fair land of ours? He gives to us his feelings of awe and gratitude and happiness. It fairly knocks one in his tracks to read this monumental work.

I could comment on practically everything in the 3 parts before me. ((And you did just about that, Dick; I'm just excerpting the high spots of your 16-pager.))

One HUGE complaint. Ghod! Starting such a frabjulous work with only 4 pages... it would have been so much nicer to pub it the way it was written. It's nice that Berry gave his report to someone noted for relentless monthly publication...

You really should try getting the ATOMilloes on the next chapters. By now it's too late for Part 4, but please get 'em for 5, 6, 7,... ((I put all these scattered remarks together, Dick, to point up how they answer each other. Keeping in mind the perils of getting manuscript and artwork together from across the Atlantic and meet a monthly schedule, that it takes time to cut 30-odd stencils as Elinor has done on TGGW, and that we were all dedicated to running the Detention Chapter in this Annish, you can see how we started with a short snippet and ran behind schedule for awhile, and then gave up and ran full-bore, holding the late-arriving illoes for the book version. A note of cheer-- John says (letter here today, Jan 2) that text and artwork for Part 5 are on their way in the same envelope. All clear now?))

John need not have worried about his "paper reputation"; it could not have fore-shadowed his great heart...

I can visualize every move he made and how he made it. Wonder if such a sense of identification is possible to those who have never met John?

((And though we enjoyed your detailed blow-by-blow commentary on TGGW, Dick, and are most pleased to see you digging the Memoirs this way, deadline looms-- FMB))

bye now, Dick Schultz

ANDRE OSLO WORD FORM (well, Weber started it): Jim Groves, who wants to know why (on the cover of #134) Elinor is carrying a box ((it's the CRY Backlog)), lauds Goon, and suggests teleportation as a method of beating the Postal rates. Jeff Wanshel sends a story and says "hope you won't be too proud to accept this from a 12-year-old postcard-sending fuzzlehead". Jeff, the CRY likes 12-year-old postcard-sending fuzzleheads; we encourage them, so that they can grow up straight and proud to become 23-year-old postcard-sending fuzzleheads like Bruce Pelz, whose new temporary address is: c/o Al Lewis, 706 San Lorenzo, Santa Monica. And Jeff: if we have time to cut your story to length, and stencil it, it'll be in here. Bruce Henstell saw CRY at Bjo's, raves over cover (but doesn't say which issue!), Goon, Bjo for TAFF; sends sub. Archie Mercer sends a Mercatorial Annual-- a cross between a Christmas card and a letter-substitute. Jeff Wanshel (you here again??) sends another postcard, thus retaining his title against all challengers ("Dear illustrious, kind, witty, affable, superb... cool, swingy, way out, modest, kind to dingoes... WALLY WEBER!!!" he begins, only there's 7 lines of it). Speaks for "throttled crottled bubble gum and then calls Weber "you evial fiend"... a fuzzlehead of discernment, that bhoy. Don Ford subs, says "I met John Berry at Detroit and found him to be completely charming. All of us from Cincinnati liked him very much." Ed Wood (no, the Pittsburgh ((in '60!)) Ed Wood) offered PittCon flyers to go out with CRY if it wouldn't make for too much. Since it appeared that CRY would reach hardly anyone who hasn't already received the flyers, and they're running a bit short of them, we declined with thanks, and a nice big P*I*T*T*C*O*N 161/TAFF in '60!

Allen Baes says: WANTED: "The Final War" (David H Keller), the Fantasy Post Card Series, and Impossible (a 1951 Toskeyzine) #1, #2, "and all after #5 (if any)" ((I think #5 was the last)). Sends an HPL-ish poem, says "If you don't use this poem, PLEASE return it." Does not include return postage; somebody clue the bhoy in, huh? Bob Lambeck digs Goon, defiantly informs Terry Carr that there is too a Bheercan Tower to the Moon: "Just to prove (it)... Alan J Lewis and I will build it"...as soon as they are old enough to buy bheer, he adds. Howard DeVore (howcome you marked this one WAHF, Wally??) is cracking up; he sends money, with quaint suggestions for using it to soften up the tight-fisted Circ&Mail Dep't. Announces Detention Finance Report will be out later this month; offers to print some PuCon propaganda for us at Big-Hearted rates. Damn, wish I had room to print this. Lyle R Amlin is reviving a "little" magazine called Psi, not s-f or fan-centered. Wants to circulate his first issue free with leading fanzines, and wants well-written articles, poetry, and occasional fiction. He's at Box 215, Dixon, Calif, all you faneds. Oops, "leading and mature zines"; it was.

Sub-moneys with brief notes arrived from Bob Leonard, Bob Lowndes, Marty Fleischman, Bob Jennings, and Andy Main. R. Williams ordered 2 bucks worth of back-issues & included four-bits for 1st-class postage. Elinor hopes to catch all these deals along with mailing out this Annish next week.

And that seems to be about all. Before you file this away, though, feast your eyes again on that bacover painting, hmm?? -- FMB

